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No Wonder Airline Pilots Are Good!

By Wolfgang Langewiesche

"**H**ow do I know the pilot of this plane is any good?" the airline passenger may say to himself as he fastens his seat belt. Don't worry. Somebody has already thought a lot about that question. Gruelling tests have been devised to answer it.

Among them are strange psychological tests given to candidates for pilot jobs. I had my head examined by several of these airline psychologists, and I must say I was impressed.

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WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE has been flying (over Europe, America, Africa, India and Australia) and writing about flying for 21 years. During the Second World War he was a test pilot. He is the author of *I'll Take the High Road*, *Stick and Rudder* and *A Pilot's World*.

KLM, the Dutch airline, took me much as if I wanted a flying job, to Professor Van Iennep at the Netherlands Foundation for Industrial Psychology. In one of the tests there you have to walk blindfolded a prescribed route which crosses a room (from that window to that chair, then to that door, and so on). Some men get lost, some lose their heads, some hardly move. I did very well. Only I forgot one directive, and short cut from the window direct to the door. This the professor thought had a man who under a little pressure forgets simple instructions. I thought it, well—interesting. Not long before I had forgotten a part of my air-traffic

clearance, and had short-cut in just the same fashion. It had been my most serious flying error in years, and the Dutch psychologist had made me show myself up in less than an hour!

One airline's staff psychologist ("The Head-Shrinker" the pilots call him), gave me all sorts of intelligence and personality tests. In one he said, "Draw me a picture of a person." I can't draw, so I did it child-fashion. It seemed a silly test and I said so. When he saw my drawing, he said, "You can draw better than that. You weren't trying. You're the kind of guy who shies away from situations where he'll make a poor showing."

So there you are. They know, all right.

The consultant for Scandinavian Airlines System is Arne Trankell of Gothenburg University, in Sweden. Trankell and two colleagues spend two full days with each applicant testing, talking to him, observing his reactions. At the end they work out a personality description of him. No odd facts can be left unexplained. At the age of 10 he was hit by a motor car. Why wasn't he looking? What was on his mind? Every fact they know about him must be explained as flowing from his personality.

SAS believes in panic-resistance testing. Trankell put before me a paper which had drawn down each side a vertical row of circles connected by lines. With a pencil in

each hand I was to put the point of my left-hand pencil in the top left-hand circle, then my right-hand pencil point in the top right-hand circle, then down to the next circle on the left, down on the right—like walking down the page. Trankell would set the pace by tapping on the table.

I sailed along for a while, then missed a few. Trankell quickened the pace and I missed again. "This is the way it is in the cockpit when you first see bad weather ahead," I thought. I was just telling myself,

"I'll have to pull myself together," when Trankell increased the tapping speed and asked, "How many hours are there in a week?" I said, "I don't know!"

Trankell tapped faster and said, "But you can calculate, can't you?" (This was just like flying now. You're busy flying on instruments, you've just missed a beacon, and Air Traffic Control wants to know your estimated time over the next one. You can no longer keep up with things.) I said, "I suppose so," and decided I would start by working out 7 times 24 as soon as I could get my mind collected.

"I never made it," Trankell asked. "Why aren't you married?" "I am married, dammit!" Now I was really in trouble, and tapping almost without pattern. Trankell tapped faster still and asked, "Well, how many hours *are* there in a week?" Soon after that I blew up, threw away my pencils, sat back and

started laughing. I didn't want to fly for SAS!

Everybody fails somewhere. But some hang on a long while.

Trankell's success in selecting pilots for SAS has been excellent. No man he has graded high has ever been a failure; those who have failed in practice were those he ranked lowest. Once the company engaged five men against his advice. All failed.

There is a sameness to airline flying, but it is the sameness of a game of bridge—same cards, same game, but a different hand each time. Today there's nothing on the route but clear air; tomorrow, cloud mountains glowing inside with lightning; next day, a flat, calm lake of fog. Mixed in with this come little emergencies and snags. Gradually, by sheer bulk of experience, the newness wears off. Typical situations are repeated. "Yes, this is just like that time when the radio compass went crazy. I know what to do about *that*." As the routine of flying becomes easier, the pilot's mind becomes free to look for the unusual, the danger signals.

When an ordinary pilot runs into bad weather, the job of flying his way through it on instruments keeps him busy. But an airline captain doing the same keeps thinking: "We met this 15 minutes later than estimated. That means the weather is not moving as fast as the boys expected. What is this going to do to ceiling and visibility at Gander?

Gander may be clamped down." This on-top-of-the-situation kind of thinking—"staying ahead of the aeroplane"—is the mark of the airline pilot.

How do they do it? Experience. But the experience can be had only as co-pilot, in the right-hand seat of an airline cockpit. You get your chance of promotion by seniority, but the promotion itself only by performance. Always the way is up—or out.

After five years or more a co-pilot may undergo training as a captain. Now the level of skill is stepped right up, responsibilities and pressures are increased. Then captain-training ends with a whole string of line checks.

Line checks are regular passenger flights, with the company check-pilot serving as co-pilot. The check-pilot observes details of the captain's operation. Does he understand weather? Does he follow procedures? Does he work smoothly with foreign control towers? Most important of all Does his mind "stay ahead of the aeroplane"? Says Captain Ormond Gove, who line-checks transatlantic captains for Trans World Airlines "A good pilot is *never* surprised."

In SAS a new captain, on his last line check, took off from Lisbon and climbed on his course. There's a hill there. He cleared it comfortably, and he was within Portuguese regulations. But SAS procedure on this particular departure calls for

circling back to get more altitude. This he forgot. It set him back a year!

No airline captain doubts his ability to handle a routine emergency—an engine failure, landing gear that won't come down, an unexpected change in weather. What he wonders about is a time when things suddenly gang up on him and he finds himself in a situation that has no "out." Airline procedures and aircraft design have made this almost impossible. But it may still happen, once in a lifetime to one out of ten pilots. What then?

Captain Haakon Gulbransen of Pan American World Airways was over the Atlantic when one of his four propellers ran away; instead of pulling, the prop began windmilling very fast. Now any transport aeroplane can fly with one engine idle; but in this case the propeller control would not work, and the whirling propeller was dragging heavily on the aeroplane, pulling it steadily down.

As a last resort, the captain could have executed the standard procedure for ditching: radioed his position, belly-landed on the water, got his passengers out and into life rafts and waited for Air-Sea Rescue to do the rest. That would have been all right. Or he might have gone down fighting, trying to get that propeller under control, pushing the same buttons and levers harder and harder. That would not have been all right. But it would have been

natural; most people react that way when the controls of a machine don't produce the accustomed results.

Gulbransen reacted differently. He remembered a case in Service flying where such a runaway propeller had broken off when the aeroplane made a violent manoeuvre. He made such a manoeuvre. The prop came off. And the aeroplane completed its flight safely on three engines.

That is the way an airline pilot hopes he will react. But how can you make sure he will? Training, of course. *More* training.

SAS's training theory is: Surplus Skill. The pilot will some day get into a situation where he is scared, overloaded, frantically busy. This will impair his skill. Therefore he must fly so superbly that he is good enough to handle an emergency even at half-skill!

SAS's half-yearly flight check is a gruelling probe for hidden flaws. Emergencies of the most serious order are simulated: an engine failure, say, at the worst possible moment—while still inside the airport, just too late to stop the take-off, just too early for the aircraft to have picked up speed, altitude, power. And pilots perform most such manoeuvres with the wind-screen covered, "on instruments."

Other airlines can't quite see this. A simulated emergency, they say, is no emergency at all; there's no fear, no surprise. Besides, if you stooge around long enough, low enough, with one engine cut, you are bound

to find trouble. As aeroplanes get more complicated, it becomes more dangerous to put them into a vulnerable position on purpose.

Both views make lots of sense. One way out is the flight simulator, an aeroplane-like device which you sit in and work with a control stick. Actually, it's just a cockpit, patterned in every detail after the type of aeroplane the company flies. The controls and instruments simulate any type of flying situation, with sound effects added for realism.

If a page of print can bring tears to your eyes, a panel full of instruments can make a pilot's hair stand on end! Thus the flight simulator puts pressure on a pilot—and safely.

Pilot training works much the

same way in all countries. People ask: "Are these 'foreigners' as good at flying as our own pilots?" Answer: they are. Today a pilot does his flying as part of a one-world system, operated everywhere in the English language. He has to know this system and how to work it. By the time men have become airline captains, no matter what their nationality, their mental processes are much the same—they all have that Rock of Gibraltar quality.

Pilots love to fly. That is the deepest reason they are good. No pilot looks at flying as just a job. Pilots fly because they have a sort of incurable disease. They need to fly, as men need to breathe or make love.

**T**HE MEN who fly the Constellations of Air India International have behind them a rigorous course of training and selection. No candidate can be considered by Air India until he has first flown for the Indian Airlines Corporation, India's domestic airline, and has completed at least 1,500 hours in command of an aircraft. Before that he will almost certainly have flown for the Indian Air Force.

Although he is thus a fully qualified pilot before joining Air India, he must now embark on a further period of training, beginning with a three-months' ground course in such subjects as navigation, radio and engineering. After being sent out as a supernumerary pilot for about six weeks, he goes back to the training school for instruction in the equipment, engines and fly-

ing of Constellations. He then takes a technical examination set by the Government's Aviation Inspection Department, and a practical flying test. If he is successful in these he is ready to fly—as a co-pilot.

Before he can be considered as commander of an aircraft he must have a minimum of 3,500 hours total flying time to his credit. Then, after more examinations, and when a vacancy occurs, he may attend a commander's course at the training school. For his first 1,200 hours in command he flies under the supervision of a regular commander, after which he takes his final command test with the Chief Inspector of Flying. It is only when he has succeeded in this that he may assume responsibility for the safety of the airline's passengers and crew.



# What Young People Need

By Mario Pei, Ph.D., Professor of  
Romance Philology, Columbia University

**A**S A MAN who taught teen-agers for close on 20 years, I know that there is one quality above all others that the youngster wants from the grown-up world. That quality is not "love," not "sympathy." It is not even "understanding," save in a special sense. What he really wants and respects is justice.

The kind of justice the teen-ager wants is that which is prescribed by a code that he must follow, under penalties that need not be unduly severe but must have certainty. To such a code he will subscribe, as is proved by both the gangs and the Army. When a youth gets into either, he does not violate their codes, because he knows they are rigidly enforced. He wants a system of rewards and punishments, with the assurance of both; he considers himself not a child but an adult.

Successful teachers are those who recognize this fact, set down the law and stick to it. It shouldn't be a harsh law. Merely a just law, universally and rigidly enforced. Treat youngsters from the age of seven

upwards as normal human beings. Tell them what is expected of them and what will happen if they don't live up to it. And see that it unfailingly happens.

Give them a sense of normal responsibility. Don't encourage them to think of themselves as irresponsible "children," beyond the reach of law and discipline. Let them know that "underprivilege" is no more of an excuse than "overprivilege" is a licence to do wrong.

The roster of great men is filled with people who rose from abject poverty. In a free society no one is bound by his environment. If we let each growing child know that he is on terms of absolute equality with all others, in the sense that he is free to rise or fall, be rewarded or punished, in accordance with his own efforts and achievements, our fundamentally wholesome youth will respond.

It would be idle to deny that there are many subsidiary causes of juvenile delinquency—economic insecurity, broken homes, TV programmes and films that glorify crime. But they account for a minor percentage of the evil.

What we most need to do to cure the disease of youthful crime is to secure the co-operation of the patients themselves by setting up standards of rights accompanied by duties, discipline accompanied by justice—the things a teen-ager can respect.

# —AND SUDDEN DEATH

*By J. C. Furnas*

*Of more than 12,000 articles that have appeared in The Reader's Digest, few have created a greater sensation than "—And Sudden Death." First published in America in 1935, this article touched off an accident prevention drive that reduced by one-third the deaths on U.S. roads. Nearly four million reprints were ordered by Service clubs, discussion groups and accident prevention organizations. "It succeeded as no other piece of writing has in stirring a realization of the traffic accident problem," said Pyke Johnson, president of the U.S. Automotive Safety Foundation.*

*It was repeated in The Reader's Digest in 1945, and is presented now in the hope that it will perform a public service by reminding every citizen of his responsibility to drive and walk safely.*

**P**UBLICIZING numbers of road casualties never succeeds in jarring the motorist into a realization of the appalling risks of motoring. He does not translate dry statistics into a reality of blood and agony.

Figures exclude the pain and horror of savage mutilation,—which means they leave out the point. They need to be brought nearer home. A passing look at a bad smash or the news that a fellow you had lunch with last week is in a hospital with a broken back will make any driver but a born fool slow down at least

temporarily. But what is needed is a vivid and *sustained* realization that every time you step on the throttle death gets in beside you, hopefully waiting for his chance. That single horrible accident you may have witnessed is no isolated horror. That sort of thing happens daily. If you really felt *that*, perhaps the few inches of type in Monday's paper recording that a total of 20-odd people were killed in weekend crashes would seem to be worth something more than a perfunctory tut-tut as you turn back to the sports page.

An enterprising judge might sentence reckless drivers to study the remains of accident cases in a city mortuary. But even a mangled body on a slab, waxily portraying the consequences of bad motoring judgment isn't a patch on the scene of the accident itself. No artist working on a safety poster would dare depict that in full detail.

That picture would have to include motion-picture and sound effects, too—the flopping, pointless efforts of the injured to stand up; the queer, grunting noises; the steady, panting groaning of a human being with pain creeping up on him as the shock wears off. It should portray the slack expression on the face of a man, drugged with shock, staring at the Z-twist in his broken leg, the insane crumpled effect of a child's body after its bones are crushed inwards, a realistic portrait of an hysterical woman with her screaming mouth opening a hob in the rush of blood that fills her eyes and runs off her chin. Minor details would include the raw ends of bones protruding through flesh in compound fractures, and the dark red oozing surfaces where clothes and skin were flayed off at once.

Those are all standard, everyday sequels to the modern passion for going everywhere in a hurry and taking a chance or two by the way. If ghosts could be put to a useful purpose, every bad stretch of road would greet the oncoming motorist with groans and screams and the

educational spectacle of ten or a dozen corpses, all sizes, sexes and ages, lying horribly still on the bloody grass.

A traffic policeman of my acquaintance stopped a big red sports car for speeding. Papa was obviously a responsible person, obviously set for a pleasant weekend with his family—so the officer cut into papa's well-bred expostulations: "I'll let you off this time, but if you keep on this way, you won't last long. Drive on—but take it easier." Later a passing motorist hailed the officer and asked if he had "booked" the red sports car. "No," said the policeman, "I hated to spoil their party." "It's a pity you didn't," said the motorist. "I saw you stop them—and then I passed that car again some miles on. It still makes me feel sick in my stomach. The car was all folded up like an accordion—the colour was about all there was left. They were all dead except one of the kids—and he wouldn't reach the hospital alive."

Perhaps it will make you sick in your stomach, too. But unless you're heavy-footed incurable, a good bet that the picture the artist wouldn't dare paint, a first-hand acquaintance with the results of mixing petrol with speed and bad judgment, ought to be well worth your while. I can't help it if the facts are revolting. If you have the nerve to drive fast and take chances, you ought to have the nerve to take the appropriate cure. You can't ride in an ambulance

or watch the doctor working on the victim in the hospital, but you can read.

A car is treacherous, as a wild animal might be. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. As enthusiasts tell you, it makes 65 miles an hour feel like nothing at all. But 65 an hour is 100 feet a second, a speed which puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a mad bull elephant.

Collision, turnover or skid, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing change of direction, and since the occupant—meaning you—continues in the old direction at the original speed, every surface and angle of the car's interior immediately becomes a battering, tearing projectile, aimed squarely at you—inescapable. There is no bracing yourself against these imperative laws of momentum.

It's like going over Niagara Falls in a steel barrel full of spikes. The best thing that can happen to you—and one of the rarer things—is to be thrown out as the doors spring open, so that you have only the ground to reckon with. True, you strike with as much force as if you had been thrown from the top of a high building at top speed. But at least you are spared the lethal array of gleaming metal knobs and edges and glass inside the car.

Anything can happen in that split

second of crash, even those lucky escapes you hear about. People *have* dived through windscreens and come out with only superficial scratches. They *have* run cars together head on, reducing both to twisted junk, and been found unhurt and arguing bitterly two minutes afterwards. But death was there just the same—he was only exercising his privilege of being erratic. One day a garage crew prised the door off a car which had been overturned down an embankment and outstepped the driver with only a scratch on his cheek. But his mother was still inside, a splinter of wood from the top driven four inches into her brain as a result of her son taking a greasy corner a little too fast. No blood—no horribly twisted bones—just a grey-haired corpse still clutching her handbag in her lap as she had clutched it when she felt the car leave the road.

On that same corner a month later, a light touring car crashed into a tree. In the middle of the front seat they found a nine-months-old baby surrounded by broken glass and yet absolutely unhurt. A fine practical joke on death—but spoiled by the baby's parents, still sitting on each side of him, instantly killed by shattering their skulls on the dashboard.

If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers—it's difficult to identify a body with its whole face bashed in or torn off. The

driver is death's favourite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or spleen so that he bleeds to death internally. Or, if the steering wheel breaks off, the matter is settled instantly by the steering column's plunging through his abdomen.

By no means do all head-on collisions occur on corners. The modern death-trap is just as likely to be a straight stretch with three lanes of traffic. This sudden vision of broad, straight roads tempts many an ordinary sensible driver into passing the man ahead. Simultaneously a driver coming the other way swings out at high speed. At the last moment each tries to get into line again, but the gaps are closed. As the cars in line are forced into the ditch to capsize or crash fences, the passers meet, almost head on, in a swirling, grinding smash that sends them careering obliquely into the others.

A policeman described such an accident—five cars in one mess, seven killed on the spot, two dead on the way to the hospital, two more dead in the long run. He remembered it far more vividly than he wanted to—the quick way the doctor turned away from a dead man to check up on a woman with a broken back; the three bodies out of one car so soaked with oil from the crankcase that they looked like wet brown cigars and not human at all; a man, walking round and babbling to himself, oblivious of the dead and dying, even oblivious of

the dagger-like splinter of steel that stuck out of his streaming wrist; a pretty girl with her forehead laid open, trying hopelessly to crawl out of a ditch in spite of her smashed hip. A first-class massacre of that sort is only a question of scale and numbers—seven corpses are no deader than one. Each shattered man, woman or child had to die a personal death.

A car careening and rolling down a bank, battering and smashing its occupants every inch of the way, can wrap itself so thoroughly round a tree that front and rear bumpers interlock, requiring an acetylene torch to cut them apart. In one case of that sort they found an old lady, who had been sitting in the back, lying across the lap of her daughter, who was in front, each soaked in her own and the other's blood indistinguishably, each so shattered and broken that it seemed pointless to hold an autopsy to determine whether it was broken neck or ruptured heart that was the cause of her death.

Overturning cars specialize in certain injuries. Cracked pelvis, for instance, guaranteeing agonizing months in bed, motionless, perhaps crippled for life—broken spine resulting from sheer sideways twist—the minor details of smashed knees and splintered shoulder blades caused by crashing into the side of the car as she goes over with the swirl of an insane roller coaster—and the lethal consequences of broken ribs, which puncture hearts

and lungs with their raw ends. The consequent internal haemorrhage is no less dangerous because it is the pleural instead of the abdominal cavity that is filling with blood.

But all that is routine. To be remembered individually by doctors and policemen, you have to do something as grotesque as the lady who burst the windscreen with her head, splashing splinters all over the other occupants of the car, and then, as the car rolled over, rolled with it down the edge of the windscreen frame and cut her throat from ear to ear. Or park on the edge of the road too near a bend at night and stand in front of the tail light as you take off the spare tyre—which will immortalize you in somebody's memory as the fellow who was mashed three feet broad and two inches thick by the impact of a heavy lorry against the rear of his own car. Or be as original as the pair of youths who were thrown out of an open tourer—thrown clear—but each broke a windscreen post with his head in passing and the whole top of each skull, down to the eyebrows, was missing. Or snap off a nine-inch tree and get yourself impaled by a ragged branch.

None of all that is horror-fiction; it is just the horrible raw material of the year's statistics as seen in the ordinary course of duty by policemen and doctors, picked at random. The surprising thing is that there is so little dissimilarity in the stories they tell.

It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to, the gnawing, searing pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collar-bones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you, as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collar-bones slide over to stab deep into each side of your screaming throat. When you've stopped screaming, it all comes back—you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction either.

And every time you overtake on a blind corner, every time you drive fast on a slippery road, every time you step on it harder than your reflexes will safely take, every time you drive with your reactions slowed down by a drink or two, every time you follow the man ahead too closely, you're gambling a few seconds against blood and agony and sudden death.

Take a look at yourself as the doctor shakes his head over you, tells the men with the stretcher not to bother and turns away to somebody else who isn't quite dead yet. And then take it easy.

years, but that the African population may treble. Biology is on the dark man's side.

Another complication: the European community is sharply divided within itself. There are, in round figures, about 1,800,000 Afrikaners, and about 1,200,000 Britons. The two groups are separated not only by their background and language but by bitterly intense emotional, economic and political differences.

The situation in South Africa today is one of the most tragic, difficult and dangerous in the world. More than ten million black and brown people are denied the most elementary rights and privileges by a divided white minority. Put in crude terms, the dilemma is triangular: (A) The white minority cannot kill off the black majority, even if it should wish to do so. (B) The black majority cannot drive the white minority into the sea. (C) *Apartheid* (pronounced apart-ate), which is the Afrikaner formula for solution by segregation, cannot be made to work except at the risk of poisoning the entire nation. Result: South Africa is not only a country gripped by crisis but one tormented by the most paralyzing kind of fear.

In Johannesburg, for example, the largest city in Africa after Cairo and Alexandria, an unaccompanied white woman will not as a rule drive herself to a dinner party in the suburbs, because the risk of assault is too great. European children play in parks and playgrounds reserved for

them, and seldom roller-skate in the streets, even in the best areas. Lovers do not dare to sit on park benches after dusk. Few people would dream of taking a lonely hike. Many householders sleep with a gun at the side of the bed, and some have fierce dogs—Rhodesian ridgebacks—in order to guard their premises.

The terror that grips Johannesburg makes for contempt of law. The American manager of a local bank told me he "thought" that, in the dark the night before, he had seen a native intruder enter his garden. What did he do? "Took a pot shot at him, of course. Don't know whether I hit the beggar or not."

**The Prime Minister:** Johannes Strijdom (pronounced Stray'-dum) is a man of medium height, lean with dark hair and a hard, square face, thin lips and ice-cold, sharp blue eyes. He smiles joyfully about as often as an oyster opens its shell. He is what has been described as the most dangerous kind of fanatic—a man with a hot mind and a cold heart.

I had a long meeting with Mr. Strijdom. His manner was perfectly courteous and his talk quite moderate. He gestured fluently with his hands as he spoke, and conveyed a peculiar dark glow composed of force and confidence. He spoke English with a slight German accent to me, Afrikaans to his secretaries who came in and out of the room.

Like Malan, Strijdom was strongly

pro-Axis during the Second World War, and has an anti-Semitic past. He talked about the "detestable" nature of "British-Jewish interests" and of "the liberal democratic system" in early speeches.

Today Strijdom has, as is to be expected, two main lines of thought. First, he stands not merely for *apartheid* but for something much more fixed and final—*baasskap*, or utterly complete white domination. He believes quite frankly in a master-slave relationship. He told me, and I will not forget how he uttered the phrase, "Partnership means slow death!" Second, he wants a republic, but he believes that it is not likely for at least three years.

I asked him if he could explain why republicanism was such a compelling element in his programme. He replied dryly that, no doubt, as an American, I must realize that the United States of America was happier as an independent country than it would be as a British dominion. Like all the Nationalist ministers, he feels that the Commonwealth relationship imposes on South Africans "divided loyalty," which "good Afrikaners" cannot abide.

Mr. Strijdom and his men are prisoners of an ideology that may seem demented to most outsiders. But it would be a grave mistake to think of it as incompetent. It is not. This is a resolute and able government. It thinks and works like a well-drilled team, and intends to stay in power for ever.

These men are the equal, in most personal capacities, of men in any government in the world—intelligent, strong-willed and alert. Much of what they do is revolting, and in racial matters the Union today is a kind of shabby cross between Germany in 1933 and backwoods Tennessee in the 1880's. But that is no reason to minimize the force these men represent.

**Apartheid:** The South African patterns of social, political, economic and emotional *apartheid* go back to the earliest times. But *apartheid* has never worked, not even in the first days when Africans were scant. Now it is the keystone of national policy.

Social patterns today resemble to some extent those of the old American South. (And how many times did I hear white Nationalists say, "What would things be like in *your* country if the population ratio were reversed, and you had 142 million Negroes as against 16 million whites?") A race-conscious white man in the Union of South Africa will not shake hands with an African or Indian, or call him "Mister." (In a letter, some such salutation as "Greetings!" is used.) Africans are by and large not permitted to use passenger lifts in public buildings. Theatres and cinemas in central Johannesburg are, of course, barred to Negroes, as is the public library. The only non-segregated libraries in the Union are the United States Information Agency library in



Johannesburg and the libraries of Cape Town and Witwatersrand Universities.

There are white taxis and buses for whites, black taxis and buses for blacks. Indians and Coloureds may ride on top of the white buses, and only in back seats. Whites waiting for buses in residential areas may take shelter in a kind of kiosk; blacks at the same stop stand in the rain. On overnight trains, Africans have their own compartments, are not allowed in the dining car, and use blankets of a special colour, marked "N.E." or "Non-European."

Africans are excluded from practically all skilled occupations, and it is a criminal offence for a native mineworker to quit his job, absent himself from work or strike. With a few exceptions, Africans are not permitted to own their own homes in the cities. To allow them to own property would, many observers think, be the best of all means for averting revolutionary turmoil, because it would give them a genuine, permanent stake in the community. But a major tenet of *apartheid* doctrine is to keep Africans from having a secure foothold anywhere.

The only Africans in the Union who have a real vote are a handful—perhaps 4,000—in Cape Province. And these vote only for *white* representatives (three in the Assembly) who are charged with representing their interests. Eight white senators (four elected, four appointed by the

government) also represent the Union's 9,000,000 Africans—in a parliament of 207. However, these white MPs who represent the Africans, worthy as they are, have little power to do anything concrete for their constituents. Of course there are no African, Indian or Coloured MPs.

Education is a tangled and tragic story. South Africa, we should keep in mind, has had mission schools for about 200 years; this is one of the few countries on the continent with second- and third-generation educated natives. About 40 per cent of African children of school age today go to primary school—not a bad figure for Africa. But almost insuperable obstacles have been set up recently in the field of *higher* education.

University education, the Nationalists feel, is a privilege which should be restricted to the white population. In December, 1953, Dr. Malan announced his intention to keep Africans out of Cape Town and Witwatersrand Universities, which had been among the four that accepted them. In May, 1955, Fort Hare, an all-African college affiliated with the University of South Africa, was shut down "temporarily" when the students protested against racial restrictions. So, today, higher education for Africans seems threatened with extinction.

Overwhelmingly, so far as the African rank and file are concerned, the restriction that rankles most in

the whole ignominious field of segregation is having to carry the passport-like booklet which gives the bearer's history at a glance, and without which no African can live or work in a town. And the laws covering Africans' freedom of movement are inordinately complex.

One of the best-known and most enlightened authorities on native law in the Union has described how Africans, even if they *want* to obey the law scrupulously, may find it literally impossible to do so. He writes: "The legal position today of the Africans is such that the police can arrest any of them walking down the main street of Johannesburg at any time, and any competent prosecutor will have no difficulty in finding some offence with which they can be charged."

In a recent year there were 968,593 arrests for violations of the pass laws, and 861,269 convictions. The cost to the community of such an appalling crime sheet can easily be imagined. But the identity booklets are a necessity to *apartheid*, because they are the chief means whereby day-to-day watch may be kept on Africans.

Government officials who defend segregation make half a dozen main points: (1) There is little, if any, discrimination against Africans in shops. If, in other words, a black man has money to spend, he is free to spend it. (2) Wages are, for Africa, high, and so is the standard of living. Otherwise, spokesmen for

the government say, the hundreds of thousands of natives who have emigrated from the north to the Union would not be willing to remain. (3) The government does a good deal for primary education. An African child has a better chance of getting a few years of schooling in the Union than in most countries south of the Sahara. (4) Some semblance of a Negro Press exists. (5) Negroes are recruited into the police. (These Negro Policemen are not permitted to carry firearms, however, and they may not arrest Europeans.) (6) Conditions are "good" in the reserves.

The government would like the natives to stay in the reserves, a subservient and isolated class. But also cheap black labour is wanted for industry and the mines. The Afrikaners cannot have their cake and eat it too. More and more Africans will, in time, be getting better and better jobs, unless industry chooses to commit suicide. This means that more Africans will inevitably get more earning power, which in turn will mean that they will demand more education and greater political advantages.

Full industrial development can, in other words, come only at the steadily increasing risk of racial clash, which means that the government will necessarily have to become more, instead of less, repressive and totalitarian. No state of 13,500,000 people has much chance of working well when 10,000,000 of

these are not allowed to participate in its working.

**The British Position:** The British hope to hold on at all costs. With 90 per cent of South Africa's invested capital in their hands, they dominate commerce, big business and the mines. When I asked a venerable Natalian of British origin whether the Afrikaners would not in time "absorb" his community, he replied with a snort, "Ever heard of a bulldog being absorbed by a damned cat?"

Be this as it may, the British South Africans are being steadily squeezed out of the upper bureaucracy, and are at a heavy political disadvantage. If any man of British stock still has, let us say, a senior job in the railways or some similar administration, his days are numbered. I heard the most celebrated of all mine operators say ruefully, "There will never be any government except a 'Dutch' government from now on."

To an extent this is the fault of the Britons themselves. They were so busy making money that they let politics go to the Afrikaners almost by default, and are now paying the penalty.

South Africa is of prime importance to the United Kingdom on the highest levels. It is a big customer for all manner of British exports, and is Britain's chief source of gold. The British investment in the Union since the Second World War is enormous—about £350 millions.

The Union has more than a million British South Africans. The sea route round the Cape gives South Africa considerable strategic importance, and the naval base at Simonstown is a valuable item in what used to be called "imperial" defence. From almost every point of view—economic, political, sentimental—it serves the British interest to be on good terms with South Africa.

There are several obstacles to smooth relations between the United Kingdom and South Africa, however, apart from the British dislike of too much *apartheid* and dismay at the totalitarian course now being taken. The most serious and pressing is republicanism. All Nationalist leaders in South Africa fervently want a republic; it is their fixed, official policy. The British would, naturally, deplore secession. They do not want the Commonwealth "club" to be broken up by withdrawal of any country, let alone by one as important as South Africa.

Some chance exists that a formula may be worked out whereby the Union, like India, will become a republic but at the same time will *not* secede from the Commonwealth. Malan and Strijdom detest Mr. Nehru, but they may have to thank him for setting a precedent that may solve one aspect of their problem.

**The Future:** What lies in store for this unhappy country? Let me quote two men, both reasonable and well informed. One, an African

doctor, said to me with considered judgment: "The Nationalists will stay in power for a generation at least I do not expect freedom for Africans in my lifetime" The other, a British journalist to whom I said that (in contrast to the African just quoted) many people had told me the white man would be lucky if he survived in the Union for 50 years, replied "Fifty years? Anybody who says that is a blasted optimist"

In Dakar, some months after I had visited the Union, I met a seasoned, hard-minded French official who was not distinguished by any particular love of Africans I asked him what he thought of the Union's white leaders Answer "They are the greatest danger to the white man ever known on this con-

tinent. They will make Africans everywhere anti-white."

I do not think that South Africa is going to explode into civil war, and I think that the present system may last a long time—if only because of the brutal fact that the African masses are systematically denied any possibility of organization and advance Nevertheless, it is against all reason to think that a small minority of whites can keep a large majority of blacks totally submerged for ever

Time and again I heard Afrikaners as well as Britons say, "Have we a future, or are we a lost people? What is going to happen to our children?" Indeed, from a long-range point of view, there is no "native problem" in South Africa. The problem is of white survival.



### *Book Cases*

IN AN American bookshop in the Argentine, a middle aged woman, trying to master the English language approached an assistant and said haltingly, "Your Señor Gunther—I have read his books, *Inside Asia* and *Inside Europe* Please, I would like to know—are any more of Señor Gunther's Insides out?" •

Contributed by Winifred Barton

VANTAGE PRESS, New York book publishers, received an order from the Central Library in Moscow for a copy of a book entitled *Good Manners Pay Off*

—UP quoted in *Freedom & Union*

IN A PUBLISHER'S post the other morning was one bulky parcel marked in heavy pencil "Do not destroy Not a manuscript"

—Bennett Cerf in *The Saturday Review*

The dramatic account of how a "crazy" experiment launched the era of radio for the millions in the United States. A Reader's Digest £500 "First Person" Award

# *THE FIRST BIG RADIO BROADCAST*

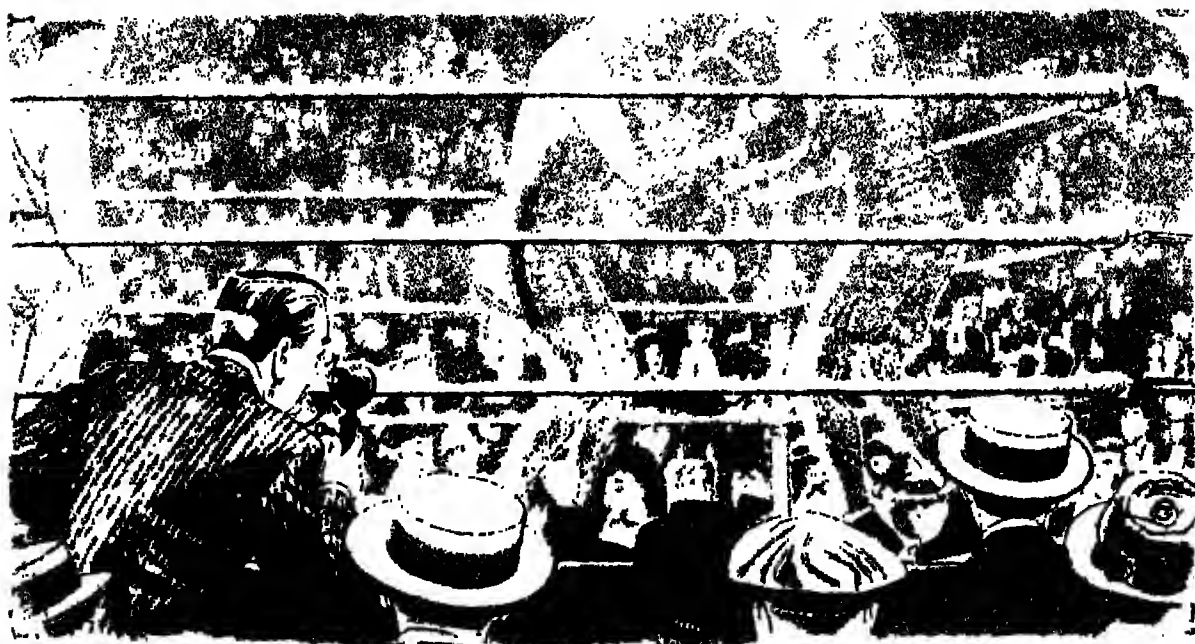
By J. Andrew White

**I**T WAS 3.16 p.m. on the blistering hot Saturday, July 2, 1921. The place was Jersey City. Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight boxing champion of the world, and Georges Carpentier, the handsome European champion and "orchid man of France," had just entered the ring. In a moment the bell would announce the first round of the "Battle of the Century."

I sat at the ringside, my mouth cupped to a telephone. At the other

end of a special wire two and a half miles long was another telephone and, a foot or so away, a telephone mouthpiece attached to the largest commercial radiophone transmitter that had ever been built. Into my mouthpiece I intoned, "Ladies and gentlemen . . ." The first mass radio broadcast in history had begun.

This was not to be the first broadcast sent out over the airwaves. A few radio stations had opened and were sending voices and cratchy



gramophone records over the air. And a broadcast of the Harding-Cox election returns had kindled interest in radio. But the audience that awaited our broadcast that sticky afternoon numbered between 200,000 and 300,000, and it was located in some 200 theatres and halls, ballrooms and barns throughout the eastern United States. On the outcome of the broadcast hung the future of a whole new industry.

This experiment, frowned upon as "just plain crazy" by financiers, had been built on the enthusiastic dream of young David Sarnoff. To pull it off, Sarnoff and I had wheedled \$1,500 from a special account of the then new Radio Corporation of America.

The cheerfully stubborn Sarnoff first suggested sending entertainment and information over the air in 1915, when he was 24. The American Marconi Company, for which he was assistant traffic manager, had been so sceptical that its board of directors laughed heartily when it turned thumbs down on his idea.

I first heard of his scheme one November evening in 1916 when he came to my desk at the Marconi Company from his office down the

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J. ANDREW WHITE, born in New York City in 1889, was director general of broadcasting of the Radio Corporation of America from 1921 to 1923. He was an organizer and first president of the Columbia Broadcasting System (1927-28). His experience as a lightweight boxer in his youth stood him in good stead in preparing the history-making broadcast which he describes in this article.

hall and plopped a stack of papers in front of me. Dave was my boss. I was 27, he 18 months younger. "Wish you'd read this when you have time," he said politely. I picked up his notes.

"I have in mind a plan to make radio a household utility much as the piano or the gramophone," I read. "A radio transmitter with range of 25 or 50 miles, at the point where music is produced. The receiver in the form of a radio music-box having several wave lengths changeable with the pressing of a button."

I read on excitedly. Amplifying tubes and a "loud-speaking telephone," Sarnoff suggested, could be "neatly mounted in a box to be placed on the parlour table." It could receive music, lectures, even football scores. These "radio music-boxes" could be produced in quantity for as little as \$75 each, Sarnoff said, and he predicted that the day would come when a million families would own them.

I was completely converted to the idea, but each time Sarnoff brought up the subject—which he did frequently—our company management (called from 1919 onward, the Radio Corporation of America) turned him down. Then in 1921 his luck turned. As it happened, a man named Tex Rickard opened the door. While Sarnoff and I were talking about radio, promotor Rickard had Europe and America talking about the coming prize fight.

Press excitement was high as Rickard started erecting a vast wooden arena in Boyle's Thirty Acres" in Jersey City. Here was our chance. Millions wanted to see the fight, but Rickard's arena seated only 91,000. If we could offer it on the air blow by blow while it was happening, we would have a vast audience.

We lacked several things, however—including money. Then Saranoff, digging into his books as general manager, discovered \$2,500 of RCA money in accumulated rentals of ship wireless equipment. "Take it," he said to me. Then he added cautiously, "But don't spend a nickel more than \$1,500!"

I was editor of *Wireless Age* at the time. This was a little magazine read by hundreds of do-it-yourself amateurs who had built crude receiving and sending sets, assembling jumbles of wires, coils and condensers on their wives' breadboards. If these "hams" could be organized and their receivers tuned to a specific wave length, we might send out a program for them to pick up, provided, of course, we could find or build a transmitter big enough. In *Wireless Age* I asked the amateurs to get ready to receive a broadcast of the fight. Also the National Amateur Wireless Association alerted its members. Two hundred "hams" agreed to stand by.

The next problem was a transmitter. Time was getting short when a radio fan named I. Owen Smith,

a skilled technician, rushed in one day with important news. General Electric was building, at its Schenectady factory, the world's largest commercial radiophone transmitter. It was to be for the U. S. Navy. We asked to borrow it, but found the Navy rather stiff-necked about lending it to some crazy amateurs. Then one day Smith brought in a young fellow he called "Frank," who listened attentively while I talked about our plan. He asked shrewd questions and at last seemed convinced. Our promise to give the machine the world's most gruelling test seemed to please him. He said he'd arrange the loan.

"Who was that?" I asked when he had gone.

Former Assistant Secretary of the Navy Frank Roosevelt, Smith said. That was just two months before Roosevelt was stricken with polio.

The Navy told us we could use the transmitter but to handle it gently. General Electric sent an engineer to help us install it.

Tex Rickard had given us permission to set up ringside poles for our arena, but he went broke before the arena was finished and John Ringling, the circus man, put up more money. Ringling said, "No radio!" Fortunately we argued him out of that.

Now we got the telephone company to stretch a line from Boyle's Thirty Acres to the Lackawanna Railroad terminus at Hoboken, two

and a half miles away. The railway had abandoned its experiments with wireless train-dispatching, but still had a radio tower. We stretched our aerial from it to the station tower 450 feet away. The railway company let us house our transmitter in the shack in the yards where Pullman porters changed uniforms.

Then another obstacle cropped up. Telephone regulations prohibited us from putting any phone conversation on the air. I was discouraged, but Owen Smith took the hurdle in his stride. Our phone line could not be hooked to the transmitter; it could be attached only to another telephone. There was no regulation against having two telephones stand a few inches apart, however, one facing the other. So Smith put a five-inch diaphragm into the receiving telephone and hooked another telephone with a big diaphragm to the radio transmitter. My voice would leap a gap.

Now we needed some public support in high places. If our broadcast could be made a charity "benefit," that might do the trick. Anne Morgan, daughter of the banker J. P. Morgan, headed the American Committee for Devastated France, and young Frank Roosevelt was president of the Navy Club. Would they join forces with us? Soon Sarnoff announced that these two organizations would get a share of the gate receipts wherever crowds paid admission fees to hear the radio broadcast.

But where could we find amplifiers large enough to fill a theatre or assembly hall with sound? Owen Smith solved that. He bought 300 outmoded "tulip" gramophone horns at a salvage yard for 30 cents each, and with some friends worked day and night fastening them to hearing aids. The "amplifiers" worked.

Then these devices were distributed by parcel post, with mimeographed operating instructions, to the amateurs who had volunteered to handle the receiving, in the hope that they would use them to take care of "the public." None of these amateurs was to be paid, of course; most of them, after installing their sets and aerials at the theatres, were to be quite a bit out of pocket.

Now I explained our theatre plan to the organization of vaudeville theatre owners in New York. They promptly turned me down. Beaten, I was slinking down the corridor when an office door opened a few inches. A tiny man beckoned me to the crack and whispered "You got a good idea. Don't give up. You can use my theatres. I'm Marcus Loew."

That did it. Loew was respected as one of the shrewdest leaders in the industry. When he announced our radio show the others capitulated.

Since no one had ever given a blow-by-blow description of a fight to a mass of listeners, I now began spending hours preparing for the

broadcast by shadow-boxing in front of a mirror and singing out each move. It soon became apparent to me that no one could accurately describe every blow, so I adopted the scheme of "collecting" punches which is still in use. I'd say, "He jabs . . . now again . . . and again." Or, "Five short jabs." Or, "They exchange punches."

We needed advance publicity, but we did not get it. The only newspaper to pay us any attention was the *New York Times*. The day before the fight it devoted a column to the broadcast, and followed it up with a mention on the sports page.

I was at the ringside early on July 2, testing. From the railway shack at the other end of my telephone line Owen Smith reported all well: crowds were already gathering and my signal was coming in well.

Finally Dempsey in his ragged red sweater, and the pale Carpentier in a grey silk Japanese kimono were in the ring. Dempsey was unshaven and scowling, but the handsome Frenchman smiled and lifted his clasped hands overhead, shaking them at the crowd, which cheered.

That was when I said, "Ladies and gentlemen . . ." to begin the first big radio broadcast.

As the gong clanged to start the fight, Carpentier leapt to the attack. Flashing and dazzling, he punched fast and often, but not hard. Soon Dempsey had the left side of Carpentier's face bleeding, and after two minutes the Frenchman was

wobbling. The gong saved him.

In the next round Carpentier landed one blow that staggered Dempsey, but the sturdy champion finished the round strong. At my telephone I was pouring out words while wondering whether they were actually going over the air.

Round three found Carpentier weary as Dempsey pounded him with piston-like blows. In the fourth round Dempsey, more solidly built, waded in to finish the fight.

"The Frenchman is down!" I shouted into my telephone. "He's on hands and knees. The referee is counting. Three, four . . . Carpentier makes no effort to rise . . . six, seven . . . he's sinking to the mat . . . nine, ten! The fight is over! Jack Dempsey remains heavy-weight champion of the world!"

There were handshakes and congratulatory backslaps, and the delighted bellow of Reuter's news-service manager: "You gave us a world-wide newspaper story. We scooped everyone into London and Paris with the news of the world's first real broadcast!"

In a few minutes Sarnoff and I were looking at a terse cablegram from RCA's president. "You have made history," it said.

We were tired and bleary-eyed, but in our minds' eyes Sarnoff and I were seeing the crowds that were pouring out of theatres and halls, their ears full of a modern miracle. We knew then that the era of radio for the millions had begun.

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

THE PAIRED words below, sufficiently similar in form to be confusing, have widely different meanings. First write down your own definitions of the words you think you know. Then mark the word or phrase you believe is nearest to one of the meanings of the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **presumptive** (pre zŭmp' tiv)—A: giving grounds for an opinion or belief. B: seeking admiration. C: taking undue liberties. D: garish and gaudy.
- (2) **presumptuous** (pre zŭmp' tyoo us)—A: offensively bold. B: giving reasonable grounds for belief. C: insincere. D: luxurious.
- (3) **première** (prĕ myĕr')—A: of the best quality. B: beginner's textbook. C: first public presentation. D: rehearsal.
- (4) **premier** (pre mĭ ŭr)—A: first offering of a play. B: prime minister. C: leading lady of a play. D: preface.
- (5) **turbid** (tŭr bid)—A: swift. B: muddy. C: bloated. D: stiff.
- (6) **turgid** (tŭr jid)—A: tense. B: swollen. C: roiled. D: rushing.
- (7) **indite** (in dite')—A: introduce. B: charge with an offence. C: put into writing. D: insult.
- (8) **indict** (in dite')—A: point out. B: accuse of a crime. C: compose, as a letter. D: command.
- (9) **errant** (ĕr' ant)—A: boastful. B: mistaken. C: lost. D: silly.
- (10) **arrant** (ăr' ant)—A: foolish. B: conceited. C: out-and-out. D: courageous.
- (11) **clique** (cleek)—A: hired applauders in a theatre. B: hackneyed phrase. C: clannish set. D: noise.
- (12) **claque** (clak)—A: castanet. B: clannish group. C: foolish remark. D: hired applauders.
- (13) **precedence** (press' ĭ dence)—A: foreknowledge. B: priority. C: fastidious refinement. D: urgent matter.
- (14) **precedents** (press' ĭ dents)—A: foreknowledge. B: urgent matters. C: examples justifying subsequent actions. D: leaders.
- (15) **affective** (ă fek' tiv)—A: striking. B: artificial. C: emotional. D: successful.
- (16) **effective** (ĕ fek' tiv)—A: injured. B: producing a result. C: hostile. D: swift.
- (17) **allude** (ă lŭde')—A: to emphasize. B: avoid. C: refer to indirectly. D: tempt or attract.
- (18) **elude** (ĕ lŭde')—A: to omit or leave out. B: evade. C: mention slightly. D: deceive.
- (19) **presentment** (pre zent' nient)—A: act of presenting. B: sense of approaching misfortune. C: lofty aspiration. D: irritation.
- (20) **presentiment** (pre zen' tĭ ment)—A: romantic feeling. B: foreboding or premonition. C: offer. D: impatience.

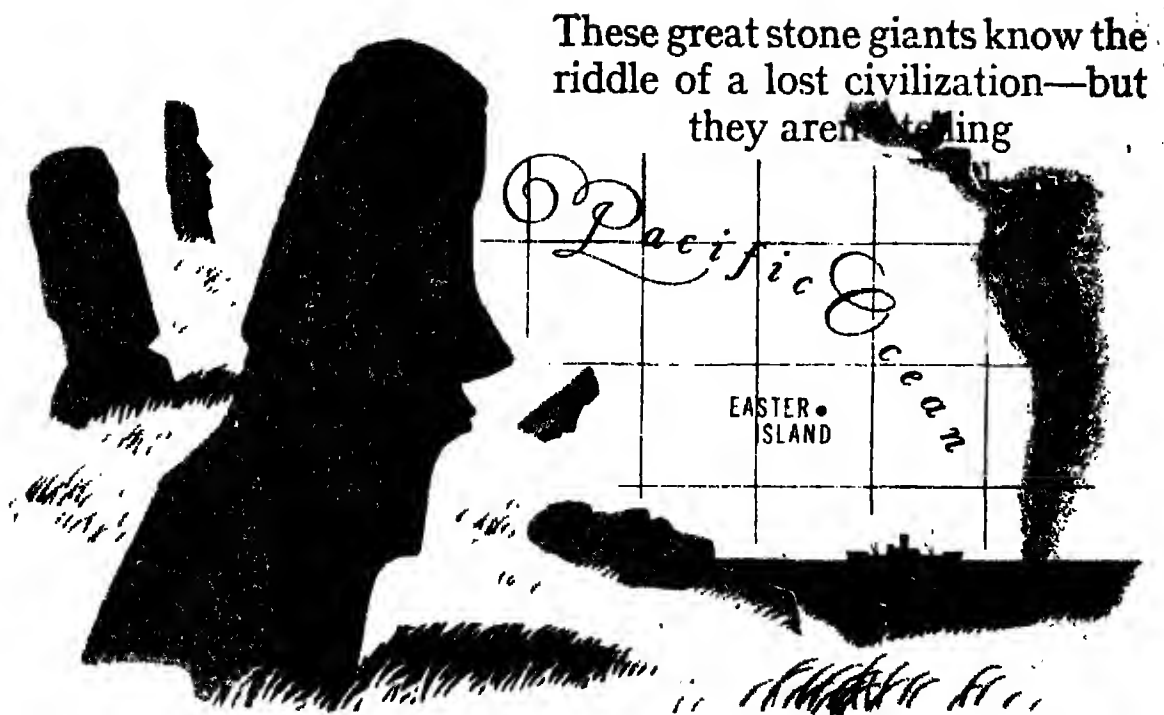
Answers to

"IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) **presumptive**—A: Giving grounds for a well-founded opinion or belief; as, "There was *presumptive* evidence of the prisoner's guilt, but no proof." Latin, from *praesumere*, "to take for granted."
- (2) **presumptuous**—A: Offensively bold; assuming too much; as "a disagreeable person, arrogant and *presumptuous*." Latin, from *praesumere*, "to take for granted."
- (3) **première**—C: A French word meaning the first public presentation, as of a play: "We attended the *première* of T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*."
- (4) **premier**—B: A prime minister; as "the *premier* of France." Latin *primarius*, "in the first rank."
- (5) **turbid**—B: Roiled; muddy; as "The river's *turbid* waters meant that upstream soils were washing away." Latin *turbidus*, "disturbed."
- (6) **turgid**—B: Swollen; inflated; hence, figuratively, pompous, as, "It was hard to wade through his *turgid* prose." Latin *turgidus*, "swollen."
- (7) **indite**—C: To put into writing; to compose; as "to *indite* a letter or a poem." Latin *in-*, "in," and *dictare*, "to express."
- (8) **indict**—B: To accuse of a crime; as "He was *indicted* by the grand jury." Latin *in-*, "against," and *dictare*, "to express."
- (9) **errant**—B: Mistaken; departing from the right course; as, "The bully promised to change his *errant* ways."
- (10) **arrant**—C: Out-and-out; thoroughgoing; as, "He was an *arrant* coward."
- (11) **clique**—C: French, meaning an exclusive or clannish set; a restricted group associating for a common purpose, usually selfish.
- (12) **claque**—D: Also French, meaning hired applauders, as in a theatre.
- (13) **precedence**—B: Priority in place or time. Latin *prae*, "before," and *cedere*, "to go."
- (14) **precedents**—C: Examples that may serve to justify subsequent actions of a similar nature; as, "There were many *precedents* for the committee's procedure." Latin *prae-cedere*, "to go before."
- (15) **affective**—C: Emotional; having the power to affect or move; as, "The play was overwhelmingly *affective*." Latin *afficere*, "to influence."
- (16) **effective**—B: Producing a result or effect; as, "The new rules were *effective* in eliminating wasteful duplication of effort." Latin *efficere*, "to accomplish."
- (17) **allude**—C: To refer to indirectly; mention in passing; as, "They are careful never to *allude* to his misfortune." Latin *ad*, "at," and *ludere*, "to play."
- (18) **elude**—B: To evade or avoid; escape from; as, "He was quick to *elude* his pursuers." Latin *ex*, "out," and *ludere*, "to play."
- (19) **presentment**—A: Act of presenting; presentation; as, "He made a *presentment* of his claim to the judge." Latin *praesens*, "being before."
- (20) **presentiment**—B: Premonition, foreboding; as, "They had a *presentiment* of impending disaster." Latin *prae*, "before," and *sentire*, "to feel."

Vocabulary Ratings

- 20 correct.....exceptional
19-16 correct.....excellent
15-13 correct.....good



The Giants of Easter Island

By Malcolm Burke

THE DUTCH ADMIRAL Jakob Roggeveen beheld an astounding sight. Unless his eyes betrayed him, his three ships were nearing a fortified land of giants in the unmapped vastness of the eastern South Pacific. His glass revealed huge coastal walls and, looming high above them, appalling helmeted figures many times the size of the men in his crew. It was Easter Day in 1722.

Roggeveen cautiously lay far off shore for the night. In the morning, edging landwards, he saw with mingled relief and disappointment that the colossi stood immobile while men of normal size moved about.

Landing, he walked into the world's most baffling and durable mystery. The walls turned out to be massive stone platforms. On them stood hundreds of the giants—monolithic figures of humans from the waist up, each wearing a conical red headpiece. But Roggeveen missed the wonder of what he saw. Deciding that the place lacked wealth or strategic value, he named it Easter Island, after the discovery day, and left.

Then time dropped a curtain. The island, only about 60 square miles in extent, lies 2,000 miles west of Chile and as far east of Tahiti. It was 50 years before Europeans landed.

again, and nearly 150 before serious exploration began. Meanwhile, the mystery of the stone figures had been intensified.

The giants proved to be of volcanic stone. Nearly 300 had been carved from a dormant crater, lowered down a craggy slope, moved to the platforms—some as much as ten miles distant—and set upright. Several weighed up to 30 tons. In height they ranged from 12 feet to an unfinished giant of giants measuring 66 feet and weighing an estimated 50 tons.

In the mid 1800's the figures were no longer erect as Roggveen had seen them. Nearly all were toppled and chipped. Their helmets shattered. And in the crater was the eeriest touch of all: among the unfinished figures lay scores of crude obsidian hatchets and chisels, though the stone-age sculptors had just dropped their tools and gone out to lunch.

Finally, living among these amazing creations were some 200 amiable, coffee-brown people anxious to please in every respect except one: they would not or could not explain what had happened. How did this dot in the ocean, one of the most isolated spots on earth, breed the men who, with no tool more modern than a stone hatchet, created the monolithic army?

What was the compulsion behind their feat? How, without derricks and cables, were the 30-ton statues moved? Why did the giant-makers

drop their tools and vanish, and why were the images later desecrated?

After a study of the island as a guest of the Chilean Navy, which now administers it, I can report that an exasperatingly faint outline of history has begun to appear. Fragments of fact, put together in learned reports, throw light on some questions, but each answer has spawned new enigmas. Traces of ancient settlements indicate that the island once supported 2,000 to 5,000 people; these became divided into two classes: the Long-Ear masters, who stretched their lobes with weights, and the Short-Ear proletariat. In time the Short-Ears revolted and there was a long civil war which, with cannibalism, reduced the population.

Other invasions were made. Slave-trader ships 1,000 men from Easter to work on Peru's guano islands. They also introduced smallpox, and the islanders died by hundreds. Others were sent as forced labour to Tahiti, and they brought back leprosy and the common cold, which is often fatal to islanders. The population was below 200 in 1888, when Chile annexed Easter by friendly treaty. Since then it has grown slowly to nearly 1,000.

But where had this ancient population come from? It could not have generated on this mid-oceanic pinpoint. From Polynesia? The maze of islands to the west offers no carvings like these. To native legend-keepers the story is simple. Santiago

Pakarati, a wiry 65-year-old with the face of a pixy and the mind of a mystic, says, "I know from the beginning." Then he explains:

"Many years ago, from two islands towards the rising sun came King Hotu Matua and his queen, with 7,000 people in two canoes. And after they had settled here, their home islands sank." If you wonder impolitely at the size of a 3,500 passenger canoe, Santiago shrugs and points to rocks 650 feet apart which he says, marked the bow and stern of the king's fabulous craft.

This legend, usually told with more modest detail, has persisted for generations and has become a working hypothesis for investigators who carefully delete such items as 650-foot canoes. Some scientists think it possible that islands did exist between Easter and South America. Others wonder if the lost home was not South America itself and Hotu Matua an exiled Inca. Some artifacts and customs on Easter are similar to those of pre-Conquest Peru (the long ears of the island masters and of the stone image were a mark of Incan aristocracy). The recent Kon Tiki expedition proved that a raft trip from Peru to the western Pacific was possible.*

Various calculations, based on the

*Thor Heyerdahl, leader of the famous Kon Tiki crossing, landed on Easter Island at the end of October with a 20-man expedition from Norway. Under the auspices of Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, the expedition plans to spend a year in systematic archaeological excavation, hunting subsurface clues to the mystery of the monoliths.

probable life expectancy of legendary kings, fix the date of Hotu Matua's coming somewhere between the years 850 and 1200. But were there earlier inhabitants, now lost to legend, who were conquered by Hotu Matua? Did a later Polynesian migration wipe out Hotu Matua's people? The evidence is enough to drive an anthropologist to selling insurance. Today's Pascuenses—from *Pascua*, Spanish for Easter—are partly Polynesian. And, apart from similarities to the Incan people, there are clues in the island's picture writing and beliefs that point back through Indonesia to China, India, and even Egypt.

The enigma might have been solved long ago but for two events: slave-raiders in 1863 took away the last king and his wise men, in 1864 missionaries sent from Tahiti found slabs of smooth driftwood covered with sharply carved hieroglyphics, hidden in a cave. These, proof of a well-developed written language, were probably the key to the island's history. Some were sent to Tahiti and others burned to discourage paganism. Experts still have not deciphered the existing tablets.

Perhaps the most challenging mystery is how those stone colossi were transported. For my friend and guide Santiago the answer is in six holes in the crater's rock, each about two feet in diameter. The old people, he recites, made winches by fitting tree trunks into these sockets, and cables by weaving vines and fibres.

But scientists disregard the holes and the legend that the island was once heavily wooded. The thin soil could not support large trees, they say, and the toughest of woods, used as winches or rollers, would not have sustained 30 tons. Still, there the giants are.

Why were the statues made? Archaeologists rack their brains. The platforms holding the figures cover burial places. The giants are individuals with subtle differences in features and marking. Are they totems of families or clans? Do they represent gods and goddesses, or heroic ancestors?

There is a clue to the mystery of the abandoned quarry in the legend of the Short-Ears' revolt. And here another piquant bit is added. Explorers in the mid-1800's found natives, presumably Short-Ear descendants, stretching their own ears. The likeliest explanation is a very human one: that the successful revolutionists assumed the rights and copied the ways of the vanquished upper class.

Whatever the past, the world began closing in on the island in the 1860's, when a venturesome Englishman eyed its 30,000 acres of grazing land and imported a herd of sheep. Today 6,600 merinos produce wool worth more than \$100,000 a year to the Chilean Government-controlled industry.

Horses, cattle and pigs followed

the sheep, and the island was slowly tied into the world of trade. But it is still one of the most remote and least visited permanent communities on earth. *

In many ways Easter is the last of the paradise islands. The climate is healthy. There is no radio to bring the worries of the world, and the Pascuenses have evolved an eminently practical system of barter economy.

It seems certain that before long the air age will cancel Easter's isolation for ever. Potentially Easter is what Hawaii has become: the key to a transpacific air route. From South American centres—Rio, São Paulo, Buenos Aires, Santiago—the logical flight plan is via Easter to Australia, Indonesia and all Asia. Japan, with its many emigrants and mounting trade interests in South America, is vitally interested. France, which already operates an island-hopping airline in Polynesia, has offered to help finance the transoceanic route. Chile is now pushing work on a 2,750-foot airstrip. By 1958 the South Pacific airline may be a reality.

That will mean an hotel and, inevitably, roads and tourists to wonder at the host of unblinking lava giants. And the likelihood is that, nearly two and a half centuries after their discovery, the enigmas will still be gazing down their long noses with looks that ask, "Wouldn't you like to know?"



John Paul Stapp, the dedicated doctor who is putting himself through bonebreaking torture to make the jet age safer.

Fastest Man on Earth



THE MECHANICAL voice of the loud-speaker crackled across the clear, dry New Mexico air "Ten, nine, eight "

Safe in a concrete bunker, tense men at a periscope window kept their eyes on the Sonic Wind, a squat steel sled with the menacing look of a robot monster. Beneath its red-and-white-striped cab a dead-straight rail track stretched across the shimmering heat of Holloman Air Force Base towards a patch of blue water which was dammed up

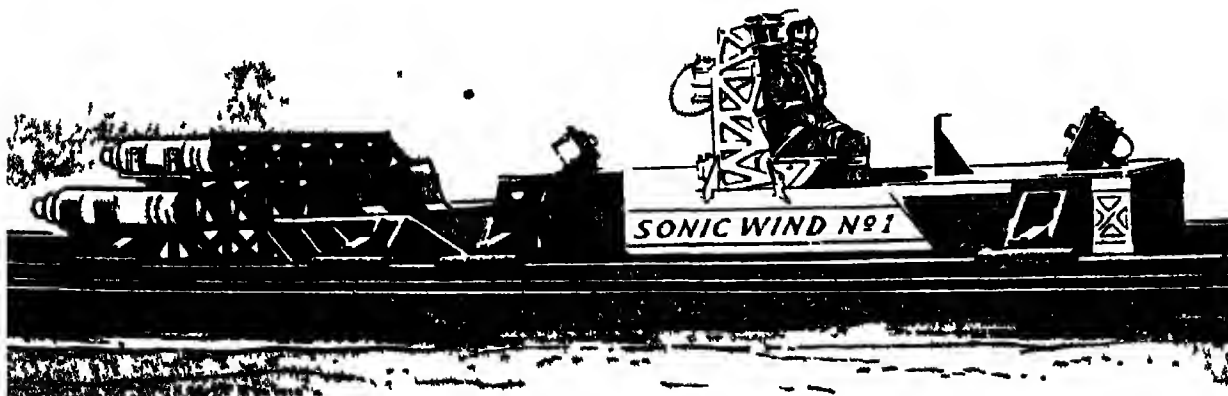
between the rails 3,500 feet away

Seven, six, five, four "

Overhead an F-94C jet fighter slanted down to make a run with the sled

' Three, two, one, FIRE !'

From the sled's tail end nine rockets exploded. The Sonic Wind whipped down the track, shot forward by 70,200 pounds of thrust. Trailing a 35-foot tail of fire, it roared out from under the speeding observer plane. After 1.8 seconds the rockets sputtered out. Now metal



scoops below the sled ploughed into the dammed-up water, and Sonic Wind slammed to a stop. A quick check of instruments showed that the sled had done 995 miles an hour.

No man has yet moved so fast on the earth's surface. But if all goes well, one man will. Lieutenant-Colonel John Paul Stapp, 45-year-old U.S. Air Force surgeon who hopes to ride the Sonic Wind at more than 1,000 mph. At that speed he will be blasted by the destructive force that would hit a pilot bailing out at 40,000 feet and 2,000 mph.

Last year, riding an earlier version of the Sonic Wind, Colonel Stapp reached a speed of 632 mph—faster than any earth-bound man had travelled before. As the sled decelerated from 632 mph to a dead stop in 1.4 seconds, he was subjected to more than 40 times the pull of gravity (40 G's). His normal weight of 12 stone momentarily shot up to 480 stone. The driver of a car colliding with a brick wall at 50 mph would be taking much the same jolt. Yet Stapp survived it with negligible injuries.

Such rides along the brink of death are much more than a demonstration of daredevil courage: the data they produce are urgently needed in an age when man is opening up new frontiers of space and speed.

Until medico Stapp came along with his cool scientist's insistence on using himself as a guinea pig,

fighter planes were built to stand an expected stress of nine G's. It hardly seemed worth while to make them stronger, the human body, engineers insisted (and most doctors believed), could not take greater physical strain.

John Paul Stapp has dedicated his life to proving that mortal man is not half so vulnerable as the engineers believe. Says he: "Why are we always underestimating man? Take, for example, the four-minute mile. For years we thought that was a physical limit beyond human reach. Well, it was a *psychological* limit—like the sound barrier. Once there was a breakthrough, the barrier seemed never to have existed."

Stapp has already proved that if pilots are carefully strapped into sturdy seats and cockpits they can walk away from the large majority of crashes. He has presented his proof with argument-killing logic: his own roaring rides.

For each of these rides, space surgeon Stapp wears a broad safety belt and shoulder strap to hold him in place when the water brakes grab. At 400 mph and over, wind blast can start a man's limbs flailing uncontrollably with bone-snapping force, so his elbows are clamped close to his sides, his legs strapped together above and below the knee, and his wrists lashed to the upper knee straps. A chest strap hauls him so tightly against the seat that all breathing motion is confined to his diaphragm. A rubber bite-block

(equipped with a recording accelerometer) is slipped between his teeth, and a cord is placed in one hand, ready to trigger a ciné camera aimed at his face.

The high wail of a siren announces: 60 seconds to go. Stapp concentrates on the camera cord in his hand; he must remember to pull it when the count-down reaches five. One last breath to last him for the ride—then he is off.

How does it feel? "It's like being assaulted in the rear by a fast freight train." By the time the sled hits the water-brakes, wrote Stapp about one of his recent rides, "vision became a shimmering salmon-coloured field with no images. It felt as though my eyes were being pulled out of my head, about the same sort of sensation as when a molar is drawn. When the sled stopped I lifted my eyelids with my fingers, but I couldn't see a thing.

"They put me on a stretcher and in a minute or two I saw some blue specks. In about eight minutes the speck became blue sky and clouds. One of the surgeons wiggled his fingers and I was able to count them. Then I knew that my retinas had not been detached and I wasn't going to be blind. I had two of the most beautiful shiners any man ever had." The black eyes were caused by his eyeballs shooting forward in their sockets.

Asked what he thought about as he sat there strapped in his sled waiting for the count-down, Stapp

replied: "I say to myself, 'Paul, it's been a good life.' "

It has been a rich life, the success story of a frail, skinny boy who used to be afraid of motor cars but grew up to become the "bravest man in the U.S. Air Force," a legendary figure who has won a file full of awards and citations, including the Legion of Merit with Oak Leaf Cluster and the U.S. Air Force's Cheney Award for valour and self-sacrifice. It is the achievement of a physician with selfless courage and the relentless curiosity of a dedicated scientist.

John Paul Stapp's extraordinary track to the rocket sled began in 1910 in Bahia, Brazil, where his missionary father was president of the American Baptist College. Eldest of four brothers, Paul had a strange boyhood: he learned to speak Portuguese before he was permitted to speak English: he was seldom allowed to play with other children.

During the Christmas vacation of his second year at Baylor University, in Texas, came a turning point. Paul was visiting an aunt and uncle when his two-year-old cousin was badly burned in an open fireplace. Paul helped to nurse the little boy for 62 sleepless hours, but the child died. "I decided right then," Stapp recalls, "that I wanted to be a doctor."

Back at Baylor, Paul switched from his English course to science courses, got a job as salesman for a biological-supply company. Then,

unable to pay for medical school after graduation, he stayed on at Baylor for a master's degree in zoology, and marked examination papers for a living. It was not until five years later, at 29—after a two-year teaching job, and the acquisition of a Ph.D. in biophysics—that he finally entered medical school, at the University of Minnesota. There he taught and worked as a research assistant while earning the degree he wanted most: Doctor of Medicine.

In 1943, when he began his housemanship at a Duluth hospital, Doctor Stapp found his life taking on a new dimension. "I had only seen pure scientists before. Now I saw science and men of science working as a team, bringing everything to bear—the enormous facilities of the hospital, their own talents and devotion—to save human life."

The following year Stapp went on active duty as a first lieutenant in the U.S. Medical Corps, and, after serving at half a dozen U.S. bases, he found his future. Posted shortly after V-J Day to the Aero-Medical Laboratory of the Air Matériel Command, in Dayton, he asked to see "something interesting." He saw it: jet planes were racing into areas that doctors had seldom bothered with before; jet pilots were flying into a skyful of trouble. Just 17 miles towards the stars, space, the new frontier, was suddenly within reach.

It was not enough that engineers were learning how to pressurize

cabins and build new oxygen systems to keep men alive when their planes climbed into the stratosphere. What would happen when these synthetic atmospheres failed, when pilots had to bail out? All that the U.S. Air Force knew about ejection seats, for example, was contained in a captured German handbook. The only American to try such a bail-out (from a P-61 Black Widow flying at 285 mph at 15,000 feet) had hardly been a mine of information. His entire report: "Whatta whoomp!"

Dr. Stapp's first task in aeromedical research was to field-test a liquid-oxygen emergency breathing system, and to recommend preventive measures for high-altitude bends, gas pains and dehydration. He spent 64 hours in the air, at altitudes up to 45,000 feet.

His next job: the first rocket-sled research programme, at Edwards (then Muroc) Air Force Base on the Mojave Desert. "I didn't know it at the time," says he, "but I had stumbled into a crusade for the prevention of unnecessary deaths."

At Edwards, Stapp found himself in command of 2,000 feet of rail track, the Gee-Whiz (a rocket sled built by Northrop Aircraft), a bare barracks that was supposed to serve as a lab and seven hard-working Northrop employees. His mission: to determine human tolerance to deceleration so that adequate aircraft safety harness could be developed.

It took Stapp months of spectacular scrounging and "moonlight

requisitioning" to put together the test equipment he required. The lab needed water, so he "borrowed" 4,400 feet of pipe, talked some civilian workers into doing the necessary welding, and paid them off with free medical care for their families.

Proceeding cautiously, Stapp sent the Gee-Whizz on 32 rocket runs carrying a dummy passenger. On one of these, when the sled's brakes grabbed, "Oscar Eight-Ball," the 13-stone dummy, broke his harness, slammed through an inch-thick pine windshield as if it were tissue paper and soared 710 feet down the track. Observing Oscar's fate, Stapp calmly noted that he needed a stronger harness and, on December 10, 1947, took his first ride himself. It was a one-rocket spurt that reached 90 mph. The next day he fired three rockets and went twice as fast.

Volunteer sled-riders began to turn up, and selection became a problem. Stapp wanted no exhibitionists or thrill-seekers. He was fanatically careful. No runs, for example, were permitted on Mondays or Fridays—a man with a week-end on his mind might not be completely reliable. When one of his volunteers showed signs of shock after a 35-G deceleration, Stapp repeated the run himself. He wound up full of bruises and with a broken right wrist. But he had discovered what he set out to find: the previous rider had failed to keep his head down while decelerating; his helmet had pulled off and had bumped

against him. (Last year a helmet that "locks" on to the head was developed. With these helmets, says Colonel Stapp proudly, "Your head may come off, but the helmet won't.")

By May of 1948 Colonel Stapp had himself taken 16 rides. Slowly, impressive statistics were piling up. By June, 1951, he had done just about all he could with the Edwards sled and track. After a tour of duty at Wright Field, he moved, in 1953, to the Aero-Medical Field Laboratory at New Mexico's Holloman Air Force Base. There, with good equipment and a good staff (the nine officers, including their chief, Stapp, hold 24 advanced scientific degrees among them), he has built up an immensely revealing body of wind-blast data.

A lot of people—including his brother Celso, also a physician—are urging Stapp to quit. They fear that, while he may pull out of each ride successfully, the cumulative damage to his system may be dangerous. Stapp pooh-poohs such talk and is determined to go on riding his rocket sled. He knows that what he is learning by pressing to the edge of human endurance will hold true even when today's planes are in museums.

"The human body," says Colonel Stapp, "comes in only two shapes. I don't expect there will be any changes, so what we learn about it now will serve us for a long time to come."

Towards More Picturesque Speech

THE FROSTY morning air has everyone talking in smoke signals (Vesta Kelly in *Farm Journal*) . . . The wind was blowing so hard the rain could hardly land (David Engel) . . . A wintry sun had crept into the room to warm itself before the fire (Marcel Proust) . . . The room looked very Christmessy (Ruth Oehrtman) . . . Parked cars under their white meringues (Louise Andrews Kent)

First Impressions: He received the news with his eyebrows (John Galsworthy) . . . Her voice was husky to that fascinating point just short of asthma (Betty MacDonald) . . . He was speaking extemperroneously (J. R. Aker) . . . She gave him a look which ought to have stuck at least four inches out of his back (Raymond Chandler) . . . He was one of those near-do-well fellows (F. L. Kelsey) . . . Her hats always look as though they had made a forced landing on her head

Patter: The person who says he has half a mind to look at wrestling on TV is adequately equipped (Edgar Dale) . . . To kindle a quick blaze try rubbing two mudguards together (Franklin Jones in *Quote*) . . . Glasses can change one's personality, especially if emptied too frequently (Milwaukee *Journal*)

Cut to Size: She's the kind that talks on and on about things that

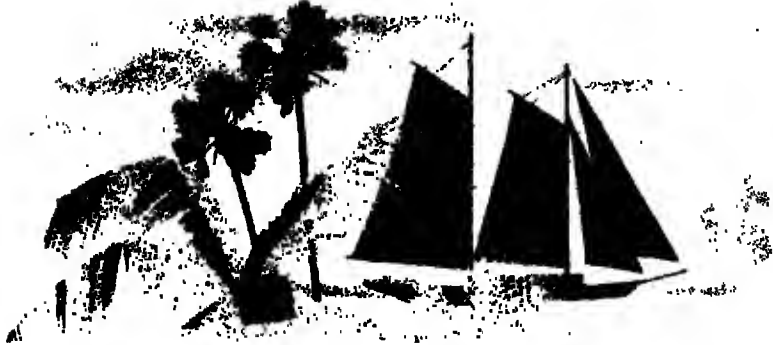
leave her speechless (*Pathfinder*) . . . They're married for better or worse. He couldn't do better and she couldn't do worse ("My Little Margie." CBS) .

All About Eve: A lot of wolves hang around a woman with a past, hoping that history will repeat itself (Dick Stone) . . . Nothing helps a girl stay on the straight and narrow so much as being built that way (Franklin Jones in *The Saturday Evening Post*) . . . A woman never really makes a fool of a man. She just directs the performance (*Woodmen of the World Magazine*) . . . To achieve a good crop of husbands some girls resort to contour planting (Marcelene Cox in *Ladies Home Journal*) . . . A woman is likely to keep trying on shoes until the shop assistant has a fit (*The Office Economist*)

Deft Definitions: Skier: one who jumps to contusions (Nancy Wheat) . . . Television: where all little movies go when they're bad (Ron Poulton in *Toronto Telegram*) . . . Experience: what you have left when everything else is gone (General Features Corporation)

To the first contributor of each item used in this feature a payment of three guineas will be made upon publication. Contributions should be dated and the sources must be given. Address Picturesque Speech Editor, The Reader's Digest, 25 Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

Portrait of a fast-disappearing breed



The Most Unforgettable Character

ONE OF THE mightiest men I know couldn't weigh more than eight stone now with his shoes on—and he seldom wears

them. At 90, he usually stays tucked away in his snug old house near East Pass, where the green breakers of the Gulf of Mexico crash into the quieter, bluer waters of Choctawhatchee Bay, 40 miles east of Pensacola, Florida.

What little money Captain Billy Marler gets, beyond a tiny pension, he squeezes from making fine cast-nets for holiday fishermen. But the way he stands, with his bare feet set wide apart as if to balance himself on a pitching prow, the way his blue eyes twinkle from his weather-seamed face, let you know he is still ready to meet the squalls of life.

I've Met

By

William Columbia Pryor

I was 17 when I first saw Captain Billy one day in 1890. I had just moved down to the Bay to help my uncle run his sawmill and to begin teaching in the one-room school at Brooks Landing (now Fort Walton). There were no roads down through the pinewoods to the Gulf, not even a sand trail; the only way to reach the Bay area was by boat: a last few of the Choctaw Indians who named the Bay were still around.

In my skiff I was exploring the lonely, almost uninhabited shoreline when I saw the black silhouette of a long, thick object crawling tortuously up the dazzling white beach. I rowed in closer and discovered that the object was a stout tree trunk being shouldered and dragged

by a stocky, leather-tanned little man about ten years older than myself.

"Come aboard, stranger!" he cried in a voice as piercing as a seagull's.

To drag such logs to the sawmill, I had mules. Even half the weight of the timber this barefoot, dungareed fellow was dragging would have crushed me. "Can't you haul things like that on mule-back?" I asked.

"Ain't got no mule," he grunted. "I haul things like this *my*-back."

Hauling things like that "*his*-back," Billy Marler had just completed for his young bride the eight-roomed house in which he lives to this day. When I met him he was building a colossus of a pier that would stretch from his front door to the channel half a mile out in the Bay. Clambering and swinging among the big eight by eight-inch piles he was "wedge-shaping" into the sand, he looked like a busy spider.

"Going to build a store here, too," he told me.

I was startled by this energy on a barren, empty beach. The nearest neighbour was Captain Leonard Destin, who ran a fish camp more than a mile away on the other side of the peninsula. Marler told me he had worked there as a fishing hand since he had wandered down from Georgia at the age of 13.

That night, after a supper of fried mullet, we were enjoying our pipes and the flapping breeze when Marler

said, "You know, they say there's a treasure buried over there under those stooping oaks." He pointed at a cluster of wind-gnarled trees at the head of a small cove across the Bay. "Joe, the old Choctaw trapper who used to live there, told me that the captain of a two-masted schooner out of New Orleans hid \$60,000 at the foot of those trees over 50 years ago—just before his crew killed him in a mutiny."

Stories of buried treasure were about as rampant then as they are now, and just as unreliable. For here among the sugar-white dunes the pirate ghosts of history were said to walk on moonlight nights—the cutlass-swinging figures of Jean Lafitte and Jesse (Billy Bowlegs) Rogers. We joked about such foolishness, and over the unlikelihood that a Choctaw trapper would have neglected to dig up \$60,000 if he had known where it was. Then we forgot the treasure of "Joe's Bayou," and neither of us thought of it again for seven years.

In those years I watched Billy Marler wrest his living and his dreams from the bare strip of sand he had chosen for a home. For a salary of \$3.50 a week as skipper of Captain Destin's 30-ton fishing schooner, *Jack 'a Don't Care*, he performed near-impossible feats. I would hear his shouts as, on nights as black as the inside of a whale's belly, he eased his hulking vessel past Brook's Landing and up through the twisting Narrows.

There were no channel lights or markers then, no auxiliary engines to fall back on when white squalls lashed the sails or dead calms left them hanging limp. Still, somehow, Billy needle-eyed his schooner up to Pensacola before his fish cargo could spoil. And when the boat was becalmed he and his crew would shove it along by giant "push poles"—full-grown pine trees carried for the purpose.

In his "spare time" Captain Billy finished his pier, a large general store, a warehouse and a boatworks. He built his own schooner, *The Bernice*, and in it sailed groceries and supplies down from Pensacola. Gradually other families began to settle near his establishment.

Captain Billy had had just two days' schooling, but he was the first to urge a school for Destin Point. Moreover, he built most of it himself. In the one-room structure which served as a church on Sundays, he was the community's lay preacher and Sunday-school teacher.

In 1896 Captain Billy set up a post office in the parlour of his home and became Destin's first postmaster—a job he held for 43 years. Three times a week, sun or squall, he would "sail the mail" to a tiny settlement ten miles away, often with only one or two letters. His profit for the entire operation was less than \$10 every three months.

As if all that activity weren't enough, he built most of the small boats on the Bay—everything from

skiffs to 50-foot launches. He made most of his own furniture and many pieces for his neighbours. He became the village's self-appointed undertaker and coffin-maker, rendering both services free. Once when I asked him how he could afford to give away so many fine coffins, he looked at me in surprise. "Why, I couldn't take money from anyone in *that* kind of trouble!"

It was clear to me from the start that Captain Billy would never be a successful businessman. If there were 30 people on the dock when he sailed up with the mail, he invited them all to dinner. Credit at his store was given to everyone, and he never kept a bill or any other kind of record of a debt to him.

"Let 'em keep up with their own bills," he would growl when I cautioned him. "It's all I can do to keep 'em in groceries!"

To relieve the monotonous fish diet of his rapidly growing family, Captain Billy often took me and his small sons out into the Gulf on a turtle hunt. Diving into 15 feet of emerald-green water, Billy would bring a shell-turreted, 600-pound monster scrambling to the surface. "Turtles are God's banquet for poor folks," he would say. "There's seven kinds of meat in 'em—beef, pork, mutton, goat, chicken, fish and—oh, yes, turtle meat."

A fellow fisherman once said of him, "Captain Billy's gonna supply everybody around him till he supplies hisself out!"

More and more well-to-do holiday-makers set up tents on the beach, and many were interested in pirate treasure. Especially they asked about Jesse Rogers. This buccaneer was believed to have scuttled his ship in Choctawhatchee Bay in 1844 with four million dollars in gold aboard, after British men-of-war had chased him through East Pass.

"Did I know Jesse Rogers?" Captain Billy would say when anyone asked him. "Sure, I knew him in his old age, right up to the time he died in 1888. What about him? Well, he was bowlegged, mostly—that's why we called him Billy Bowlegs. Did I ask him where he sank that four million?" Billy would throw in mock distaste. "Why, gentlemen, wouldn't that've been an embarrassin' question to've asked a poor old bowlegged, half-Indian pirate?"

Naturally, what happened in 1897 was a shock to both of us. One day in the early spring a schooner sailed into Choctawhatchee Bay and put in at Destin Point for supplies. The stranger was close mouthed about his business, but he had an old map and he sailed straight over and anchored off "Joe's Bayou."

That night Billy got back from fishing just in time to see the schooner weigh anchor and slip swiftly away towards Pensacola. For the first time Billy thought seriously of what the old Indian had told him about the treasure. He hurried over to the bayou. Under the stooping oaks was a hole six feet deep and

eight feet square—and in it were rusted iron crumblings and rotten mahogany!

When Billy told me about it, we sat looking at each other for a long time, thinking about how we could have dug that hole ourselves, and all the things we could have done with \$60,000.

In 1902 Captain Billy took on still another task: tending the new lighthouses that were set up around treacherous East Pass. This meant he had to walk and row another three miles a day to keep the oil lamps burning and polished. After serving the Coast Guard in this capacity for 34 years, he finally worked up to a top salary of \$29.50 a month.

Tragedy was an almost expected visitor in our wilderness, and Billy Marler became a frequent host to it. Ten of his 19 children died in infancy. His wife died, and the first son by his second marriage was a two-year-old infant when he slipped unnoticed over the side of Billy's boat and drowned in the Bay. Later, his eldest son, Ernest, was brutally murdered at the Cape San Blas Lighthouse shortly after he became its keeper.

Billy found relief from his sorrows by helping anyone he heard of who was in trouble along the beach. "Willy," he often told me, "if every man had the privilege of throwing all his troubles into one big pile with everybody else's and could pick up any burden he chose, nine out of ten would take up their own troubles

again. Because they'd know better how to handle 'em."

By the age of 50 Captain Billy had become a patriarchal little giant of a man even among the steel-muscled, barrel-chested fisherfolk of his village. In 1915 he became a legend.

It was about three o'clock on a roaring March afternoon when a boatman burst into the boarding-house I had opened at Fort Walton. "There's a pleasure schooner gone on the bar outside East Pass!" he yelled. "She's foundering, and the crew's out there drowning!"

By the time I reached the Pass, a crowd had gathered on the piers. We were watching the 20-foot breakers thundering through the Pass, convinced that the exit of a rescue launch would be impossible, when Captain Billy came running. There was no accusation in his voice, just a question: "Ain't none of you men gonna try it?"

Weathered seamen, younger than Billy, avoided the Captain's eyes. Finally one spoke up: "If them city folks out there are bent on making their wives widows, I ain't. I got six children to feed. I say it's suicide."

"And I say we can't sit by and watch men drown," said Billy. As he ran for his launch, a tough, lanky fisherman named George Destin joined him. We watched as the big launch leaped and plunged out through the Pass, at times disappearing between the boiling breakers.

Billy anchored his launch 500 yards from the wrecked schooner.

Then, to a skiff they had towed out, he and George tied one end of a long line: they tied the other end to the launch. They boarded the skiff and dug their oars into the steep walls of water until they finally came crashing down on top of the wreck. The crew of the wreck had been washed overboard and scooped up in the submerged mainsail. From it Billy and Destin plucked five men and fought their way back with them to the launch. Then they made a second trip and picked up four. They saved every one of the nine men aboard!

At 70, when Billy began to retire from some of his more strenuous activities "because of failing strength," he could still squash an empty beer tin between his thumb and forefinger so quickly and easily that the escaping air made a soft *whoosh*. At 85 he fell 30 feet from the top of a tree he had climbed to rescue a frightened cat. The fall shook him up a bit.

Billy used to say he wanted to live out his old age in peace and quiet, but I don't think either of us ever believed it. Today he seems quite happy that his old house has turned out to sit smack in the flight pattern of the main take-off strip of the U.S. Air Force Proving Ground at Eglin Field across the Bay. When jet formations and guided missiles rattle the timbers of his house, Billy grins. "Anybody who can sail ships like that in the sky," he says, "I don't mind it they shake me a little when they pull up anchor."

Billy still presides over the Sunday-school class he has taught since 1890. In this time he has arrived at his own neatly simplified analysis of all people. "There's just three kinds," he says. "The robbers, who say, 'The world owes me a living, and if you got something I'm gonna take it.' The keepers, who say, 'What I got is mine and I'm gonna keep it.' And the givers, who say, 'What I got is yours, and if you need it you can have it.'"

The treasure hunters have become thicker every year. They've dug up the grave of Billy Bowlegs until the land round about looks like a bomb crater. There's no telling how many rigs they've lost dragging the Bay for Rogers's ship.

These diggers remind me of the

empty hole left under the oaks of "Joe's Bayou" 58 years ago. I think of the \$60,000 that might have come out of that hole, and how little difference it would have meant to a life like Billy Marler's. I think of all the good boats he has built, the mail he has carried, the nights he has kept burning along the reefs, the lives he has saved from the sea, the flourishing community he has done more than any other man to build.

Captain Billy knows what he's talking about when he advises to day's treasure-hunters. "Why, sure, there's treasure out there!" he tells them. "Where? Why, right out there!"

He waves in the general direction of the Bay—or of the entire world.

All you got to do is find it."



The Yolk's on Them

WHEN the American Poultry and Hatchery Association set up one of its conventions in Minneapolis, a zealous programme chairman collected a large assortment of prizes, from a flat iron to a trip to Paris, and decided to hold a draw that would knock the poultrymen's eyes out. Racking his brain for a brand new way to draw the numbers out of the hat, he hit upon having them in the yolk of an unbroken egg.

The problem was put up to Professor M. W. Pasvogel of the University of Illinois, who took his students into the conspiracy. The students placed four dozen capsules containing numbers in the oviducts of four dozen hens. The operation required delicate timing and took a number of weeks. Working frantically against time, Pasvogel came up with the forty-eighth egg so close to his deadline that he had to hustle the lot to the draw by charter plane.

Though thoroughly conversant with the egg-laying apparatus of the hen, hundreds of poultrymen at the draw couldn't believe their eyes when they saw capsuled numbers being taken from inside the yolks of fully developed eggs.

Phil Gustafson in *The Saturday Evening Post*

The story of what happened when a passenger train, with 226 on board, was trapped by snow in the High Sierra of California.

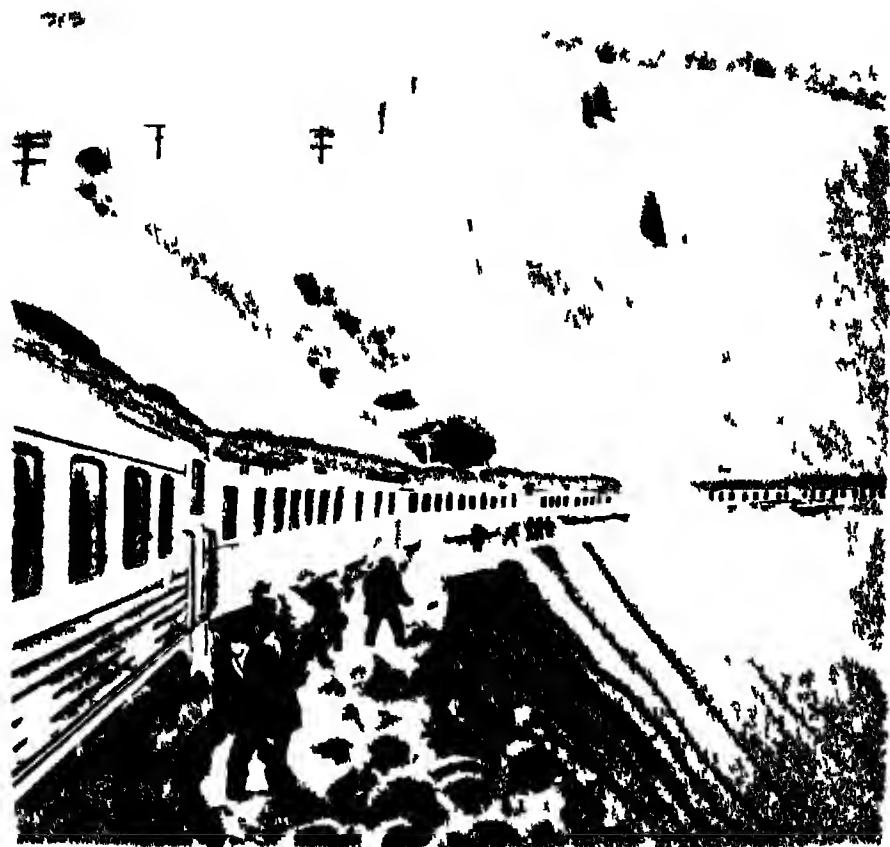
AT YUBA GAP

By J Campbell Bruce

THE Southern Pacific Railroad's streamlined train, *City of San Francisco*, pulled out of the snowsheds at Donner Summit and headed down the west shoulder of the High Sierra. It was Sunday, January 13, 1952, and a series of storms that week had piled snow phone-pole deep. New flurries warned of yet another storm—as it turned out, this century's worst blizzard in the California high country. The *City*, with 226 passengers and crew on board, was crawling into the greatest drama of the Sierra since the pioneering Donner Party was trapped in the same area by heavy snows in the winter of 1846-47.

As the train snaked on to an

exposed ledge along the south slope of Yuba Gap it dragged ominously. The wedge-nosed plough of its powerful diesel was packing the snow as it pushed through the deep drifts. Midway along the Gap the *City* quivered to a halt. Time after time the diesel backed away, then lunged. But this only rocked the train to an ultimate standstill, held fast by the



Condensed from *True*

packed drift up in front and the clogging mass underneath.

"That's it!" shouted the driver to a member of his crew. "We can't make it."

The dining-car steward, apologizing for the mishap, offered lunch on the house. Everybody ate in a holiday mood, unaware of what lay beyond the windows. The rising storm had blotted out the grandeur—and the peril. The grandeur: the majestic sweep of Yuba Gap, where U.S. Highway 40 followed the route of the old Emigrant Trail. Cliffs towered above the train, and the fir-clad slope below the tracks dropped 700 feet to a valley. The peril: the *City* curved like an S along the ledge, its middle cars leaning outwards. Above was a tremendous, sloping mass of snow. If an avalanche let loose . . .

That afternoon the passengers felt little worry. After all, San Francisco was only 180 miles away. A conductor reassured them: "Snow plough's on the way. We'll be rolling soon." So confident was the Southern Pacific of its snow equipment that it let three other passenger trains by-pass the *City* on the eastbound track, which at that point ran through two tunnels of granite, with only a short open stretch between.

A big Mallet—a mountain locomotive designed for the High Sierra—came snorting down the gradient and hooked on to the rear of the *City*. It tried to pull the train free, but the streamliner wouldn't budge.

The stormy, wintry night settled

early. About seven o'clock a whispered terror caught at throats in a mid-section coach: "Avalanche!" But it was merely a barrage of snow from the rotary plough of a work train on the eastbound track. The train disgorged 30 Mexican section hands and moved on. These men were to dig out the streamliner when the rescue plough arrived.

Everyone still expected to be in San Francisco in the morning. A rousing "Last Night" party rattled the club car as uninhibited voices out-howled the storm in "California, Here I Come" and "I've Been Working on the Railroad."

Daybreak on Monday seeped ghostly grey into the train. The blizzard shrieked unabated. During the night storage batteries had gone dead and, except for a few Pullmans equipped with propane-fuelled generator units, the train was without lights. The boilers, running out of water, had to quench their fires. Passengers buttoned up overcoats against the dank cold.

As food ran short, the remaining milk was reserved for children. Fresh water gave out. The plumbing froze, causing a grave sanitation problem. The snow, piling higher, blocked the vents, and the air within, already short of oxygen, owing to the great altitude, was fast becoming foul. The section hands shovelled the snow clear of each vestibule for ventilation.

The conductor made a series of cheery rounds. "We'll be rolling

soon." He did not know that a rotary snow plough approaching from the west had been engulfed by an avalanche just a quarter of a mile from the *City*, killing the driver. Another avalanche blocked a rotary leading a relief train from Reno. The *City* was indeed trapped.

The only doctor on board was Doctor Walter Roehll of Middletown, Ohio, Hawaii-bound for a holiday. On a last-minute impulse he had packed emergency amounts of penicillin, phenobarbitone, morphine and aspirin. He had use for all of them. Altitude troubled weak hearts, anxiety induced spinning headaches, colds ran rampant.

Talk inevitably turned to the Donner Party of 1846, whose 47 survivors (out of 87) resorted to cannibalism when their food ran out. But morale on the whole was good. From the depleted pantry the jovial steward quipped: "I sent the waiters out to get a polar bear. Meanwhile, I'm serving up breast of log with a saute of snow." In fact it was *Wiener schnitzels* and tinned spaghetti, and it tasted good.

A party of young skiers reached the train with rucksacks of food and sweets for the children. A snow cat (snowplough with caterpillar tracks), operated by three linemen in turn, day and night, made emergency food runs to the *City* during the ordeal.

On Monday evening a salesman from Cheyenne organized an amateur show in the club car. A raffle

netted \$100 for the Mexican section hands, who were outside shovelling back the blizzard.

A crowd clustered round the club car radio. Suddenly a news broadcaster made passing mention that the *City of San Francisco* was snow-bound 'somewhere in the Sierra.' Then the radio went dead.

'They don't even know where we are!' someone shouted, a half tone below hysteria. As panic loomed, a 'Committee of Six' was formed. Made up of business executives, it took over control of the train. One man who had been brought up in these mountains said, "Folks, it's impossible for rescuers to get through until this wind dies down. So let's all be calm and get some sleep."

But there was no sleep. During the evening a passenger barged through a darkened coach shouting, 'My wife's fainted!' Anna Lindblom, a registered nurse, located Dr. Roehll, and the three picked their way by flashlight to one of the Pullmans lit by propane generators. They stared aghast. Passengers lay sprawled in the aisle, unconscious.

Dr. Roehll quickly spotted the culprit: carbon monoxide. Snow had plugged the exhaust pipe of the generator's engine, and the odourless fumes were seeping through the car. All generator units were shut off, and the entire train lay in darkness.

Service men volunteered to enter the lethal Pullman. They smashed the vestibule windows, battered open locked compartments and dragged

the unconscious occupants to another coach.

Tuesday broke greyer and colder. The storm still raged at full fury. Breakfast was scant—half a cup of soup, half a *Wiener schnitzel*, half a cup of coffee.

Morale was dropping. As Dr. Roehll later explained: "Imagine sitting in utter darkness, with snow drifting over your head, and feeling that you have been forgotten."

Actually, the Southern Pacific had mobilized the Sierra's greatest rescue operation. It was augmented by the U.S. Army, Navy and Coast Guard, by power and telephone companies, and by the California Highway Patrol. A relief train with an Arctic-trained Army crew was *en route* from Colfax, 35 miles west of the *City*. Its progress was slow—one mile an hour—but it kept moving.

The third night the terror and the cold penetrated too deeply for sleep. Two-man teams kept two-hour watches, opening vestibule doors for five minutes every half hour to clear the foul air. Outside, the courageous Mexicans kept on shovelling snow.

An hour before daybreak on Wednesday, Anna Lindblom was looking out of a vestibule window at the moonlit Sierra snowscape when, far off in the stillness, she heard the sound of a snowplough. . .

About midnight on Monday, Jack Snider of the Yuba Gap highway station and his six-man crew had been ploughing Route 40 when their rotary plough ran off the road. The

men had slogged on foot to Lakeview Lodge, a resort seven miles west of the stalled train. There they learned of the streamliner's plight, just a quarter of a mile off Route 40.

Snider knew his plough could get through to the train—if he could get it back on the highway. Twelve hours later, as Tuesday night settled in, they had cleared a path eight feet wide and 135 feet long. The plough was free.

The storm raged furiously. Drifts, in places 40 feet deep, obliterated all traces of a road, but Snider guided the plough from memory.

Back at the train the Mexicans, alerted by skiers bearing word of Snider's approach on U.S. 40, began trampling a 1,500-foot path from the train to the junction where U.S. 40 crosses the railway tracks.

At dawn on Wednesday the grimy but exhilarated passengers watched the swirling snow-cloud as the rotary inched towards the highway junction, cutting a lane for a convoy of cars manned by Snider's crew. Far off, smoke plumed up from the waiting relief train.

First off the *City of San Francisco* were five stretcher cases, conveyed by toboggan to the waiting cars. Then the train was emptied. The *City* itself was brought out three days later.

By the time traffic was resumed a week later, winter winds had obliterated the rescue path the patient Mexican section hands had cleared through the drifts—and with it the last trace of the ordeal at Yuba Gap.

Mr. Ford provides a few inspired gestures and comments to deal with certain familiar situations

Yes, Dear, I'm Listening

By Corey Ford

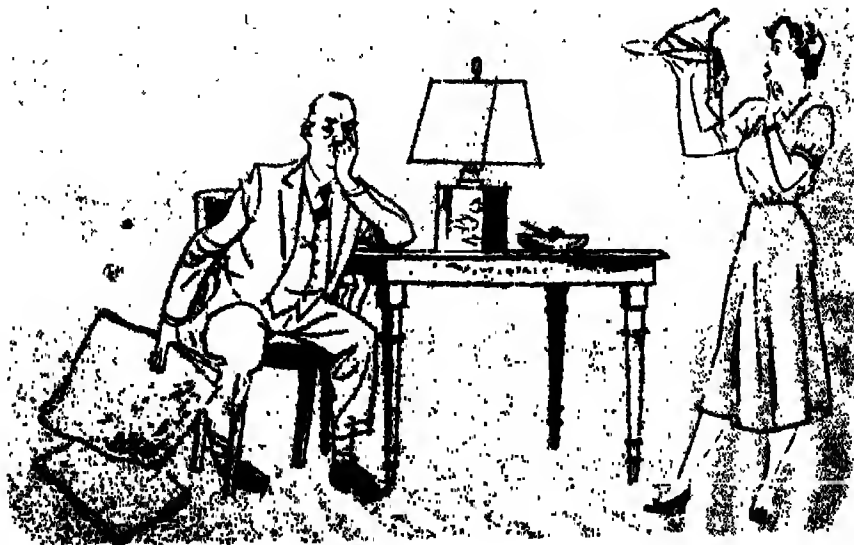
I SEEM TO spend most of my time listening to others. I suppose it's because everybody else speaks louder than I do, and because they end all their sentences with "and-uh," so that I can never start on one of my own.

As a result of all this listening I have worked out a basic posture called Ford's Three-way Auditory Attitude, which consists of placing my left elbow on the table and resting my cheek in the palm of my left hand. Not only does this convey the impression that I am following every word, but in case my eyes grow heavy I can use the tip of my forefinger to prop an eyebrow up while I draw the lower lid down with my thumb. What's more, the palm is handy if I should feel a yawn coming on.

The first thing a

listener should learn is to anchor himself securely. Some listeners court disaster during an after-dinner speech by lacing the fingers together and resting the chin on them like a hammock. The danger here is that, in the course of a long speech, the fingers are apt to come unlaced without warning, plunging the chin into the finger bowl with a splash.

The safest plan is to grip the table and scowl intently, pursing your lips and nodding your head rhythmically whenever the speaker's glance comes to rest on you. Don't nod *too*



rhythmically, though, because the steady movement tends to have a soporific effect

Naturally the listener should vary his expression according to the circumstances. For children's recitations I always assume an indulgent smile, with my head tilted quizzically. The trouble is that after the first few stanzas of 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' my smile starts getting rigid, my jaw muscles tighten into knots and my lips draw back in a sinister snarl. This sometimes frightens a reciting child, but hardly enough to call off the recitation.

Sooner or later every listener must face the problem of how to stifle a yawn. Swallowing is not recommended, because the gulp is apt to be audible and the effort to strangle it without being detected produces an expression of acute anguish, causing the eyes to pop and tears to course inexplicably down the cheeks.

This is bad enough if the narrator is telling a funny story, but it is worse if his story is emotional, since he will be flattered into thinking he has touched some deep sympathetic chord in his audience and will make his story even longer.

If a yawn cannot be suppressed I usually resort to some ruse like upsetting my drink or dropping a lighted cigarette down behind the upholstery of the sofa. While on my hands and knees during the ensuing excitement I can get rid of my yawn, and if I'm really alert I can creep on all fours out of the room.

In listening to a funny story it is important to laugh in the right place—particularly if the narrator is your employer. Sometimes the listening employee is so eager to impress his boss that he jumps the gun and bursts into guffaws at the first pause in the narrative. His hasty efforts to disguise his laugh as a hacking cough are hardly convincing, and the unfortunate bobble makes him so tense that the next time the boss stops for breath he goes into even louder gales of laughter. In this situation the listener is rarely able to muster anything better than a watery smile when the punch line actually arrives—joined, perhaps with some lame remark like 'I really must remember that to tell my wife.'

A listener can get a dependable cue on when to laugh, however, from the fact that the average storyteller always laughs at the punch line himself. In fact, many narrators relish their own stories so much that they repeat the whole last line, affording the hearer a second chance in case he missed the point the first time.

In listening to a symphony concert, the problem is to find something to keep the mind from wandering. The listener re-reads his programme for the tenth time, sinks a little lower in his seat, glances at his watch. Nine-forty-two. Let's see, that's 71 minutes so far. How long do these things usually last?

He surreptitiously gets out his

pencil and starts shading the O's in the programme, until his wife notices and elbows him. He glances at his watch again. Hmm, 91 minutes. I wonder what they stuff these seats with—old tyre levers?

His foot is beginning to go to sleep and he crosses his leg, kicking the seat ahead and causing the lady in it to turn and say "Sssh!" Sssh, yourself, madam. His wife kicks him on the shin and tells him to sit still, George, and stop that mumbling. He glances resignedly at his watch. One hundred and seven minutes. Doesn't that pianist ever get tired?

He makes one more effort to concentrate on the music, tapping his toe against the seat ahead and humming: "Mmmm, m-m-m-MMP! La, la, la." At this moment the piano solo ends abruptly and his voice rings out alone in the silent concert hall. This is followed by a round of applause and his wife's devout statement that she'll never take him to another concert as long as she lives, which solves the whole problem.

When a husband is trying to peruse the sports pages of the Sunday paper while his wife is reading aloud from the society column, it helps to throw in certain key words from time to time to show that he is paying attention. Veteran listeners are generally agreed that the most popular of these key words is "Yes"—which may be varied with "Yaah" or "Mm hmh." Other breakfast sounds that an engrossed husband may make are "Yunh" (agreement),

"Hgh!" (surprise) or "Hmph" (sheer boredom). Sometimes it is sufficient just to nod the head.

The danger in head-nodding is that the wife may switch without warning from Social Notes to January Sales, and the husband may find himself committed before he realizes that the little woman has just said, "I see they've got a big reduction in curtains at Garfinkle's this week, don't you think it's time we brightened the living room up?"

As for myself, I've evolved a series of all-purpose answers which a man may use whenever his wife starts telling him the strangest dream she had last night, or running over the household accounts, or reporting the latest bit of gossip she picked up at the bridge club yesterday. The object is to keep the conversation going without becoming involved.

Let us say the wife is reading aloud a letter she has just received from her former school friend. You remember Ethel Reebus, dear, the one with the braces on her teeth?

Wife: Are you listening?

Husband (engrossed in his paper): Of course, dear, I'm following every word.

Wife: Ethel says they've had a lot of rain lately and her husband sprained his back the other day.

Husband (absently): I hear he's quite an alcoholic.

(This is good for at least seven uninterrupted minutes while the wife explains that he must be thinking of Ethel McArkle, she's the one

who lives in Manchester, and anyway, it wasn't her husband, it was her brother)

Wife (continuing) Ethel says they put down a new flagstone terrace outside their drawing room

Husband Isn't that (a) nice, (b) too bad, (c) just the kind of thing you might expect, though? (*Choice of one*)

Wife (suspiciously) You're not paying attention (She continues reading After a moment, a sudden silence)

Husband (quickly) How much did it weigh?

(This is based on the assumption

that somewhere in any woman's letter somebody is bound to have just had a baby)

Wife (unabashed) Listen to this, they're planning a trip to Greece next spring

Husband (vaguely) Who is?

Wife The Reebuses, of course

Husband (folding his paper and rising) By the way, speaking of Ethel Reebus, have you heard from her lately?

If all else fails, the husband can always start telling a funny story It doesn't matter whether he finishes it or not His wife won't be listening, anyway



Cartoon Quips

HUSBAND to wife, shopping Never mind the large economy size get the small expensive box we can afford

Chen Day in *The Saturday Evening Post*

CONVERSATION in the Meteorological Office 'It's really unbelievable She talks 130 words a minute with gusts up to 175

Stan Hunt in *Look*

YOUNG typist to boss Well, if you can't give me a rise how about the same pay but oftener?

Remarker in *Chicago Tribune*

HUSBAND to wife studying new jacket on small son in clothing shop Better make up your mind before he outgrows it

Farrell in *Look*

HUSBAND answering the telephone She out Who shall I say was going to listen?

Frank Rich in *Chicago Tribune* New York News Syndicate

WIFE to husband Next Christmas let's give each other sensible gifts like ties and fur coats

Bob Barnes in *The Saturday Evening Post*

MAN on telephone "No, sir, I stayed at home today because I'm the only one in the office *without* a cold"

Jack Markow in *The Wall Street Journal*

WIFE, leaving on trip, to husband "Seventy six per cent of the human body is water Try keeping it that way while I'm gone"

—Lepper in *Gourmet*

"The most amazing event of the century in the realm of natural history"

The Fish Named L. c. Smith

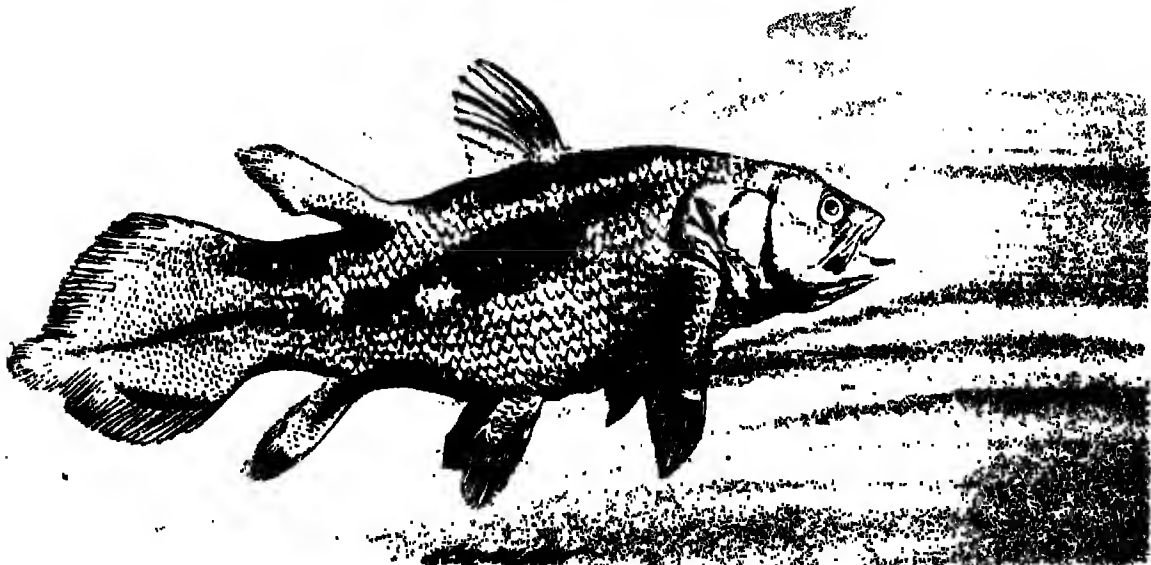
By James Dugan

ON DECEMBER 22, 1938, at East London, a port in South Africa, Miss M. Courtenay-Latimer, the inquisitive curator of the local museum, was examining some sharks brought in by a trawler. Among them she found the mauled body of a surpassing strange fish, more than five feet long and weighing 127 pounds. It was steel-blue, with heavy scales, a powerful protruding jaw and padded fins that stuck out like limbs. "It was so peculiar," she said, "that I felt it had to be preserved."

Miss Latimer hauled the "heavy, dirty and oily" fish to the museum

and there tried to identify it. She could find nothing like it in her ichthyological references. So she made a sketch and sent it to Professor J. L. B. Smith, the famous fish expert, of Rhodes University College at Grahamstown.

Professor Smith, who has discovered and named more than 100 species of fish in his career, looked at this one with something like shock. "My surprise would have been little greater if I had seen a dinosaur walking down the street." For this fish was on the casualty list of animals that died out with the dinosaurs! It was known to scientists



Condensed from Collier's

only from fossil impressions in rocks laid down millions of years ago. Here in front of him was the oldest living being, a creature unchanged in at least 60 million years.

"Though it was difficult to believe so incredible a thing," says Professor Smith, "I identified the fish as a coelacanth (pronounced *see-la-kanth*) and named it *Latimeria* in appreciation of what Miss Latimer had done." Given the species name *chalumnae* (for the Chalumna River, at whose mouth the creature was caught) and the name of the identifier as the usual appendix, the fish became *Latimeria chalumnae* Smith, or *L. c.* Smith.

"Here," said Professor Smith, "is the closest living relative of the long-extinct fish that is accepted as the ancestor of all land animals. He is almost in the direct line of man's ancestry."

The news of *L. c.* Smith made an international sensation. The professor wanted to find other specimens. Thinking that the big rough-hided creature looked like a fish of rocky ledges, he decided that it lived "somewhere about Madagascar." Having no means to organize an expedition, he printed and distributed a descriptive leaflet in English, French and Portuguese, with a photograph of the fish, and offering £140 for another coelacanth. The Second World War blacked out his search, but afterwards he and his wife hunted on, tramping the coast, sailing in local fishing boats and

distributing the leaflets. Thirteen years passed without a clue.

In 1952, in Zanzibar, Mrs. Smith gave some leaflets to an English sea captain, Eric Hunt, who ran a trading schooner in the Indian Ocean. The day before Christmas the Smiths got a cable from Captain Hunt: HAVE COELACANTH IN COMORO ISLANDS. COME AND FETCH IT.

The fish was 2,000 miles away; this was the peak of the Southern Hemisphere summer (would the fish decay?); and the professor had no money to charter a plane. He appealed to Prime Minister Daniel Malan. The Prime Minister lent him a military transport plane.

"To my unspeakable relief," says Professor Smith, "the fish turned out to be a true coelacanth."

The fish had been dead nine days, but had been embalmed on the fourth day by Captain Hunt. It had been caught off Anjouan Island in 600 feet of water by a fisherman who had taken it to market. There a schoolteacher recognized it from Smith's leaflet and sent it by bearers 25 miles over mountain trails to Hunt.

As news wires chattered with the story, the administrator of the Comoro Islands received an astringent signal from the Ministry of Overseas Territories in Paris, asking if he had been in siesta while foreigners had brazenly flown in and lifted a scientific treasure of France. Whereupon Professor Jacques Millot of the Paris Museum of Natural History, who

had entered the big fossil chase, designated the Scientific Research Institute of Madagascar responsible for all coelacanth taken henceforth in French territory. The Institute duplicated Smith's reward, scattered a ton of reward leaflets and set up fish-embalming stations at strategic ports.

Soon it turned out that the coelacanth had long been well known to the natives: all their lives they had been fishing for it; they had used its tough scales to roughen punctured bicycle tubes for patching. Now various kinds of deep-water fish disappeared from the market because the fishermen began baiting for coelacanth alone.

A third coelacanth was taken on September 24, 1953, by Houmadi Hassani, a fisherman, off Anjouan Island. Hassani thought he had a shark—the fish fought so vigorously. He manoeuvred it to the surface after half an hour; then, mindful of the authorities' desire to avoid disfiguring the fish, he quelled it with a few thrusts of a *crochet*, or 11-pronged fork. Ashore, he bade his wife guard the big fish well while he ran for Doctor Georges Garrouste, who had one of the Research Institute's embalming kits.

The doctor had been roused many a night by people who said they had captured *le Poisson* but actually had not, so he interrogated Hassani. Hassani said he had a big brown fish with white spots and phosphorescent eyes. Dr. Garrouste had seen

Professor Smith's No. 2 fish, a steel-blue monster which had nothing notable about the eyes except chill and size. He told Hassani to run along. The fisherman persisted. Finally the doctor went with him. He recognized a genuine coelacanth even though it *was* brown with white spots and *did* have phosphorescent eyes.

The doctor rang the island administrator, M. André Lehr. Lehr rushed to join the doctor, and the two Frenchmen worked all night injecting formaldehyde into *L. c. Smith* No. 3. They had a stout crate built, asked the airport to hold the mail plane and police to clear the roads for a race to the airport ten miles away.

Professor Millot, waiting in Tananarive, Madagascar, got a virtually undamaged specimen. The fish had turned steel-blue and the eyes no longer glowed. But in physique it differed from each previous coelacanth. Its limblike fins were developed differently. Millot concluded that all were actually of the same species, and that the fish has an extraordinary capacity for individual variety. His contention has since been borne out.

M. Lehr handed Hassani his reward in a public ceremony. The money represents about three years' income for a local fisherman. The coelacanth boom was on. Since Hassani, eight more fishermen have hit the jack-pot off the Comoros.

Administrator Georges Savignac,

THE DISCOVERY of the coelacanth showed how remarkably accurate were the predictions of the geologists. "Their deductions from fragmentary fossils have now been proved correct," says Professor J. L. B. Smith, "and this gives us confidence in the views of scientists on the procession of life."

Evidence of this accurate prediction is at the Natural History Museum in London, where a small scale model "coelacanth," made long before Professor Smith's discovery, is displayed beside a photograph of a real coelacanth. The essential similarity between the model and the reality is striking.

of Great Comoro Island, was roused at midnight on January 29, 1954, by the arrival of *L. c. Smith* No. 4. "It was very exciting," he said later, "rushing to get it ready. We were finishing up at 4 a.m. when a man staggered in with an even bigger coelacanth. We went to work on it, and loaded the two boxes on the plane. Two days later a third coelacanth was brought in. We were getting tired of fish."

The administrator assumed he was in for a busy season, so he ordered a big stock of formaldehyde. No more fish were caught for eight months.

All the fish taken so far have come from depths ranging from 500 to 1,300 feet in a period from September to February. The largest so far weighed 130 pounds. The smallest is 43 pounds. Comoro fishermen say they have caught coelacanth in the past that weighed up to 225 pounds.

To study the environment of *L. c. Smith*, Professor Millot has enlisted the aid of the famous French under-sea explorer, Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau, with his research ship, the *Calypso*. The *Calypso* has lowered electronic flash cameras and bathythermographs into the haunts of the coelacanth, which are beyond the range of divers.

Millot, who now has nine well-preserved specimens, says it may be two years before full anatomical details of these specimens will be known. However, he has been struck by the variations in the pectoral or side fins. "The orientation of these fins varies completely from one specimen to another. This sheds fresh light on the all-important anatomical problem of how the fins of primitive fish were able to develop into the limbs of the terrestrial vertebrate, of which the human arm is one derivative."

Professor Millot also finds that the heart of *L. c. Smith* is a living example of an early stage of heart evolution. The tissue of the fish is "remarkable for its ordinariness," he says. "Any competent medical student could probably identify at first glance in the microscope most of the organs, the cells being disposed as in our own bodies."

The experts have hardly begun on the colossal riddle of how the fish survived the extinction of all known forms of its period. Millot has found wide variation in the water temperatures in which coelacanth have

been caught and says they owe their survival, at least partly, to their ability to live in different temperatures, as well as to "their great anatomical robustness and the great depth of their habitat"

The climactic coelacanth sensation came with the ninth specimen, captured at Anjouan at 2 a m on November 12, 1954. The fish was brought in alive, and it was a female. Almost all previous specimens had been males.

"Ah, the female!" Professor Milot had said earlier. "If we find one with fertilized eggs, the embryos may reveal life forms receding to unimaginable epochs!"

Put in a water-filled whaleboat, *L c Smith No 9* seemed to have survived her 840-foot ascent to the surface very well. But after day-break the light of the sun appeared to upset the creature. She tried to conceal herself in the darkest corners of the whaleboat.

Professor Milot arrived at noon after a dashing flight from Madagascar. He noted, "At 1445 hours it was still swimming feebly, but at

1530 hours it had its belly in the air and only the fins and gill covers were making agonized movements." Milot thinks the fish died from photophobia, or sensitiveness to strong light. "The sunlight seemed literally to hurt it."

Unfortunately, the female carried no eggs that were fertilized.

Milot is now hunting for a living *baby* coelacanth. That baby, he thinks, may be a miniature history of evolution. "In youth," he says, "the embryo changes physically, casting off vestigial characteristics from day to day, which will perhaps permit us knowledge of the life form millions of years before the mother."

Meanwhile, Professor Smith continues *his* search for more coelacanth. To him Professor Milot has paid high tribute. In an article in *The Times*, Milot wrote: "The capture of the coelacanth, with which the name of Professor J L B Smith will always be linked, has been rightly described as the most amazing event of the century in the realm of natural history."

Not in the Script

A TELEVISION commercial programme called for a trayful of dog biscuits to be placed before a terrier while the announcer gushed: "Isn't it a succulent dish? And watch old Spot here go for it! He knows what's packed with the rich vitamins and crunchy delights to keep him spry and healthy!" Old Spot, however, mortified the sponsor—and convulsed the audience—by taking one contemptuous sniff at the biscuits and marching haughtily out of camera range.

The next evening good old Spot devoured his biscuits at a gulp. For concealed in the middle of every one was a chunk of the most expensive beef steak on the market.

—Bennett Cerf in *The Saturday Review*

A look at the record

IS CO-EXISTENCE POSSIBLE?

By Syngman Rhee

President of the Republic of Korea

IT WOULD not be amiss in these days for us to re-read the story of *Little Red Riding Hood*. Under the grandmotherly cap recently put on by the Kremlin we might then see the greedy eyes and the sharp teeth of the wolf.

The Communists are raising a great cry for "peaceful co-existence." What they are after is simply the opportunity to continue, without interference, their ideological warfare and conquests from within. What they want is for the United States to relax its opposition.

"Peaceful co-existence" is exactly what the Communists gained in Korea through the truce signed at Panmunjom. From my position here in Korea I see every day precise evidence of what it means. Here in part is the record:

Khrushchev on Co-Existence

"THEY SAY in the West that something has changed since the Geneva conference. They say that the Soviet leaders smile but that their actions do not match their smiles. The smiles are sincere; we wish to live in peace. But if anyone thinks that our smiles mean we abandon the teachings of Marx and Lenin or abandon our Communist road, they are fooling themselves.

"We are for co-existence. But we are also for the growth of Communism. We are confronted with the reality of two different systems. You capitalists go your way so long as you do not see that it is the way of the blind. If you really think that your system is not too old and rotten, if you believe that it is really possible to keep up in the race, go ahead and try and compete. We will find out who is right."

—Nikita Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Russian Communist Party.

According to the truce, the Communists promised not to bring any military air strength into North Korea. But they have already brought in 300 jet fighter planes, and many more military aircraft of other types. They have repaired 35 airfields and

built 12 new ones to accommodate still more planes.

According to the truce, a "Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission" was to inspect the ports of entry in both North and South Korea, to ensure that no military reinforcements were brought in. But the Polish and Czech members of the Commission veto every effort to inspect North Korea. Moreover, the Polish and Czech members, from their headquarters in our territory, have established a network of agents throughout South Korea for sabotage, subversion and espionage. I have repeatedly demanded their withdrawal, but here they stay, continuing every day their efforts to undermine our free government.

According to the truce, there was to be no increase in military power on either side. All but two American divisions and almost all the other U. N. forces have been withdrawn from South Korea. But the Swedish and Swiss members of the Supervisory Commission declare they have "reason to believe" that many trainloads of men, heavy artillery, tanks and supplies have been brought into North Korea.

According to the truce, the Communists were to return immediately all prisoners who wished to return home. But they delayed the release of the last group of American pilots for two years, and they are still holding prisoner over 20,000 South Korean soldiers and civilians.

According to the truce, a political

conference was to be held not later than October, 1953, to arrange for the re-unification of Korea. But no such conference was held until April, 1954. Then the Communists rejected every suggestion for re-unification except on terms that would guarantee their power over our entire nation. They have utilized the truce as a stepping stone to what they confidently expect will be the Communization of all Korea.

All this helps to explain why I reject the idea of peaceful co-existence with the Communists. Whatever promises they make, whatever plans they agree to, they instantly twist into a programme of further conquest. By "co-existence" they mean nothing less than the surrender of the free world into their grasp—without war and without sacrifice on their part.

While it is perfectly clear what co-existence means to the Communists, it is far less clear what it means to the democracies. Does the free world mean by co-existence a "relaxation of tensions"? If so, what does that phrase mean except a lessening of alertness? Does the free world mean disarmament? If so, isn't it evident that, while the democracies disarm, the Soviets will continue to build the modern weapons of sudden conquest?

When people ask me what I would do, my answer is simple. I would do what free men and nations always have done whenever their security and liberty were threatened. I would

fight back I would insist that the promises already made by the Communists be kept—promises made at Yalta, at Potsdam, at Panmunjom. Certainly I would not accept any more promises by them while they are still breaking the ones they have previously made.

Seventeen years ago Neville Chamberlain returned from Munich with what he proudly proclaimed was "peace in our time." Let us not repeat his error. The free world has never been in greater danger of being absorbed by Communism than it is today.



How to Keep Your Resolutions

IN OUR FAMILY New Year resolutions were a two part game invented by Aunt Callie. Everyone wrote out one fine resolution for the New Year and handed it to Aunt Callie in a sealed envelope at dinner on January 1. Then on April 1 came the real fun, when the envelopes were opened and the assembled family sat as a well fed tribunal to judge how the resolutions had been kept.

I remember one year when Aunt Lou had resolved not to gossip and how when her envelope was opened the whole family roared with laughter and reminded her of all the titbits she had reported about the neighbours. Then there was the year that Papa promised to give up beer and didn't. And that was followed by the year Mamma resolved not to nag him about giving up beer— and he gave up beer!

But I think the game was really Aunt Callie's way of trying to instil the habits of thoughtful deeds into the younger generation. Resolutions were made not to slam doors, not to yell from upstairs to ask what time it was, not to throw clothes on the floor, not to forget to keep the kindling box full.

All this was years ago but to this day I can't eat a big holiday dinner without recalling some old resolution and deciding then and there to renew it—such as writing that letter I've been postponing or tidying up my desk drawers. Nowadays of course big family gatherings aren't as common as they used to be but if your family does get together on New Year's Day try Aunt Callie's game. You'll have a lot of fun—and it might do you some good too.

Lorraine Evans in *This Week*

* * *

HAVING married and moved to a new home I phoned the Subscription Department of a magazine to which I subscribed.

"I would like to change my name and address," I explained.

There was a sigh, and a sweet young voice replied emphatically, "Who wouldn't!"

—Contributed by Ruth Venuto

The amazing revolution that confronts a famous writer returning to his home in America after 15 years abroad

REDISCOVERY OF AMERICA

By Paul Gallico

I HAVE JUST returned from a 10,000-mile car journey of exploration of the United States after an absence of 15 years, revisiting the cities, towns and localities I used to know.

I have been living abroad since 1940, and this was like moving into a new world. It was like being given a ringside seat for a close-up of the greatest peaceful social and economic revolution in recorded history.

I had never seen an atomic-energy plant, a jet-aircraft base or guided-missile centre, a one-price housing development or a real supermarket, married students' quarters in a university or the impact of 60

[illegible]

As a TOP-FLIGHT newspaper sportswriter and reporter in the 1920's and '30's, Paul Gallico crisscrossed the United States by train, plane and car, covering baseball, boxing, football, golf and, later, strikes, crime and disaster. He now lives in England and writes fiction. His thirteenth and latest book, *The Love of Seven Dolls*, follows such well-known Gallico tales as *Trial by Terror*, *The Foolish Immortals*, *The Snow Goose* and *The Abandoned*, plus many short stories and screen plays.

million cars rolling the highways. I had yet to encounter such new Americana as the luxury motel and a worker-owned factory. I was a stranger to a whole new way of life in a one-storey, servantless, do-it-yourself, own-your-own-home United States.

And I had no idea of the dramatic extent of the revolution-by-prosperity. Somehow, quietly, by the natural processes of genuine democracy—hard bargaining, compromise and, above all, the innate fairness and good sportsmanship of the American people—the lines between working class and middle class have been all but wiped out. Overalls and white collar have so blended in some sections that they are indistinguishable one from the other.

My trip took me through 28 states and 20 major cities. From New York I drove the perimeter—to Miami, New Orleans, Houston, Turson, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, then eastward through magical Yellowstone Park and on through the

heartlands of Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. I encountered the most incredible abundance of material wealth—along with the freedom and opportunity to use it—that any mass of people has ever enjoyed anywhere.

One of the most dramatic examples of the blurring of class lines was in Flint, Michigan, where 18 years ago I covered the bitter sit-down strikes. Flint then was a scruffy, dirty industrial city of huge automobile plants and slum dwellings coiled around a central business section. Workers lived in unpainted, falling-down shacks, or sagging two-family frame houses. The shops that nourished them were poor and ill-stocked. Recreational facilities were confined to poolrooms and movie houses. The businessmen had no use for the workers, and vice versa. I recall one night of terror during the strikes when armed vigilantes gathered, prepared to shoot it out with the strikers in a final show-down.

The Flint of today is no Versailles, but there are a lot of people trying to make it so. It has burst its city limits and spilled into the surrounding open spaces, and in so doing has taken on that New Look that characterizes the America of today.

Dry as statistics are, I offer these from modern Flint as graphic and exciting: Since 1950 this city of 200,000 has created 40 low-cost housing developments; 32,438

home-building permits have been issued; three hospitals and five schools have been completed. One superb shopping centre has been built and another begun. Most of the sub-standard housing that used to ring the auto plants has been cleared away to provide parking lots for workers' cars. Eighty per cent of the families in the Flint area own TV sets. The average weekly wage in Flint is \$112.

The housing developments I visited defied class identification. Cheerful white houses and bungalows in the \$10,000 class rubbed back fences and garden plots with \$25,000 houses. Paid-by-the-hour assembly-line workers lived in the same neighbourhood as engineers, foremen and department heads. The residents of the big houses and the little houses drove the same two-toned automatic-transmission automobiles, watched the same TV programmes, sent their children to the same schools and colleges, shopped in the same "Super Center," ate the same super foods.

The equality and joyous democracy of abundance! In a super market I saw a young mother ensconce her toddler in the special rumble seat of a four-wheeled shopping basket. Her neat blouse and skirt gave no clue to class or income, but I learned that her husband operates a hydraulic punch press in the Buick plant. I watched her roll the wagon between piled-up mountains of the most beautifully scrubbed and

packaged fruits and vegetables this side of a Technicolor movie. The dairy cabinets were stacked with eggs, milk, cream, cheeses; the meat counters groaned beneath cuts of veal, lamb, pork and beef. Twenty years ago most workers could not have afforded in a week the quantity and variety of food she tumbled into her rolling horn of plenty. Many of the things she bought they never even saw, much less tasted.

It was the same in the super drug-store, the appliance store, the clothing centres. Everything seemed to be within the reach of everyone.

North-east of the city limits was the first completed building of the Flint College and Cultural Development. Wealthy residents are contributing to this project, but even in philanthropy there is a new equality. Twenty-five thousand dollars were donated by one Merliss Brown. Brown is a retired hourly worker from General Motors who immigrated from Russia 30 years ago, saved his wages and invested in General Motors stock.

Even more dramatic examples of the emergence of "The New American Class," as it might be called, awaited me in Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma, Washington.

Sawyer's Viewmaster factory at Progress, near Portland, resembled a country club more than an industrial plant. The cars in the spacious, flower-bordered parking lot were glittering and expensive. When I came across a Jaguar, I said to my

guide, "One of the engineers, I suppose . . ."

"No," he replied, "that belongs to one of our workers in the lens-grinding department." Noting my incredulous look, he added, "He just likes Jaguars."

The "workers" at Sawyer's, in departments devoted to plastic moulding, film developing and printing, lens-grinding, reel-making, box-making, assembling, packing and shipping, are cut in on a share of the profits for jobs both skilled and unskilled. Cafeteria lunches at 70 cents (worth twice that in quantity and quality of food), rest and recreation rooms are all a part of a labour-management relationship to which the employees have responded with dozens of short cuts, minor inventions and labour-saving devices.

Here was no faceless "labour." Here were proud members of the New American Class.

Yet there was more amazement to come. In Tacoma I went through a gigantic plywood mill, observing the complex operations that changed a log of giant Douglas fir into panels of laminated plywood with the strength of steel. For a moment one might have thought this was a kind of Utopian dream. For the man sweeping up fir chips and scrap from the aisles was pointed out to me as the president of the company. A press operator was chairman of the board. And the peeler, that skilled machinist who levers the Brobdingnagian knife against the

whirling wood and literally unwinds the entire log into thinnest sheets of veneer, was, along with four dun-garee-clad colleagues, a member of the board of directors.

This was no experiment in Communism. These men were the most modern and revolutionary type of capitalists who had wiped out yet another class line by owning the mill in which they worked. Some 60 Tacoma plywood workers pooled savings of \$10,000 each and, on the strength of this capital and guaranteed skilled labour, borrowed the rest, erected the mill, bought the machinery, manned the plant and went into business. An outsider seeking a job here has to be prepared to invest and buy his share. The worker-owners hired a plant manager and sales staff on much higher salaries than their own, but they rake in all the profits and cut the melons. They have more orders than they can fill.

A hard day's work done, the workers climb into their three- or four-thousand-dollar cars, drive out to one of Tacoma's new and spacious residential sections, peel off their work clothes in the tiled bathrooms of their 15-thousand-dollar houses and, dressed in sports or gardening clothes, become indistinguishable from the doctors, lawyers and businessmen who inhabit this section.

THE NEW type of housing that I encountered the length and breadth

of the United States fascinated me. To see it close-up, I stopped in a street in Levittown, Pennsylvania, identical to a hundred other streets in the community. A home-owner halted his lawn-mowing to chat. When I told him I was an American returned from a long sojourn abroad, he invited me inside his \$10,000 home, and introduced me to his wife and three kids. Here, suddenly, I found myself in the midst of a typical 1955, ex-GI, low-income, want-a-lot-of-children American family.

In the America I had left, couples like this, too young to afford children, were living in a cramped apartment or sharing a beat-up two-family house in the city. How rich in comforts these same people now appeared to be! The family car stood shining beneath the portico of the built-on garage; the TV aerial sprouted from the roof.

The large room of the house, a combined kitchen and living room with open fireplace, was ideal for young people in a do-it-all-yourself era. It was lined with gleaming appliances, stove, sink, refrigerator, washing machine, quick-drying cabinet, bookshelves, desk, easy chair, TV and so on—a happy, appetizing room. There were three bedrooms in the home, an ironing closet and tiled bath with tub, shower and washbasin. The first house I was able to buy, back in 1923, cost \$10,000 *then*, and had neither this space nor these conveniences.

And here something had returned to this new America: neighbourliness. This huge and, on the face of it, impersonal Levittown community was seething with small communities consisting of clusters of houses within immediate shouting or run-next-door distance of one another. As in pioneer days, these neighbours depended upon one another for assistance. The families on each block constituted a pool for baby-minding, transportation, emergency medical and kitchen supplies, advice—and shoulders to cry on.

SIXTY MILLION motorcars! Seventy-two million licensed drivers! In my America of the '30's there was not half that number.

This wonderful, wonderful thing, the automobile! You can live in it, travel in it, attend church or the movies in it, eat and sleep in it. It is an extension of the home. Car after car passed me on the road loaded with father, mother and three or four kids, and I would notice that shelf beneath the rear window; it was larder, pantry, wardrobe, play space—all the necessities of home away from home.

Whole new industries cater to America awheel, and they have altered the face of the country. I remembered what the highways on the outskirts of towns were like in the old days: shoddy roadhouses, tumble-down shacks, automobile graveyards and greasy-spoon cafés.

Now this is vanishing, wiped out by shops and motels, one more luxurious than the next, offering swimming pools, air conditioning and television to the new "auto-crats" of the highway.

Two miles outside Midland, Texas, I came upon a women's shoe shop that would not have been out of place on Fifth Avenue. Three miles outside of Dallas, a milliner offered the best Lily Daché hats. Fine displays of furniture, refrigerators, flowers and appliances were behind plate glass miles outside of El Paso, Phoenix, Portland, Seattle and Sioux City.

As one accustomed to the small town commercial hotel, the questionable roadside inn, I was left speechless by the motels. One in St. Augustine, Florida, was built around a swimming pool across which Ponce de León could have sailed his galleon. The people I encountered in these palaces appeared to take them for granted. But fresh as I was from Europe, where the inns are picturesque and the plumbing appalling, I could only marvel at a cross-country chain of sanitary and sleeping arrangements such as no other nomadic folk in history has ever enjoyed.

I AM A city feller, born and bred out of the sidewalks of New York, but somehow nothing on the entire journey of rediscovery touched me as deeply as the drive across the farmlands of Iowa. It was spring

when I was there. The wonderful loam was black and moist from the rains. The young corn, tender-bladed, was no more than eight inches high in the gently curving furrows that followed the rolling contours of the terrain. A strong south wind bent all the blades in one direction so that they seemed to bow in humble worship. The most delicate green haze was thus spread over the dark soil as though Ceres in her spring passage had dropped her veil across the land.

Fifteen years ago I had driven through Iowa, and I remembered how the farms looked then: the soil so rich and the houses so poor and often unpainted, a battered Ford or truck standing in the cluttered farm yard. Now I saw prosperous, white-painted homes with green roofs and shutters shaded by oaks and maples, contrasting with the rust red of the plump barns as though arranged by the eye of an artist. Shining machinery stood before the barns. And the stock was beautiful: jet black Angus, dappled Friesians and red and-white Herefords, fat, healthy and glossy behind gleaming white fences.

THE NEWLY industrialized Deep South staggered me. Everywhere factory chimneys sprouted. Gulf ports were booming. New Orleans had shed its old Mississippi showboat background and had spilled out industrially and residentially all over the delta, boasting of, among other

things, the largest supermarket in the United States under one roof.

Houston and Dallas were growing right out of their breeches and spreading out on to the highways. And Midland, Texas, passed me a miracle. The last time I had driven through Midland, it was a cow-town dot on the map with a dwindling population of 9,000 as drought ruined the surrounding range. Now it was an oil centre of some 26,000 with more than a dozen sky-nudging office buildings.

IN DETROIT I paid a visit to Solidarity House, the newly erected headquarters for the United Automobile Workers Union. Here was change indeed.

I remembered the dirty, ramshackle buildings on the edge of town that the union used to occupy 18 years ago. If you were to visit the office of a UAW vice-president today and then that of a General Motors vice-president, you couldn't tell the difference. The pile carpets are as deep here as the wall panelling is ornate; the executive desks as handsome; and there is as much marble in the lobby. The building contains film, broadcasting and tape recording studios, film library, dictating machines, electric typewriters, every modern business convenience. It struck me as odd that the union is still fighting a class war via its propaganda press, when the building from which it emanates seems to proclaim that the day of the

underprivileged American working class is ended.

A NOTE on an item that has *not* changed since last I wheeled a car from coast to coast: the roads.

When first I started from New York and drove the fine New Jersey Turnpike—and also four-lane divided highways down the coast as far as Norfolk—I made a note in my diary: “Why all the big fuss about the German *Autobahnen*? They ought to see *our* roads.”

Alas, for the rest of the 10,000-mile drive this enthusiasm was extinguished, never to be revived except momentarily on the Pennsylvania Turnpike homestretch. In an era when 60 million motor vehicles are in operation, when the economy is an automobile economy, U.S. roads are little better than they were 15 and 20 years ago.

I had imagined, too, that more would have been done against roadside advertising. I thought the hoardings were bad 15 years ago, but on this trip they seemed to have doubled in number and hideousness. They wheedle, beg, command, belittle and blast at you to eat, drink, smoke, stop, buy, lodge, take home, visit. They destroy the scenery and the countryside, block the views and distract the high-speed motorist.

GIDDY MIAMI BEACH in my absence had produced hotels claiming

new highs for luxury and expense. As I toured one of the newest, visiting its princely suites (\$175 a day during the winter), dining rooms, night clubs, bars and shops of almost Byzantine ostentation and luxury, I thought that in this new classless America great wealth had lost a good deal of its meaning. There are but two means left for its expression: one is philanthropy; the other, vulgar pomp. As I watched the guests parading the lobbies and beach cabanas, dining and wining on steaks at \$8 each and drinks at \$2, I thought that nowhere ever had I seen such self-satisfaction and arrogance.

I talked with Bill Baggs, columnist for the Miami *Daily News*, about this. He allowed that in his opinion the first virtue in man is the grace to be humble in the face of success and prosperity. Said he: “It’s too infrequently that any of us see examples of humility or appreciation for what we have in the United States. These seem to be characteristics that we Americans have lost.”

I ranged the United States far and wide, and only rarely did I find appreciation for the wondrous blessings showered upon the American people or the gentle and becoming grace of humility. But the United States remains a wonderful and thrilling country to travel through. It looked 20 years younger and awfully good to me.





From the painting *The Bath* by Edouard Manet by courtesy of The Louvre Museum Paris

Man Who Shocked a Generation

By Malcolm Vaughan

STARTLED, Empress Eugénie lowered her eyes and made no comment. The Emperor, Napoleon III, stared and was angered. "It's an affront to modesty," he thundered as he strode away from "The Bath," a painting by an almost unknown French artist who was to shock a gen-

He painted "the most famous picture of the nineteenth century"

eration and change the course of art.

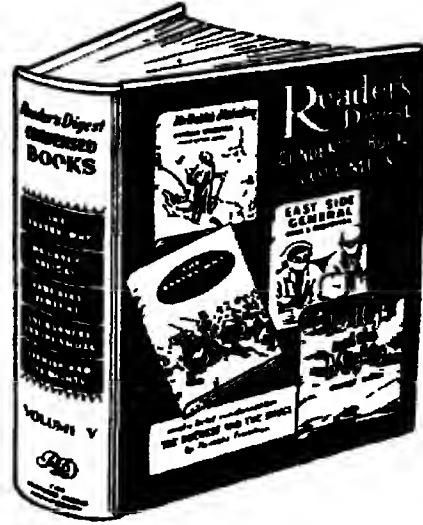
Within a few days "The Bath" was notorious throughout Paris, what with the Press denouncing it

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and the first spectators rushing out to tell how scandalized they were. No one stopped to recall that nudes in landscapes were as classical as the age-old myths of goddesses walking the earth. Anyway, this nude girl, lolling in the woods with two young men, was a human, not a goddess. Outrageous! Paris sizzled.

Visitors thronged to see the picture, and hooted their derision. It is doubtful if any single painting was ever so reviled. The public dubbed it "Luncheon on the Grass"—a nickname it still bears—although no one in the picture seems interested in luncheon.

The artist, 31-year-old Edouard Manet, was appalled. A slender fellow of polite speech and manners, and a pillar of respectability, he knew instantly that a scandal could wreck his career. His struggles had already been uphill enough. He had studied harder than most to learn to paint; and, to study art at all, he had had to stand against his beloved parents, who wanted him to be a lawyer like his father.

Manet's ambition was to win fame as an old master modernized. When he painted the woodland bathing party now suddenly branded scandalous, his inspiration had

been one of the best-loved art treasures in the Louvre—a painting 350 years old, Giorgione's "Rural Concert." And for his composition of "The Bath" Manet had almost copied the grouping straight from Raphael.

Aghast to find his inspiration misunderstood, Manet was confident that informed art critics would soon reassure the public, the Emperor and, more important, the all-powerful Ministry of Arts. It was the Ministry of Arts which controlled the annual Salon, the only permanent public galleries where artists could then exhibit their works.

While the storm raged, Manet worked on another old-master modernization, "Olympia." This one was a reclining nude, based on a famous 300-year-old painting of the goddess Venus by Titian. When the



From Giorgione's "Rural Concert," by courtesy of The Louvre Museum, Paris

picture was finished Manet shrank from exhibiting it. Olympia looked too humanly nude.

But his wife and his friend the poet Baudelaire, recognizing the work as a masterpiece, implored him not to withhold it. So, against his conservative judgment, he sent it to the Salon.

Overnight a tempest burst upon him. "Olympia" was called a flagrant portrait of a courtesan. Everything in the picture was denounced: even the cat in the scene was labelled a strumpet. Attempts were made to slash the canvas. The artist was accused of indecency. Despite growing praise from connoisseurs, Manet was publicly abused from that day until his death 20 years later.

His career, of course, fell into eclipse. Most of the pictures he exhibited at the Salon were not appreciated by the public. France held two vast international art exhibitions and each time excluded him. No one would buy his paintings.

His devoted wife did what she could to help him forget his disrepute. She saw to it that their home was like balm to his tormented nerves. She gave sparkling little parties, inviting the most inspiring people she could find. In the world outside he was "a living scandal"; at home he was "more anti-bohemian and conventional" than most artists.

Since the public success he craved could never be his, Manet decided to paint purely to meet his own highest standards. Everything he painted

thereafter—whether a peony, a bullfight or the softness of a woman's throat—became a treat for the eyes.

Meanwhile, the uproar against him attracted the attention of several young geniuses, as yet unknown: Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, Cézanne. They got themselves introduced to him and examined his extraordinary methods. Inspired by his trail-blazing, they produced a new style of painting, Impressionism, which completely changed the course of art.

Slowly, gradually, recognition came to Manet. Art collectors, at last considering his pictures, found them excellent. The paintings he then sold for a song have been sold and resold since his death, often for very large sums.

Towards the end of his days one of his boyhood schoolmates became Minister of Arts and persuaded the jury to award Manet the Legion of Honour. The President of France cut his name off the list. The premier called the president down: "Sir, it is your ministers who are conferring this honour. You do not have the privilege of disputing our choice."

Finally, after Manet had become gravely ill, the Legion of Honour was given to him. The medal, pinned to a cushion, was shortly afterwards carried in his funeral procession. At his bier another great artist, Degas, uttered the words which rebuked the generation Manet had shocked with the most famous picture in nineteenth-century painting: "He was greater than we knew."

One sure way to solve our most dangerous problems

THE RICH REWARDS OF COMPASSION

By I A R Wylie



FRIEND who is a teacher told me how one day the school principal called a meeting of the staff to discuss certain pupils whose conduct had become a problem in the neighbourhood. When the opportunity offered they were wantonly and sometimes cruelly destructive.

"What is it we have *not* taught them?" the principal asked.

My friend, young and diffident, ventured one word 'Compassion.'

After a moment's thought the principal nodded. 'I think perhaps that is the answer. We just haven't taught them to be civilized.'

He was right. Compassion is the hallmark of the civilized man. If we were all compassionate our most dangerous problems would be solved. Whatever our creeds and political dogmas, we should find a way to live and let live. There would be an end to man's disastrous "inhumanity to man," and therefore to war as well.

But men are not all compassionate by nature. Beneath the thin veneer of civilization lurks the atavistic cruelty and greed of our barbaric forebears. We saw it in the concentration camps and torture chambers of the last war. The people who committed those horrors had the outward marks of being civilized. But since they were without compassion they showed themselves to be barbarous.

Georges Duhamel, the French writer who began his career as an army surgeon in the First World War, wrote from his hospital experiences: "Wars go on because there is no way in which one man can feel in his own body the pain which another suffers."

Compassion helps us to share the pain of others. It stays our hand when our old barbaric instincts threaten to get the worst of us. Literally translated, compassion means "suffering with." It is more than pity. Pity may be condescending.

it can stand inactive on the sidelines at best it is a "giving." Compassion is an active "sharing." The compassionate man not merely says, "There but for the grace of God go I." He must, by his nature, actually *go with* the sufferer, sharing his pain, his fear.

Compassion isn't weak or sentimental. It can be stern and realistic. Abraham Lincoln had a compassion that went out to all living things. If a baby titmouse fell from its nest he could not ride on until he had returned it to safety. He hated to inflict pain. But it is one of the paradoxes of our existence that we have to fight cruelty with weapons that we detest. And it was Lincoln's tragedy that he had to fight a long and cruel war. Throughout it his compassion, even for his enemies, never failed. Lincoln felt, I think, that the opportunity to save the least of us from suffering is a great privilege.

Perhaps the most striking living example of Christian compassion is Doctor Albert Schweitzer. By the time he was 30 he had acquired fame as scholar, musician and philosopher. Then one day he read an account of the Congo natives and their miserable plight. Since by nature he had to "suffer with" them, he had also to take action for them. He abandoned fame and security to spend his life as a doctor among them, sharing their hardships and suffering.

Those of us who are not born with

compassion can acquire it either by way of our imagination or through our own experience. The son of a friend of mine was a problem child in that he seemed to take delight in inflicting pain on animals and schoolmates weaker than himself. Then one day he fell and broke his hip, and had to endure long months of pain and helplessness in a plaster cast. He was never cruel again.

Education can help us. It can also, if it is the wrong kind, turn our decent human instincts into inhuman channels. During a visit to Moscow many years ago I was being motored around by a young Russian guide. Suddenly a shabby old woman appeared in the road ahead. What differentiated her from the other shabby women was her hat—a pitiful wreck of a hat, but she wore it proudly, defiantly. My guide swerved his car as though to run her down, and she scuttled frantically to the pavement. I have never forgotten the look of fear and anguish on that starved old face.

"Why did you frighten her like that?" I asked indignantly.

My guide laughed. "Why not? Only the old *bourgeoisie* wear hats. They're vermin. They ought to be exterminated."

He wasn't a bad young man—not, I think, naturally cruel. But his Communist upbringing had taught him that cruelty to those whose ideas opposed his was not only justified, it wasn't even cruel.

I have my own small method of

dealing with encroaching hardness of heart I remind myself, when I am harsh in my judgment, that whoever I am judging is an "I" like me. He says, "*I suffer I am happy I am unhappy One of these days I am going to die*." For the moment I become that other "I," and my judgment softens, my harshness turns to compassionate understanding.

Much of our individual happiness depends on compassion—the success of friendship, marriage, parenthood, employer-employee relationships. How many young people start marriage together with confidence and high purpose, only to seek divorce because one or both of them lacked that compassion which feels how a quick temper, a rough word or an irritating mannerism can fray nerves to the breaking point.

Compassion is the rich soil from which springs a civilized life. When we are courteous, when we give way to others, when we are generous and forbearing with their foibles and weaknesses, we are well rewarded. For compassion begets compassion.

as courtesy begets courtesy. How our heart is moved by a stranger's courtesy and helpfulness which send us on our way with a sense of friendliness to the whole world, bathed now by the sunlight and warmth of a common humanity.

A compassionate man, whatever his race and creed, is a man after Christ's own heart. Stories are told of the Saracen warrior Saladin who, when he was fighting the Crusaders, would release wounded prisoners, restore husbands to their wives and send under safe escort to their own people captured pregnant women. He was setting an example of Christianity to his Christian enemies.

I remember finding one day, while browsing among the weathered tombstones of a centuries-old English graveyard, an inscription that had been kept clean and legible. It said merely, "He was compassionate." And I thought: Whoever this long dead stranger may have been, whether in a worldly sense he had been a failure or a success, he was a beloved and happy man.



Those who despise the weather as a conversational opening seem to me to be ignorant of the reason why human beings wish to talk. Very few join in a conversation in the hope of learning anything new. Conversation should be a sympathetic buzz. That is why the weather is so useful a subject. It brings people at once to an experience which is generally shared and enables them, as it were, to buzz on the same note. Having achieved this harmony they advance by miraculous stages to other sympathies and, as note succeeds note, a pleasant and varied little melody of conversation is made, as satisfying to the ear and mind as the music of a humming top. The discovery of new notes of sympathy is the secret of all good conversation.

—Robert Lynd *The Money Box*

Humour

IN UNIFORM

TWO SAILORS on shore leave for a day or two in Sweden decided to go to church. Knowing no Swedish, they decided to play safe by picking out a dignified-looking gentleman sitting in front, and doing whatever he did.

During the service the pastor made a special announcement of some kind, and the man in front of them rose. The two sailors got to their feet, too—only to be met by suppressed laughter from the whole congregation.

When the service was over and they were greeted by the pastor at the door, they discovered that he spoke English and naturally asked what the cause of the merriment had been.

"Oh," said the pastor, "I was announcing a baptism, and asked the father of the child to stand."

—Angie Cordero

I WAS detailed to fly as a bombing instructor with Cadet Jones on his first practice run with live bombs—and it was obvious that he was anything but calm. As we approached the target range I watched Jones feverishly setting up the bomb sight for the "drop." Recalling my own training days, it occurred to me, "He

needs a smoke!" I promptly shoved a cigarette into his mouth and lit it.

By this time we had made three "dummy runs" over the target. Rivulets of perspiration trickled down Jones's ashen face as he nervously adjusted the bomb-sight knobs and puffed on the cigarette. Suddenly he gasped and was sick all over the bomb-sight. That did it! The pilot "ditched" the bombs and we headed for home.

At the base I was first out of the plane and was waiting for my student when he shakily jumped to the ground. "After all that ground training," I shouted, "you can't drop a bomb! And what's the idea of being sick? I even let you smoke a cigarette—something *I* was never permitted to do while on the bomb-sight!"

Jones grimaced. "Th-that's just it," he stammered. "I n-never smoked a cigarette before in my l-life."

—Al Halpern

A YOUNG soldier, who had just completed recruit training, came into my office a few days before Christmas. Orders had been issued permitting half the camp to go home for Christmas and the other half for New Year. This soldier's name was on the New Year list and he wanted it switched to the Christmas list. When I asked him why, he said that he wanted to go home with his mother for Christmas. I reminded him that thousands wanted to do the same.

"No, sir," he replied, "I'm the only one who wants to go *with* his mother. You see, my mother is a WAC and *her* sergeant is letting her go home for Christmas."

—Rev. Raymond Heisel

How I Conquered Claustrophobia

By Ben Funk

SUDDENLY I was afraid. It was a nightmarish fear I could not define. My good sense told me I was in no real danger, but that did not stop the wild pounding of my heart.

The lift had jerked to a stop between the third and fourth floors of an office building. The operator fumbled helplessly with the controls.

'We're stuck,' she said. 'Must be a power failure.'

Dead silence greeted the announcement. Then there were a few feeble efforts among the seven passengers to make conversation.

A fat, red-faced man standing beside the operator, nudged her. 'I've dreamed of being stranded with you, sweetheart,' he said.

The operator ignored him. The smile faded from the fat man's face and he began knocking on the lift door with his fist.

'What the devil is wrong?' he mumbled. 'Can't they force this door open?'

The vivid account of a personal triumph over an anxiety which troubles a surprisingly large number of people

'Take it easy,' the operator said. 'We'll get going soon.'

From the corridor below, somebody called. 'Are you all right in there? We're going for help.'

A small, middle-aged woman beside me gasped. 'Please hurry. For God's sake, hurry.'

She was trembling violently. A glance at the faces of the other passengers told me that five people in that lift were troubled to some degree.

As my own panic increased, breathing became as difficult as if I were suffering from an attack of asthma. I tried to talk to the others, but my confusion was too great. Now I felt a compelling desire to knock the others aside and try to break the door open.

The woman at my elbow began to scream hysterically. Two of us grabbed her to keep her from falling. At that moment, fortunately, the lift began to glide smoothly downward. When it reached the lobby, we stampeded out of it to sweet, wonderful freedom.

Five of the seven passengers in that lift were victims of claustrophobia—irrational fear of closed places. "Claustrophobia is the most common of all phobias and a serious problem to millions of people," says Doctor Granville Fisher. "It's a terrible, demoralizing thing that can destroy health and happiness."

Victims of this phobia are afraid of closed rooms, unless they can station themselves near a door and feel free to leave at any time. In a theatre they try to find an aisle seat from which they can walk quickly to an exit. They dread going in lifts. Travel in trains, buses and planes is difficult, or impossible, for them.

Often their lives and careers are hampered.

I knew a singer who was offered a contract to perform in a radio programme in New York. He found to his dismay that the broadcasting studio was high up in a skyscraper. Travelling in a lift was impossible for him. For several days he climbed endless flights of stairs to get to the studio, but eventually had to give up the job. The last time I saw him he was working on a ranch, out in the wide open spaces.

As a rule, claustrophobia is

touched off by an intense fear-experience in childhood. Psychiatrists have found, too, that most victims have a sensitive personality and, perhaps, a deep-seated wish to escape from the realities of life.

A newsboy once latched a garden gate behind him and walked up to a customer's house. As he tossed a newspaper on the porch, a huge dog rushed from behind the house and attacked him. The terror-stricken lad struggled wildly to open the gate but, before he at last succeeded, was severely mauled.

Years later, Dr. Fisher noted with interest that one guest at a party he was attending stayed very near the door and watched carefully as each person entered or left the room. Suddenly a draught slammed the door shut. The man jumped up quickly, jerked it open and propped it back with a chair.

The man was the former newsboy. Ever since the attack by the savage dog, a closed space to him had spelled *Danger!*—even though he had not recalled the incident for years.

Dr. Louis Thorpe and Dr. Barney Katz, in their book, *The Psychology of Abnormal Behaviour*, tell of a patient who became faint and whose knees shook whenever he entered a small room. Examination disclosed that at the age of five he had been locked in a cupboard for two hours for being "naughty." He had become very frightened at the time, had screamed and yelled and thought

he was going to die. Ashamed of himself later, he repressed the unpleasant memory of the experience.

I had suffered from claustrophobia as long as I could remember, but for years it caused only a mild discomfort. Then came an episode which sharpened it. In the course of my duties as a newspaperman, I was reporting a Colorado forest fire when I was chased into a tiny mountain cabin by oncoming flames. The cabin was built of stone, and definitely fireproof. Suddenly, however, panic rose. I knew I was trapped inside those four heavy walls until the flames surrounding the cabin subsided. I wanted to escape so badly that I actually considered rushing outside and taking my chances in the fire. It was only because several firefighters who had retreated with me into the cabin would witness my insanity that I managed to stick it out.

Now my phobia worsened and fear nagged me even through ordinary day to day experiences such as traveling in buses and trams. I finally came to the experience in the stalled lift. The woman who screamed that day was an extreme case. But I felt that I was approaching the same state. Something had to be done.

I had made a thorough study of claustrophobia, and one answer appeared to be long and expensive psychoanalysis.

But I wondered if I could not perhaps overcome this thing by myself. In my research I had noted one com-

mon factor after a victim has gone to a doctor and found out what's going on down there in the dark depths of his mind, the time always comes when he must go out on his own and conquer his phobia.

"This is *your* problem," I told myself. "Why not try to get on top of it yourself?"

First I searched my memory for some shocking experience in my childhood. I thought of several, but one stood out. While I was playing in a cave in a sandy hillside, a fall of sand had buried me to the neck. An hour later a passing stranger heard my hysterical cries and dug me out.

I did not mention the incident at home because I had been forbidden to play in the caves and my father had an effective razor-strop method of dealing with such disobedience.

This experience had all the ingredients: being trapped, guilt, emotional shock and the need to suppress the memory. I accepted it as the thing that had started my fears.

Then I began to map out a campaign. I went out of my way to travel in lifts. It was not easy, but I persisted. I travelled on trams from one end of town to the other. As I did so I told myself over and over again that I was capable of meeting any situation that might arise. By constant repetition I hoped that I would finally banish my childish fear. But when the trains were full and it was hard to get to the door, I'd sometimes have to get off, let fear subside, and wait for the next tram.

Once this cost me a five-mile walk through the snow and freezing cold of a winter midnight. I was working in Denver at the time, and left my office about 11 p.m. On an impulse, I got on a tram going out of town to Golden, a small town to the west. I got to Golden all right and changed immediately to a tram going back to Denver.

At that hour, I calculated that there would be only a few Denver-bound passengers. But the seats were filled when I got aboard, and more and more people entered. I was jammed in the middle, an incredible distance from a door. Suddenly I knew that I had to get out of there. Jerking the cord which would signal the conductor to stop, I plunged into the blockade of passengers like a rugby forward. I was only remotely conscious of indignant curses as I pushed my way to the open door.

When I had dropped off the steps into the deep snow, I suddenly remembered that this was the last tram to Denver that night. It was a long, frigid walk back to the city, but the discomfort was nothing compared to the horror in that tram.

Many times in desperation I considered taking the easy way out by avoiding the things I feared. It was during one of these fits of despair that the turning point came. While interviewing an oil company executive, I revealed my trouble to him and found a receptive ear. He confided that he, too, felt extremely uncomfortable while travelling in lifts.

I felt better after talking to him, and I began to tell others about my weakness.

At a dinner party I was describing the occasion on which the lift got stuck, to a friend at my side when, half way through the story, I became aware of a dead silence round the table. I glanced up and saw that the other guests were all listening intently. Before we changed the subject, seven of the 12 people at that table had related claustrophobic experiences of their own.

Week after week, encouraged by the interest and sympathy of my friends, I continued to challenge the old fear. Eventually the attacks came less frequently. Then, when I was within sight of victory, I received some valuable advice from a psychologist friend. Perhaps, he said, the fear might be dissipated if I could associate pleasant things with what brought it on.

There were many fine books I had promised myself I would read. Now I bought some of these books and took them with me on tram journeys. Gradually the pleasure of good reading became associated with trams. One day I realized, to my delight, that I was looking forward to a tram journey rather than dreading it. I used the same technique whenever it was necessary to travel in planes or trains.

In a year I had conquered claustrophobia. In the past three years I have not felt the slightest fear of any closed place.

Dr. Fisher applauded my idea of "facing up to the fear," and said that many victims of claustrophobia could cure themselves. But he said that the plan would not fit everyone. Ordinarily, a sufferer should get a professional opinion on his case before deciding whether to try to cure it by himself.

"Not many claustrophobia cases seek help," says Dr. Fisher. "They would rather bluff it out than admit they are afraid. We must get people to realize there is no stigma attached

to this difficulty." If you go to a psychologist or a psychiatrist soon after recognizing your phobia for what it is, a cure is easy. Severe, long standing phobias may be hard to overcome.

Looking back, I think that the most important factor in my cure was the decision to confess my weakness to my friends. Their interest, sympathy and encouragement gave me the strength to overcome the crazy anxieties which had previously hounded me.



Unflagging Spirits

FOR HIS book *Make a Signal!* Captain Jack Broome culled the most memorable messages from the mass of signals sent by the Royal Navy during the Second World War. Here are some of the more amusing ship to ship exchanges.

FROM American destroyer to Flag Officer *Queenstown*
HAVE ATTACKED AND SUNK ENEMY SUBMARINE WHERE AM I?
FROM Flag Officer *Queenstown*
TOP OF THE CLASS

THE CAPTAIN of a submarine accompanying a convoy thought it would be a good idea to show himself if the convoy were attacked. He therefore made a signal to the Senior Officer of the escort.

IN THE EVENT OF ATTACK BY HEAVY SURFACE FORCES INTEND TO REMAIN ON THE SURFACE

The destroyer Escort Commander replied immediately: SO DO I

WHEN a destroyer escort cut too close behind the flagship in an unlucky roll brought his sea boats davits in contact with the carrier's stern.

The Flag Officer promptly signalled to the destroyer:
IF YOU TOUCH ME THERE AGAIN I SHALL SCREAM

TO A submarine apparently in difficulties: WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
FROM submarine: LEARNING A LOT

*A Scot who became the greatest sea fighter
of the American Revolution*

He Founded a Navy

*By
Donald Culross Peattie*



THE POUNDING of the sea on Scotland shore was one of the first sounds to reach the ears of the baby boy who came into the Paul family on July 6, 1747. The day was to come when, as John Paul Jones, he would roam those seas as their conqueror under a star-spangled banner yet unborn.

The sandy-haired, wiry boy was the son of the gardener on an estate on the Solway Firth in south-west Scotland. The sea was a passion with him, and he haunted the docks to learn from sailors the name of every spar and sail. At 12 he was a cabin boy on coastal cruises, at 13 he signed on as a sailor to an English merchant engaged in trade with

colonial Virginia. There in Fredericksburg, lived his elder brother William, a tailor in his home. John Paul spent quiet shore leaves, reading books on navigation, geography, history.

Then for nearly a decade Fredericksburg lost sight of him when he reappeared there in 1774 he had adopted a new surname. He was now John Paul Jones, a young man slight in stature but forceful in personality with eyes now fearless because they had seen so much.

As a midshipman in the Royal Navy he had known the brutality in that service. As chief mate on a slaver running 'black ivory' from Africa to Jamaica he had beheld cruelties that turned his stomach.

He left the ship in Jamaica and bought his passage home. On that voyage the captain and mate died, and John Paul was chosen to bring the ship into port. In recognition he was given an appointment as ship's master, at the age of 21.

But a seaman's life in those times was full of hazards. One day he was set upon by mutineers, and in self-defence ran one of them through with his sword. "Friends" persuaded him to flee; rid of him, they divided up his cash and cargo.

That was how a Mr. J. P. Jones came to walk the streets of Fredericksburg. He joined the Masonic Lodge, of which G. Washington, Esq., was a member. James Monroe was his neighbour; Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry were no strangers in the liberty-loving small town. "Little Mr. Jones" (he stood only five feet seven) was soon the friend of these men and their kind. Women were drawn to him, and he dreamed of marriage with the high-born Dorothea Dandridge and of the easy life of a planter. But it was Patrick Henry who would possess Dorothea and Virginia farmlands; John Paul Jones was to have only the sea for wife and the reeling deck for foothold.

The sea was his true home. There he helped to bring to birth the infant American Navy. Many of the supplies that the Colonies required in the fight for their rights had to be wrested from the mother country. So a squadron of American ships

sailed for the Bahamas, where lay stores of British munitions. It was Lieutenant Jones of the *Alfred*, who, when the others dared not, took the little fleet in over the coral treachery of the harbour bar and planned the attack by which the munitions were captured. Then, while the rest of the fleet lay idle for months, Captain Jones, on the *Providence* and later back on the *Alfred*, harried the enemy at sea and ashore, raiding the coast of Nova Scotia, sinking eight ships and bringing back many more as prizes—one of them loaded with 10,000 British winter uniforms.

On June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress passed two resolutions: "Resolved, that the Flag of the 13 United States be 13 Stripes, Alternate Red and White; that the Union be 13 Stars, White in a Blue Field: Representing a new Constellation." And: "Resolved, that Captain John Paul Jones be appointed to command the Ship *Ranger*."

A beloved American naval tradition quotes Jones as saying, "That flag and I are twins, born in the same hour from the same womb of destiny. We cannot be parted in life or in death."

In Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where the *Ranger* lay a-building, the shipwright shook his head over the sloop's masts: they were too tall, he vowed; she would be top-heavy. But the taller they were the more canvas they could carry, and John Paul Jones would not allow an inch to be taken from them. "Give me a fast

ship," he said, "for I intend to sail in harm's way."

Meanwhile, at Saratoga in October, 1777, General Burgoyne's Redcoats—surrounded, out of supplies, and shivering without those winter uniforms seized by Captain Jones—surrendered to the Americans. Congress hoped that the news of Saratoga would bring France to the American side as an active ally. To speed that message to Paris, where Benjamin Franklin was working for French recognition of the United States, the *Ranger* sailed for France on the first of November.

Soon ice hung from the shrouds and a gale thrummed through the rigging. There were times when the mate thought Jones would run her under or lay her on her beam ends, but not a scrap of canvas would John Paul reef. In 31 days this stormy petrel swept across the Atlantic—taking two enemy ships as prizes on the way.

Jones personally put the official report of the Saratoga victory into the hands of Franklin. Recognition from the French court swiftly followed, and the guns of the French fleet thundered a salute to the *Ranger's* colours. This was the first official salute ever given the American flag by another power.

Jones now carried the war into British home waters. A dawn raid brought panic to Whitehaven on the Solway Firth, scene of his humble beginnings. With matchless strategy Jones next lured the great sloop-of-

war *Drake* out from under protecting guns on the Irish coast, and so battered her that she struck her colours in an hour.

But in America these feats went unrewarded. Congress failed even to pay the crew of the *Ranger*; her captain paid them out of his own pocket. After months of waiting in France without orders he sent her home.

He fretted in Paris until the French finally gave him a ship—a thin-timbered, rotted old merchantman. Jones got together a collection of antique cannon and scoured the waterfront for a crew. He rechristened the ship the *Bonhomme Richard*, after the famous "Poor Richard" of his friend Benjamin Franklin's popular *Almanack*. With six other miscellaneous vessels he put to sea in the summer of 1779.

Sweeping round the British Isles, he snatched prizes from under Britannia's nose until she raged at "the pirate Jones." On September 23 he sighted Britain's Baltic fleet, under armed escort, off the Yorkshire coast. The British attempted to escape, but Jones, with the other ships of his own squadron standing cravenly out to sea, headed them off. Over the water came the sound of drums beating to quarter, and a full moon began to rise.

The British escort, *Serapis*, was a copper-sheathed frigate, fast, manœuvrable, manned by a disciplined crew and captained by the fearless and resourceful Richard Pearson.

The *Bonhomme Richard* was outgunned five to four by the British ship. John Paul Jones decided that since the *Serapis* could outsail him he would fight at such close quarters that the enemy could not manœuvre.

The two ships opened fire at the same instant. Rigging and masts tottered and men fell under the iron hail that swept the decks. Amid those thundering broadsides two of the *Richard*'s old 18 pounders burst, shattering their crews and knocking out an entire battery. Faced with this loss Jones made a bold decision to close with the *Serapis* and board her.

By brilliant sailing he brought his ship alongside the enemy in such a position that the jib boom of the *Serapis* became entangled in the *Richard*'s starboard shrouds and overhung her poop. Shouting for grappling irons, Jones with his own hands made fast a line from the enemy bowsprit to the *Richard*'s mizzenmast. In deadly embrace the two ships fought the most famous frigate duel in history.

A huge hole in her side, her best maimes slaughtered, most of the guns on the main deck silenced, the old *Richard* withstood Pearson's relentless battering until her whole side was beaten in and her rudder blown off. In this desperate pass, Jones with relief saw one of his consort ships, the *Alliance*, under Landais the Frenchman, draw near. But the *Alliance* poured broadsides into both the *Serapis* and the *Richard*.

The *Richard* was now on fire in a dozen places, the water in the hold was rising, her officers were begging Jones to surrender. From the *Serapis* came, in Pearson's ringing voice, the same demand: 'Do you ask for quarter?' From the deck of the *Richard*, came John Paul Jones's deathless answer: "I have not yet begun to fight!"

Boarders armed with pistol and cutlass swarmed from the British ship to the *Richard*'s deck, only to be repulsed. The guns of the *Serapis* sent volley upon volley into the shuddering American hulk where up in the top rigging or what was left of it, a last few maimes defended their dying vessel. Then along the *Richard*'s yardarm crept an officer with a basket of grenades. At his third try he succeeded in dropping a grenade down the hatch of the *Serapis*. It exploded in the midst of loose cartridges, slaughtering men and putting guns out of action. Her mainmast crashed to the deck.

Pearson then struck his colours and, stepping aboard the *Richard*, offered his sword in surrender. Jones returned it, because it had been so gallantly used, and took over command of the *Serapis*. Later, from her deck, he watched with grief shadowing triumph, his victorious *Richard* slowly sink.

Europe rang with the echo of the heroic sea fight. All France was at the feet of Jones. Marie Antoinette presented him with a seal. Louis XVI gave him a gold-handled

sword and the Cross of Military Merit. In public he was besieged by acclaim, and in private the ladies of the court laid siege of their own.

Back in the United States political and naval intriguers connived against Jones, but Congress finally thanked him, and the American Board of the Admiralty declared that "he hath made the Flag of America respectable among the flags of other nations."

But for his years of service to that flag John Paul Jones never received one cent in pay. His claims on behalf of his old crews for their prize money were put off again and again, and were not settled till 1848, long after most of his men were dead.

When at last American independence was won, to Jones's dismay Congress halted all naval construction and sold off or let rot the infant American Navy.

In 1788, baffled and frustrated, he accepted a commission as rear-admiral in the Russian fleet and fought a series of brilliant naval actions against the Turks that saved the Crimea for Russia. But he was unprepared for the web of Russian intrigue, jealousy and deception soon to be spun about him. In 1789 he left Russia and a year later arrived wearily in Paris.

Though he was only 43 his hair was grey, he had an ominous cough.

Much of his time he spent crouched over the fire where the wind stirred ashes of his memories—old battles, old loves. On July 18, 1792, he died alone in his rooms.

The American ambassador, pleading a dinner engagement, did not attend the funeral. The French, however, sent a delegation to honour the body as it was lowered in a lead coffin into the Protestant cemetery in Paris.

But the French Revolution was now mounting to the Terror, and the place where John Paul Jones lay was all but forgotten. The city eventually built houses over the former cemetery. Almost a century went by before another American ambassador, General Horace Porter, determined in 1899 to find and recover at his own expense the mortal remains of the hero. After six years of search the grave was found. President Theodore Roosevelt sent a squadron of warships to bring the body back, and John Paul Jones crossed the ocean once more, this time with a fleet worthy of his name.

In 1913 "little Jones" was buried in a crypt in the heart of the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis which

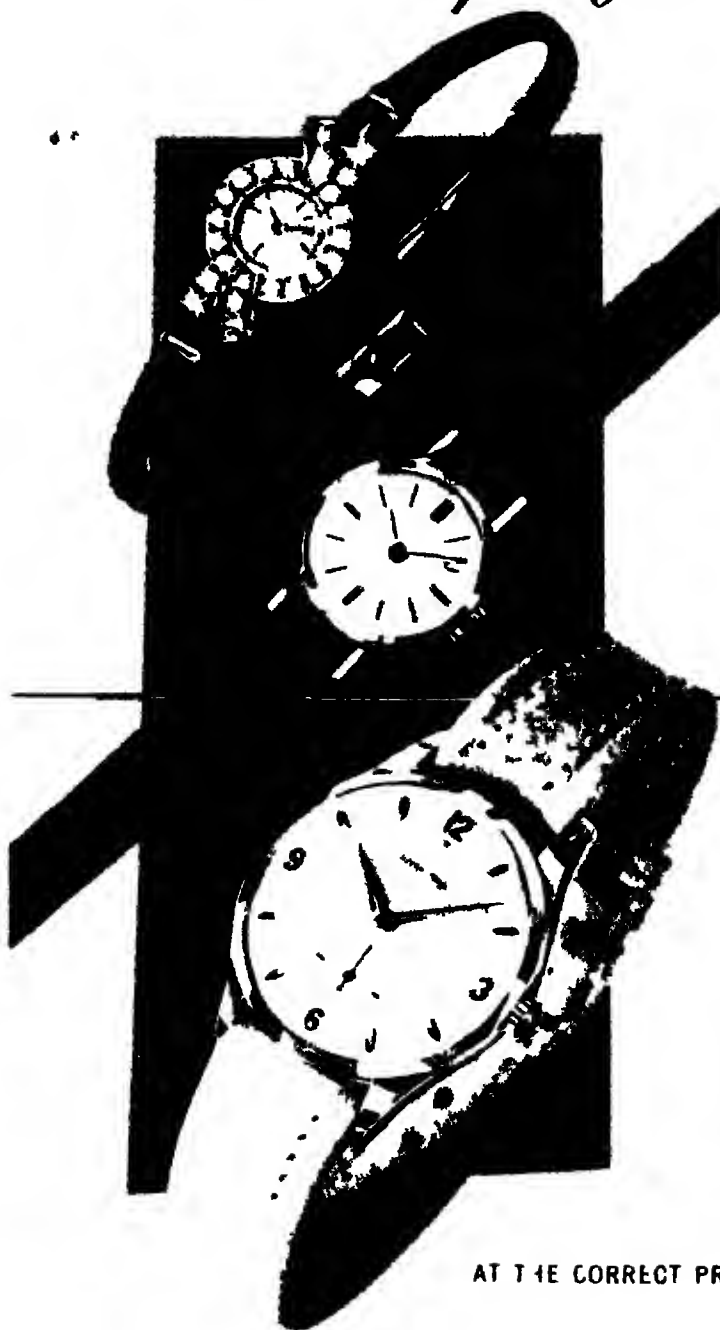
he had been the first to conceive. His gold-handled sword lies beside him, and round his sarcophagus are blazoned the names of the ships that he made famous.





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worthiness reliabil-
ity? Then choose
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glass—equipped with the smallest mass
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REF 6534 18 carat gold—silver satin
finished case Same model in steel

REF 7135C From the famous UNIVERO
collection—steel—two toned silver sat n
finish with figures raised in gold

REF 8135C Same model but with a
second hand in the centre

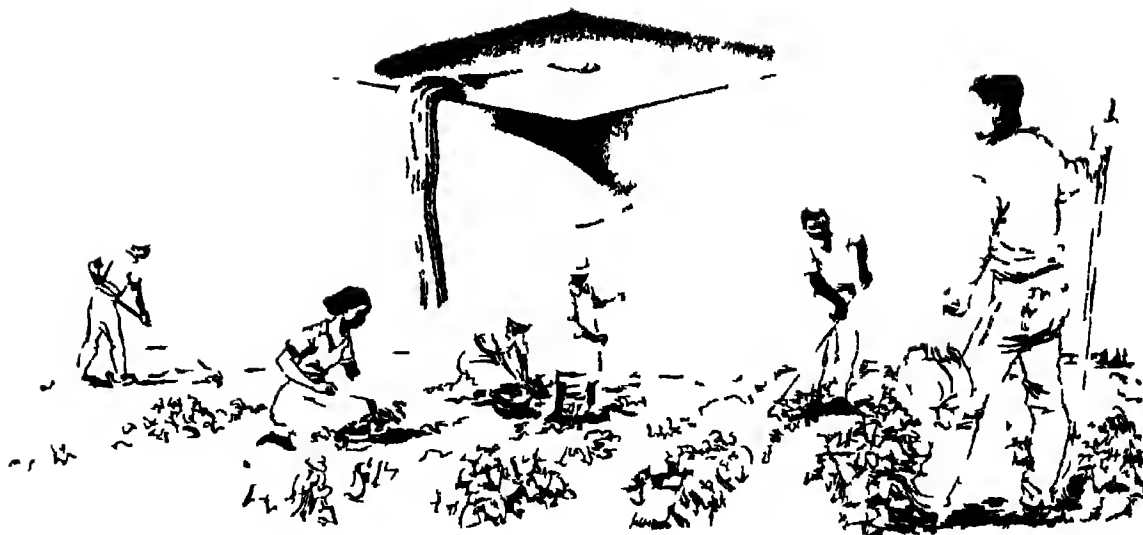
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The 12 Martins Go to College

The story of two American parents with a dozen children who provided university education for all—on an income of less than \$80 a week

By William Brinkley

FOR MR. AND MRS. LOUIS MARTIN, who live on a small farm in Maryland, U.S.A., this coming June will mark the culmination of an extraordinary achievement. The Martins' youngest child, Grant Bartholomew, aged 21, will graduate from Maryland State Teachers College. What makes this an exceptional event is the fact that it will well the total of university and college graduates among the Martin children to ten and the number of degrees to 13.

Even an affluent family could consider this record remarkable. But for the Martins it approaches the miraculous, since Louis Martin, who is 66, has worked most of his life at a salary not in excess of \$80 a week—

and much of the time for only \$30. Their feat would never have been performed at all had not the Martin parents—and their children as well—always believed in one thing above all: Life is a struggle. But it is good to have a struggle. It strengthens your character.

Orphaned at the age of ten, Martin was deposited in the Eighth Ward Settlement House in Philadelphia. The settlement house was conducted by Miss Frances Bartholomew, a young Philadelphian who had fanatical views on two subjects. One:

You children must get *all* the education you can. The other: Children should get out of the city. Every summer she hustled them off to a farm. It was on the intersection

of these two subjects that Louis Martin was to make his life.

By going to night as well as day school under Miss Bartholomew's prodding, Louis was ready at 19 for Hampton Institute in Hampton, Virginia, where he studied agriculture. He was a bright student and after graduation had several offers of jobs.

The one that interested him most—though it promised the least comfort—entailed trying to get the Negro farmers of Maryland's Eastern Shore to use scientific farming methods and improve their living conditions. Working under the University of Maryland extension service, Louis would be the state's first Negro county agent (an agricultural expert appointed by the state to advise farmers), and his province would be the entire Eastern Shore—nine counties stretching 125 by 40 miles. Four hours after he was offered the job Martin took it.

He married Irene Polk, one of ten children in an Eastern Shore family, who had worked her way through a home-economics course at Hampton. Martin had bought a Model T Ford, and the newlyweds took off for Princess Anne, Maryland, and Martin's modestly paid job.

On the Eastern Shore in 1916 most of the Negro farms were on the brink of ruin. An average acre of maize yielded a miserable 19½ bushels, an acre of sweet potatoes only 16 bushels. The hogs were scrub razor-backs. Mongrel chickens laid eggs

intermittently. Rags were stuck in place of window panes. Undergrowth grew round the houses.

When Martin arrived, pig cholera, a disease for which the farmers knew no remedy, was ravaging the shore. Pigs were dying by the thousand. The cholera had spread to the farm adjoining that of Colonel Harry Waters, a lawyer and a gentleman farmer. The colonel heard that a new county agent had just arrived, and sent for Martin, who told him about a new serum which had been successful in preventing cholera. Soon Louis Martin was injecting the colonel's shoats and brood sows with serum. When several days passed and none of Colonel Waters's pigs developed cholera, word spread through the countryside. No one spread it more eagerly than Colonel Waters himself. Martin, assisted by teams of farmers whom he taught to administer the serum, inoculated thousands of pigs, and the epidemic was broken.

This success put Martin high in the graces of Eastern Shore farmers. And shortly his happiness was doubled. The Martins had decided early that they would have a dozen children, and that each of them should go to college. One day in 1917 they got off to a running start on this ambitious programme; Louis Frazier Martin was born, followed ten minutes later by Lourene Frances Martin. Like all the children, Louis and Lourene were born at



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Louis Martin now set out with even greater enthusiasm to change farming methods. Up and down the land he preached about rotation, seed selection, liming, tree pruning and purebred lines. Everywhere he found himself smack against prejudice. Farmers resented an educated young "foreigner" trying to teach them about what they had been doing all their lives.

For a year he met nothing but defeat. The United States had gone to war. Prices soared, but Martin's salary stayed low. One night after he had come in late from a farmers' meeting, he and his wife sat in their kitchen.

"My salary is so small," Martin began, "and we can't begin to get all the things we and the children will need. I'm walking in the same spot I was in when we first came. I hear the war factories up north are paying big wages."

Then he got it out, quickly. "Would you rather we just stopped all this and went north?"

His wife looked him squarely in the eye. "Mr. Martin," she said firmly, "we didn't go to school so you could work in a factory."

Oct. 31, 1918 *Mary Alice*. . . .

Dec. 2, 1919, *Walter Theodore*. . . .

Oct. 19, 1921, *Martha Rebecca*. . . .

As the little Martins came swiftly on, the two big Martins found their character being strengthened from all sides.

They bought no clothes; Mrs.

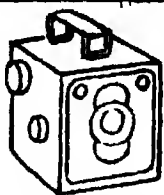
Martin made them all. Except for staples such as flour and sugar they bought no food. Mrs. Martin made a daily "family stew" which was both elastic and nourishing. The meat part came from pigs (purebred), the rest from Martin's rounds of the farms. "With all that family of yours--" a farmer would say, "here now, let me get a basket!" Mrs. Martin let no morsel go to waste. "We either ate it, dried it, brined it or canned it." Every year she put up 1 500 jars of vegetables.

March 9, 1924, *June Celestial*. . . .

Martin decided they would have to get farther out in the country to keep pace with the mounting food consumption. He bought an uncleared 18-acre tract near Princess Anne with a three-roomed cabin on it—one room for himself and Mrs. Martin, one for the boys, one for the girls. Through the years it was to improve, with a bathroom, electricity, added rooms with added children. A prayer room, modelled on a similar room at the settlement house, was set up in a hanging cupboard off the living room.

May 16, 1925, *Harry Bosworth*. . . .

Meanwhile, the other Martin battle—with the farmers—was in full clamour. Martin began organizing the farmers' sons into clubs and talking to them about modern farm methods. He persuaded local businessmen to lend the boys money to buy purebred pigs. When a year passed and the boys' purebred pigs tripled the fathers' scrub razorbacks

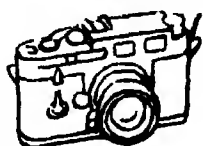


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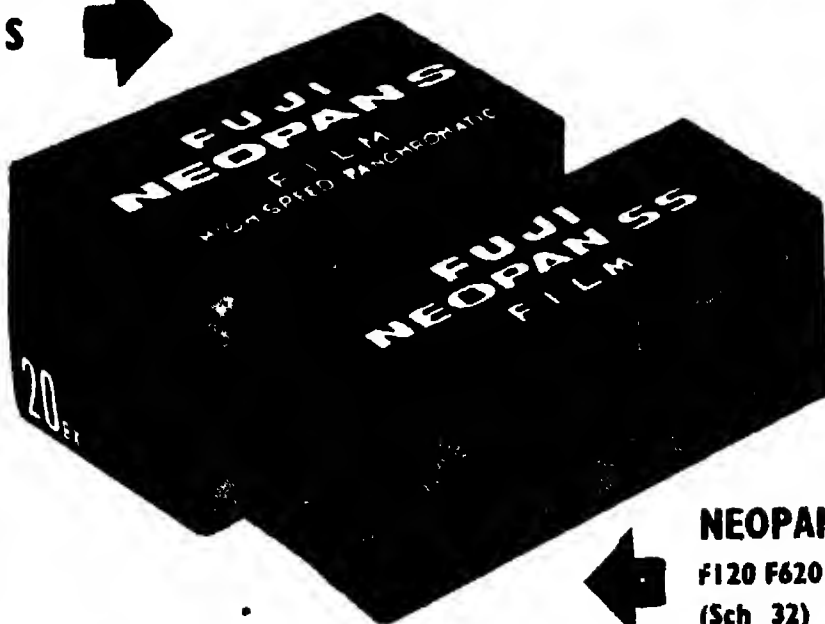
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in meat production, the effect on the grown-up farmers was arresting

Seizing his advantage, Martin persuaded several farmers to give their sons one acre and let them plant it according to Martin's methods. When one son got 33 bushels of maize on his acre compared with his father's 17 alongside it the effect was revolutionary.

All of a sudden, as Martin covered the countryside in his Model T he began to notice strange sight farmers liming their fields, pruning their trees, planting in vetch or clover after the harvest instead of leaving the land dry and unmourished.

Feb 17 1927 *Jessie Elizabeth*
Dec 2 1928 *Elbert Hubbard*

Steadily the Martins moved towards their family goal.

"We were going to do everything we could do," Martin says. "The children would do everything they could do. And the Lord would just have to take care of the rest."

The children's part was working as soon as they were able to pick a bean. Louis started picking strawberries when he was five. He would eat greedily as he picked, but even so he would harvest ten quarts of strawberries a day, which swelled the family treasury by 20 cents.

The days in the fields began early. It would be 2:30 in the morning, Lourene remembers, and there Daddy would be standing over us. "O.K. kids, let's go," he'd say. "It's picking time!"

The Martin children don't recall

objecting to this programme. "The reason," says Lourene, "was Daddy and Mama. 'There is dignity in work'—I'll never forget Daddy saying that. It wasn't just a saying. They were always in bed after us and always up before us. Lots of times Daddy would be up all night with some farmer's sick pig or calf. Mama never had any stockings because we always had them. She wore the same coat for 20 years. When food was short she'd say, 'You take mine. I'm not hungry.' But the main thing was they somehow made us understand, even at a very early age, that college was at the end of the bean rows."

At night the Martins would gather round to shell beans for the local dealer at three cents a quart. They are a singing family and would govern the rate of shelling by their singing. If they wanted to shell faster they sang a *molto allegro* like

You're Gonna Reap Just What You Sow. When they needed to ease up for a time, they took a slow number like He's Got the Whole World in His Hand.

Frequently during a bean shelling operation Martin or one of the older children would read from the Harvard Classics. Some of the bean-picking money had gone to purchase this set, which Martin picked up secondhand and was paying for at \$5 a month. The Martins never thought of books as a luxury, buying them sometimes when they were hardest up.

SPARKLING DRINK



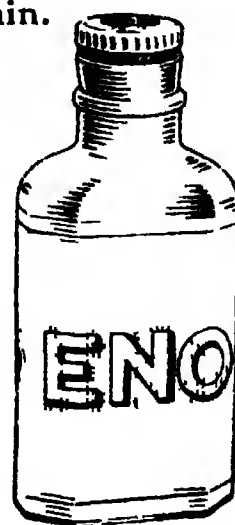
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Martin always preached the value of education. "If you're going to dig a ditch," he would tell his children, "you can dig a better ditch for having an education."

April 5, 1930, *Oswald Edward*....
Sept. 18, 1931, *Justelma Houston*....

When the Depression smashed down, Martin ranged the countryside studying markets with the farmers, visiting banks to stall off farm foreclosures. At the same time his own salary was cut. The prices the children got for their work plummeted. The Martins dug in.

Many families now took their children out of school during the picking season or sent them to work in the canneries. But the Martin children did their picking first, and then went to school, and after school picked again until dark.

As if to strengthen the family's character further, the roadway in front of their house brought men seeking food. The children got used to seeing hollow-cheeked strangers sharing their already overtaxed family stew. "Mama would never have thought of turning anyone away," Lourene remembers. "And she always fed the stranger the most heartily of all." The last Martin dollar often went to some farmer. Martin considered worse off than themselves.

May 26, 1934, *Grant Bartholomew*.... And the first section of the Martin's family programme—a dozen children—came to a close. Almost simultaneously, at probably the

hardest point in the family's life, the time came for the second section: the twins were ready for college.

Martin sold his last four purebred shoats for \$35 each. Paying the twins' tuition with the money, he packed Louis and Lourene off to Hampton. Both of them worked, Louis stevedoring on the Hampton Roads docks, Lourene serving as a nurse's assistant. The children at home got up earlier and stayed up later, picked more cucumbers, shelled more beans, hoed corn, worked as domestic servants, felled trees, worked in the canneries, went out selling strawberries from their own garden and apples from their own trees.

As their turns came, the younger children went off to college. Each time it got harder.

Almost bottom was reached after Lourene had entered Mercy Hospital in Philadelphia to study nursing. One day she wrote home that she had only 19 cents left. "I got a letter back from Daddy," Lourene recalls. "He said he had only 15 cents right then but he was enclosing ten of them. He wrote that there would be more along as soon as everyone shelled some beans that night."

Finally the day came. The Martins went to their first graduation ceremony.

"As we watched Louis walk across the stage in his cap and gown," Martin recalls, "we remembered the time he had picked strawberries when he was five years old



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and eaten more than he picked. Then we remembered that he had, at that, picked ten quarts for 20 cents, and some of that 20 cents was right up there on that stage."

As Louis walked off clutching his bachelor of science diploma, Mrs. Martin whispered to her husband, "Mr. Martin, just 11 more to go."

The Martin plan now went into a new stage: the first ones out began helping the younger ones through school. With this phase at full throttle, the Martin children were knocking off degrees wholesale in half a dozen colleges and universities. The Martin parents became habitués of graduation ceremonies. Among their neighbours there was soon a regular question about May: "Well, how many do you have coming out this year?"

Recently Martin retired from his county-agent job. If he were inclined to look for eulogy on that part of his life, which he is not, he need only look about him. Today the Eastern Shore farms that had been near ruin when he came are virtually bursting with their bounty.

And the children?

Louis: master's degree in agriculture, teaching horticulture at Florida A. and M. University

Lourene: captain of nurses in the U.S. Army

Mary Alice: bachelor's degree in home economics, married to a businessman on the Eastern Shore.

Walter: master's degree in agriculture, teaching mathematics and

science at a school and working towards his doctorate.

Martha: a master's degree in home economics, teaching at Savannah, Georgia, State College.

June: bachelor's degree in home economics, married and working as a school dietician.

Harry: bachelor's degree in agriculture, teaching school at Pumphrey, Maryland, and doing farm youth work.

Jewel: bachelor's degree in education, married to a U.S. State Department employee and working there herself.

Elbert Hubbard: the odd man out of the family, went to college for a year "just to keep up the record" and then decided to be a barber. Soon he hopes to have his own shop in Washington. He is known among the other children as "our businessman."

Oswald: bachelor's degree in building construction, a construction engineer in Bellevue, Maryland.

Justelma: bachelor's degree in science, married to a school teacher and doing substitute teaching.

Grant: the "one more to go," a senior undergraduate studying to be a teacher.

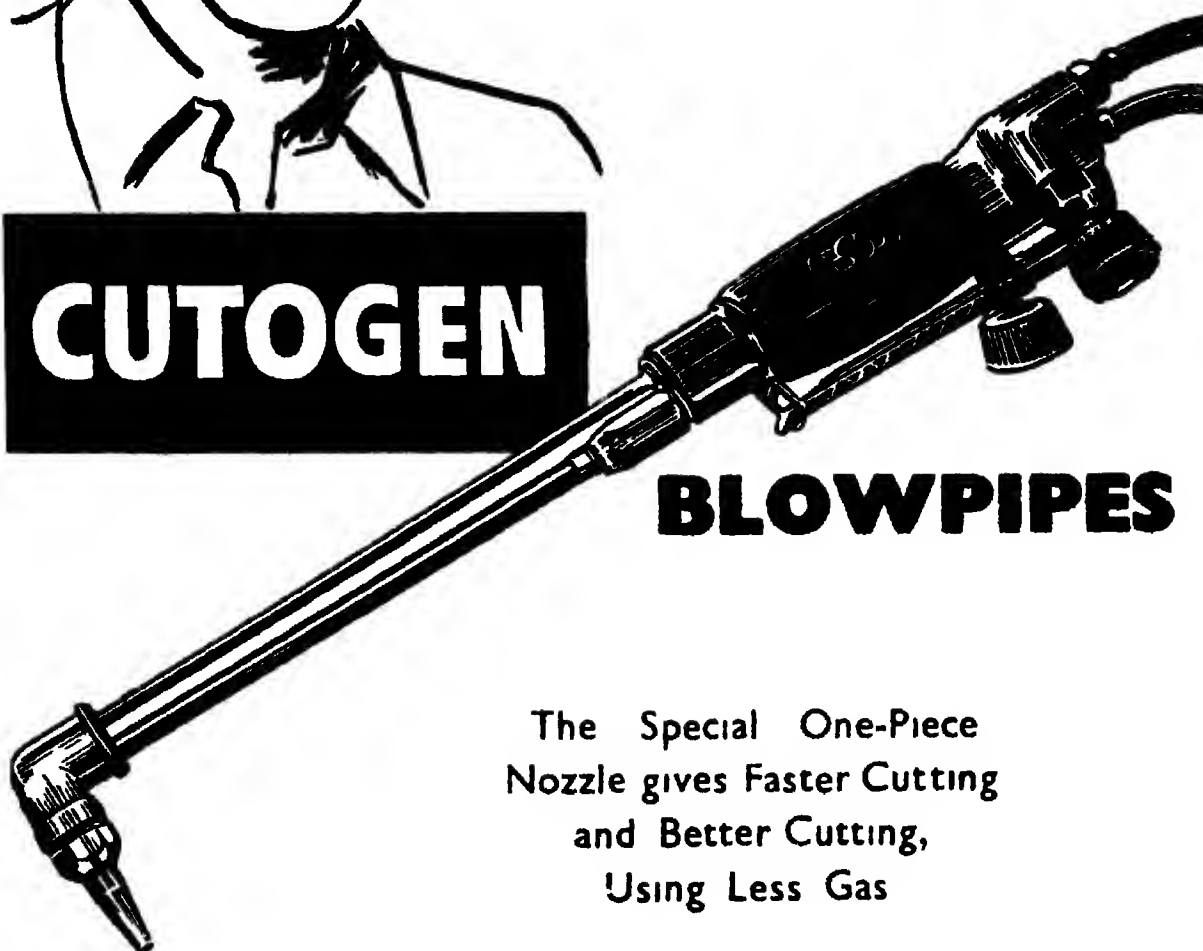
And Mrs. Martin? She has been going to college again at Maryland State University studying "family relations."

"The older I grow" she says, "the more I see that there is to be learned. You can never get enough education."



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RECOVERING from an operation, I began to wonder if the young doctor who was looking after me was competent. He always had such a dreamy, faraway look in his eyes. But when the day came for him to remove my stitches, he attacked the job with unusual concentration. And as each stitch came out, he whispered something under his breath. When he got to the last one, he held it up and beamed at me. "She loves me!" he confided gleefully. (Clark)

I WAS PARKED in one hour zone in an American city, waiting for my wife to return from shopping, when I noticed the restless actions of the man ahead of me. He got out of his car and paced this way and that, looking up and down the street. Finally he pulled something out of his pocket and hung it on the parking meter, which by this time had turned to red. After he drove off, I wandered over to look at it. I picked up Sarah, a printed sign read "Come home by bus." (Christ)

PLAYING a desultory game of tennis at the university, my room mate and I were suddenly electrified by the appearance of a vision in white shorts on the next court. She was blonde with a beautiful tan and sparkling blue eyes. We managed to learn her name was Kathy and to promote a game of mixed doubles. But immediately after the first set Kathy had to leave to attend choir practice.

We at once presented ourselves as candidates for the choir, and attended regularly. As the holiday season approached, however, choir attendance dropped off.

It was then that I overheard the choir master say to the organist: "It looks as though we'll have to send Kathy on another trip round the tennis courts." (J. M. Hayes)



MY UNDERGRADUATE SON had been going about with a pretty, vivacious young blonde and had even brought her home one weekend for us to meet. Then suddenly the whole thing was off. When I asked him what happened, he showed me a letter she had written him setting forth what she expected out of marriage: a beautiful home, trips abroad, a sports car, and more.

How in the world did you answer the letter? I asked him.

"Oh," he replied casually, "I merely told her that when I married I hoped to have children—but I didn't want my wife to be one of them."

(Name withheld by request)

MY HUSBAND is not one to remember birthdays and anniversaries unless prodded with numerous not too-subtle hints. This year several days before my birthday, I sent him a postcard reminding him of the important date. When the big day came however the real surprise was a postcard addressed to *me*. It read "Just in case your husband *does* forget, we all want to wish you a Happy Birthday!" From the staff at the Post Office.

MICHAEL SINGH

DURING the war when my father was in the Navy, we four children and my mother—who was in ill health and pregnant as well—carried on as best we could though there never seemed to be enough money to last from month to month. We had many seemingly hopeless moments. But whenever our collective dispositions reached the breaking point my mother would take the centre of the stage and in beautifully modulated soap opera tones would declaim:

Our heroine Mother, struggling onward and upward to make the world a better place to live in for the unborn child within her must make a fateful decision within the hour: should we have onions and two potatoes for supper, or two potatoes and the onion? Jean has just ironed a hole in her only good skirt. Will is in dire trouble—he has broken the law of the house by thoughtlessly allowing the bathwater to go above the prescribed level of two inches.

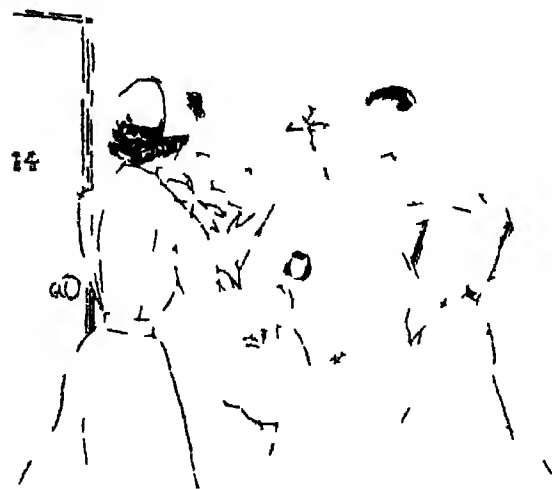
"The youngest member of the clan Betsy is in tears over quarrelling with her playmate next door. As for me, I learned not a moment ago that the morning paper, which I haven't read, was used to wrap up the rub-

bish Tune in tomorrow to learn how we dug ourselves out of these distresses and have gone on to bigger and better problems.

After that there was nothing to do but laugh at him—and at our troubles.

MRS PERCY SMITH

DURING the Christmas season when I went to the clinic for a routine examination there was an air of gay excitement as doctors and nurses, carrying ribboned packages, hurried by me towards a certain room. Finally my curiosity got the better of



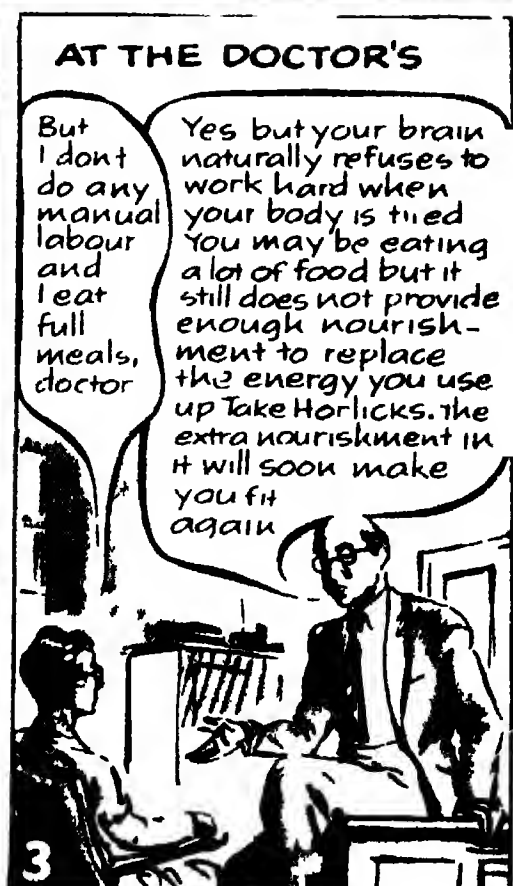
me and I asked my nurse if there was something special going on.

"No," she explained, laughing. "It's just that when anyone on the staff gets a 'Do Not Open Until Christmas' present they bring it down here to the X-ray machine so that they can see what's in it."

RITA IRWIN

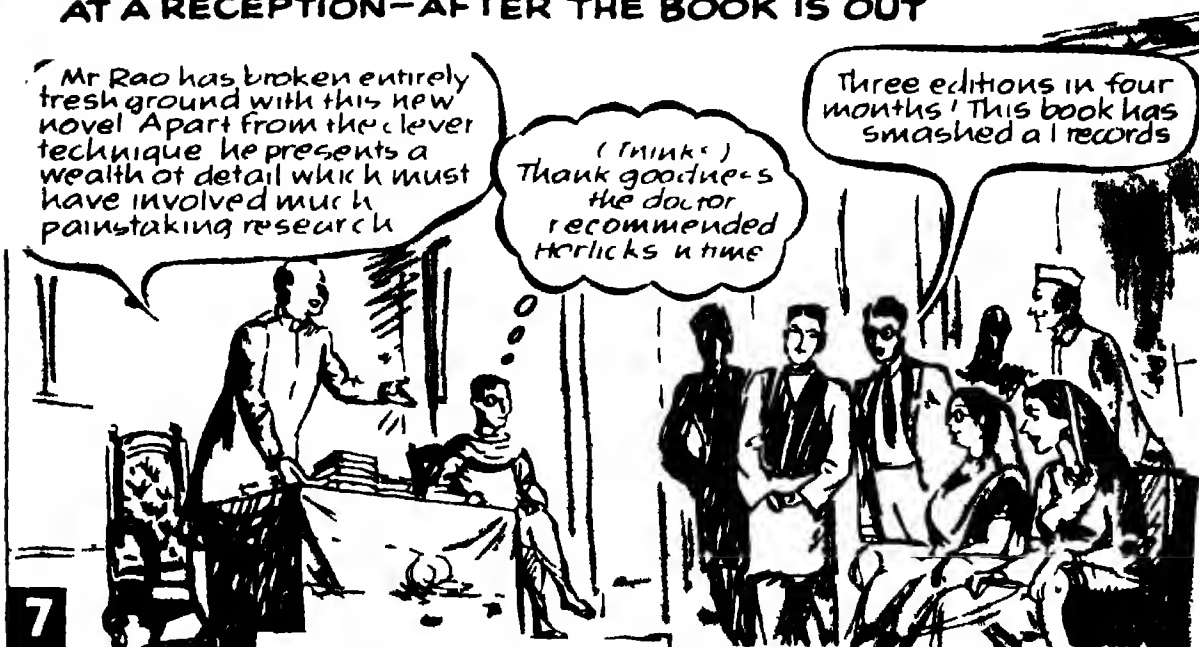
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HISTORY OF A NOVEL





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In discovering how these strange submicroscopic workers operate, scientists foresee vast new uses which will save both lives and money

Exciting New Jobs for the Enzyme

By Harland Manchester

ONE OF science's most exciting quests today, ranking in importance with nuclear fission, is the research into enzymes. Having found that these submicroscopic particles are essential to the functioning of all living things, scientists have already put them to life-saving and money-saving use in medicine and industry, and believe that further discoveries should result in a flood of new uses.

Enzymes are complex protein molecules which behave as catalysts—that is, they speed chemical processes in the stuff of life without being changed themselves. There are thousands of enzymes in the body, most of them assigned to one specific task.

An enzyme in the saliva enables it to break down some of the starch in food into sugar. The stomach cannot digest food without the aid of the enzyme pepsin. Other enzymes help to complete the conversion of

proteins into amino acids which the body can utilize, and still others promote fat digestion. If your nose itches, the itching is set off by a special enzyme; a hundred more enzymes make it possible to lift your hand and scratch. Without enzymes we would die, and if some of them won't work we become ill.

In industry, enzymes are being called on to speed all manner of chemical processes. One type, used to supplement the natural enzymes in malt, hastens the brewing process. Another will remove flavour-impairing oxygen from the air in the bottle. Chilled beer once had a hazy look because certain proteins coagulated at low temperatures; now an enzyme is dissolving the particles.

Bottlers of cider and other fruit drinks now use an enzyme to dissolve pectin, which formerly imparted a cloudiness to these beverages. Wine makers add the same enzyme to crushed grapes to make

the juice less viscous and to increase the ultimate yield.

During the war powdered eggs shipped in bulk to the armed forces sometimes had a bad taste because of changes in their sugar content. Now an enzyme is used to prevent the change. This enzyme has been a big factor in the success of cake mixes which contain powdered eggs.

In weaving cotton goods, the warp is reinforced with starch to prevent breaking on the loom, then the starch must be washed out before bleaching and dyeing. This job used to take hours. Now in 30 seconds an enzyme splits the starch into sugar, which can be quickly flushed out. (Other enzymes used by dry-cleaners remove spots of egg, blood, beer and coffee.)

In making coated paper, a mixture of starch and clay is applied, and the paper is passed through steel rollers to give the glossy finish. Large starch molecules would result in a pasty mess, and once an expensive special starch was needed—to provide smooth flow and uniform adhesiveness. Now a starch splitting enzyme, used on ordinary starch, performs both functions, thus saving paper mills substantial sums.

The word "enzyme" (from the Greek *zyme*, leaven) was coined years ago when scientists knew little about these substances except that they occurred in yeasts and moulds. Then, in 1897, Eduard Buchner, a German chemist, ground up some yeast cells, squeezed out the juice

and obtained something which would convert sugar into alcohol. For this discovery he won a Nobel Prize, and other scientists took up the difficult task of isolating a pure enzyme. This was finally achieved in 1926 by Doctor James Sumner, of Cornell University, who later won a Nobel prize for extracting from the jack bean a pure enzyme in crystal form which would break down urea.

In the early 1930's Dr. William Tillet, of New York University, discovered in a common strain of streptococcus an unknown something that would dissolve blood clots. After years of work he and his associates succeeded in isolating and purifying two enzymes from the dangerous streptococcus germs. Together they attack the proteins of which blood clots and pus are composed.

Now the streptococci are being grown in 1,000 gallon laboratory tanks and the purified enzyme drug has been used successfully in hundreds of cases where debris must be removed and swelling reduced. In severe burns, osteomyelitis, carbuncles, superficial ulcers and some types of sinus infections this enzyme scavenger gets rid of pus and dead tissue, leaving live tissue untouched. While not a healer, it speeds recovery by clearing the way for antibiotics.

Another enzyme, trypsin, obtained from the pancreatic glands of animals, is being tried out to clear up bruises and swellings.

Many companies are extracting enzymes from all sorts of raw materials—moulds, plants, animal organs, bacteria. One big brewery, for example, runs an "enzyme farm," where it produces its own enzymes, plus others for industry and medical research. The brewery enzyme-farmers begin by mixing vats of carefully balanced rations of proteins, carbohydrates and minerals in solution. They sterilize this food, then "seed" it with a pedigree mould or bacteria of the type that will produce the enzymes required.

Hundreds of moulds and bacteria of blue-blooded lineage can be obtained from a U.S. Department of Agriculture laboratory, which maintains one of the world's largest "libraries" of micro-organisms. The bacteria "seed" eats its rations and grows prodigiously for two or three days. The liquid is then filtered out, and the enzyme material is either precipitated, dried and ground to a powder, or packed as a concentrated liquid.

We may expect giant strides in the field of enzymes, perhaps within the next decade, as the fruit of today's basic research. Most scientists have concerned themselves with *individual* enzymes; now Dr. David Green and his associates at the University of Wisconsin's Institute for

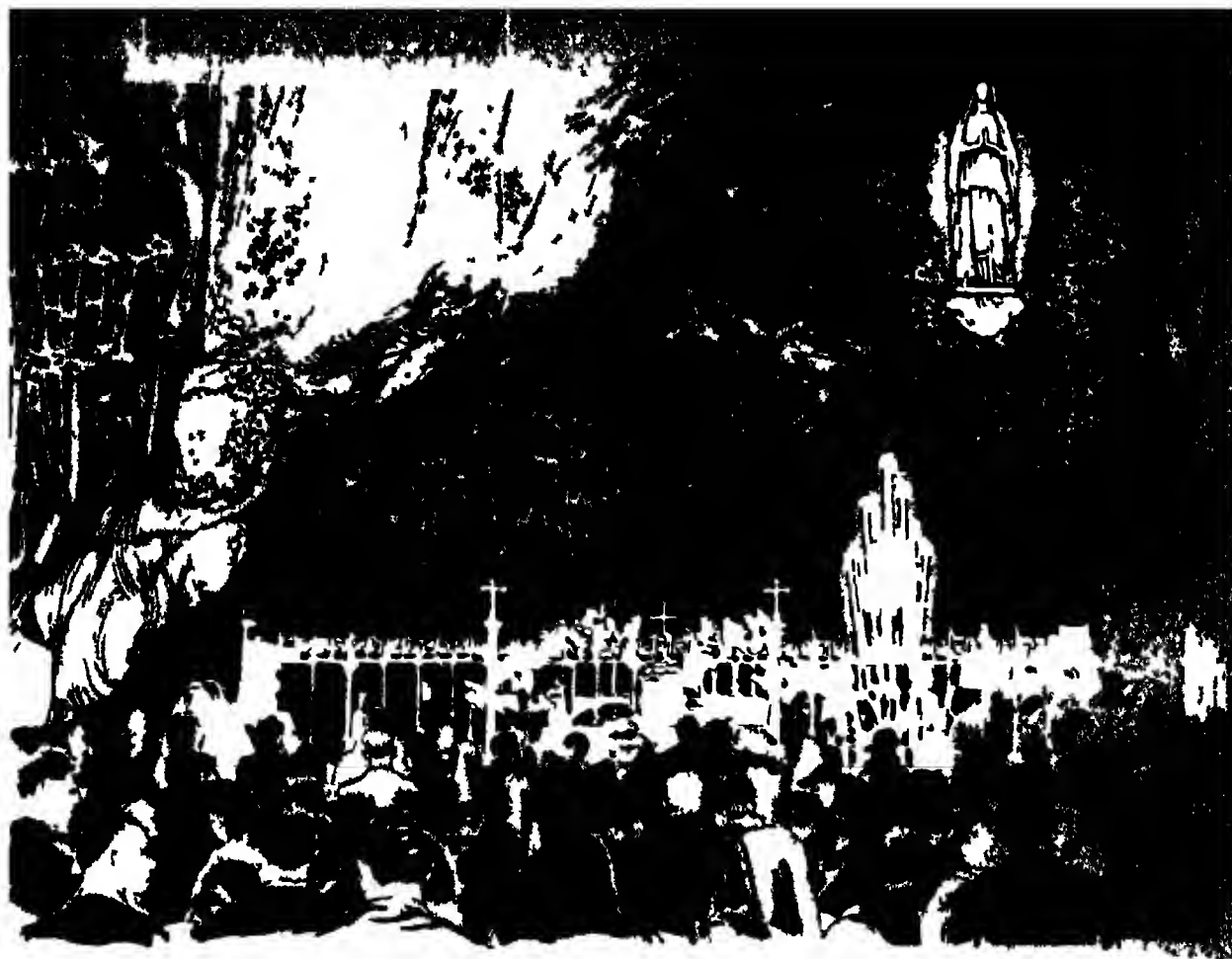
Enzyme Research have found that a large group of body enzymes works in complex *teams*, and that a fabulous package of interrelated enzymes called a mitochondrion is the ultimate power plant of key chemical functions. Fuel supplied by the blood is processed by this intricate plant to provide power for every muscle movement, every heartbeat, every plan or dream conceived by the brain.

The Wisconsin scientists have extracted these tiny "factories" from animal tissue and kept them in a kind of oxygen tent to study their action. As a result, the Wisconsin group has already been able to recreate the steps by which nine enzymes work together to convert fatty acids into body heat and energy, virtually duplicating a basic life process in the laboratory.

"Some day," says Dr. Green, "when we understand exactly how enzymes are built and how they operate in the body, we shall be able to trace the process of malignant growth and be able to do something about it. Treatment of many other diseases will be clearly indicated. That will be one of the greatest events in the history of man, for it will bring about a revolution in medicine. I believe this may happen within our lifetime."

AUDIE MURPHY, the most decorated American soldier in the Second World War, who turned to acting in peacetime, went to see himself in his film autobiography, *To Hell and Back*. His comment, after watching his heroic deeds: "I wasn't brave. I was nuts."

—Sam Radak



The Mystery of Lourdes

By RUTH CRANSTON

THE CURES of Lourdes—cures of the hopelessly ill and disabled by forces unknown to modern science—have made that small French town the most visited shrine in the world. They have also, for nearly 100 years, been a source of endless controversy and wonder among doctors and laymen alike.

The Mystery of Lourdes is an exhaustive first hand study of the famous Catholic shrine and its cures. To prepare it, Ruth Cranston lived in Lourdes, talked with doctors, nurses, stretcher-bearers, patients. A Protestant herself, her approach was that of reporter and impartial investigator. She has verified and documented the facts she presents. No reader will finish her report without feeling that, whatever the explanation, the experience of Lourdes reveals something profoundly significant to men and women everywhere.

'The Mystery of Lourdes' copyright 1955 by Ruth Cranston, will shortly be published by Evans Brothers, London

The Mystery of Lourdes



WENT TO Lourdes out of an irrepressible curiosity

For years I had been interested in the part that faith can play in alleviating our human ills. But I had known very little about this famous French shrine until one morning my eye fell on the headline

IDIOT CHILD CURED AT LOURDES BOY OF SEVEN REGAINS FULL INTELLIGENCE AFTER YEARS OF LIVING LIKE AN ANIMAL

This incredible new paper story which also told of other startling cures—cancer of the stomach, peritonitis, lung tumour, angina—fired my imagination. I wanted to know more about Lourdes.

I read every book I could find on the subject, both in English and French, for I had spent much of my youth in France and I knew the language. The more I read about it the more deeply I became interested. Was this Catholic shrine which apparently produced such staggering physical cures, and which certainly drew two million pilgrims each

year, simply a mass delusion? Was it a gigantic hoax or was it truly, as my French authors presented it, a place of simple sincerity, reverence and amazing miracles?

I decided to see for myself. I had no axe to grind. I was not a Catholic but a Protestant. I belonged to no organization, religious, medical or metaphysical, which had any special interest in my findings. I was just an ordinary citizen with an enquiring mind bent on my own special quest.

When I reached Lourdes in the spring of 1953 the help of Monsignor Theas, Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes, and of Doctor Francois Lourct, President of the Medical Bureau, opened every door. Nurses, Protestant physicians, the sick and those who had been cured co-operated wholeheartedly to make this report possible.

LOURDES, a thriving town of some 13,000 residents, lies near the Spanish border. If you are lucky, you come to it—as I did—in the radiant

early morning with the sun just rolling up into a dazzling sky silver streams rushing along between rows of swaying willows the mountains soft and hazy in the distance

For an hour the train has been speeding through rich waving corn fields dotted with red roofed farm houses and clumps of dark green cypress trees As we enter Lourdes we see that a long pilgrimage train is also just arriving From every window eager faces of the sick look out full of hope Although many of them must have endured bitter sufferings during their journey they seem amazingly cheerful Someone starts a hymn the 'Song of Bernadette' As I learned later this is the theme song here One hears it everywhere Now coach after coach takes it up till the whole long pilgrimage train is ringing with it

Ave Ave Ave Maria

Ave Ave Ave Maria!

On this wave of joyous praise and hope we move into Lourdes station There groups of leather harnessed stretcher bearers and blue caped nurses hurry along the platform to assist with the very ill The healthy pilgrims line up with the pilgrimage director or rush about to see their invalids safely established in the hospital ambulances

Lourdes is not like any place you ever saw before You are in a city of pilgrims and they are everywhere people who have come from the four corners of the earth with but one purpose prayer and healing for

themselves or their loved ones The city exists for them You will be surrounded by them every moment of your stay in Lourdes

The main street—the ancient Rue de la Grotte—is a typical mountain town thoroughfare narrow, bustling noisy shops offering varied Lourdes souvenirs crowd the tiny pavements Pilgrims tramp up and down here all day long with their knapsacks and lunchboxes

I follow this street to the bottom of the hill (Lourdes is a town of steep hills and sudden dramatic vistas) and it takes you into the Avenue Bernadette Equally crowded, equally noisy this leads directly to the Domaine the vast enclosed park which contains the baths the sanctuaries the hospital and all the buildings for the complex administration of the shrine

This is the section for which the rest of Lourdes exists All day and every day a continuous throng is singing towards it Here are people of many tongues and many carbs a Scottish stretcher bearer in a kilt a Swiss pastor shepherding his picture que flock the women in wide brim hats the English curates Italian *monks* non-American and Irish bishops in colourful purple French peasants American college students Dutch sailors beavies of little boys and girls in provincial costume

The old and the new jostle each other at every turn donkeys carrying huge bundles of laundry to the

convent on the hill, young men tearing through on motor bikes, groups of humble village priests trudging along barefoot, an actress in a long convertible *en route* to Biarritz. At the corner, cars and buses rush by—until suddenly a girl appears with a big herd of sheep. All halt resignedly, and wait for her to go through. After all, Lourdes is still very much a country town.

Cross the perilous, strident main road, enter the big iron gate, and you are in the *Domaine*, the refuge in which the endless stream of pilgrims turn their backs upon the world outside and give themselves to prayer. Directly you enter this consecrated area, you yourself feel more peaceful. It is a place of wide green lawns dotted with sacred statuary, of magnificent trees, of spacious vistas, and all about are rolling hills and the beauty of the grey-green countryside. Walk to the right, under the arcades of the great horse-hoe ramp which sweeps out from the shrine's three churches, and you find the famous *piscines*, or baths, where the pilgrims come to be plunged into the waters of the spring. Pass the fountains where thousands come to drink and to carry away Lourdes water, and presently you come to the very heart of Lourdes, the Grotto.

Here, in a cleft in the mountain wall, flanked by tall pyramids of creamy flowers and hundreds of flickering candles, stands a statue of the Virgin. The sides of the Grotto

are worn smooth by all the hands and lips that have reverently touched them. All day long people are praying here, absorbed, withdrawn. Procession after procession comes and goes: pilgrims from Brussels, from Bordeaux, from Strasbourg, Luxembourg, Dublin, from everywhere. For this is today the most visited shrine in the world.

And all, the people of Lourdes will tell you, because a young girl had a vision, and was faithful to it to the end.

THE STORY goes that, nearly a hundred years ago—it was February 11, 1858—the Virgin Mary appeared to a 14-year-old peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous, while she was out gathering firewood. Bernadette saw

The Lady in a sort of radiant mist in the grotto. There followed a series of such visions, during which The Lady instructed Bernadette.

Tell the priests to build a chapel on this spot. I want people to come here in procession. Pray, tell them to pray! Go and drink from the spring and wash in it.

No spring had been known to exist there, but when the child dug in the earth at the indicated spot it appeared. At first a mere trickle, it soon became a powerful stream.

From the beginning the people believed in Bernadette. She communicated her intense faith and vision to them, and they followed her implicitly, built a rude shrine at the spring and prayed there in growing



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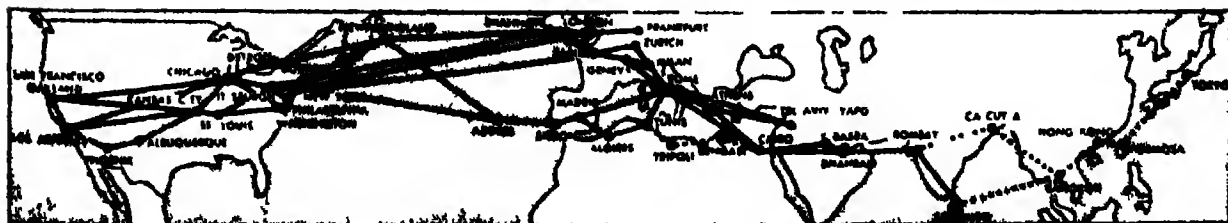
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numbers. But the local authorities scorned the visions, threatened Bernadette and her family, and attempted to close the shrine.

Then the miracles began. A blind man who washed his eyes in the spring water found that his sight was restored. A mother, one of Bernadette's neighbours, dipped her dying child in the waters, and the little boy not only lived but became well and robust for the first time in his life. The child had suffered from a bone disease which had completely paralyzed his legs, and had been beset by violent convulsions until the doctor finally pronounced his death "only a matter of hours." And since the cure restored the child to complete health within 24 hours, the case made a profound impression even on the medical profession. Soon people began to bring the sick from all over the land.

Finally the Church set up a commission to investigate the whole matter. After four years' study it completely vindicated Bernadette and declared that certain cures had occurred which must be considered contrary to all known medical laws. Eventually, in 1933, some 54 years after her death, Bernadette was canonized at St. Peter's in Rome. One of the honoured guests at that ceremony was a 77-year-old man named Louis Justin Bouhours, who owed his life to Bernadette. For he had been that dying child, paralyzed and convulsive, who had been saved years before by

one of Lourdes's first widely publicized miracles.

ALTHOUGH the Church quite early accepted the miracles of Lourdes as authentic, the medical profession did not. For many years doctors pronounced Bernadette "hallucinated" and the dramatically cured patients were victims of "false diagnosis," 'hysteria,' and 'auto suggestion.' Lourdes was considered a resort for dupes and fakes.

In 1903 a young doctor at the University of Lyons was ridiculed because he mentioned that a tuberculosis case he attended had been miraculously cured at Lourdes. "With such views, sir," said the dean coldly, "you can hardly expect to be received as a member of our faculty."

In that case," said the young doctor, "I must look elsewhere." He went to New York to the Rockefeller Institute, and in 1912, as a result of his researches there, received the Nobel Prize. His name was Alexi Carrel.

But the implacable professional prejudice against Lourdes was already breaking down. The Bureau of Medical Verification, established at Lourdes in 1885 for professional study of alleged cures, attracted an increasing number of curious doctors of all beliefs to the shrine. In 1893 the celebrated French neurologist Jean Martin Charcot wrote sympathetically of the cures under the title "The Faith Which Heals."



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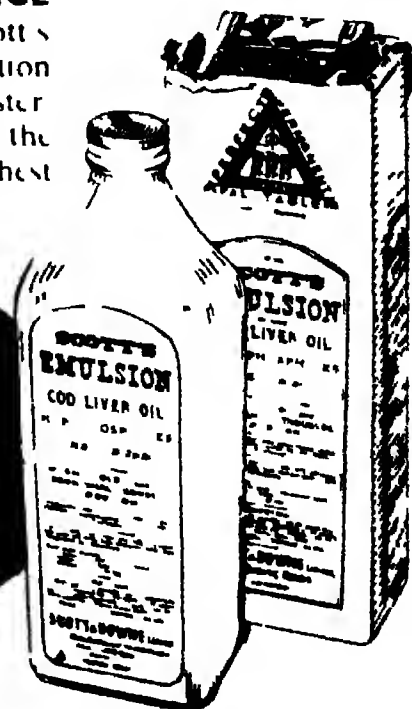
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In 1906, when a Paris editor launched a bitter Press campaign to close Lourdes in the name of hygiene, he met with an unexpected and thunderous reply. A physician in Lyons (the city from which Dr. Alexis Carrel had departed only a few years before) now got together the signatures of 3,000 doctors testifying to the invaluable services rendered by Lourdes to the sick "whom we doctors have been powerless to save," and insisting that nothing be done to interfere with them.

A large number of books have since appeared by medical men of high reputation, discussing the phenomena of Lourdes and giving accounts of outstanding cures. But the most powerful force in transforming public and professional opinion has been the cures themselves. They have constituted a living argument difficult to explain away.

Their cases are documented in the archives of the Medical Bureau. Here are some of them.

*I*N DECEMBER, 1900, Gabriel Gargam, a railway postal clerk, was at his work sorting mail on the Orleans South-West Express when the train was wrecked. He woke up in a hospital bandaged from head to foot. He had been crushed almost to death. His collar bone was broken, his spine was hopelessly injured, paralyzing him from the waist down. The least movement produced vomiting, and he had to be fed painfully through a tube. A court ordered the

railway to pay him the then substantial amount of 6,000 francs annually, since he was "a human wreck who would henceforth need at least two people to care for him."

After 20 months in the hospital Gargam was growing daily weaker. He could no longer swallow. The doctors warned his family that death was near.

Gargam had not set foot in a church for 15 years. But his mother, a deeply religious woman, persuaded him to undertake the pilgrimage to Lourdes. The journey was accomplished with great suffering, on a stretcher.

On his first afternoon at Lourdes he lay on the route of the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, very weak, and soon entirely unconscious; his features relaxed, cold and blue. But at the moment when his nurse thought him dying, suddenly he opened his eyes, raised himself on his elbow, reeled back again, but tried a second time and succeeded in getting up. His paralysis was gone. He had recovered entire freedom of movement.

He was taken to the Medical Bureau, where doctors and newspaper correspondents surrounded him. "Gargam arrived wrapped in a long bathrobe," one records. "He stood before us, a spectre. Big, staring eyes alone were living in his emaciated, colourless face." But he was now able to throw aside his tube and eat normally, and in a few days he was to gain a stone and a half. When

he returned home, the post-office department's physician told him he could immediately resume his post.

His case created a sensation. The 60 doctors who examined him at Lourdes all agreed that this cure was scientifically inexplicable. Indeed, Gargam had great difficulty in persuading the incredulous railway officers to discontinue his annuity. But he enjoyed robust health for the rest of his life. He came to Lourdes each year, serving tirelessly as a stretcher bearer, until he died in 1952 at the age of 83.

Madame Marie Bire, of Lucq, hardworking mother of six, suffered fiendish headaches and dizziness and was finally stricken with blindness. After examining her the doctor said: "I hate to tell you, Madame, but there has been a complete wasting of the optic nerves. I'm afraid there's no cure."

Some months later Madame Bire went to Lourdes, accompanied by her doctor and her eldest daughter. At the Grotto, which she visited in an invalid carriage, she suddenly stood up and said: "Ah, I see the Blessed Virgin!" She fell back into the carriage seat fainting. Her daughter thought she was dying. But Madame Bire quickly recovered consciousness and found that she could still see.

She was taken to the Medical Bureau and examined by several doctors - among them Dr. Henri Laine, an oculist from Rouen, who wrote: "Examination of the eyes

with the ophthalmoscope showed on both sides a white pearly papilla, devoid of all colour. The diagnosis was forced upon me: here was white atrophy of the optic nerve, of cerebral cause. This, one of the gravest affections, is recognized by all authorities as incurable. But Madame Bire could read the finest print, and her distant vision was just as good." "She had recovered her sight, but the lesions remained. They were to disappear a little later."

Ten doctors made a second examination next day. Same results: the organ still atrophied and lifeless, the sight still clear and perfect. Questions followed thick and fast.

"How *can* you see, Madame, when you have no papillae?" one doctor asked impatiently.

"Listen, gentlemen. I am not familiar with your learned words," Madame Bire replied with spirit.

"I have just one thing to say. For nearly six months I could not see, and now I *can* see. That is enough for me!"

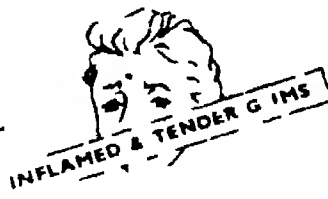
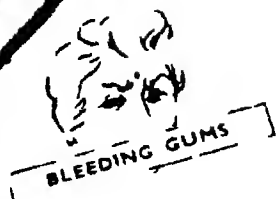
It had to be enough for her questioners also. They acknowledged that the cure appeared complete. The future would tell whether it was permanent.

A month after her return home three eye specialists examined Madame Bire again. The Medical Bureau wished to know whether she was still seeing with "dead eyes." They found that the phenomena had ceased. All traces of papillary atrophy have disappeared," one of



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the examining doctors wrote. "There are no longer lesions. The cure is complete."

That was in the autumn of 1908. When the president of the Medical Bureau, Dr. Auguste Vallet, saw her 20 years later her sight was still excellent. All the doctors who studied the case found her cure "absolutely inexplicable clinically."

OTHER extraordinary cures baffled the doctors during those early years of the shrine. Little Yvonne Aumaitre, daughter of a Nantes doctor, was cured, at the age of two, of double clubfoot, the case being recorded by her father in the Medical Bureau records. Constance Piquet was cured of cancer of the breast—an advanced case pronounced incapable of being operated on by two Parisian doctors. Marie Le Marchand, her face half eaten away by a tubercular skin disease, came out of the *piscine* with only a long red scar to remind her of her former malady. A vivid account of her before and-after appearance is on file in the Medical Bureau.

Such cases gave pause to even the most antagonistic doctors, and the attitude of the medical profession as a whole changed considerably. As a British doctor wrote in 1930, "The change is from scepticism and incredulity to an acknowledgment, not necessarily of the supernatural, but that cures do occur at Lourdes which cannot be explained by any known biological laws." A year later

the Society of Medicine and Surgery, of Bordeaux, devoted an entire meeting to Lourdes. The papers read by the various doctors, discussing cases of sudden inexplicable healing, were later printed in Bordeaux's solidly respectable *Fortnightly Gazette of Medical Science*. Obviously medical men no longer dismissed the shrine as merely a resort for charlatans and crackpots.

This interest of the medical profession has continued. In 1953 some 1,500 doctors from all over the world registered at the Lourdes Medical Bureau. Many of them, as is true every year, studied the records and helped to examine the patients. The International Medical Association of Lourdes, organized in 1927, has an enrolment of 5,000 doctors, from 30 countries, who assist in the methodical checking of alleged cures. All this does not mean there is no longer opposition or hostility. There is plenty. "But," as Dr. A. Marchand wrote in *The Facts of Lourdes*, "the time of systematic contempt has passed."

"WHAT IS the most remarkable cure you've witnessed?" I asked one of the doctors at the Bureau, an old-timer who had been coming to Lourdes every year for 20 years.

"It's hard to select," he said. "But—well, there was Madame Augustine Augault—a remarkable case. I lived near her, knew the two surgeons who attended her, and also her parish priest. So I know that her cure was genuine."

This woman had been ill for 12 years with a fibroid tumour of the uterus. It had grown to such enormous proportions that the pressure had caused chronic gastric troubles and vomiting. A heart condition made an operation impossible, and the case had reached an apparently hopeless stage.

As a last resort Madame Augault decided to go to Lourdes. Her family doctor strongly opposed this, telling her that she would never come back alive. But Madame Augault persisted.

She made the journey on a naitress, at the end of her strength and very close to death. Four injections were necessary to help her heart during the trip. A doctor who visited her on the train told the Medical Bureau later that he had been startled by the dimension of her abdomen.

On the first morning at Lourdes she was taken to the baths on a stretcher. During the brief interval of her immersion she felt excruciating pain, but the pressure in her abdomen seemed to disappear. But she was very tired and continued to suffer terribly until she was carried on her stretcher to the Procession at four that afternoon. Then, at the precise moment when the Blessed Sacrament passed by her sufferings vanished, and she was conscious of a rebirth of her energy.

She stayed on her stretcher, however, and said nothing about how she felt. The next day she was again

taken to the *piscine*. The attendants who had bathed her before observed with amazement that her abdomen was entirely flat and apparently normal. Moreover, she was able to walk.

After this bath she was taken to the Medical Bureau and examined by some 30 doctors. The official record states: "On examination, the abdomen was found to be perfectly supple. The skin was pleated like that of a woman who has had a child. The belt which the invalid wore on her arrival at Lourdes is now seven inches too large. The coat, on which the buttonholes show marks of stretching from the distention of the abdomen, has become much too big and now overlaps considerably."

Madame Augault's cure was permanent.

HOW ARE the cures verified? What safeguards are there against fraud? To begin with, every pilgrimage is accompanied by one or more medical men, and no sick person is accepted without a medical certificate from his home doctor stating his past and present condition. When a supposed cure occurs, the pilgrimage doctor reports at once to the Medical Bureau. The doctors there then examine the patient and discuss the case. Did the illness really exist? Is there a cure? If so, can it be explained naturally? Neurotic cases are ruled out completely. No case is accepted unless



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there has been some organic change—the healing of malignant tissue, the restoration of wasted nerves and muscles, the sudden knitting of fractured bones.

If the case appears inconclusive, it is immediately dropped. If it is retained, the patient is kept under observation by a local doctor for at least a year, and complete documentation—including X-rays, laboratory reports, statements from attending physicians and other witnesses—is collected. Then the patient is brought back to Lourdes for another examination by doctors of the most varied backgrounds.

The medical work at Lourdes is run entirely by doctors, never forgetting that Dr. Leuret, until his recent death, the president of the Medical Bureau, told me: "Dr. Leuret was a remarkable person. Legion of Honour, Croix de Guerre, professor of medicine and head of a large clinic in the worst section of Bordeaux."

During my time here, Dr. Leuret continued: "Jews, Moslems, Buddhists, Hindus, Protestants of all sects have been among my colleagues, athletes and unbelievers too. It's the stuff of the cure, by men of such different viewpoints that guarantee our good faith."

After the medical commission at Lourdes decides that a cure is outside the laws of nature, it is sent on to the medical commission in Paris. This commission, composed of 20 distinguished physicians and surgeons, then declares (or decides not

to declare). We find no natural or scientific explanation of this cure. Only when this body has passed a case does it finally go to a canonical commission of the Church for final evaluation as a miracle.

How many have occurred at Lourdes. In nearly a century of the shrine's existence, 51 cases have been pronounced miraculous cures by the Church. This, however, represents the most stringent selection. The Church does not deny the possibility of miracles, let alone complete of which there have been many, but it refuses to authenticate them. Among other stipulations, a canonical commission's requirements for a miraculous cure are:

1. That the malady was grave and not improving under medical treatment.

2. That the cure was instantaneous with no period of convalescence.

3. That the cure was perfect, and that there was no relapse.

A large number of actual cures go without official recognition because of insufficient data. Sometimes, home doctors have kept patients secretly cured. Other doctors refuse to publish or furnish X-ray, drug, or laboratory report. If it's Lourdes, we're not interested, they say. And some of people who are cured do not report it simply because they dislike publicity. Indeed, many people who now enjoy the blessings of being well after years of agony care not at all that their cures are not recognized as miracles.

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They come to Lourdes and give thanks every year just the same

The Medical Bureau at Lourdes has fairly complete records of 1,200 cures which it recognizes as being "inexplicable under scientific and natural laws," but which the Church, for one reason or another, has refused to authenticate as miracles. In addition it has notes and material concerning some 4,000 other cases that are very probably complete and genuine cures. This may seem a small number, in view of the many thousands who come. But ten such cures—or even one—would be equally dumbfounding.

*W*HEN A PATIENT who has been cured returns to Lourdes for examination, one of the visiting doctors is often asked to officiate. An American, Dr. Smiley Blanton, directed the examination of one of the most famous cures—Charles McDonald. Thirty-two doctors at the Bureau studied this remarkable case, and Dr. Blanton later read an account of it before a joint session of the American Psychoanalytic and Psychiatric Associations.

Charles McDonald was brought to Lourdes from Dublin on September 6, 1936, with the Catholic Young Men's Pilgrimage of Ireland. He was then 31 and had been ill since he was 20. His Dublin doctor certified that he had tuberculosis of the spine, nephritis, and tubercular arthritis of the left shoulder. For 15 months he had been completely

bedridden, and had five large draining abscesses. He endured maddening pain, was unable to sit up for more than four minutes at a time, and was pronounced beyond medical aid.

No change in McDonald's condition occurred during his first day at Lourdes. The next day he was bathed again and later carried to a service at the Grotto. It was then that he began to feel the first glow of health.

"It should be remembered," says Dr. Blanton, "that for 15 months the patient had been unable to move his hips or shoulders without severe pain. Now, lying on a stretcher at the Grotto, he experimented by moving his arm slightly. There was no pain. He loosened the brace strap on his shoulder and raised his shoulders from the pillow—still without pain."

The next morning, when the doctors and nurses who had forbidden him to get up were out of the room, he got out of bed and dressed himself without help. That day he was taken to the Grotto in an invalid chair. Afterwards, though he had made not the slightest move without agonizing pain for more than a year, he walked up the steps into the Rosary Church and was able to make a genuflection and kneel at one of the benches.

When he returned to Dublin, McDonald had the supreme pleasure of dispensing with the ambulance which had been so vitally necessary



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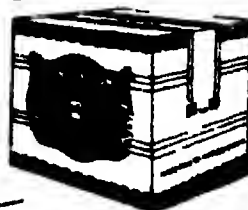
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one short week before. The pilgrimage doctor, Dr. Christopher Hanigan, wrote on August 29, 1937: 'I have seen Mr. McDonald twice since his return. I can declare definitely that there are no traces of his former illness. I am glad to testify to this cure, as when I first saw him I regarded his case as hopeless.'

On September 16, 1937, McDonald returned to Lourdes. Dr. Blanton and 32 other doctors then examined him, found him in excellent health (as he is to this day), and agreed that 'No medical explanation in the present state of science can be given for his cure.'

In his report to his American confreres Dr. Blanton concludes: 'We must lay aside as untenable the accusation that cases such as Charles McDonald's are in any way fixed or the histories doctored. There does appear to be at this shrine a sudden quickening of the healing processes. The percentages of such cures are certainly too great to be laid to coincidence, nor do the details of the cure conform to the law of recovery as we know it. Ever coincidental cures in our hospital do not in the space of two or three days get up and walk without pain after 15 months in bed with continual pain. I believe that something does occur which is on the margin of the laws of nature.'

MANY OBSERVERS think the extraordinary emotional climate of Lourdes responsible for many of the

cures achieved there. For the whole atmosphere of the shrine is one which intensifies faith.

One amazing aspect of Lourdes is the fact that the city has never had an epidemic. Two million travellers and 30,000 sick pass through there every year. Hundreds are given the baths each day, and many people suffering from all manner of diseases are immersed in the same water. Yet apparently no infection ever results.

The Lourdes water is a strange phenomenon. In the early days some canny Lourdes citizens had visions of exploiting the spring and turning the town into a flourishing thermal resort like Aix les Bains or Vichy. They were bitterly disappointed when analysis revealed that the water contained no curative or medicinal properties whatever. It was similar in composition to most water found in mountain areas where the soil is rich in calcium.

However, a bacterial study of the bath water did bring a remarkable discovery. The Medical Bureau came to learn why no infection resulted when one diseased patient after another was bathed in the Lourdes water: took samples from the bath and had them analyzed. The reports showed extreme pollution—streptococcus, staphylococcus, coli bacillus, and all sorts of other germs. Yet astonishingly when guinea pigs were inoculated with this polluted water they remained perfectly healthy. At the same time, two out

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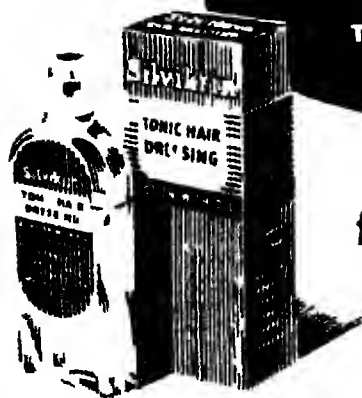
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of three guinea pigs died when inoculated with water from the river Seine containing much the same bacilli.

Hence the shrine's devotees have an extraordinary regard for Lourdes water, as is attested by this dramatic footnote: at the end of the day the stretcher-bearers and nurses often take a glass of water from the baths and drink it as an act of faith.

The service of these voluntary workers is lavish and untiring. Many of them are themselves people who have been cured in former years, and their mere presence—the fact that they are now obviously strong and well—gives tremendous inspiration and hope to the sick.

The *brancardiers*, as the stretcher-bearers are called, come from all walks of life—generals, mechanics, judges, clerks, bankers, civil servants. There are more than 2,000 of them in the permanent association, each pledged to give a certain amount of time each year. They are on duty from dawn until midnight, and sometimes later. Their tasks are heavy, their meals uncertain, their rest slight and often broken by emergency calls, for during the busy season they must care for the sick from as many as 22 trains a day.

Every *brancardier* is given a small handbook of rules, the last of which is: "*He must pray without ceasing.*" The *brancardiers* ask nothing for themselves but the privilege of serving. "In 30 years' service," the president of their order told me

proudly, "I have never once been refused by a brother *brancardier*, or even heard a murmur from him, when I asked him to do one more hard job at the end of the day."

The volunteer nurses, of whom there are likewise about 2,000, enlisted from all social classes, also work indefatigably. They run up and down long flights of stairs, carry bedpans, change foetid dressings, bathe malodorous wounds. They do it cheerfully, joyfully and with constant prayer.

Indeed the devotion, the spirit of dedication and self-giving that permeates the whole place, is a powerful element in the Lourdes atmosphere. Hundreds of people look forward to giving their holiday time to this work, year after year. The girl in the souvenir shop at my hotel comes from England every year and works in the shop during the morning so that she can help at the baths in the afternoon. The girl at Cook's travel agency, who works all day, goes every evening to help at the Grotto until midnight.

All these people find the utmost happiness in such service. As one stretcher-bearer said, "These few days at Lourdes each August fix me up for the whole year. I *live* for 12 months on what I get here in just this one week!"

☞ EARLY each morning you meet them swinging along the Esplanade on their way to Mass—the leather-harnessed *brancardiers* carrying the

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stretcher cases pushing the tragic little carriages. Among the '*grands malades*'—the very ill—are sights to wring the heart: a girl with beautiful classic features peering out from the plaster cast imprisoning her from head to foot; a priest, white and shrunk, in the last stages of tuberculosis; a woman in a black veil, trying to conceal a face covered with flaming red sores; an old man hobbling along on twisted stumps. But as they pass, you see their lips moving in prayer; you hear the nurses and *brancardiers* softly humming *Ave Maria*.

Once the patients are back from Mass, the trick to the baths begins. Volunteer nurses bathe the patient one by one, lotioning those too ill to be immersed, but carefully removing all bandage, so that the water makes direct contact. All through the morning, and from two till four in the afternoon, the lines of stretchers and little carriages go to and from the pool. Behind the sick stands a tightly packed mass of friends and relatives, all praying earnestly. The prayer is nothing but a continually going up, with one voice, constitute a direct offering of love whose rhythms get to the blood. One would say that the need of love not to be moved by it.

At four o'clock the bell peals and the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament forms at the Grotto. The loudspeakers open up, and a great hymn rolls out, the huge crowd joining in unison. The procession then makes

its long and impressive way along the Esplanade, each pilgrimage under its own banner. In the square the sick are lined up in two long rows, and as the Blessed Sacrament approaches, the ardour of their prayer mounts. Then the officiating bishop, robed in white and gold, leaves the shelter of his golden canopy, carrying the monstrance. The sick raise their terrible faces for the blessing; the great crowd falls to its knees, and the Host is raised above each one. This is the moment when a sick one sometimes rises and, pale but triumphant, follows the procession, with calm, victorious tread up the steps into church.

Every evening at eight o'clock, when the torchlight procession begins, the Domine becomes a blazing field of light. Everyone carries a paper-shaded candle to the Grotto, where the various pilgrimages gather under their illuminated sign. The tiny candle flames form larger and larger blocks of light until they become a huge wheel of fire about the Grotto. Then the procession starts out through the enveloping darkness. The enormous carpet of fire that winds down the path, there is a great burst of singing under the stars. It is the Song of Bernadette.

Ave Ave Maria. The procession continues round the great horseshoe ramp, down one side of the Esplanade and up the other. The doors of the Hospital of Our Lady of Lourdes, on the Esplanade, are opened, and from the rows of beds



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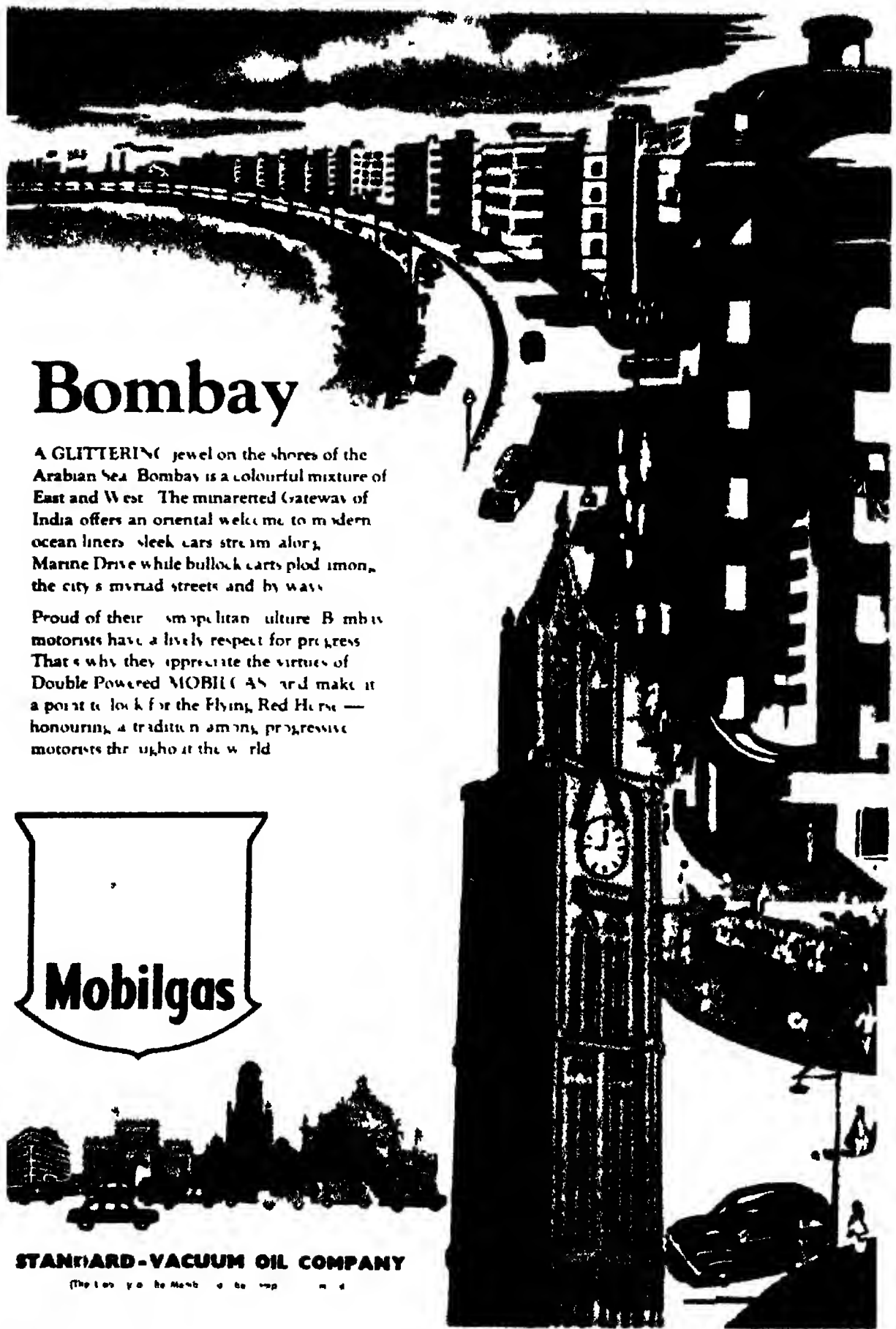
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the sick join in the song, each in his own tongue.

For two hours the marching and singing continues, and then the marchers mass in the square before the Rosary Church. At a signal from the bishop all singing stops. Then, declaring their belief in God, in Latin, the universal language of the Roman Catholic Church, all burst forth into the majestic chanting of the Credo. It is an experience no one who shares it will forget.

THUS, even on a normal day, Lourdes is a tremendously exhilarating and inspiring place. When a possible miracle occurs, it becomes electrifying. I saw it happen.

One afternoon I sat on the terrace of the Café Royale, directly opposite the entrance to the Domaine. Everybody falls in there at the end of a hard day. The *brancardiers* unharness. The directors of the pilgrimages lean back in their chairs and relax over coffee and little cakes. Some of the old priests enjoy a joke and a cigar with the younger men and perhaps a thimble of cognac in their coffee.

The Hospital of the Sept Douleurs is just a few steps away, and stretcher bearers and invalid carriages go by constantly. Buses swing by, too, bearing crowds of singing pilgrims—the Basques and Italians waving a last good bye to the Dutch and English in the café with whom they have shared their five pilgrimage days. Traffic is terrific, as the

different groups and organizations pour out of the Domaine after the procession.

Suddenly, through all the hubbub and commotion, there is a swirl of figures over at the gateway, and the mighty roll of the Magnificat. All spring to their feet, rush to the pavement, cross themselves excitedly. Something is happening. A cure perhaps—a miracle? Then you see them.

Following the long line of stretchers and carriages returning to the hospital comes a jubilant little procession—a group of *brancardiers* forming a guard of honour for a radiant young girl who walks as if on air. She is one of the Dutch pilgrims she had been carried down to the Grotto that afternoon on a stretcher after four years in bed with a tubercular spine. She is returning on her own two feet singing and praising God.

Everybody joins in the singing. The Dutch and Spanish women hug each other. The little boys throw their caps in the air and cheer.

Was it a miracle really? I can't tell. But that girl's eyes—!

I recognized one of the unbelieving French doctors standing at the curb quite near me. Well, what did you think of it? I asked casually.

It was— He suddenly turned and fled into a shop, handkerchief held up to his face. I didn't realize until afterwards that he was weeping. Never again did he have anything derisive to say about miracles.

At dinner everybody talks about it. The Dutch are staying at our hotel, and one of their nurses tells the wonderful story over and over again. She is impatient because the pilgrimage doctor still hesitates to admit a miracle. He wants to wait and see. "But it's true!" the nurse insists. "I saw it with my own eyes! Four of us had to carry the girl to the bath. And after we had plunged her in, stiff as a board. I saw her arms and legs *bend*. And I saw her sit down on the edge of the bath and help us put her clothes on again!"

"She left her cast and brace at the Grotto" another ventures joyfully "The other patients are enraptured. They had all been praying for this girl day and night. She was the worst of our cases."

She is right. There is a rather enviable nor disappointing room for the ambulant patient who have been denied the room here. All round the big day room there are free alight, she says, yes, a number of small of children that their parents good fortune. It is no then to cherish and protect the joy in the face of the patient that is to transcend the patient.

One might think that this would require that people accept an unmitigated tragedy. In fact they seem to find it harder to lose hope and a new strength with which to bear their burdens. Some patients, of course, do return home disappointed and rebellious, and still passionately longing for the cure that

was denied them. But they are rare.

They come to Lourdes weary and worn with pain, hardly able to make the dreadful journey, resenting their sickness and wondering why God has thus afflicted them—a burden to themselves and to those who bring them. At Lourdes station the humblest of them, the despairing and the lost, are warmly welcomed, gently transported, tenderly looked after. In their quarters they are surrounded with all that lavish care, love and devotion can give. At the shrine they find themselves in company with hundreds of other sick—many worse off than they—and the transformation begins. They start to think about their neighbour in the next bed or in the next little carriage. They pray for him and soon begin to long, above everything else, for *his* cure.

In sure *they forget themselves*.
They soon become absorbed in love
of God and love for fellow man, the
two potent solvent for all human
ill. Jesus taught

Time after time I have been told at London by doctors—nurses—*convalescents*, even by the man who sweeps the path—The sick—Oh Machine—they've forgotten about the recovery—All they care about is that the man in the next row shall get well—Don't bother about me

that fellow over there needs you more ' 'Never mind, nurse, I can wait ' 'I look after this poor lady in the next carriage she really needs attention.' ' '



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Naturally the pain comes back again, but it hasn't the same hold. Their minds are not centred on it any longer. And when the time comes to go home, though they haven't been physically cured, though they know what hardships and suffering yet another pilgrimage will mean, their one cry is: 'If only I can come back next year! If only I can come again to Lourdes!'

DURING MY study of this shrine which occupied more than a year I looked up several famous cases who had been cured—or *miracles*, as they are called. Perhaps the most astonishing of them was Guy Leydet whose restoration from hopeless idiocy first drew my attention to Lourdes.

Today Guy Leydet is a tall, nice-looking lad of 14. When I visited his home in St. Etienne where his father is a professor in a local business college I found him happily running off with his friends to play football. His mother, a charming and very pretty woman, was proud of his standing in his classes and said he hoped soon to go to England as an exchange student.

But less than ten years ago he had the brain of an idiot. And doctors had pronounced the dread word: 'Incurable.'

Guy Leydet was a normal child till the age of five. Then he was stricken with acute meningo-encephalitis—a brain disease that can destroy the nervous system. It paralyzed

both his arms and legs, caused frequent convulsions and epileptic fits, and, worst of all, finally brought about complete idiocy. The child could no longer even recognize his parents and could utter only guttural sounds. This condition lasted for two years and the parents all but ruined themselves financially in fruitless efforts to find a cure.

Finally they went to Lourdes. At the *piscine*, compassionate nurses dipped the rigid little boy into the water. His mother, fearing another convulsion, stood near anxiously, and they handed him back to her.

Then suddenly it happened.

Guy Leydet opened his eyes, reached his arms towards his mother and in a clear, childish voice cried: 'Mama!' He then began to count his fingers, naming them over as French children do. And he moved his limbs perfectly.

Back home the Leydets called in their doctor who gazed in stupefaction at his former patient. He admitted that he could not understand it at all. 'Well—try to re-educate the boy,' he said, still incredulous.

It was easy. The child's mind rapidly reawakened and he soon learned to read and write as well as play vigorously like other children. On September 26, 1947—one year after his cure—he was examined by 40 doctors at the Medical Bureau. Dr. Robert Dailly, a child specialist of Paris, tested his mental development for two hours. Then he announced: "This child is normal."

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The case provoked long and heated discussion at the Medical Bureau, for the cure of such a condition — of postencephalitic idiocy — was unprecedented. One major question tantalized the doctors. As one of them bluntly put it: 'With what brain does this child think? What brain was he using when he stood up and suddenly called to his mother? Was it a new brain or the partially destroyed idiot's brain he had a moment before?'

Whatever the answer, it was contrary to all natural laws, and in the end the 40 doctors unanimously declared that the child had been supernaturally cured. The case was never pronounced a miracle because the doctors who attended the boy before his visit to Lourdes have absolutely refused to submit any records or certificates.

ANOTHER famous case I visited was Fernand Legrand. He had come to Lourdes as a *grand malade* more than 20 years ago as one of the *brancardiers*; there still remember him vividly. The porters and I ever helped to carry him to Lourdes.

I went to see Legrand at his home in Gisors, a small town near Paris. He is a cheerful, friendly, middle-aged man with a mole on his nose behind his mole-topped cap. We sat by the fire in the cheerful little sitting room, and I studied his fine face. He is a man of 50 with the face of an Emerson, the hands of a shoemaker. While customers dropped in every few minutes to claim a pair of

boots, Legrand told me his story.

When he was a husky young fellow of 26 he met with a hunting accident, and the lower part of his left leg had to be amputated. He recovered from the operation, but a year later severe pains began in that leg, followed by numbness which gradually spread all over his body.

All the classic treatments were tried, but Legrand only grew worse. His legs became gangrenous and greatly swollen, the rest of his body as thin as a skeleton. He suffered tortures, and finally his fiancée persuaded him to go to Lourdes.

It took six men to get him from the car into the pilgrimage train, for Legrand could make no movement of any kind. Each effort, each disturbance of the bedclothes even gave him excruciating pain. The journey was a horror.

His own physician, Dr. Edouard Decrotte of Vernon, accompanied him, and described the case with such concern at Lourdes that the Medical Bureau appointed Dr. Marc Clement of Hyeres to examine Legrand. Together Dr. Clement and Dr. Decrotte went to the hospital where they found that Legrand had just returned from his first bath.

Dr. Clement took the right leg out of its cast and bandages. 'Look here,' he said to Dr. Decrotte, 'you told me he had a swollen leg. This one isn't swollen, and it is dry.'

'Impossible!' said Dr. Decrotte. Then, as he looked, he gave a quick exclamation. 'But— since when?'



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"Since my bath," said the patient "When they dipped me in the water I felt a moment of agonizing pain, as though my arms and legs were being broken to pieces. Then a heavenly warmth spread through my body, my legs could bend, and I no longer had any pain."

Legrand's recovery was complete. He has since returned to Lourdes nearly every year as a *brancardier*.

"Doesn't your artificial leg make it difficult for you?" I asked.

"Difficult!" he laughed. "Madame, you should see me. Since my cure I can run like a rabbit, wooden leg and all. None of the *brancardiers* with real legs can get ahead of me!"

ONE EVENING I had dinner with Jeanne Iretel, one of the most famous of recent Lourdes cures. When I met her at the doors of the Sept Douleurs Hospital, she had been on duty there since six o'clock that morning. Yet as she came swinging along in her nurse's uniform, a slim girl with big dark eyes, she was fresh, smiling, and unfatigued. As she sat opposite me in the hotel restaurant a few minutes later laughing and chatting over the meal, it was hard to imagine how desperate was her plight five years ago. But her case history, one of the most completely documented at Lourdes, contains detailed hospital reports, laboratory analyses, X-ray records, etc., to prove it.

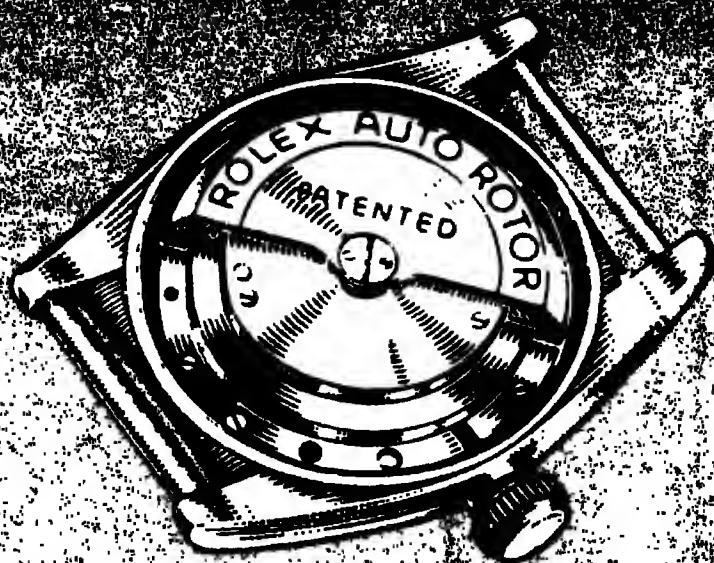
Jeanne was born in 1914 in the

town of Sougéal, near Rennes. She came of simple people. She had her way to make. She was a waitress, student nurse, mother's help. From childhood on, her health was precarious. In January, 1938, when she was 24, she was operated on for appendicitis. This proved to be the first of 13 operations, for she developed tubercular peritonitis. Her abdomen gradually increased in size, became hard and intensely painful. Nothing helped, and her condition continued to grow worse.

She was put aboard the train of the Rosary Pilgrimage unconscious, and arrived at Lourdes on Tuesday, October 5, 1948. No improvement occurred during the first three days there. On Friday morning she was carried dying to the Mass for the Sick. The priest hesitated to give her communion because of her constant vomiting and extreme weakness. But her stretcher bearer insisted, and she was given a bit of the consecrated wafer.

It was then, said Jeanne Iretel, that suddenly I felt well and became aware for the first time that I was at Lourdes. They asked me how I felt. I said I felt very well. My abdomen was still hard and swollen, but I was not suffering at all.

After Mass they took me to the Grotto on my stretcher. After some minutes there I had a sensation as if someone took me under the arms to help me sit up. I found myself in a sitting position. I looked round to see who had helped me, but could



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see no one. Then I had the feeling that the same hands that had helped me to sit up now took my hands and put them on my abdomen. I perceived that it had become normal. And then I was seized with an extraordinary hunger."

The journey home was accomplished without fatigue, although she was on her feet in the train much of the time, tending the other patients. When her own doctor, Dr. Alphonse Pellé, saw her he was speechless and left the room, overcome. When he came back a few minutes later, the tears were running down his cheeks. He then gave Jeanne the most rigorous examination, but could hardly believe his findings.

An interesting sidelight is the fact that Dr. Pellé was an agnostic and unbeliever—"hostile" to religion, the Medical Bureau report says. But it was his precise records and certificates that established the case as a miraculous cure. "I have been a terrible blow to Dr. Pelle's scientific self-respect," Jeanne said.

Jeanne is in perfect health now, and the long hours of her work as a practising nurse do not affect her at all. The life of a *miraculée* isn't easy, however. Her correspondence is tremendous. Letters come from all over the world—from doctors, from sick people, from unbelievers wanting to be reassured. If she sends typewritten replies, people are not satisfied. The letters must be in her own hand, and after her day's work she

frequently stays up writing them.

ALL THE *miraculés* I know about—and I have talked with many of them—have certain characteristics in common.

First, they are simple people, the poor and the humble. Not one came from a wealthy or impressive family. "The Blessed Virgin does not interest herself much in the rich," they say at Lourdes.

Second, they seem to be immune to illness after their cure. They don't get ill at all, even with common colds or digestive troubles. They are in excellent health at all times.

Finally, they have a poise, an inner dignity, that comes from the desire to be worthy of the great thing they have experienced. They are completely unassuming, and have no wish to exploit the publicity which surrounds them. They just want to give, in gratitude for what has been done for them.

Whatever one may consider is the real source of their cure, there is no slightest doubt that a transcendental influence has laid its hand upon these people and blessed them—not merely with a physical cure but with enduring serenity, peace and deep joy.

But now come the crucial questions: What is the origin, the cause of all these cures? How do you explain them? If they are not miracles—that is, produced by some supernatural power—what are they?

The answer of the sceptics, both

lay and medical, is a flat, "I don't believe it! It's too fantastic."

When I was a young reporter in Asia, people in remote Indian and Chinese villages did not believe in the New York skyline either. Nothing I could say would change their conviction that it was 'only a picture.' They had never seen such a place. *It was something outside their experience.* Therefore it could not be

"Before you enter into a discussion about Lourdes with anybody," says Dr. Blanton, "it will save time and much useless argument if you find out first if the person you are talking to was ever there. After the rationalist physician has actually seen a cure his scientific cocksureness is severely shaken. He no longer avoids the word 'miracle.' Instead he uses it freely.

He does not, however, necessarily concede that the miracles have a supernatural origin. One of the favourite explanations of Lourdes cures by rationalist doctors is that they are produced by "unknown natural forces"—unknown today but whose laws may be uncovered tomorrow.

Most of the doctors at the Medical Bureau discount this theory. They point out that the action of the forces of nature is always uniform and unchanging. The law of gravity, for example, works in exactly the same way for everybody. If "unknown natural forces" were responsible for Lourdes cures, they would have to

act the same for all people under similar conditions. But the exact opposite is true. The "unknown forces" act neither constantly nor uniformly. They act today, but not tomorrow for some people, but not for others. One of the baffling things about Lourdes cures is their extreme variability and unpredictability.

What, then, is the cause of the miracles? Many ascribe it to *prayer*.

When the great scientist, Charles Steinmetz, of General Electric, was asked by his colleagues what was the most important line of research for them to follow next, he answered without a moment's hesitation: "Prayer. Find out about prayer!" Alexis Carrel has stated his conviction that "the power of prayer is the greatest power in the world."

Writing about the miracles, Carrel says that "No scientific hypothesis up to the present accounts for the phenomena, but the only condition indispensable for its occurrence is prayer. The patient does not need himself to pray or to have any religious faith but someone around him must be in a state of prayer."

Dr. Vallet, former president of the Medical Bureau, does not believe that prayer in itself is capable of releasing the process of healing. Summing it up, he says that prayer is necessary, *but it is also necessary that God agrees to it.* These cures are not the result of accident but of an all-powerful Will which *hears this prayer* and Whom nothing resists, neither sickness—nor death."



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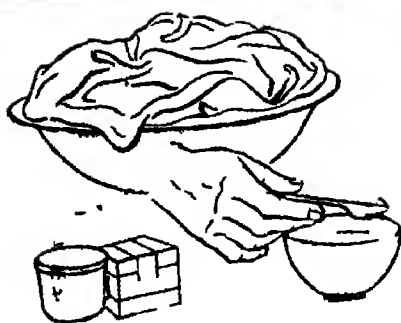
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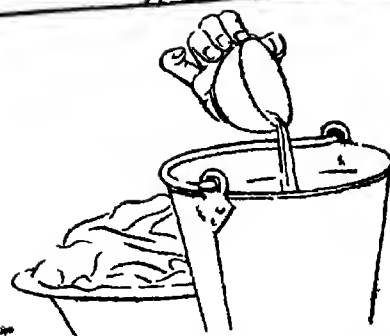
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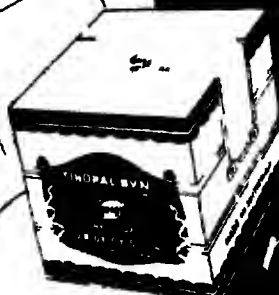
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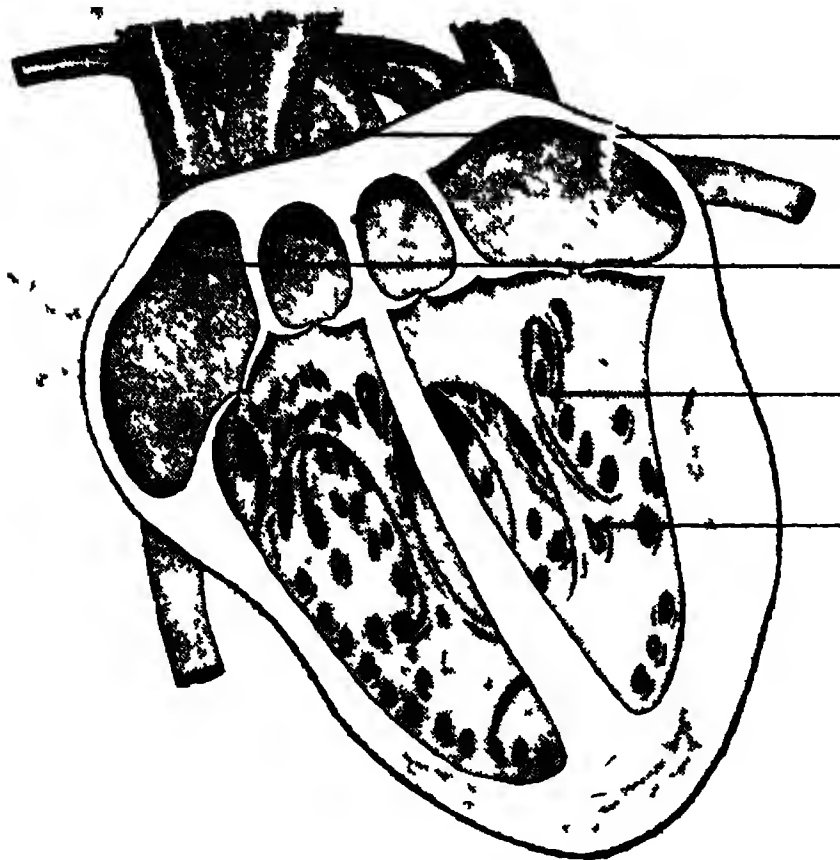
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**HARDENING OF
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**RHEUMATIC
FEVER—**
harms heart muscles
and valves

**HIGH BLOOD
PRESSURE—**
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the heart

Doctors find 95%
of heart afflictions
are related to these
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Progress in treatment of heart disease—number one medical problem in many countries today—is aided by new drugs and surgical techniques

Keeping people well is all the world's challenge

Doctors and scientists everywhere are meeting this challenge with new drugs, new treatments that are helping you to longer, happier, healthier living

No other span of medical history has been so packed with important results as our own time

Today, if a member of your family has heart trouble, his ailment can be more accurately identified and treated. For example, the electrocardiograph,

invented by Willem Einthoven of Holland in 1903, helps doctors diagnose coronary thrombosis—now successfully treated with drugs to prevent formation of new clots, extension of old clots in the arteries.

If high blood pressure—a major contributor to heart disease fatalities—threatens someone in your family, it may now be controlled with a centuries-old drug from India, *rauwolfia serpentina*, which doctors use to lower blood pressure gradually, consistently.

And remarkable heart surgery—aided by new techniques, drugs, anesthetics—has become a *daily* occurrence. The newly developed mechanical heart (which takes over the body's blood pumping during a heart operation) makes possible surgical heart "repairs" once considered *impossible*.

Reassuring, too, is the success doctors now have with the more common serious diseases that can strike children and adults in our families so swiftly and insidiously—pneumonia, scarlet fever, blood poisoning, infantile diarrhea, dysentery, childbed fever. For with powerful new infection-fighting antibiotics—

some only 2 years old—your doctor can treat these diseases effectively. Endocarditis (an infection of the heart valves) was once almost 100% fatal. *Today, the antibiotic penicillin, helps doctors cure 85% of endocarditis victims.*

Another weapon, yellow fever vaccine, can now be used to rout this deadly mosquito-borne disease—still a menace in many areas of the world. Other present-day inoculations can also help you guard your family against killers like diphtheria, whooping cough, smallpox.

And today, *if your child has diabetes*, he can grow up to lead a *normal* life—thanks to the discovery of *insulin* in 1921 by two Canadians, Sir Frederick Banting and Dr. Charles H. Best. For now, millions of diabetics are living long, active lives by co-operating with their doctors, following instructions about insulin dosage, diet, exercise.

You can help better your own health by having regular medical check-ups at your doctor's office or your public health clinic. Together—doctor and patient can feel confident of clearing up ills like diphtheria, scarlet fever, pneumonia—greatly feared a generation ago.

In research laboratories all over the world, each year—each day—brings new medical discoveries, new hope.

For instance, researchers studying angina pectoris are now using *radio-active carbon* as a tag to trace the activities of cholesterol, a fatty substance that may be one of the causes of this grave heart condition.

And an aid to research—the *electron microscope* which can enlarge germs 350,000 times life size—now makes possible the study of infinitely minute germs too tiny to be seen under ordinary microscopes. Just three years ago, this electronic "eye" gave scientists their *first* view of the deadly poliomyelitis virus—a medical milestone for today's researchers.

A significant part in all important health advances taking place in the world is played by national and international health agencies, universities and foundations. Working with them are pharmaceutical laboratories like the House of Squibb who do their share by developing new drugs, and providing doctors everywhere with medicinals of uniform quality, in adequate quantities, at low cost.



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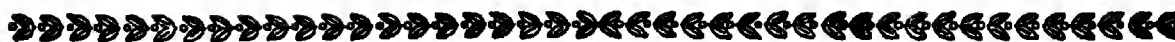
In the city of Hyderabad stands the Char Minar or the Four Towers—a triumphal archway built in 1591. Erected to provide a fitting environment to royal pomp and pageantry the Char Minar is a square building with four spreading archways and 186 ft high minar or turret at each corner. Though many other Islamic

edifices were erected in the Deccan after the Char Minar none attained its elegance, its strength its dignity and its graceful architectural inventiveness.

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FRESH and GOOD



The startling facts about "the most
monstrous fraud in Latin-American history"

What Peron Cost Argentina

By Michael Scully

*I am a man with a Cause—the
People . . . those who work.*

Juan Peron to the Argentine Congress May 1 1954

OCTOBER 17, 1955, was Disillusionment Day in Buenos Aires. Juan Peron, the gambler, had played his last card, capitulated to a rebellious army and navy and fled to refuge in Paraguay. His cause, if he had one, was lost, but he still had his life. His destiny, while rudely altered, was undetermined, but stolen fortunes hidden abroad assured his comfort.

Now 40,000 Argentines a day began filing through the huge presidential mansion, Palermo, invited by the new government to see how modern Latin America's most amazing dictator had lived.

On exhibition were the carefully authenticated personal properties of Peron and his late wife, Eva, who had called herself "the sister of the shirtless ones." Room after room held cases of gleaming jewels, costly sculptures and paintings, including invaluable old masters, and perhaps the world's finest collection of carved ivory. A golden telephone never rang; instead, a golden nightingale beside it warbled sweetly. On a great globe of burnished gold the continents were outlined in tiny jewels; the capitals were marked by magnificent gems.

Eva's dressing rooms were a film starlet's dream, with fur coats for all occasions and long racks of gowns flown from Paris at \$40,000 a year.

Juan's wardrobe held 400 suits, 200 pairs of shoes and other items in proportion. On the walls were big new photographs of four country places and city hide-outs picked up by Peron during his presidency. (The most recent was a two storey bachelor apartment with swimming pool, on top of an eight storey building which in his lonely widowhood he was converting into a club for teen age girls.) In the drive stood 16 shining cars ranging from Rolls Royces to sports models. The whole of Peron's traceable estate was appraised at 20 million dollars.

Humble people who had clung to their faith in Peron's buoyant smile and glowing promise left Palermo with wrinkled brows. True, the smiling man had raised wages again and again but prices had soared higher still—the People ate less now a days. The president's salary meanwhile had remained 8 000 pesos a month (\$1 600 when he took office in 1946, now \$51) yet he had amassed a sybarite's luxury. Clearly someone had been duped and it looked like the common people—those who worked. A dazed bus driver retorted succinctly: *Que bruto soy!* 'What a dumb cluck I am!'

Early figures on enormous treasury losses under Peron had no such impact on the public mind. These gathered for Raul Prebisch, United Nations expert on loan to survey the economic chaos, showed that the government had been mulcted of 3,000 million dollars by exchange

manipulations, illegal use of import permits, favour payments on contracts, and diversion of funds to political labour and pseudo benevolent organizations. In addition the nation's foreign trade debt was about 1 000 million dollars.

Such sums were too vast and the economic capers too complex for comprehension. But the people could see Palermo. They could see the luxurious suburban estate of a labour leader cabinet minister. They could see the wealth of a former army officer who in five years rose to be a provincial governor. Besides a dozen such exhibits they could read the truth in the now uncensored Press. In screaming type with photographic proof they found the long whispered stories of the parade of millionaires created at their expense by the man whose cause was the People.

The mounting, nearly incredible evidence is that the Argentine people—from wage earners to land barons—have been subjected to the most monstrous fraud in Latin American history—and only a part of its cost can be expressed in money.

Juan Peron was a daring gambler but he took no personal risks. He began with nothing and was ahead when he quit. What he gambled was Argentina's brightest opportunity to become a great nation, its cultural wealth, political prestige, moral fibre and national pride. His people will need years of hard work and dedicated leadership to recover

Argentina is a land endowed for greatness. It is five times the size of France and much of it, the fabulous *pampas*, is the world's richest source of meat and grains. Its mineral resources surpass those of many prosperous lands. It has 18 million vital, capable people—Spanish in origin, but thoroughly mixed now with Italians, Germans, Britons and other Europeans—and it can support 50 million. Normally, its health, literacy and income levels are higher than those in most of Europe. And it has sturdy democratic traditions dating back nearly a century.

How did such a nation fall victim to one man's avarice?

The answer is in circumstances, beginning with Peron's. As a young Argentine army officer, he had been an observer with both Hitler's and Mussolini's forces early in the Second World War, and had returned a believer in inevitable Axis victory and in the world triumph of the totalitarian state. He found Argentina awash with prosperity. Its wartime food exports brought enormous profits, private fortunes multiplied, and by the war's end it was to have some 2,000 million dollars in reserves and foreign credits. Moreover, its postwar prospect, as food merchant to a hungry Europe, was equally bright.

But there was discontent under the golden surface. Too little inflowing wealth filtered down to workers on the great *estancias*, or ranches, while in the booming cities weak

labour unions were unable to get justice in wages. The disregarded mass offered a potent weapon to the man who could forge it.

Political circumstances were also ripe. In 1943 Vice-President Ramon Castillo, to whom ailing President Ortiz had delegated power, was deposed by an army coup. Behind the coup was a secret military junta—whose most forceful member was Colonel Juan Peron.

Peron at first seemed a minor figure. But the job he picked, as secretary of labour, was the clue to his plans. With an almost inarticulate general (Farrell) in the presidency, he rapidly built a captive following that would make him dictator-by-ballot. He gave the workers social security, paid holidays and sick benefits and began a 675-million-peso low-rent housing programme. He called employers and unions to arbitrate with himself as arbiter, and wages jumped spectacularly. Flying over the country, he helped workers to organize, and announced every labour victory in person while cameras flashed and thousands cheered.

The weak General Federation of Labour had only 330,000 members before the coup, but with government support Peron quickly built it into an irresistible force of five million whose leaders he picked and, indirectly, paid. This captive legion saved Peron's political neck in October, 1945, when other members of the junta, to halt the growing labour

threat to their own power, prepared to unseat Farrell unless Peron resigned his posts. The timorous Farrell induced him to do so, but only after Peron had broadcast a decree giving all workers a year-end bonus of a month's pay.

For a week Peron submitted to "precautionary arrest" while two able assistants mounted a dramatic counter-attack. One was his mistress, an enamelled young blonde named Eva Duarte, a mediocre actress, but feverishly ambitious and vital. The other, Cipriano Reyes, led the meat-packers' union, Argentina's toughest. Early on October 17 columns of meat-packers were deployed through Buenos Aires, looking recklessly ominous in blood-and-sweat-stained working clothes, some bare to the waist. Their rumbling chant, "*Peron! Peron! Peron!*" drew hordes of other workers, and by noon a human sea singing round the government palace broke the army opposition. Peron returned in triumph.

Eva Duarte was doubly triumphant. She married Peron four days later, and her deft staging of the meat-packers' march produced the key word of his demagoguery. The Press disdainfully referred to the bare-chested marchers as *descamisados*, literally "shirtless men." The Perons made the word a flaming torch to ignite a decade of class warfare: all wage-workers (who became symbolically *descamisados*) versus all employers.

When Peron launched a presidential campaign, Farrell prohibited all political—but not labour—activity until Peron's machine was in high gear. Opposition meetings were harried by police or broken up by squads of hired thugs. Under the circumstances, it was a tribute to Argentina's democratic spirit that Peron won only 55 per cent of the votes.

Peron's chief assets were a commanding presence, a winning smile when he chose to use it, an ego that rivalled his enormous energy, and the shrewd mass-level political instinct of his wife. "Evita" had clawed her way up from illegitimate birth at the slum level. To the worker and his wife she was the girl next door turned Cinderella. She knew every prejudice, dream and emotion of the crowd, and how to utilize them.

But in one fatal respect the Perons were weak. Neither understood the rudiments of economics. Bedazzled by that bulging treasury and the wealth that flowed in from postwar exports, they took off on a spending spree that made bankruptcy inevitable.

First, labour, their major prop, had to be kept happy. Wages rose, hours were cut, strikes on any pretext received government blessing, a list of new holidays was decreed. Vaulting wages and lowered production set off an inflation that wiped out the worker's gains as fast as he received them.

Concurrently, Peron opened other costly leaks in the economy. His rise to power on labour's shoulders had embittered potent army men, whom he now tried to mollify with money, promotions and pride in military might. Argentina had not been at war since 1870 and faced no prospect of attack, but between 1943 and 1948 its army more than doubled in size. From 25 to 40 per cent of the national budget went into military spending each year. The officer corps was trebled, and wholesale promotions were made. Salaries soared until Argentines from captains to lieutenant-generals, were the highest-paid army men in the world.

In Italy Peron had seen that the quickest way to ensure loud and loyal support was to load the public payroll with disciplined demonstrators. In 1943 Argentina had 150,000 central government employees. By 1950 its bureaucracy bulged with 650,000.

In 1946 Peron unleashed the government trading monopoly, IAPI, pronounced *Yápy* (initials meaning Argentine Institute for Promotion of Trade). IAPI was at first a ruthlessly effective device for replenishing the treasury. Only IAPI could buy the meat, wheat and other commodities that poured in from the *pampas* for export, and only IAPI could sell. It bought from the great *estancias* of Peron's domestic enemies, "the oligarchs," at prices that barely paid for production, and then it sold to a

half-starved postwar Europe at extortionate profits, often 200 per cent. In 1947, while the USA and Canada suffered drought that cut their food exports, IAPI was a cornucopia pouring a golden flood into every new project Peron's thinkers could devise. It was a colossus on whose decisions every landowner, banker, industrialist and shopkeeper depended. And it became the most lucrative source of graft in modern Latin America.

IAPI's buying agents abroad added up to 20 per cent in personal profits to their purchases. Argentine businessmen paid adroitly disguised fees for the right to import. A conventional scale of illegal commissions on public-works contracts was evolved. The new economic bureaucracy soon spawned an army of officials whose salaries were less than ten per cent of their incomes.

It was all too good to last. By mid-1948 Europe was again producing much of its own food and could buy elsewhere at fair prices. At home, the farmers and cattlemen, unable to make ends meet, let fields lie fallow and herds dwindle. With both supply and demand falling, the golden stream was thinning to a trickle, and a look in the till disclosed that free-style spending had dissipated four fifths of the postwar reserves and credits.

Jolted for the first time by the economic facts of life, Peron set out to reform IAPI and reduce its powers. But he had passed the point of

no return. The inflation he had kindled ate up wages and raised all costs, and he had to disguise the monstrous fact that the people's labour was paying for this marathon of bumbling and corruption. His most amazing feat was that he was able to bamboozle the public for seven more years.

Evita was more than a glamorous helper in this act of mass hypnosis; she was a full partner. She always knew what she wanted and how to get it. She built up a Press, radio and newsreel empire worth millions of dollars in three years.

The government, controlling newsprint imports, could starve a publication by cutting its paper supply. It could paralyze distribution with news-vendors' strikes. It could close any paper publishing items "contrary to the general interest of the nation." The use of such devices soon made most publishers eager to sell at any price.

Evita quickly picked up three Buenos Aires dailies and began to move in on others. Of Buenos Aires' 14 major dailies, ten were under Peron ownership or control by 1951. Then *La Prensa*, once Latin America's finest, was expropriated. Over the country more than 100 papers were killed and Peron's henchmen took over most others.

This wholesale prostitution of Press, radio and newsreels served three ends. It provided enormous incomes for the Perons and their favourites. It blacked out every

opposition opinion. And it covered the country with a flood of propaganda whose major themes were the prosperity and progress of "*el Pueblo*"—the mass of the people—the benevolence of Evita and the omniscience of Peron.

The news combine was only part of the Peron campaign to drug and pervert the mass mind. To discipline public opinion, Peron had to eradicate all independent thought, a process that began early at the source of independent thought, the six universities. On reaching power Peron dismissed every faculty member who had opposed his election. Some 2,000 educators were replaced by men whose prime qualification was allegiance to Peron.

Independent judges were equally dangerous to the thought-control programme. When the supreme court found several of Peron's early decrees illegal, he had his rubber stamp congress impeach it, then filled the vacancies with his followers. A clean sweep of the judiciary followed, and men were installed who understood that the basis of law was no longer the constitution, but the will of Peron.

It was Peron's boast that he built more primary schools than any Argentine ruler. He did build many, but he used the entire school system to deform the child mind as the first step in the process of national brainwashing. School days began with a song glorifying Peron, and a daily session was devoted to his life and

teachings. In eight years a million little Argentines were so conditioned that many of them were unable to differentiate clearly between Peron and God.

It was Peron's own growing confusion on that point that led to his war with the Catholic Church and to his downfall. Both Mussolini and Hitler demonstrated that megalomania is often the fatal occupational disease of the totalitarian dictator. But neither Mussolini nor Hitler carried his self-induced madness to the point of publicly trying to usurp the place of God. Peron did.

By 1951 some elements of labour had begun to see through the mockery of meaningless inflationary wage gains. There was growing disaffection and Peron had to resort to purges of his own union chiefs. In the same year an honourable nucleus of army leaders, sickened by the mounting corruption, staged an ill-timed revolt. Peron purged nine generals and many other officers.

It was at this low point that the deification of Peron began. Evita sounded the keynote. There is only one Peron. He is God for us.

Our saviour in our life. A cabinet minister bracketed Peron with Christ, Mohammed and Buddha as the founder of a great religious doctrine. The government's propaganda machine began sowing pamphlets and speeches with such allusions.

Concurrently, a campaign was launched to canonize Evita. In

October, 1951, she was presented to a Peronista crowd as "Our Lady of Hope," and Peron himself capped the meeting by proclaiming a new holiday, "Saint Evita Day." After Evita's death in 1952, the calculated hysteria mounted. A Peronist spokesman, from the executive balcony, addressed her as "Our Mother who art in Heaven." A film *Evita Immortal* was released, and the magazine *Mundo Peronista* used as its cover a saintly Evita, complete with halo.

In 90 per cent Catholic Argentina the Church-state relationship is a delicate one. While the state supports the Church, it also controls Church property, has the final voice in hierarchic appointments and decisive authority when religious and state interests conflict. Therefore, the Church is bound to co-operate with whoever is in power. It did so with Peron, at first believing that his *descamisado* movement was a sincere campaign on behalf of the underprivileged.

But the calculated profanation that began in 1951 quickly convinced both priests and devout laymen of all social classes that the man must go. A Christian Democratic movement for social political reform was founded by Catholics of Cordoba and spread rapidly over the country. Peron determined to demolish it as he had wrecked all other effective opposition, began arresting priests and prominent laymen for alleged plotting. When these moves

only fanned the flames of opposition, he struck back hysterically, prohibiting religious processions which had been traditional, legalizing divorce and prostitution, and finally demanding complete separation of Church and state.

At last, his long-accumulated enemies—members of the old political parties, students and intellectuals, exploited businessmen and landowners, purged labour leaders, army and navy—had a common rallying ground and an eager, growing public support. They also sensed an advantage in the personal laxness of the dictator since the death of Evita. He had developed a fondness for long holidays with assorted

young women, among them a favourite 16-year-old, and often left decisions to secretaries or deputies.

The first rebellion of last June failed, but it revealed the weakness of Peron's position. The second, gathering strength for three months, put an end to an incredible era in Argentina. The new régime faces a Herculean job, but against the appalling liabilities that Peron left behind him, his successors can count as assets the fecund land, a young race as skilled and vigorous as exists anywhere in the world, and an indomitable national faith in the proposition that Argentina's time of greatness has not been denied, only delayed.



A Fair Price

THE MEN of Buenos Aires are masters of the *piropo*, or pretty compliment, which they pay to any attractive lady they pass in the street. In years past they have been fond of administering a hearty pinch together with the compliment. This latter practice is on the wane, however, for the government decreed that a lady so molested could call a policeman and have the *piropeador* hauled to prison and made to pay a 50-peso fine. This law has given rise to a story which vastly amuses Buenos Aires' foreign colony.

A young schoolteacher from the United States, it seems, had been briefed by her travel agent on what she might expect and how to defend herself. Sure enough, while window-shopping in Calle Florida, she heard an ardent voice cooing Spanish pleasantries in her ear and felt a pinch like the bite of a snapping turtle.

She whirled, face flaming and, in her best school Spanish, said, "Señor! How would you like to pay 50 pesos?"

"Señorita," said the gallant, bowing and offering her his arm. "I would do so with much gusto."

—Harold Martin in *The Saturday Evening Post*

THE MIRACLE OF MUSCLE

By J. D. Ratcliff



EVENTS THAT take place when a dog wags its tail, a baby toddles across the floor or you scratch your nose with your forefinger dwarf in complexity the workings of a hydrogen bomb. All are examples of muscular contraction—so commonplace that we pay it no heed, yet so mysterious that it has baffled the most gifted scientists.

More than half of the human body is muscle—"the most remarkable stuff in nature's curiosity shop," as one scientist has said. From birth to death, muscles play a critical rôle in everything we do. They propel us into the world in the first place—when the womb suddenly empties itself. They provide nearly all our internal heat. They push food along the digestive tract, suck air into lungs, squeeze tears from lachrymal glands. And finis is written for us when the heart muscle,

Muscles are fabulously complex, not yet completely understood by science, and worthy of your thoughtful care

after beating 2,500 million times in a 70-year life span, falters and fails.

We speak of "muscles of iron." Yet the working or contractile element in muscle is a soft jelly. How this jelly contracts to lift 1,000 times its own weight is one of the supreme miracles of the universe. An elaborate series of chemical and electrical events, which would require hours or days to duplicate in the laboratory, occurs almost instantaneously when a muscle contracts—the twitch of an eyelid, for example.

There are three types of muscle in the human body. One is the striated muscle, which looks like a sheaf of hair-sized filaments. These are the

muscles of motion—that propel us when we walk, that lift a forkful of food, that nod our heads. Next come the “smooth” muscles. These control such involuntary actions as the churning of intestines during digestion and the dilatation of the pupil. A third type is found in the heart. In structure, it is midway between the other two. All types of muscle are startlingly efficient machines for converting chemical energy (food) into mechanical energy (work).

Hundreds of books and scientific papers have been written on muscles, but none explains fully the process by which muscles contract *how you wiggle a toe*. It is essential that we understand these puzzles,” says Doctor Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, Nobel Prize winner and director of the Institute for Muscle Research, Woods Hole, Massachusetts. “In one way or another, failure of muscles to contract properly accounts for the vast majority of death—from heart failure, high blood pressure, and other diseases.”

It is riddles such as these that Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi and his co-workers are seeking to solve. Fibre by fibre and molecule by molecule they have taken muscles apart, then fitted them together again, trying to discover the mechanics of muscular action. “At the moment,” Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi says, “we have the picture of this deep and puzzling mystery in merest outline.”

The rough outline suggests that muscle is never thoroughly relaxed.

Because it is partially tensed—something like a taut spring—it is ready for almost instantaneous action when an electrical message from the brain orders it to contract.

Two proteins, Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi has found, are mainly responsible for the contraction—actin and myosin. Alone, neither is contractile. But when an electrical impulse from the brain orders the batting of an eye or the wrinkling of a nose, actin and myosin combine to form actomyosin, which is contractile.

In a sense actomyosin is the muscular ‘engine.’ Its fuel is a remarkable chemical substance—adenosine triphosphate—ATP for short. ATP is a submicroscopic bombshell of energy. Actomyosin fibres contract violently on contact with it. At death, ATP disintegrates rapidly, and muscles become hard, inelastic. This is rigor mortis.

To demonstrate the critical importance of ATP, Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi has stored rabbit muscles, which had been washed free of the chemical, in freezers for periods of up to a year. Taken out, thawed and touched with ATP, the hard, brittle muscles spring to life once again; they show the elasticity they had when they propelled a rabbit in its hopping gait.

Creating ‘living’ tissue in the laboratory has been something of a scientific will-o’-the-wisp. But muscle researchers have come close to it. At Woods Hole, Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi mixed jelly-like actin with jelly-like

myosin. Then, with the aid of a tiny glass nozzle, he spun this material into gossamer filaments. Watching through a microscope, he added a droplet of ATP to the fluid surrounding the filament. There was violent contraction! He had created artificially perhaps the most fundamental of all life processes—muscular contraction. "It was," he says, "the most exciting moment of my life."

Where are such experiments leading? They may open a new frontier of attack on some of mankind's greatest ills. There is no logical reason why the human heart should beat two thousand million times during a lifetime and then suddenly fail. Most nothing is known about the cruel crippling of muscular dystrophy or why muscles in blood-vessel walls should tighten to produce the misery of hypertension or why the uterine muscles of many women become crampily contracted each month to cause painful distress. Once the mechanics of muscular action are thoroughly understood, Dr. Szol Gyorgyi thinks, "we will be at the beginning of a new biology, a new medicine."

Meanwhile, there is a great deal all of us can do to keep our muscles functioning well. First, they must be properly fed. Generally speaking, the average diet includes all the protein needed for muscle repair, and all the carbohydrate required for muscle fuel. But muscles can starve through lack of exercise—witness

hospital patients who eat perfectly balanced meals and get out of bed too weak to walk. Reason: muscles are nourished by thousands of miles of hair-like capillaries, which transport food and carry off wastes. In the sedentary adult, large numbers of these capillaries are collapsed, out of business, nearly all the time. Exercise alone can open them up and provide better muscle nutrition.

A number of studies have shown the beneficial results of exercise on the heart muscles. A study of London busmen, for example, showed that drivers who sat all day, had far more heart trouble (from coronary artery disease) than conductors, who were constantly on the move. Similar checks have shown office workers more prone to heart disease than postmen.

Says Dr. Thomas Cureton, Jr., director of the Physical Fitness Laboratory at the University of Illinois:

"We must recognize that physical fitness isn't something we obtain in a school gymnasium and can then forget. Fitness can be changed at will—for better or for worse. It can be changed for the better at almost any age."

Often muscles become unduly fatigued when required to work too fast. One housewife rushes at her chores and is worn out by noon, while her more leisurely sister accomplishes just as much and finishes the day still fresh. A series of treadmill experiments tells why. In one, subjects were paced at 140 steps a

minute. Gradually speed was increased to 280. At the doubled rate, oxygen requirements of muscles increased eightfold! Supplying such demands is fatiguing in itself. All work and exercise should be paced to get the most out of our muscles.

Like all other body organs and tissues, muscles must have rest. Millions of people sleep the traditional eight hours, then get up exhausted. The most likely explanation: one set of muscles has been cramped, tensed all night—wearing out the rest of the body. The best way to avoid this is to get to *know* your own muscles.

Lie quietly in bed, legs straight, arms at the side. Contract one set of muscles at a time, and consciously relax them. Start with the feet and then work upwards. In a matter of

minutes, relaxation can be achieved—leading to more restful sleep.

Overburdened or weakened muscles sometimes require additional support. This is particularly true of the back muscles, whose chief function is to hold the body erect. Most low-back pain can be traced to weakness of these muscles. Every doctor has his favourite set of exercises to provide new strength. But until exercises are well under way, extra support is sometimes necessary. A kidney belt is useful for this purpose.

It is best, of course, not to wait until muscles are weakened before giving them the care and consideration they deserve. For, to a great degree, we are what our muscles make us, ill or well, vigorous or droopy, alive or dead.



Deft Definitions

Red Light: The place where you catch up with the motorist who passed you at 60 mph a mile back.

—Robert Lewis

Actor: A man with an infinite capacity for taking praise.

—Michael Redgrave, quoted by Lewis Barton, *Considered Trifles* (Weiner Laurie)

Blind date: When you expect to meet a vision and she turns out to be a sight.

—*Southern Pharmaceutical Journal*

Gossip: A person who puts two and two together—whether they are or not.

—Mary McCoy, quoted by Earl Wilson, Hall Syndicate

Television: A medium of entertainment that permits a female singer a wide range—from high C to low V.

—Evan Esar, *The Register and Tribune Syndicate*

Advertising man: Yessir, Nosir, Ulcer.

—Lee Bristol, quoted in *Television Age*

The Best Advice I Ever Had

By Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit

*High Commissioner for India
in the United Kingdom*



THE BEST advice I ever had came from one of the greatest souls the world has ever known—Mahatma Gandhi—on a sunny afternoon about ten years ago.

Most people pass through a period of anguish when their belief in humanity is at a low ebb. I was in such a period. My husband had recently died. My deep sorrow over his loss was followed by the humiliating realization that in the eyes of Indian law I had no individual existence. With other Indian women I had participated for years with men in the national struggle for freedom, working and suffering side by side with them until it had finally been achieved—yet in law we women

Mrs. Pandit, the sister of India's Prime Minister, has been High Commissioner in the United Kingdom since 1954. She was leader of the Indian Delegation to the United Nations in 1946, 1947 and 1948, and President of the United Nations, 1953-54. She has also been India's Ambassador to Moscow (1947-49) and to Washington (1949-51).

were still recognized only through our relationship to men. Now as a widow without a son, I was not entitled to any share of the family property, nor were my three daughters. I resented this galling position. I was bitter towards those members of my family who supported this antiquated law.

At this time I went to pay my respects to Gandhi and say good-bye before leaving for America to take part in the Pacific Relations Conference. After our talk he asked, "Have you made your peace with your relatives?"

I was amazed that he should take sides against me. "I have not quarrelled with anyone," I replied, "but I refuse to have anything to do with those who take advantage of an outworn law to create a difficult and humiliating situation for me."

Gandhi looked out of the window for a moment. Then he turned to me

and smiled and said, "You will go and say good-bye because courtesy and decency demand this. In India, we still attach importance to these things."

"No," I declared, "not even to please you will I go to those who wish to harm me."

"No one can harm you except yourself," he said, still smiling. "I see enough bitterness in your heart to cause you injury unless you check it."

I remained silent, and he continued: "You are going to a new country because you are unhappy and want to escape. Can you escape from yourself? Will you find happiness outside when there is bitterness in your heart? Think it over. Be a little humble. You have lost a loved one—that is sorrow enough. Must you inflict further injury on yourself because you lack courage to cleanse your own heart?"

His words would not leave me. They gave me no peace. After some days of severe struggle with myself, I finally telephoned my brother-in-law. I would like to see him and the family, I said, before leaving.

I hadn't been with them five minutes before I sensed that my visit had brought a feeling of relief to everyone. I told my plans and asked their good wishes before starting on this new stage of my life. The effect on me was miraculous. I felt as if a great burden had been lifted and I was free to be myself.

This small gesture was the begin-

ning of a significant change in me. A year and a half later I was in New York, leader of the Indian Delegation to the United Nations. Important to us was India's complaint regarding the treatment of people of Indian origin in the Union of South Africa. Harsh things were said by both sides. I resented the manner in which my opponents made personal attacks harmful to India's prestige and to mine. I struck back with the same sharp weapons.

Then, after a distressing duel of words, I suddenly thought of Gandhi. Would he approve? To him, means were as important as the end—in the long run, perhaps more important. What if we succeeded in getting our resolution passed by questionable tactics that injured our self-respect?

Before going to bed that night I resolved that, come what might, no word of mine would be lightly used in the U.N. From then on, I lifted the debate back to where it belonged, refusing to retaliate to personal attack or to score a cheap point. Our opponents met us on the new level and from then on we argued the case on its merits.

Before leaving the committee room on the last day, I went up and spoke to the leader of the opposing delegation. "I have come to ask you to forgive me if I have hurt you by any word or action in this debate."

He shook my hand warmly and said, "I have no complaint."

It was good to feel right with him,

but even better to feel right with myself. Once more, Gandhi's advice had saved me from myself.

His words have helped me to retain perspective even in small matters. Many women, I imagine, share with me a recurring nightmare: someone important to you is coming to dine; the guests have arrived, it is time to eat—but there is no dinner. You wake, perspiring, relieved to find it is only a dream.

But recently it really happened to me. My guests of honour, the Prime Minister of Great Britain and Lady Eden, could hardly have been more important to me, High Commissioner for my country in the United Kingdom. I had planned everything meticulously, from the menu to the colour scheme of the flowers and the candles. When the guests had arrived and drinks had been served twice, I signalled the butler to announce dinner. But still we waited. When for the third time drinks came round I excused myself and ran down to the kitchen.

It presented a shocking sight. In one corner stood a frightened little kitchen maid, in another the housekeeper. At the table sat my cook, waving a ladle and singing, beating time with his foot. His eyes were glazed and he was far away in some other sphere. The table was littered

with pieces of uncooked chicken.

My knees felt too weak to support me, but I asked in as normal a voice as I could command: "Why isn't the dinner ready?"

"But it is ready, Madame," my cook chanted. "All ready. Everybody sit down, sit down. . . ."

I was furious. It was on the tip of my tongue to say, "Get out. You're dismissed!" when I thought of the advice that had calmed me so many times. If I lost control, I would only hurt myself.

I pulled myself together. "Let's get something on the table," I said.

Everyone pitched in. The food served wasn't quite what the menu described, but when I told my guests what had happened there was a chorus of surprise. "If this is what your cook gives you when he's drunk," someone exclaimed, "what *must* he provide when he's sober!"

The relief in my laughter must have sounded a little hysterical. My perspective restored, I realized that a dinner party, however important, is not the pivot of existence.

To retain a sense of proportion is as important as being able to keep one's heart free from hatred. For all of us, no matter what our work, the advice that Mahatma Gandhi gave me is meaningful. "No one can harm you except yourself."

*T*HERE ARE two kinds of mothers: those who place a child's posy in a milk bottle on top of the refrigerator, and those who enthrone it in a vase on the piano.

Marcelene Cox in *Ladies' Home Journal*

INSIDE THE H-BOMB PLANT

An exclusive report by the first reporter to be shown the mysterious activities which take place in America's vast and super-secret H-Plant

By Henry Taylor

THE HYDROGEN-BOMB plant is the largest construction achievement in history. The site, larger than Chicago, covers 315 square miles and stretches through three South Carolina counties. The great secret plant runs for 27 miles along the Savannah River. It cost 1,400 million dollars.

There are 280 permanent buildings. Many are as heavily constructed as a battleship. Nearly all are windowless. Some are enormous grey monsters billowing skywards in tier after tier of concrete and steel, shaped unlike anything previously designed by man—and some are actually not populated by a single man, because the process inside is so deadly.

Some have a definite, sober majesty. Others are low and rambling, with annexes and entrances that you enter as if you were coming into the yawning mouth of a giant snake. Still other tremendous buildings consist of row after row of aluminium-coloured tubes, trellises, retorts and tanks, thrown up bare, without

walls, for the fumes from their strange processes would be poisonous if confined by walls and the ventilation problem impossible. In fact, some fumes at this stage are so lethal that they are carried to a tower 400 feet tall, and burned high in the sky—an eerie, even frightening sight at night, the wild flames licking upwards in a blazing whirlpool.

Pumping stations and power stations are everywhere. An incredible quantity of water is needed to cool the atomic reactors, enough to serve a city of two million. In performing its job this water is pushed through 85 miles of underground mains. Little is consumed; it is simply circulated and returned to the Savannah River. Overhead power lines weave among the buildings for some 128 miles. The plant uses as much electricity as a small country.

Every man who enters this place is photographed. Each building is surrounded by its own immense circuit of barbed wire and a secret protection system. There are armed sentries and squads of radio-equipped

INSIDE THE H-BOMB PLANT

patrol cars hovering near every series of barriers. Even the plant's general manager and security chiefs, who guided me throughout, have to stop for full identification at every alarm post and check point. That they had passed through the barrier a few minutes before, and had been identified, made no difference.

How did all this start, in the first place?

The A-bomb first produced by the U.S. had been a success. Nuclear fission, or the splitting of the atom, had been achieved. *The secret of the transmutation of the elements, changing one element to another had been learned.* The result had been an A-bomb so powerful that it had, at Bikini, lifted ten million tons of water to a height of two miles—equivalent to the tonnage of the U.S. wartime fleet. But after the U.S.S.R. exploded their A-bomb in August, 1949, it was decided to attempt the creation of the even more powerful H-bomb.

The known fact that the A-bomb generated temperatures of up to 50 million degrees centigrade led to the successful creation of the H bomb. The sun, which gives off energy in changing hydrogen to helium, burns at some 20 million degrees centigrade. Scientists reasoned that an A-bomb explosion could produce a fusion reaction like that of the sun if the proper materials were at hand. The atomic bomb could thus be used as a trigger for a fusion bomb. That

bomb, in turn, would ignite and fuse or bring together two of the heavier isotopes of hydrogen.

The decision to attempt the H-bomb was made by President Truman on January 31, 1950. But the manufacturing challenge was appalling. The hydrogen bomb would have to contain fusionable products similar to those in the stars, and produce incredibly high temperatures. Savannah River scientists told me that first estimates were that such material would cost a million dollars a pound. It would have to be carried to the target under refrigeration of 400° F. below zero. The bomb itself would weigh at least 130,000 pounds, and so could not be transported by air.

The material now used was conceived later on in the realm of pure science. But it took this 315-square-mile plant to make that product.

In the beginning, technical production difficulties, and the sheer immensity of the factory-construction problem, were so great that no assurance could be given that such a nuclear product could be made. However, E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co. which had built and operated the Hanford, Washington, plutonium unit accepted a U.S. Atomic Energy Commission letter of contract on August 1, 1950, and took on the project, including responsibility for thousands of subcontractors, at a fixed fee of \$1.

When the engineers started looking for sites they started looking for

rivers, because so much water would be needed to cool off the atomic furnaces. But the investigation also dealt with many other factors. In all, some 114 sites were examined. In November, 1950, a joint review committee chose the area south of Aiken on the quiet Savannah River.

Six villages were made into ghost towns—like Ellenton. The name still appears in the Post Office guide, but not a soul remains. Dusty houses cluster the short main street. The wind bangs their doors open and shut on creaking hinges. For these houses stand today in the heart of the secret area. In all, 1,500 families had to be moved and resettled.

Meanwhile, Du Pont's engineering work had started. It wound up as a series of *two million* blueprints. In a roll of paper 24 inches wide they would stretch more than 2,000 miles. The soil excavated would cover the same distance, in the form of a wall ten feet high and six feet wide.

Construction started in February, 1951. The number of workers reached a peak of 38,500 in September, 1952. The average age of the engineering and supervisory group was only 40.

Today there is an operating force of about 8,500 people. All personnel live off the secret site.

A world safety record was established during the building of the plant. Men worked for more than six million exposure hours without a single lost-time injury—a record in the construction industry.

The first output was tested near Eniwetok atoll in the Pacific on November 1, 1952. That bomb was called "Mike." It was too big to be dropped from an aeroplane. It wiped out the island of Elugelab, on which it was exploded, leaving in its place a crater 175 feet deep and a mile wide.

That single bomb had more force than the combined weight of all the bombs dropped on Germany and Japan throughout the Second World War.

In 1954 another H-bomb, by now so developed that it could be airborne, was exploded in the Pacific. It produced several times the force of the first one.

THE FIRST step towards making the H-bomb is the arrival at the plant of polished slugs of uranium. One pound of this material (only the size of a golf ball because of its great weight) has the same potential energy as enough TNT to fill a giant bowl as big as a modern football stadium. The uranium slugs are assembled inside long tubes called fuel rods. The target material this atomic fuel is to bombard is assembled inside similar rods in such a way as to provide a self-sustaining chain reaction. The methods call for applied nuclear science of the highest level and involve, of course, several of the most basic secrets of production.

Roughly speaking, the materials that are to react on one another in

the nuclear furnace, the reactor, are now ready. And here came the next construction challenge. Previous reactors were atomic piles using graphite in the nuclear process. H-bomb materials called for the design of a tank-like reactor on a completely new theory. The tank could be made of aluminium. It would be surrounded by graphite, and then by a concrete shield. But it would have to be filled with "heavy" water.

This fluid is a phenomenon. It looks like plain water, but weighs more. Of the hydrogen atoms in plain water, one in every 6,250 weighs twice as much as the rest. Every time you use 52 gallons of water in everyday living, you use one ounce of "heavy" water. This amounts to one pound in every three tons of water—if you can get it out. The H-bomb plant miraculously "gets it out" by the thousands of tons, whereas only a small quantity existed previously.

In the H-bomb process, neutrons fly out from the uranium at high speeds. They are the "spark" for the powerful nuclear reaction. But they travel 30 million miles per hour; it is necessary to slow them down before they are efficient; otherwise they may by-pass the atomic targets in the other rods that they are supposed to convert. The heavy water is used to slow down the neutrons. They are kept submerged in this strange fluid, which is called the "moderator."

Finding a way to produce vast quantities of heavy water made possible the success of the radically new reactors. These are great, tiered, heavily constructed buildings. There are five of them, all alike, the heart and core of the plant.

There are five reactors instead of one, not because all are necessary to make one H-bomb, but to multiply the output. For it is incorrect to assume that once a suitable "stock-pile" of atomic weapons is built up, it constitutes a true and standing supply. *Atomic bombs deteriorate in storage.* They must be freshened, replenished, "recharged." That is why there is continuous atomic-materials production, and why the output is on a permanent basis.

AN ATOMIC bomb is an *uncontrolled* reaction. A reactor operation is a *controlled* reaction. When loaded rods are put in the reactor, the tremendous potential energy locked up in their atoms must be released gradually. The nuclear operation requires controls so fantastically sensitive that human operation is impossible. The pulse of the reaction must be recorded continuously. Speed in electronic calculators and signal systems is imperative to monitor it and also to set in motion the nuclear corrective measures required to compensate for the slightest changes. The whole operation is controlled by another industrial super-marvel—instrumentation.

The H-plant's instrumentation

has more than 10,000 dials. Some scales weigh invisible specks one billion times smaller than a gramme. Other instruments measure speeds of atomic particles to one thousandth of a millionth of a second. Miraculous pumps whirl faster than the speed of sound. You can see immense doors open and close themselves in perfect unison. Some of the machines weigh 250,000 pounds, yet they must operate with micrometer-like precision. They are, in fact, built by watchmakers.

The fission products, or ashes from the atomic fuel, are intensely deadly, radioactive. To handle them, robots take over. To avoid radioactive fatality, the incredibly difficult operations had to be designed to continue indefinitely without ever stopping for maintenance, and completely without human contact.

Here you see robot hands, remotely directed, so delicate in their touch that they could pluck a hair from your head. You see huge robot derricks and electric trolleys inching their way through tunnels and down tracks under electronic control, as if guided by brains from another world.

Equipment maintenance and other intricate changes are made on signal by means of these weird workmen among the forest of machines. They operate switches as a man might do, repair leaking pipes, transfer faulty machinery, install replacements, and even trigger a

battery of lights if they fumble something.

Technicians scan the operations from outside the vast building through a telescope in the wall. When I asked why the robots needed watching, one scientist replied: "Well, it's lonely in there. We keep our eye on them to see that they don't go over in a corner and sulk."

At intervals, discarded machines or tools, if radioactive, are transported to a burial ground down by the river. There even the trucks that haul them are buried forever.

The atomic end-products emerge separated. The uranium fuel, re-purified, is returned for reprocessing into slugs, to be used again. Some plutonium has been created, useful in the A-bomb. Cobalt has been made radioactive; it will be packaged in the form of wafers, each slightly larger than a shilling, and shipped for use in the medical profession as a substitute for radium. Isotopes are sent to outside laboratories for experiments towards better agriculture, better forestry, better industry, better health. The poisoned material for which no use is yet known is stored underground in batteries of giant sunken tanks, each the size of a ten-storey building, awaiting a day when science will discover some utilization.

And finally comes the material for the H-bomb, now purified and lethal. It is ready to be assembled into the weapons which today guard the peace of the world.

Waging War Against Rabies



By Paul de Kruif

RABIES is a frightful disease—the all-time champion in the realm of torture. When the rabies virus takes hold of a victim's nervous system, he thrashes about, clutching at his throat, trying to ward off shattering spasms of pain. The first drop of water offered to him sets off a throat spasm which prevents any swallowing, and this brings on hydrophobia—morbid fear of water. Then, usually in the middle of a wild convulsion, a sudden paralysis of breathing or heart failure brings the end.

Apart from actual victims of rabies, thousands of people are forced to endure weeks and sometimes months of agonizing anxiety, wondering whether the dogs that bit them were rabid. Fortunately only a minority of people bitten by definitely rabid dogs develop the disease.

It is the uncertainty about rabies that multiplies its horror, makes it a potential nightmare for all of us.

Recent experiences in America show that science has found a way to banish this dread disease

Today, however, a means has been found to deal with this nightmare.

The attack on rabies began some 70 years ago, when Louis Pasteur, greatest of all microbe-hunting geniuses, was struck by the slowness of rabies' onset: it took from 15 days to several months for the sub-visible microbes to crawl up the nerves of human victims and wreck the brain. "We'll cure the disease before it really gets started," was the great Frenchman's brilliant idea.

Ingenuously, he weakened the virus from the spinal cords of rabid rabbits by drying it. Then, after proving the power of the resulting vaccine to guard dogs, he dared to shoot this feeble virus into just-bitten human beings. Day after day

for 21 days he injected stronger virus—dried less and less—into threatened victims, and thus vaccinated them against the fierce dog-bite virus before it could attack the brain.

Such was the famous Pasteur treatment. It saved many who might have died horribly, and yet there was a drawback in its beneficence: the preparation of the stronger and stronger vaccine called for such scientific precision that it couldn't be done by doctors in their dispensaries. When dog-bite victims had to travel from afar to a hospital or laboratory, some arrived too late.

Then about 40 years ago Sir David Semple, in India, discovered a more practical virus vaccine. He killed the rabies virus (by treating it with carbolic acid) without lessening its immunizing powers, then used it in a vaccine that could be given at the same strength throughout a series of injections. Each year 100,000 Indians get this Semple vaccine, and it has cut hydrophobic death in India in half.

But post-dog-bite treatment was obviously not the full answer to rabies. So, in 1945, Doctor H. N. Johnson of America's Rockefeller Foundation began to search for a way to *prevent* the disease. He gave healthy dogs a single shot of the Semple vaccine. When challenged with virulent rabies, 88 per cent of the vaccinated animals proved resistant!

But would the new preventive

stand up under epidemic test? In the spring of 1948 Memphis, Tennessee, had an ugly rabies outbreak. The authorities rounded up stray dogs and attempted to enforce leashing or confinement of pet dogs. Still, newly rabid animals were biting citizens daily.

To Memphis came a doctor of the U.S. Public Health Service, armed only with the one-shot Semple vaccine, never before used on such a large scale. In a tremendous round-up 80 per cent of the dog population of the whole Memphis area was brought to 71 improvised clinics in fire stations and schoolyards. Veterinary surgeons vaccinated 23,000 dogs in only six days.

The dog-rabies curve sloped swiftly downhill. By mid-July the Memphis scare was only a memory. The same intensive vaccination of 80 per cent of dogs, accompanied by rounding up strays and confining pet dogs, quickly wiped out rabies outbreaks in other U.S. cities.

These victories set a question buzzing in the minds of health officials. Since dog rabies can be so simply controlled in cities, why not wipe it out all over the United States?

But the Public Health Service fighters faced obstacles. This one-shot vaccine gave *temporary* protection—not more than a year in many dogs. It would be a silly enterprise to try to vaccinate 22 million dogs in America annually. Besides, this vaccine had been known to cause paralysis in some dogs.

The big step forward in combating rabies occurred this same year, 1948. At Lederle Laboratories of American Cyanamid Company, scientists induced vicious rabies virus to grow in embryos in hens' eggs. Passed from egg to egg before the embryos died (viruses can grow only in living tissue), the tiny rabies microbes multiplied daily *but lost their power to murder.*

The Lederle men gave dogs a shot of this living egg virus. Not only were the dogs unharmed but, three weeks later, each proved immune to a dose of furious rabies virus that killed 21 out of 23 unvaccinated dogs!

Would the living egg vaccine's preventive power be long-lasting? Just recently came an answer. Thirty-two dogs given a single shot

of the living-virus egg vaccine proved 100 per cent immune when challenged 39 months later with virulent rabies.

But mightn't a few of the gentle rabies microbes in the vaccine revert to deadliness? Throughout the world, approximately two million dogs have been injected, and not a death has been reported that can be laid to the living-virus vaccine.

Still the dog - rabies menace smouldered; it exploded in a vicious epidemic in Chicago during the winter of 1953-54. Fortunately, all of the 109 people bitten by known rabid dogs, and the hundreds more bitten by dogs uncaptured, were put under Semple treatment by Dr. Herman Bundesen, Chicago's health commissioner. Not a death from rabies occurred.

THE SEMPLE VACCINE described in this article was discovered in 1912 when Sir David Semple was Director of the Central Research Institute, Kasauli, where a team of scientists, working under the auspices of the Pasteur Institute Association, is constantly engaged on the study of rabies. Anti-rabic vaccine of the Semple type for the use of human beings is prepared by six major laboratories in India, which also prepare large quantities of vaccine for the immunization of dogs and other animals.

But the problem of rabies control in India, where the disease causes an annual death rate of about 3,000, is not one for doctors and scientists alone. The main obstacles to effective prevention are the very large number of ownerless pariah dogs and the impracticability of vaccinating them all. According to Colonel Ahuja, for eight years Director of the Central Research Institute, these dogs are responsible for biting nearly 90 per cent of people reporting for anti-rabic treatment. The real solution, says Colonel Ahuja, is the elimination of stray dogs. The registration, licensing and vaccination of all domestic dogs must, however, be enforced and special attention should be given to this under the Community Projects Schemes in rural areas.

And, important for the future, dogs were brought by the thousand into the 75 veterinary hospitals in the Chicago area for vaccination. This was followed by a house to house check-up by police in which owners of unvaccinated dogs received summonses. Chicago's veterinary surgeons vaccinated free the animals of all who said they could not pay. In this way almost all of the city's estimated 250,000 dogs were protected. Clearly, rabies *can* be come only an evil memory.

Vaccinating dogs with the living-egg virus will help toll the bell for the last rabid dog. In Malaya and Israel rabies has been brought under control by such inoculations.

Meanwhile, what should we do in case of dog bite? First, before going to the doctor, give the wound a thorough 15 minute washing with plain soap and water. The rabid dog's saliva carries the deadly virus, and experiments have proved that such washing prevents a high proportion of infection.

Business During Altercations

WHEN BENJAMIN FRANKLIN in 1732 brought out his *Poor Richard's Almanack* in Philadelphia, another almanac maker, Titin Leeds, was already established in the field. In order to get public attention, Franklin included in his contents a Prediction of the Death of his friend Mr. Titin Leeds. Inevitable death has already prepared the mortal dart. He dies by my calculation made at his request on October 17, 1733.

News of Franklin's prediction spread, and the circulation of his almanac was enormous. Friends went to condole with Mr. Leeds, who however survived the fatal date. He came back at Franklin in his *American Almanack* for 1734: "I have by the Mercy of God lived to write a Diary for the year 1734 and to publish the Folly and Ignorance of this presumptuous author, whom he out-tract rizes as a fool and a liar."

Franklin's retort courteous in *Poor Richard* for 1734:

In my last Almanack I foretold the death of my dear old friend the learned Mr. Titin Leed. Whether he be really yet dead I cannot at this writing positively assure my readers, for I was unable to be with him in his last moments. There is however the strongest probability that my dear friend is no more, for there appears in his name an Almanack for the year 1734 in which I am called a fool and a liar. Mr. Leeds was too well bred to use any man so indecently, and moreover his esteem for me was extraordinary, so it is to be feared that pamphlet may only be a contrivance of somebody who hopes still to sell Almanacks by the virtue of Mr. Leeds' name. Certainly this is an unpardonable injury to his memory.

When Leeds did pass away six years later, Franklin had captured the almanac reading public.

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

THOSE WHO excel in these tests do not necessarily have a natural aptitude for words; but they probably recognized early the tremendous value of a good vocabulary, and did something about acquiring one. First write down your own definitions of the words you think you know. Then tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **politic** (pol' ī tik)—A: polite. B: shrewd, especially in statecraft. C: dull. D: democratic.
- (2) **transient** (trans' yent')—A: superficial. B: shadowy. C: of short duration. D: thoughtful.
- (3) **inure** (in ūre')—A: to hurt. B: accustom. C: deprive. D: confine.
- (4) **avocation** (āv ō kay' shun)—A: side interest. B: pleading of a cause. C: cancellation. D: denunciation.
- (5) **loquacity** (lō kwas' ī tī)—A: luxury. B: softness. C: talkativeness. D: politeness.
- (6) **composure** (kom pō' zhure)—A: an assumed attitude. B: literary or musical work. C: restlessness. D: tranquillity.
- (7) **offices** (oif' īz)—A: services. B: business plans. C: acts of meddling. D: offences.
- (8) **pretext** (prē' text)—A: rule. B: excuse. C: promise. D: preface to a book.
- (9) **sovereign** (sov' rin)—A: serious. B: rich. C: beautiful. D: supreme.
- (10) **implicate** (im' plī kate)—A: to insult. B: involve. C: doubt. D: make clear.
- (11) **fraction** (frak' shūs)—A: splintered. B: uneven. C: winning. D: unruly.
- (12) **toupee** (too pay')—A: cap. B: coat. C: wig. D: cape.
- (13) **myriad** (mir' ī ad)—A: mysterious. B: heavenly. C: innumerable. D: huge.
- (14) **renaissance** (rī nay' sance)—A: power. B: rebirth. C: decay. D: eloquence.
- (15) **anthology** (an thōl' ō jī)—A: abridged dictionary. B: science dealing with races. C: epic poem. D: collection of literary extracts.
- (16) **concert** (kon' surt)—A: agreement. B: power. C: beauty. D: yielding.
- (17) **corrugated** (cor' ū gate ed)—A: arranged in order. B: strengthened. C: wrinkled. D: puzzled.
- (18) **placidity** (plā sid' ī tī)—A: weakness. B: calmness. C: indifference. D: amiability.
- (19) **mitigate** (mit' ī gate)—A: to heal. B: pardon. C: soften. D: send on a mission.
- (20) **buoyant** (boi' ant)—A: Child-like. B: sturdy. C: brisk. D: light-hearted.

Answers to

"IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) **politic**—B: Shrewd, especially in statecraft; wary; prudent; as, "The negotiators grew progressively more *politic* in their bargaining."
- (2) **transient**—C: Of short duration; passing quickly out of sight or existence; as, "Her moods were *transient* as the summer clouds." Latin *transiens*, "going across."
- (3) **inure**—B: To accustom; harden; habituate; as, "The course is designed to *inure* the troops to hardship."
- (4) **avocation**—A: Latin *avocatio*, "a calling away." Hence, that which "calls" one "away" from his regular occupation; a side interest; as, "His vocation was the law; his *avocation* stamp-collecting."
- (5) **loquacity**—C: Latin *loquax*, "talkative." Hence, talkativeness, chatter; as, "It was not conversation but one-sided *loquacity*."
- (6) **composure**—D: Tranquillity; calmness; serenity; as, "She had a look of complete *composure*."
- (7) **offices**—A: Services; tasks or duties; as, "Leading citizens were asked to lend their good *offices* to the cause." Latin *officium*, "service."
- (8) **pretext**—B: Latin *praetextere*, "to weave in front," and so, to conceal or cloak a design or motive. Hence, an excuse; a fictitious reason; as "The invasion was made under the *pretext* of liberating the country."
- (9) **sovereign**—D: Supreme; greatest; as, "In a democratic nation the *sovereign* power resides in the people."
- (10) **implicate**—B: Latin *implicatus*, "folded in." Hence, to "enfold," "entangle"; involve; as "This new evidence will *implicate* him."
- (11) **fractious**—D: Latin *fractum*, from *frangere*, "to break." A *fractious* horse or person is unruly and "breaks" out with temper.
- (12) **toupee**—C: A small wig. Old French *toupé*, "tuft."
- (13) **myriad**—C: Greek *myrias*, "ten thousand." Hence, innumerable; composed of large numbers; as "Myriad insects ruined the crops."
- (14) **renaissance**—B: Latin *re-*, "again," and *nasci*, "to be born." Hence, rebirth or revival; as, "A *renaissance* of literature and art occurred in the fourteenth to sixteenth centuries."
- (15) **anthology**—D: From the Greek *anthologia*, "flower-gathering." Hence, by extension, a collection of literary extracts; as, "This is a delightful *anthology* of humorous anecdotes."
- (16) **concert**—A: Agreement; co-operation; as, "We accomplished our purpose by acting in *concert*." Latin *concertare*, "to arrange."
- (17) **corrugated**—C: Contracted in alternate ridges and furrows; wrinkled; as, "A roof of *corrugated* iron." Latin *corrugatus*, "wrinkled."
- (18) **placidity**—B: Latin *placidus*, "quiet, still." Hence, calmness; an unruffled state; as, "In the face of his overwhelming problems his *placidity* was incredible."
- (19) **mitigate**—C: Latin *mitigare*, "to make mild." Hence, to soften; to make less severe; as, "Red Cross disaster units helped to *mitigate* the effects of the flood."
- (20) **buoyant**—D: Lighthearted; hopeful; cheerful; as, "One of her greatest charms was her *buoyant* spirit." From *buoy*, keep afloat or raise up.

Vocabulary Ratings

20 correct.....	excellent
19-16 correct.....	good
15-13 correct.....	fair



My Date With Greybeard

By Robin Collins

WHEN I WAS a boy in Natal, the farmers of the district organized a hunt each year in the Umzimkulu valley, using a hundred native beaters and their dogs. A variety of wild life finds refuge in the valley—monkeys, baboons, deer and an occasional leopard—but the creature most sought after is the wily, grey bushbuck. With his speed and cunning, his ferocity when wounded or cornered, he is a quarry worthy of any hunter's gun.

There was one buck we called Greybeard, a magnificent old-timer who year after year survived the hunt. I was ten years old when I had my first glimpse of him, stepping proudly across a small clearing.

The dramatic story of a South African boy's first shoot

His horns were long and sharp. His fur was a deep grey mottled with white. It was every hunter's desire to kill him, and from that day I could think of little else. I somehow felt that my initiation into manhood would consist in claiming Greybeard for my own.

My father had insisted that I wait until I was 14 before I could go on a shoot, so I spent the next three years in a fever of anxiety, fearful that some other man would shoot my buck. But Greybeard survived. Once he followed silently behind a

younger buck and, as it fell under a blast of shot, he jumped the clearing with one bound before the hunter could reload. Once he used a pair of legally protected does to shield him as he safely dashed past the line of fire.

The third year the hunters chose their gun stations between the cliffs and the river so cunningly that it seemed as if no game could slip through. After the native beaters dispersed into the bush I heard their excited cries as they sighted Greybeard. I was perched on the cliffs and from my vantage point I watched him run from their dogs straight towards the concealed hunters. I clenched my fists as I waited for the shot which would rob me of him.

Then suddenly he turned, scattered the pursuing dogs, and made straight for the line of beaters, who hurled their spears and knobbed throwing sticks at him. Just when I feared he had been struck down, I heard the yelping dogs pursuing him into the bush behind the beaters, and I realized that he had broken through to safety.

That evening the farmers could talk of nothing except how Greybeard had escaped into the bush for another year. Toasts were drunk to the great buck, boasts were made and bets laid regarding the lucky hunter who would claim him in the next year's drive. I smiled, for next year I would be old enough to take my place in the line of guns.

All through that year I cherished one bright vision—the picture of myself, a skinny boy of 14, standing astride the magnificent creature which so many hunters had tried unsuccessfully to kill. When my father offered me my first shotgun I rejected the light 20-bore which would have suited my frail build and chose instead a heavy 12-bore, so that I could have a weapon worthy of Greybeard.

On the day of the hunt I wanted to rush straight to the valley at dawn, but my father forced me to eat breakfast. "Greybeard will still be there," he said, pushing me down into my chair.

In the grey light of early morning we congregated in the valley. The beaters were dispatched to the top end and we hunters drew lots for positions. The best positions were close to the cliffs, because bushbucks tend to climb in their efforts to escape the pursuing dogs. To my bitter disappointment I drew a position down near the river.

Then I heard my father, who had drawn a good stand, say, "I'll change with my boy. I'd like him to have a good place for his first hunt." As he walked past me he patted my shoulder. "See that you get the old one," he whispered with a smile.

I scrambled up the steep slope, determined to outdistance the others and find the best possible place of concealment. I selected an outcrop of broken boulders, well screened by bush, which gave me a line of fire

across a small clearing between me and the cliff.

For a long while there was no sound. Then came the shouts of the beaters, the sound of sticks beaten against trees and the yelping of dogs.

First came a doe, blundering past me in panic-stricken flight, then a young buck. I let him pass. Greybeard might be following, and I was determined not to betray my position. But there was no further movement, and I wondered if Greybeard had crossed lower down, or fallen to one of the other shots.

Then a trembling of the brush caught my eye. Not ten yards from me, Greybeard stepped to the edge of the trees, silently inspecting the clearing before attempting to cross. I had only to lower the muzzle slightly to cover him. The ambition of my youthful life was at the point of achievement. Greybeard stood motionless before me. I had only to crook my finger on the trigger.

Yet something made me hold my fire. The buck had turned his head now and his great ears twitched to catch the baying of the dogs.

There was pride and dignity in every line of his body, and I knew suddenly that I could not destroy him. For several breathless moments he remained where he was, and then a vagary of the breeze carried my man-smell to him. In two huge leaps he crossed the clearing and was gone. I stayed where I was, silent and enraptured.

When the drive was over, my

father came up the slope. I unloaded my gun and pushed the cartridges back into the loops on my belt. My father's quick eye took in the details of the stand I had occupied and the full belt of cartridges.

"No luck?" he inquired.

I shook my head.

"That's funny," he said. "The boys sighted Greybeard coming in this direction, and none of the other guns saw him."

I looked down at the ground. My reticence must have aroused his suspicions, for he walked across the clearing and paused beside the deep imprints the buck had made in the moist earth as he jumped. I walked away, unable to face the condemnation which I imagined on his face.

As we drove home, the thought of old Greybeard gathering his does together for another year of safety gave me a thrill of pleasure. But my father's silence had put a constraint upon us. Finally he said, "What happened, son?"

Shyly, stumbingly, I tried to tell him. I described Greybeard as I had seen him—majestic and fearless. I tried to explain why, when the moment had come to fire, I knew I could not buy the hunter's badge at the price of so much splendour.

My father was silent for a moment and then he said slowly: "You've learnt something today, son—something that many men live a lifetime without knowing." He put an arm round my shoulders. "You've learnt compassion," he said softly.

Why businessmen have found East-West trade
unrewarding, when not impossible

THEY TRIED TO DO BUSINESS WITH THE SOVIETS

By A. Wilfred May

NOWHERE has the Soviet scheme to divide the Western allies been more successful than on the question of East-West trade. A British businessman, who is a Conservative and a genuine friend of the United States, argued with me that the West not only can but *must* do business with the Soviet-bloc countries. "It is the only realistic policy," he said, "especially since U.S. tariff restrictions permit the rest of the free world little choice."

This is a point I have heard made many times by businessmen in Great Britain and on the Continent. They are encouraged by the insistence of the Soviet Union that it desires nothing more than normal international trade relations.

Lately some outstanding industrialists in the United States have been inclined to agree. American businessmen, they say, ought not to spurn a satisfactory, and profitable

contract just because they don't like the politics of the men with whom they make it.

"Satisfactory and profitable." The words are persuasive. But the facts are not.

In a recent journey through Europe and the Middle East I asked many businessmen their judgment on the actualities of the East-West trade situation.

"Berlin businessmen would like to do business with the East," said Bernhard Skrodzki, general secretary of the Berlin Chamber of Commerce, "but that seems almost impossible because the U.S.S.R. has never offered us anything in exchange that we could use."

In Bonn, Doctor Günther Altenberg of the Industriel Handelstag declared that "repeatedly, the goods the Eastern Zone promises never come through. Moreover, the quality is not up to Western standards

and also the prices are too high."

Swiss industrial and banking circles told me their postwar trade agreements with Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania were disappointments. The Poles defaulted on their coal-delivery contract. Wheat imported from Rumania last year proved inferior in quality and was priced well above the world market. A Geneva importer complained that the quality of Czechoslovakian cars is below that of German, British and American cars, and the prices are relatively high.

In Greece, the situation was theoretically more conducive to trade with Soviet-bloc countries because Greece has an abundance of tobacco and dried fruits, products certainly usable by the Soviets, and these products could be traded for needed oil, coal and other minerals high on the Soviet list of exportable goods.

However, Greeks have found it almost impossible to sell their commodities to the Soviet Union because of the Russians' persistent unreliability—manifested in price juggling when they buy, and uncertainty in the time and quality of their deliveries when they sell.

Alexander Tsatsos, head of the Federation of Greek Industries and president of the General Cement Company, which produces 45 per cent of Greece's cement, stated that his firm has become disillusioned about sales to the Soviet Union. "They are completely uninterested

in a free and natural market," he said. "They continually price their exports out of the market. It is unwise to depend on them."

Greek trade with Soviet-bloc countries is further complicated by the Communists' unwillingness to extend credit. Other countries give time drafts up to 18 months; the Soviets and their satellites customarily demand at least half cash when the order is placed, and the balance covered by a draft.

In Ankara, Turkey's Premier Adnan Menderes said: "The Russians have often dangled petroleum supplies before us, but always with strings attached, such as demanding to send along troublesome commercial missions or trying to tie us up on long-term contracts."

"We have had to face the hard reality," says Kazim Taskent, one of Turkey's leading businessmen, "that free-enterprise people just can't do business with a state-controlled economy."

Mulki ve Rifat Edin, owner of a tailoring firm in Istanbul, whose business is largely dependent on imported woollens, snipped a piece from a bolt of cloth from Czechoslovakia and handed it to me. It fell to pieces at a mere touch. "As you can see," he said, demonstrating with samples from other bolts, "the quality from Britain and France is much better, and I can get it at the same price."

In Lebanon, Phillipe Tamer, president of the Association of

Lebanese Industries, admitted that from the economic view trade with the Soviet Union would be advantageous. "But from the political point of view it is highly dangerous," he said. "(Our businessmen are concerned lest, through economic channels and their clever propaganda, the Soviets gain political control over us."

A British trade mission to Moscow in February, 1954, returned home with tentative offers of 400 million pounds' worth of sales over the next three years. Since then the British have actually booked orders amounting to only 40 million pounds, and of these but half were approved as non-strategic by the British authorities.

Everywhere the record is one of constant irritation, frustration and distrust. The interviews I have cited

show that the source of the trouble does not lie in the political or economic policy of the free countries, but simply in the difficulties of doing business with the Soviets.

Moreover, it is questionable whether the U.S.S.R. could pay for a greatly stepped-up import programme. Its presumed vast gold supply is open to doubt. The Soviet Union's ability to pay for imports depends largely on its grain and timber— and its grain production is in a notoriously poor state.

In spite of all this the drive for "more East-West trade" continues. In an aura of idealism it is pushed everywhere by businessmen and appeasers who maintain that revising the strategic-materials list would bring in the business. The facts and figures prove that this is a dangerous illusion.

Noteworthy

AFTER THE birth of twins gave my sister four children in three years, her letters became shorter and shorter. One day when winter was in full swing, I received a postcard. All it said was: 4 kids —4 colds —4 lorn.

Contributed by Mr. M. I. Edwards

A DRESS SHOP received this note. "Dear Sir: You have not yet delivered that maternity dress I ordered. Please cancel the order. My delivery was faster than yours."

Bill Kennedy in *Los Angeles Herald and Express*

A SCOTSMAN who was going abroad was asked by his highly unsatisfactory manservant for a letter of recommendation. He pondered a moment, then wrote. "To Whom It May Concern. The bearer of this note has served me during the last two years to his complete satisfaction. If you are thinking of giving him a berth, be sure to make it a wide one."

—Contributed by Clifford Scotton

Eisenhower's Momentous Decision

By William Hard

RUN AGAIN, Ike! That petition is now lifted to President Eisenhower by millions of minds all over the world. It is lifted with love and with trust but also with worry. What about the President's health? Could it endure more service in the White House?

Many people have the idea that an attack of heart trouble incapacitates a man for further active life. And many people have the idea that the Presidency of the United States is a "man-killer." Both ideas are gross exaggerations.

Most heart patients, when they have survived the instant attack, can resume their normal work; and it is good for them to do so. Doctor Arthur Master, of the Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York, made a study of 500 patients who had suffered a coronary occlusion. In the *Journal of the American Medical Association* he says: "The patients who resumed work fared as well as those who retired. It is inadvisable to prohibit such patients from working. Their

life span is not affected by work."

President Eisenhower's chief heart consultant is the eminent Dr. Paul Dudley White, of Harvard University. He says:

"In view of our experience during the last generation, the patient should be encouraged not to retire. The beneficial effect of work on body and mind and soul, in any occupation in which it is possible for a cardiac patient to engage, cannot be over-emphasized. Idleness breeds unhappiness and is actually bad for the health."

But are heart attacks reserved for the men who have to endure the "stress and strain" of high, difficult public office? No. Businessmen, whether "big" or "small," can have heart attacks. Skilled artisans and unskilled labourers can have heart attacks. Dr. White thinks that heart attacks may have some relation to the richer diet which the inhabitants of the richer countries can afford. As for the U.S. Presidency, he says:

"Whether the strain of the Presidency has any direct *causative* effect

in clogging the blood flow to the heart remains doubtful in my mind."

Let us thereupon ask; just what is the "strain" of the Presidency? As a journalist, I have known several Presidents. I think that the strain of their office falls into three parts:

First, big policy decisions. Second, administrative tasks. Third, political and ceremonial efforts, such as speeches, receptions, visitors.

People are prone to think that all three of these loads have become heavier in the "complicated" days of the present and were much lighter in the old "simple" days. This view, so far as policy decisions are concerned, seems to me to be an error. Contemporary Presidents face no policy decisions greater than those that faced many of their predecessors.

Abraham Lincoln was President for four years during one of the bloodiest fratricidal struggles of all time. Look at Lincoln in photograph or statue. Has any other Presidential face ever exhibited such pain of mind, such woe of soul? Yet the Presidency did not kill Lincoln.

Thirty-three men have been President of the United States. Only four of them have died in office from "natural causes." The most recent of these was Franklin Delano Roosevelt—an invalid when he entered the White House. Yet he survived three terms and was in his fourth when his physical frailty brought him to his end.

I hold it to be unproved that the Presidency, in and of itself, has ever killed anybody. Look at America's two contemporary ex-Presidents:

Harry Truman had a Presidency of momentous decisions, including the dropping of the first atomic bomb, the build-up of a defence against Communism in Europe, the desolating war in Korea. He is now 71. His political opponents have noticed no decline in his energetic delight in "giving 'em hell."

Herbert Hoover had a most trying Presidency: a stock-market depression, a business depression, a farm depression, a world-wide depression, with millions of people unemployed. He is now 81. He can work strenuously all morning, all afternoon, and all evening; he has the exuberance of a man half his age.

Let us now review the three great Presidential loads in detail; and let us see, first, how President Eisenhower himself, with supreme organizing skill, has "streamlined" the load of policy decisions.

In the White House office today there is a top executive manager, Sherman Adams, former Governor of New Hampshire, significantly entitled "*The Assistant to the President*." Then there are some 35 highly responsible "Deputy Assistants" and "Special Assistants" and "Administrative Assistants" and so on. No problem now comes to the President unanalyzed. Every problem, in all its implications, is now distilled to its essence by expert

subordinates before it reaches the President's desk. No such operating machine ever before existed in the White House.

No former President ever had such comprehensive assistance in reaching basic policy decisions. Thus this load is lightened enormously. And doubtless President Eisenhower can lighten it further.

Let us then pass to the second Presidential load: administrative tasks. With the help of a 1951 Congressional enactment, President Eisenhower has greatly lightened that load, too.

The enactment empowers the President to delegate to department and agency heads "any function which is vested in the President by law." President Eisenhower has taken advantage of this to issue 33 executive orders divesting himself of a multitude of petty duties. The elimination of many other unnecessary duties will further lighten the load of administrative tasks for President Eisenhower.

So now to the third great Presidential load: ceremonies, visitors, speeches and so on.

Certain ceremonies, in my opinion, simply cannot be avoided. The President is America's Head of State and represents the United States ceremonially to other nations. He simply *must* welcome visiting heads of States and new ambassadors and ministers, and he simply *must* give his annual reception to the envoys resident in Washington. And he is

the head of the Executive Branch of the U.S. Government and represents it ceremonially to the other two branches. He simply *must* give his annual receptions to the Congress and to the Judiciary.

I am not joining those who seem to think that we can lock President Eisenhower into an upper room in the White House and isolate him from human society. It is good for a President to give some parties and go about the country a bit, making speeches and renewing his contacts with his fellow-citizens.

But surely the President has a right to keep such activities within limits.

In 1953 and 1954 President Eisenhower made a total of 245 speeches. Surely many of these ought never to have been demanded of him.

And autographing things! Since his inauguration, President Eisenhower has autographed 4,417 photographs and books and other objects sent to him by autograph-hunters.

And the hordes of visitors whom President Eisenhower has received! They have included winners of oratorical contests and essay contests; and people wanting to give the President a picture of a sea fight; and a venerable gentleman who had shaken hands with all the U.S. Presidents for 40 years and who wanted to keep his record perfect.

We come thereupon to the basic reason why the United States needs President Eisenhower's leadership. It is his extraordinary ability to rise

above narrow, bigoted, factional ideologies and to present to contending groups a broad, unifying view of American opinion and policy.

A recent Gallup poll showed that if President Eisenhower ran again he would not only be the choice of 89 per cent of Republican voters, but of 61 per cent of independent voters and actually 28 per cent of Democratic voters. Could there be a more convincing proof of popular approval *and of popular demand?*

It is a demand, I think, which is evoked not only by President Eisenhower's domestic policies but even more by his international policies. The degree of unity which he has given to the United States at home is reflected and expanded in the degree of unity he has given to the

nation in its relations with the world.

If the American people demand his leadership in the world-wide struggle for the minds of men and in the quest for peace, surely the world does too.

I think that Eddie Cantor has made the best suggestion for the moment. Cantor had a heart attack (of the very kind that President Eisenhower has had) in 1952. Since then he has done three years of work on radio and two years on television. He says: "Every prayer is a transfusion to a person who has had a heart attack. I am sure that the prayers of the people of America and of the world will be as important as the doctors. Through prayers the President will be hearing from the Great Physician."



Caught in Passing

WISTFUL woman declining shop assistant's overtures at sale of mink coats: "Just longing, thank you." — Marjory Smith in *Atlanta Constitution*

YOUNG MOTHER to her husband: "He tried my patience all morning, and I finally got a little stick and gave him something to tell his psychiatrist some day." — Marcelene Cox in *Ladies' Home Journal*

MAN to companion on bus: "Even if I sent her a cheque, it wouldn't be the right size." — Clyde Moore in *Columbus Ohio State Journal*

ASKED how old her daughter was, a woman replied: "She's just at the age where she responds to every remark of mine with 'Oh, *Mother!*'" — Eleanor Clamage in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

WOMAN to official making traffic survey: "Don't count us. We'll be coming back in a few minutes when my husband admits he's going in the wrong direction." — Marcelene Cox in *Ladies' Home Journal*

"I Love to Fly— But Oh, My Feet!"

By Cornelia Otis Skinner



A RECENT session of enforced loitering within the confines of New York's International Airport at Idlewild has started me wondering about this remarkable form of travel, so admirably up-to-date in most respects, and yet in others so seemingly retarded.

In the first place, airlines apparently stop at nothing in order to get you out to the airport in any sort of weather. They will tell you that your plane is expected to depart on schedule. But when you do get there you may have to wait four hours—the length of time I found myself all too idle in Idlewild.

I had called up to check before leaving home, and a voice wreathed in smiles had assured me of the imminent promptness of my departure. The day was heavy with mist, and looking out of the window I could not see the top of the Empire State Building, a local weather observation which I reported to the voice in

*A noted humorist's discovery
that the trouble with flying
is on the ground*

case it had not been noticed. The voice merely said that was too bad, told me to be at the check-in counter 20 minutes before departure time and thanked me so much for calling.

At Idlewild, I handed my luggage to a porter, found the proper counter and took my place in line before one of those young men who do the checking in. Clean, splendid specimens, they look to me more like pilots than even pilots do themselves; in fact, they look like film actors playing at being pilots, and they are invariably and endlessly talking on telephones.

What they are talking about and to whom they are talking is a further bafflement of air travel. Sometimes they aren't even talking, but waiting to talk, with expressions of patient

fortitude until the mysterious unknown at the other end answers their call; or they are scribbling cryptic things on official slips of paper, and at the same time keeping hold of the instrument by cuddling it under the chin like Heifetz nuzzling his violin. Sometimes I've wondered what a pretty mishmash there would be if every railway passenger had to wait for the ticket inspector to phone someone about his seat before being admitted to a train.

I stood in line until the people ahead of me (and there are never *not* people ahead of me) had gone through this rigmarole before coming up myself in front of the comely young man. He asked me where I was "destined." Controlling an impulse to say "Eventually to meet my Maker, but not this trip, I hope," I replied, "Los Angeles." He informed me that there would be a "slight delay." When I enquired how slight and why, he smiled and said he didn't know.

And there is yet another bafflement. It seems to be part of airline policy to keep secret any precise information about what is actually causing a delay. It is the antithesis of railway practice, where the genial station official who chalks up train arrivals will tell you cheerily that Number 9 will be two hours late because of a derailment. If a train stops between stations, the guard will explain the cause, whereas if a plane stops between airfields—but perhaps we'd better not go into that.

Finally it was announced that the slight delay was due to a "weather condition." This explanation was offered with veiled discretion as though the "condition" were of a delicate nature and one to be mentioned only with lowered eyelids. To have stated with honest candour that it was simply a matter of fog would, apparently, have been a violation of the code.

The young man at the counter, when asked how long he thought I should have to wait, uttered a non-committal "Maybe an hour, maybe less," and then as a depressing afterthought added, "maybe longer." By way of consolation he handed me a slip of paper which, he said, would entitle me to a free meal at the restaurant. And here is another idiosyncrasy of airlines. Their reasoning seems to be that the one sure method of appeasing the disgruntled patron is to feed him, no matter what the time of day or night.

Two years ago, during a transatlantic flight which entailed a number of delays and unscheduled stops, I was constantly being fed—snacks in New York, Boston, Gander and Shannon, not to mention that sumptuous and rightly touted banquet served aloft. When finally I waddled off at Paris, I felt I should have continued straight on to Strasbourg and checked in at the *foie gras* plant.

The young man was telling people not to leave the premises as the fog might lift any minute now and the "ticketed" passengers could then

instantly "enplane" (elegant verbiage of the sky world!). I looked for a place to sit down. The only thing in sight was a bench intended to accommodate seven occupants and at that moment overflowing with eight, in addition to two infants and a poodle. Here is another great bafflement. Never have I been in any airport that provides sufficient sitting space for its weary travellers. I could not even perch on my luggage, which had long since disappeared on a moving belt into oblivion.

Though I had no appetite, the restaurant, I thought, would be a place to sit down. It was fairly giving at the seams with customers, but the bar section was practically empty. Babbling soft apologies I slithered through the waiting line and plopped down at a small table. A waitress came up to inform me that it was Sunday; the bar didn't open till one. My expression must have roused her compassion for she bent over to whisper conspiratorially that she *could* bring me a sandwich and a cup of coffee. I hate sandwiches, but it seemed ungrateful not to take advantage of this friendly smuggler's benevolent offer. Besides, I could hardly sit there without some sort of plausible prop. I let her slip me a cheese sandwich, part of which I was able to get down.

It would have been restful to sit there till the bar opened. But by now the overflow from the restaurant had moved in and taken possession of

the remaining tables. Everyone in the waiting line was glaring at me, so I reluctantly retreated.

Even during its least busy hours, the atmosphere of an airport is one of barely controlled pandemonium. When in addition to the usual mob is added the complement of a number of grounded planes, the pandemonium approaches panic. That morning grounded passengers were rushing from counters to phone booths and back to counters again, incoming passengers were rushing to claim their luggage, people who had come to meet other people were rushing to locate their gates. Others, catching the spirit of things, were just rushing.

Above the cacophony of this madhouse came the incessant blaring of the loudspeaker. The "weather condition" had not daunted some planes, for Air France was requesting *messieurs les passagers* to get *à bord* for Paris; Venezuelan Airlines was asking their *pasajeros* to do likewise for Caracas. BOAC in impeccable English was loading the Monarch.

In between these colourful bulletins came startling demands that a Mr. Smith report forthwith to Pan American and that a Mrs. Brown come immediately to TWA. There is something slightly indecent about these blatant exposures. It is as though Mr. Smith and Mrs. Brown had each been guilty of some grave misdemeanour and upon turning up before their respective desks would

face some sort of tribunal and get a severe dressing down.

My feet were hurting, my legs felt as though they'd been filled with lead and there was, of course, still not a vacant seat in sight. I might, I speculated, sink into the comfort of a telephone booth and rest there, pretending to be making a great number of urgent calls. Every booth, however, was taken. I looked longingly in at a barber's shop where members of the pampered sex were voluptuously lolling back under hot face towels.

Once I spotted a folding wheel chair and approached it surreptitiously with the idea of purloining it, only to find it chained to the wall. Staggering with fatigue, I began wondering if there might not be some way in which humans could lock their joints and go to sleep standing up, the way horses do. There isn't. I tried it and the result hurtled me against the counter where travel insurance was sold. The clerk watched my lurching arrival with interest. Reassembling my dignity, I pretended I'd meant to go there all the time and took out a policy.

While filling in the form I leaned on the counter, a position I found surprisingly restful. I spent the last of my four hours' confinement leaning on various objects—the counters of Western Union and Perera Company's money exchange, as well as a number of railings. And as I wandered from leanery to leanery I

thought nostalgically of the dear old-fashioned railway station and its ample sittings.

By way of sorry entertainment I started counting the seats provided for the public in America's leading airport. At the end where hundreds of people hang about for hours awaiting the release of relatives from the prolonged ministrations of the United States customs there is resting place for exactly 15 unless, at the risk of missing whomever one has come to meet, one ventures round the corner, where is to be found generous accommodation for 12. All told, I was able to locate 240 seats. Or rather, 240 sitters. This may sound like quite a lot. But I have made enquiries and find that on an average day about 20,000 passengers and visitors pass through the portals of Idlewild. When the weather comes down with one of those interesting conditions, these same human beings are neither coming nor going, and what most of the poor wretches would like to be doing is sitting down.

I do not wish to give the impression that I am unmindful of the merits of air travel. There are times, however, when I wish the gods of the skyways would look earthward. I wish their well-known ingenuity would devise ways of making the ground tenure a little more pleasant for those clients who, whether these immortals will admit it or not, occasionally have to hang around airports.

POINTS TO PONDER

THE PEASANTS of the Middle Ages, who usually lived on the edges of forests, used to cook with charcoal, their most convenient fuel. Now, after so many years of progress, when we find a restaurant that charges us extra for its super de luxe cuisine, we also find that it cooks with charcoal. Thus we regard as a luxury what our poorest ancestors took for granted.

Primitive women used to dress in the furs of the animals their men killed for food. Now, devoted husbands plot and plan and toil to buy the things their ancestors tossed to their women with hardly a thought.

And what do men do in our time, once they snatch a little leisure? They go hunting and fishing, often at enormous expense, after travelling perhaps hundreds of miles. Primitive men, on the other hand, just did it, and then, with the cave well stocked, took their ease.

Perhaps our ancestors are laughing at us?

--J. B. Priestley

MY DISTRUST of compulsory National Service goes back to my boyhood days. The school which I attended

had representatives of almost every European country, and the parents of most of them had fled to the United States because they wanted to escape the army.

"Just when you had your first job in the old country," said one neighbour, "and were beginning to make a little money and thinking of getting married, then come the soldiers. They take you away for two years, three years. They boot you around camp, sleep you on hard boards, perhaps ship you off to fight in some war you know nothing about. Terrible!"

Now, I confess, I am wavering, and for two reasons. National defence involves learning every detail of the most complicated machines ever devised. If we are to be safe from enemy attack, we must have millions of young men who are masters of these machines. And the enemy must know, in advance, that we do have them.

The second reason has been the experience of myself and my colleagues with boys who have left our business for the armed forces and come back when their service was over. In almost every case they have come back more mature, more ambitious and better able to handle tougher jobs.

Bruce Barton King Features

AT AN EXHIBITION of Chinese paintings we overheard a visitor tell the artist that she would like to buy one of his pictures—a bird on a bare branch. She explained, however, that she considered the painting too empty and suggested he add a few more branches and leaves.

"If I did that," the artist answered,

"there would be no room for the bird to fly."

It is not only birds that need room to fly. Space gives us a feeling of freedom and relaxation, whereas a room overcrowded with furniture and ornaments is conducive neither to work nor rest. This importance of empty spaces applies not only to our surroundings. It is, above all, when we plan our days that it is essential to avoid filling in every moment. We need elbow-room in *time*.

When we encounter a truly great person we seldom hear him say, "I never have a free moment." Successful people know that it is only because they have left many unengaged hours in their scheme of life that they have been able to attain their full development, and found time to help and comfort others.

—Judith and Arthur Hart Burling in *This Week*

ITALIAN women look more like women than any other women. They eat heartily and scorn contrived thinness. They do not tie down their more salient anatomical features with a lot of whalebone and harness. They bounce pleasantly. They wiggle pleasantly. And they walk slowly, for they are in no hurry and they wish to give as much pleasure to the viewer as possible. They are largely content to

be women and let the men run the business.

—Robert Ruark

THERE IS a school of psychiatrists who think that "blowing one's top" is a good way to work off something bad. This view is held mostly by psychiatrists who cannot control their own tops. There is nothing to it. Blowing one's top serves no good purpose; one blowing sets the habit more firmly for the next blowing. Children blow their tops; it is a childish adult who finds it necessary to do so. — Dr. John Schindler, *How to Live 365 Days a Year* (A. Thomas)

EVERY AGE has its rash of jitters. To be impressive, however, each set must be bigger than the last. Just now we are having king-sized jitters over the big bomb, the *big* one. In their day, other people got just as steamed up over gunpowder.

Perhaps we should sleep better if we read more of the timeless reflections of the lively thinkers of the past. James Russell Lowell once wrote: "I take great comfort in God. I think He is considerably amused with us sometimes, but that He likes us, on the whole, and would not let us get at the matchbox so carelessly as He does, unless He knew that the framework of His universe was fireproof."

—Gerald Horton Bath in *Robins Reader*

DURING a scene in *Possessed*, Joan Crawford had to slap Van Heflin. Since they had had a few disagreements over the script, Van had a feeling the slap would be one to remember. The scene was scheduled for the morning but had to be postponed until after lunch. At lunch Van phoned his wife, who told him, "You have just got a bunch of flowers."

"Open the card and see who they're from," he said.

The card read, "Sorry I had to hit you so hard, darling. . . . Joan."

—Millie Considine in *The Diplomat*

The amazing experiences of a test pilot
who baled out at supersonic speed
and lived to tell the tale

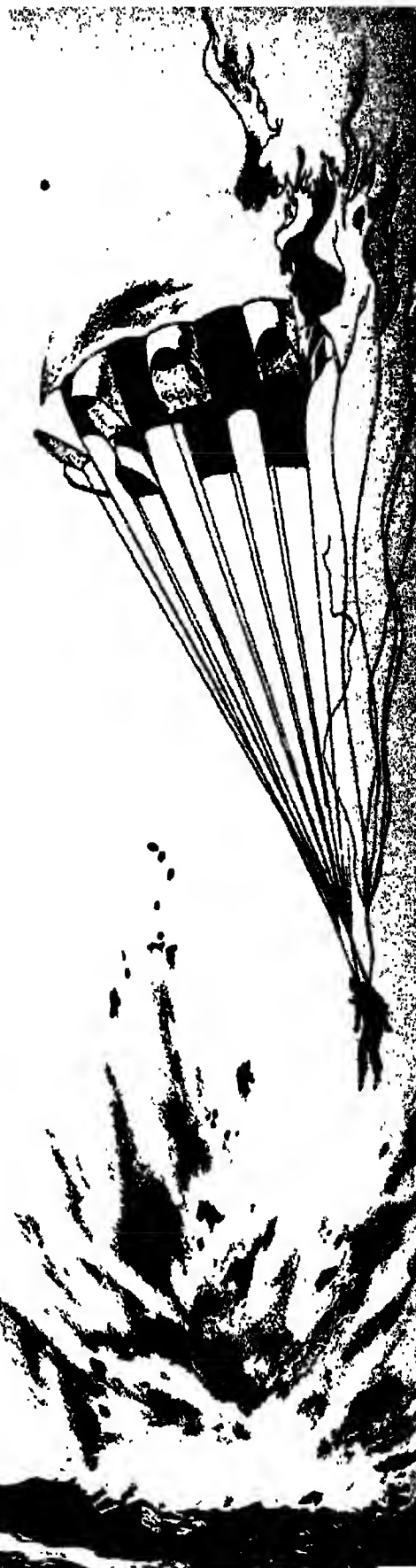
Courage Is Not a Sometime Thing

By William Coughlin

LAST FEBRUARY 26 a crippled F-100 Super Sabre jet fighter ripped out of an overcast sky and plunged screaming into the Pacific near Laguna Beach, Southern California. It hit with an explosion which shook the coast for miles round. Moments later, a torn orange-and-white parachute dropped the aeroplane's unconscious and nearly lifeless pilot into the sea.

The fact that he was alive at all is regarded as one of aviation's greatest miracles. For test pilot George Smith had baled out while his plane was going 777 miles an hour—faster than the speed of sound. He is the first man to bale out at supersonic speed at a low altitude, and live.

Today he is one of aero-medicine's most valuable specimens. His story was hidden behind a curtain of military secrecy while U.S. Air Force doctors probed and questioned to find out why he lived and how others could be helped to survive. Many of their conclusions



remain secret, but the pilot's story can now be told.

Things that took place before the accident that Saturday are still hazy for George Smith. They have been partially wiped from his mind by the horror of it. But neighbours, fellow pilots and others have pieced together the pattern of that day.

It was Smith's day off. He left his bachelor flat at 9 a.m. to take his laundry to be washed. A pretty neighbour says he stopped and talked with her for 20 minutes with his laundry bag over his shoulder, but George doesn't remember it.

After dropping his laundry off, Smith drove to the North American Aviation plant at Los Angeles International Airport. He planned to spend only a few minutes there filling in a report on a plane he had flown the previous day.

That act nearly cost him his life. The weather, which had been rainy, broke quickly. Sunshine was soon glittering on the Super Sabres parked on the flight line.

Number 659, just off the production line, was ready for its first flight. Due to the weather, however, no pilot had been alerted to fly it. "Why don't you take it up, as you're here?" the dispatcher asked George.

Since there was to be only the one short flight, Smith did not even change his clothes. He pulled his parachute and "Mae West" on over his sports shirt, light nylon jacket and blue denim slacks. Picking up

his helmet and oxygen mask, he headed for No. 659.

The North American F-100 Super Sabre is the fighter which holds the world speed record. It is the only U.S. plane now in squadron service that can exceed the speed of sound in level flight.

"I can't remember the take-off," George says, "or anything up to the point when I started to get into trouble. From there on to where the canopy started to let go, everything is as clear as a bell."

Smith, 31, is six foot one. His weight before the accident was 15 stone, five pounds. During his fight for life in the hospital it dropped to ten stone ten pounds; now it has climbed to 12 stone eight. His dark hair is cropped short and his pleasant features are unmarred by the accident. But an occasional memory of pain crosses his face as he talks.

A few moments after take-off he was over the ocean, climbing on a heading towards San Diego. It was still raining in the vicinity of Laguna Beach and there was a grey cloud layer below him. Two other North American test pilots, also flying F-100's, were in the air nearby.

There was no hint of anything unusual as he reached for altitude, climbing with afterburner blazing, close to the speed of sound.

Then, at about 37,000 feet, it happened. Smith pushed the plane over into level flight. It became slightly nose-heavy as it picked up speed in the trans-sonic range.

"I tried to trim it for this nose-down condition, which was normal," George says, "and I couldn't."

As the dive began to steepen, Smith pressed the mike button. His voice was tense and urgent: "This is 659. I've lost hydraulics."

His first thought was that the controls were frozen due to hydraulic failure. But a glance at the pressure gauges showed a normal 3,000 pounds. He was still unable to pull the stick back.

"It was as hard as a rock," he says. "I tried standing on the rudders and pulling with both hands just as hard as I could. But it wouldn't move."

The Super Sabre was now screaming downward in a vertical dive at nearly 800 miles per hour. Pilot Joe Kinkella, flying a few thousand feet below, saw its streaming vapour trail as it hurtled past.

Smith had time for one more frantic transmission: "Controls locked—I'm going straight in. . . ."

Bale out, George, bale out!" Kinkella shouted over his radio, blocking out part of Smith's radio message. Those listening in the tower caught only the last of Smith's words:

". . . thousand." Apparently he was trying to tell them his altitude. Then nothing further except another desperate cry from Kinkella: "Bale out, George!"

Inside the cockpit, Smith made his decision. To stay in the plane

was certain death and yet to bale out at supersonic speed was regarded as equally suicidal.

"But when you're heading straight in," Smith says, "there's no other decision. It was a choice of staying with it and being fatal for sure or trying for that one chance in a million."

He pulled up the yellow armrest of the seat. This fired the charge that jettisoned the canopy and exposed the trigger for the ejection seat. As the canopy flew off, there was a deafening and continual explosion as the supersonic air rushed past the cockpit.

"It was as loud as any noise I've heard that was a steady noise," George remembers. "There was a hell of a bang in the cockpit, and it stayed there."

Then he pulled the ejection trigger. That was his last conscious moment for five days.

During his delirium in the hospital, George told doctors it felt like smashing into a brick wall when he hit the an stream. But he now remembers none of this.

It is a merciful blankness. For in the seconds after he left the aircraft he was subjected to some of the most intensive torture ever survived by a human being. As the seat tumbled end over end and slowed down several hundred miles an hour in a split second, he suffered a decelerative force estimated at 40 times the pull of gravity. His weight increased to 8,000 pounds almost instantly.

His eyeballs protruded from their sockets and strained against the eyelids. His internal organs were thrown about violently. Lips, ears and eyelids fluttered fantastically in the supersonic wind which tore off his helmet and oxygen mask. The end of his nose was torn loose from his upper lip.

The terrific blow on his abdomen and chest pumped blood violently to his head, where it was forced forward to his face by the tremendous deceleration, distorting his features beyond recognition. His stomach was blown up like a balloon by the air forced down his throat.

Some idea of the force of the dense air which smashed him about comes from this statistic: A 100-mile-per-hour hurricane exerts a force of 120 pounds per square foot. *Smith took a force on his body greater than that of ten hurricanes—1,240 pounds per square foot.*

Only two other men have come close to this and lived. Lieutenant-Colonel John Stapp, the U.S. Air Force doctor who travelled over 600 miles per hour on the rocket sled at Holloman Air Development Centre, subjected himself, under carefully controlled research conditions, to 1,108 pounds per square foot * Last August, Flying Officer Hedley Moland of the Royal Air Force, baled out at 25,000 feet while flying at 700 miles per hour.

Two seconds after Smith was

ejected from the falling aircraft the seat automatically detached itself and two seconds after that the automatic release opened his parachute. Smith dropped towards the water with a third of his parachute canopy torn away.

North American engineers have calculated that Smith was at 6,500 feet when he baled out. At the speed the plane was diving, if he had hesitated for two more seconds before making the decision to eject, his parachute would not have opened in the remaining distance to the water. He had come within two seconds of death. Also, he was still alive after a supersonic ejection—although barely so. Now his amazing luck continued to hold.

As Smith was fighting the jammed controls in the cold sunshine seven miles above the Pacific, a small cabin cruiser was chugging slowly through the rain beneath him, under the clouds covering the shoreline. The *Balabes* was the only boat in the vicinity.

Melvin Simon, a Los Angeles lawyer, was fishing with his son Robert, 15, and a friend, Art Berkell. Suddenly a thunderous explosion rocked the boat, nearly capsizing it. A huge geyser of water shot into the air about 200 yards astern.

"I thought we had wandered on to a Navy target-practice range," Simon says. "I shouted: 'We'd better get out of here!'"

But then Robert called, "Look, Dad," and pointed skywards.

* See "Fastest Man on Earth," The Reader's Digest, January, 1956

A torn parachute was drifting down out of the clouds. A man dangled motionless below it. Through binoculars, Simon could see that his shoes and socks were gone. So were his helmet and oxygen mask. His clothes were in ribbons and the force of the air stream had torn the gloves from his hands, stripped the watch from his wrist and the ring from his finger. He was bleeding from the ears and from cuts on his forehead, chin and feet.

Simon turned the *Balabes* and headed towards the unconscious pilot. Within 50 seconds after Smith dropped into the water, the cruiser pulled alongside. The air forced into Smith's stomach during the ejection had helped to keep his head above water until rescue came.

Little more than five minutes had passed since Smith first noticed, miles away, that something was wrong with his aircraft.

Now began the second chapter in the incredible escape. Near death from shock, Smith was brought ashore to Hoag Memorial Hospital, Newport Beach. Massive black and blue areas covered his body. His small intestine was perforated and his liver was severely damaged. The whites of his eyes were solid red from more than 20 subconjunctival hæmorrhages.

The fight to save Smith's life was directed by Sam Frazier, a 27-year-old doctor who did not leave Smith's side for the first 20 hours. This remarkable young doctor, pitting his skill against the supersonic

*T*HE ONLY other man in the world known to have baled out of an aircraft travelling faster than the speed of sound is Flying Officer Hedley Molland, of the R A F, who was forced to abandon his Hawker Hunter over the North Sea last August while flying at about 700 mph.

Molland had put the aircraft into a high speed dive from 40 000 feet. Within seconds the controls froze and he realized that his only chance was to bale out. Simultaneously he jettisoned the cockpit canopy and pulled down a protective face mask automatically firing the ejection seat cartridge.

At 25 000 feet the ejector hurled Molland and his seat clear of the fighter. The oxygen mask was ripped from his face and his left arm was twisted round the back of the seat. "I can't remember anything for about 20 seconds after operating the ejection equipment," he said later. "When I came to again I was still in my seat at about 20 000 feet. The seat fell away at 10 000 feet, my chute opened and I saw the aircraft hit the sea with a great splash."

Within ten minutes Molland was picked up by a tug. He was rushed to hospital, where he was treated for a broken arm, a fractured pelvis and two black eyes. Medical authorities attributed Molland's comparatively minor injuries to the fact that his ejection seat tilted so that his legs and the underside of the seat took the full impact of the air blast. Also at the much greater height at which he baled out, the air would be thinner than that met by George Smith.

unknown, was depending largely on guess and God. Never before had there been a case like this.

"No one knew what to expect," Frazier says.

But he soon had plenty of advice. The day after the accident, there were 18 doctors in Smith's room! Most of them were U.S. Air Force medical men flown to the small hospital from throughout the United States. The U.S. Air Force appointed a dozen military and civilian doctors to a committee to assist in Smith's recovery and to learn all they could from him.

The primary concern, once Smith was out of danger from shock, was with his eyes. Blood bulging under the retina of his left eye threatened for a while to break through, then subsided. The condition of his other eye was almost as poor.

When Smith returned to consciousness five days after the accident a nurse began to read letters to him. He listened, and it began to get through to him that something had happened in flying and that he had baled out. Then it all came back.

The letters were from the Aliso Elementary School in South Laguna Beach. Some of the children had seen the plane as it plunged into the ocean; the sonic boom created by the Super Sabre enlarged a 15-foot crack in one wall of the school cafeteria. When the students returned to their school on Monday, one of the teachers, Mrs. Pearl Phillipson, encouraged her class to write to the

injured pilot and wish him a speedy recovery.

Smith says the letters did much to lift him out of the severe mental depression he felt during the long months of convalescence.

"You are a very brave man to bale out of that aeroplane," wrote Margaret St. Clair. "I don't think I could have done it. I hope you will still be a test pilot."

"We think you are a great pilot," reported ten-year-old Mark Judy. "Punky" Parlette wrote simply: "I would like to be as heroic as you."

For many days, George was in constant pain and too weak to move.

I would like to be as heroic as you.

His swollen face hurt. His knees had been wrenched almost out of their sockets. The backs of his legs and his buttocks were bruised where the ejection seat had battered against them.

We think you are a great pilot.

He could distinguish light and dark but people were only shadowy forms to him. When fellow pilots visiting his hospital room commented on the beautiful ocean view, George pleaded: "Tell me what's out there."

I hope you will still be a test pilot.

Smith had been moody and quiet, depressed over his physical condition. But finally he determined not only to live but to fly again.

Doctors were amazed to find that he was slowly regaining almost normal sight. However, it was not until

three and a half months after the accident that he was allowed to go home. And within three weeks he was back on the operating table, doubled up with pain due to an obstruction in his injured intestines. After a section of intestine was removed, Smith improved rapidly and was able to go home again within six weeks.

During his recovery USAF medical officers made him a subject of close study. The information they obtained bore out many theories about the action of the body during high-speed bale-outs that had previously been only guesswork. And it revealed some new ideas which are already being used in the design of pilot equipment and escape systems.

Today George Smith is feeling fine. His right knee bothers him a bit and his eyes are a little sensitive to glare. But his vision is unimpaired. Last August he passed the U.S. Civil Aeronautics Administration physical examination and was cleared to fly light aircraft.

How does Smith feel about the amazing series of coincidences to which he owes his life? He remembers what a nurse told him almost immediately after he had regained consciousness.

"You are going to recover completely," she said.

How do you know?" he asked.

"If you came through what you did," she replied, "you just can't do anything else but recover completely. There is no other answer. All these coincidences didn't just happen."

And he remembers what Sam Hrazier said: "There was certainly somebody looking after George Smith that day."

A few weeks ago a light plane took off from the runway at the North American plant. Gradually it dwindled until it was only a small dot in the sky over the Pacific. Those watching turned and walked back to the flight shack. George Smith was in the air again. Courage is not a sometime thing.

*T*H E *LEAF* was carrying out high speed maneuvers and on board one of the destroyers a Member of Parliament was watching the exercises with great keenness. The captain of the destroyer was pushing his ship to the limit when a sailor came to the bridge and saluted.

"I have a message for you, sir, from the admiral."

The captain beamed. "Read it aloud."

The sailor read: "Of all the blundering idiots you take the cake! You nearly rammed the flagship!"

The captain pursed his lips, glancing sideways at the M.P.

"Very well, young man," he snapped. "Have that message decoded at once."

—C. Lobo

Little Rollo—one of the most beguiling characters you'll ever meet



By Louise Dickinson Rich

I HAD ASKED Ralph to bring me some lemons, so when he came home with the post and handed me a little paper bag, I thought I knew what was in it. I tipped it up and dumped the contents on the kitchen table. Then I did a typical female, shrieking, "Eeee! Take that thing away from here." My lemons had suffered a sea change into a three-day-old skunk.

When I had recovered my composure enough to look the thing over, I had to admit it was rather attractive. It was about three inches long, with an equally long tail and half-inch legs, and it was striped black and white like any other skunk. Ralph had seen it in the road when he went to get the post, and when he came back an hour later it was still there. You can't just leave a young thing to die of

starvation, so he brought it home. He thought he could find some way to feed it after he got home.

Cookie was our dog of the moment, the best dog we ever had. Not to put too strong a point on it, the best dog anybody ever had, bar none. Her pups were a couple of weeks old, and were in a corner of the kitchen. While we were debating the skunk commissary question, Cookie came in to dispense the evening meal to her family. We found an unoccupied nipple; Cookie was willing, but a husky is built on a grander scale than a skunk, so it wouldn't work. A medicine dropper did work.

Little Rollo clutched the dropper frenziedly with both front paws, and never stopped drinking the warm milk until his stomach was as round—and hard—and about as large—as a golf ball.

By this time Cookie's pups were gorged and asleep. We dumped Rollo in with them. Cookie looked at us, smelled at him, and looked at us again. She understood that she was to take care of this odd addition to her family. So she rolled him over with her nose and, despite his struggles, lapped Rollo thoroughly from stem to stern, just as she washed her own children. After that Rollo belonged.

I think he himself thought he was a dog. The whole lot played together, romping about and chewing each other's tails and ears. The pups

were almost ten times as big as Rollo was, and at first I was afraid he'd get killed. But when I put him down at a safe distance from the fray, he'd stamp his hind legs in a towering rage—the skunk method of expressing irritation, and the last step before the gas attack—then rush back to battle. I've often seen one dog grab him by the scruff of the neck while another grabbed his tail, pulling him in opposite directions, growling and shaking him. Apparently he loved it, for when they released him he'd dash in for more. He valued any attention as preferable to no attention. He'd never let himself be left alone for a moment. And when the pups slept he hurried into the centre, completely out of sight.

He followed me about like a shadow as I did my housework. He was so tiny he could curl up in one of my shoes and have plenty of room left. It made him furious when I went upstairs. The steps were too high for him, and I'd come down again to find him stamping about in a dudgeon—not just angry, in a fury! Though he wanted to make a noise like thunder and stamp the house down, the best he could make was a little pattering sound on the floor.

He was cleaner about the house than any cat and never, even in his infancy, made an error. Only once did he make a smell—and then we couldn't blame him. One evening I had made a chocolate malted milk

for Rollo—his favourite food. He was just starting on it when Jane, the cat, appeared. They hated each other, but they had always left each other strictly alone. This time, however, Jane approached and sniffed at the saucer. Rollo stamped violently. Jane persisted. I'm sure she wasn't going to eat, she was just curious. But he had warned her and she had paid no attention. Later than the eye could follow, he arched his tail over his back and—*whisht!* smack into Jane's face. She rolled backwards, scrambled to her feet, and went off like a bullet. She took up her abode at a nearby lumber camp and never came back to the house.

Rollo became a spoiled brat. We gave him too much attention, and so did the dogs, and so did the callers who began to arrive. I never expected to have my social career sponsored by a skunk, but that is what it amounted to. Strangers would drift into the garden from God knows where, say "Good morning" and then "We hear you've got a pet skunk." The upshot would it be all right to have their photographs taken holding Rollo? Rollo became as camera conscious as a child film star. He'd look bored and sulky—but he'd never miss the chance to have his photograph taken.

Skunks are horribly maligned. They are gentle, will never attack unless in danger or startled. Rollo made a perfect house pet. But we made no effort to confine him, so it couldn't last for ever. As he grew

older he began to revert to the nocturnal shunk nature. When we went out to the woodshed in the dewy morning to get kindling, we would meet him coming home from a night's ramble. Then he wouldn't come home for two or three days at a time, and finally he didn't come home at all. We'd meet him sometimes a mile or more down the road, and he'd run to us and we'd pick him up. He never forgot us, and we never

forgot him. We grew apart, as those whose interests diverge always grow apart, and finally we stopped seeing him altogether.

I don't know what eventually did happen to him. Very few wild animals die of old age. One thing we were glad of: that if he did meet death in any of the common swift wilderness forms, at least he was able to go down fighting. We hadn't rendered him defenceless.



Low Pressure

WHEN a man wrote to a firm asking for some information, he added a warning note: "I don't want any advertising material—and no sales man." It was difficult to put the information into a letter, so the company ignored the warning and sent a salesman round to see him. The fellow didn't wait for an explanation. "I told them," he said to the company's representative, "no salesman."

The caller—fresh from the company's training school—sighed and replied, "Mister, I'm as close to a no salesman as they've got."

Kenneth Nichols in *Akron Beacon Journal*

A shy young man came into the office of a dynamic sales manager, timidly approached the desk and mumbled: "You don't want to take out any insurance, do you?"

"No," was the brusque reply.

"I was afraid not," said the embarrassed visitor, starting to back towards the door.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed the sales manager. "I've dealt with salesmen all my life, and you're the worst I've ever seen. You have to inspire confidence, and to do that you've got to have it yourself. Just to give you confidence that you *can* make a sale, I'll sign for a \$10,000 policy."

Signing the application, the sales manager said, "What you have to do is learn some good techniques and use them."

"Oh, but I have," returned the salesman. "I have an approach for almost every type of businessman. The one I just used was my standard approach for sales managers."

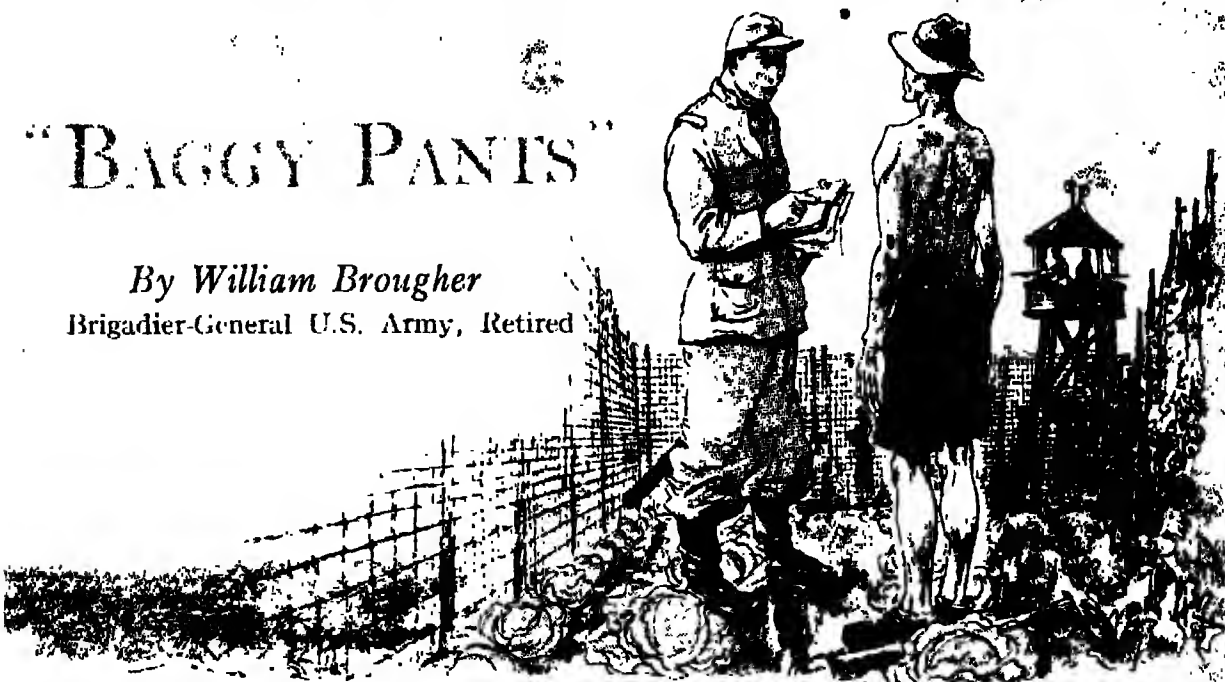
—Bill Houghton, quoted by Claire MacMurray in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

What happened when Japanese guards seized the secret writings of a captive U.S. general. A Reader's Digest "First Person" Award

"BAGGY PANTS"

By William Brougher

Brigadier-General U.S. Army, Retired



IT WAS two o'clock on a June morning in 1944 when suddenly our prison barracks came ablaze with light. In an instant Japanese officers and guards were everywhere. It was a surprise inspection; we would have no opportunity to hide, destroy or otherwise dispose of anything that might be considered contraband or incriminating. As we groggily stood at attention they ransacked our belongings and took any papers or books they found.

Brigadier-General Brougher was captured by the Japanese at Bataan when the American forces surrendered on April 9, 1942. For the next three and a half years he was a prisoner in nine camps in four countries, among them the camp of this story, Shirakawa in southern Formosa. Of the 70 Americans of his division captured with him, it is believed that only eight survive.

I was thoroughly alarmed. In the two years since my capture I had been scribbling down events, thoughts, feelings in a series of notebooks. I had even put together a little book of verse, harmless enough on the surface, but reflecting the grim experiences of prison life. To write had become an obsession with me, an absorbing interest, something to keep my hands busy, my mind occupied. In conditions of degradation and wretchedness it was my way of holding on to sanity.

It was a reckless pastime. General Jonathan Wainwright, who was a prisoner in the same camp, warned me of the risk I was taking in putting such things on paper. Our captors were extremely quick to resent anything we did or said that was

uncomplimentary to them. And their resentment frequently took the form of violent reprisals. Naturally there was much in my pathetic scribblings that was considerably less than praise for the Japanese.

As I saw my notebooks carried off, I knew I was in for a rough time. From that moment on I trembled every time I caught sight of the camp commandant or of his lieutenant, whom we called "Baggy Pants."

Baggy Pants was the incarnation of everything we despised about our barbed wire existence—the bad food, filth, punishments, the very humiliation of having been captured in the first place. A big hulk of a man, he wore his pants bagged down over the top of his boots and had a kind of shuffling gait. He spoke English fairly well and we suspected he was aware of our familiar reference to him.

It wasn't long before the Japanese began summoning the prisoners whose papers they had taken. Being extremely methodical, they started with men whose names began with A, then worked into the B's. A British Army brigadier whose papers turned up something our captors didn't like was thrown into solitary confinement on bread and water for three days. A U.S. Army colonel was terrifyingly beaten, then ordered to return each day for more of the same. It wouldn't be long before my name was reached.

To quieten my anxiety I spent as

much time as possible in the postage-stamp size garden I had been allowed to cultivate inside the prison compound. (Only 10 by 20 feet, that garden was now my only diversion—and a great source of pride. My 12 tomato plants were eight feet tall and heavy with ripe fruit. My white radishes, cabbage, kohlrabi might have taken prize at an agricultural show.)

I was hoeing round the roots of the tomato plants one afternoon when I heard a shuffle behind me. A voice asked crisply, "Your name is—*Blauer?*"

It was Baggy Pants! Like many Japanese he sometimes substituted *l* for *r* in speaking English, and I was sure it was me he was after. My turn for punishment had come!

I dropped my hoe, stiffened my arms at my side and bowed low in the approved manner. Baggy Pants had a huge envelope in his hand and his face was intensely serious. Before I could utter a word he asked again, "Your name—*Blauer?*"

"Yes, I am Broucher," I answered.

"I have your books here," he said. "I read."

He pulled one of my notebooks from the envelope; his expression still severe.

"You like poetry?" he asked.

This was a puzzling start. "Well," I answered cautiously, "I try to write verse."

"How long you like poetry?" he asked.

Here was something new in the way of booby traps. I realized vaguely that he was slipping up on my weak side. But I was already a little off guard.

"Well," I said, trying to appear casual, "I've worked at it off and on most of my life."

He opened the notebook and moved close to me.

"You lite some velly beautiful things. Are you gleat poet in Amel-ika?"

I searched for the note of sarcasm in his voice, the smirk of ridicule on his face. But he was completely serious.

"Oh no," I assured him. "I'm no poet. I'm a soldier. I merely fool around with verse. Did you really read my pieces?"

"Yes, yes, I lead all many times," replied Baggy Pants.

What was this leading to? I would open my mouth and put my foot in it for sure. But I could not hold back the eager question that every would-be poet must ask of one who has read his verse: "Did you—did you like any of my pieces?"

"Yes," said Baggy Pants. "Some pieces I like velly much. I no judge poetly, you know, but I like."

By this time I was peering over his shoulder at my notebook, forgetting that I was supposed to remain standing at attention with heels together.

"Which piece did you like?"

Baggy Pants' tough face actually smiled.

"I like best the one you lite about you wife. And this one you lite about family. This one I have—how you say—inemolize?"

He had the book open at a small verse containing only 38 words. Without looking at the text he began to recite it. Its sentiment suffered little by being spoken in his peculiar English. But he faltered after a few lines and handed me the book.

"My English no good to lead poetly. You please lead it to me."

My defences were completely down. Here I was, a poet with an appreciative audience! Never was there a greater thrill than mine as I stood in my drab prison garb, flanked by tomato plants and cabbages and read my composition:

*When twilight falls and silence
calls*

To evening prayer,

*Fair forms appear and hover
near*

About my chair.

*Soft hands entwine themselves
in mine,*

Lips touch my face;

*Then miles are not, and time's
forgot.*

As souls embrace.

"That good! That good!" applauded Baggy Pants. "We feel same way too. I not see my family now long time. I like your piece."

"You like poetry?" I said, still baffled.

"Oh yes, yes. We Japanese love poetly. The Emperor make it. All gleat Japanese make poems."

I was in this deep now, unmindful of the dread reason for his visit. "Well, that's most interesting," I said. "Have you perhaps written some yourself?"

Baggy Pants fumbled and blushed like a bashful schoolboy.

"Yes, I tly," he admitted hesitantly, scuffing the earth with the toe of his boot. "I tly, but I no good. I not make nice poetly like you. I study law, but no good poet."

All caution gone, I took the final, fatal plunge. "Would you, perhaps, show me one of your verses?"

"You would lead my poem?" he asked with surprised and humble pleasure. "It no good—no good. But maybe you help. Maybe you help this translation in English?"

He handed me a sheet of paper with a few lines typed on it. I read it aloud:

*The moon is high in the autumn
sky,
The light is like silver snow on
the grass,
My body is weary with much
striving,
My soul is at peace.*

My voice broke slightly as I spoke the last line. I was not far from choking.

"Why, Bag——" I caught myself just before uttering the hated nickname. He laughed.

"Baggy Pants! Yes, I know. Okay, okay. Baggy Pants, yes." He shrugged and looked down at his trousers. Then he looked at me.

"You like my poem?"

"It's beautiful," I said, and I meant it. "Don't change it."

"Thank you, thank you." He carefully folded the paper, put it back in his pocket, and handed me the envelope containing my confiscated scribblings.

"Your papers—General."

As he spoke my title, he made an instinctive motion as if to stiffen up and salute. Then he turned and started to walk away, but paused and came back.

"You have nice vegetables. We Japanese love beautiful garden. Beautiful garden; beautiful poetly. Would you — would you shake hand?"

I would. And I did.



Shop Talk

WHEN Garry Moore, a U.S. television star, received an award for his spontaneity, he immediately turned round and paid tribute to "the four guys responsible for my spontaneity—my writers." Bishop Fulton Sheer, the next to receive an award, said, "I also want to pay tribute to my four writers—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John."

—Faye Emerson, United Feature Syndicate

The almost forgotten path to true success and happiness for each of us



Unless You Deny Yourself



By A. J. Cronin

Author of "The Citadel," "The Keys of the Kingdom," "Adventures in
Two Worlds," "Beyond This Place," etc.

THIRTY YEARS ago, as a young doctor in London, I had among my patients a retired schoolmaster afflicted with an incurable disorder. He was a lodger with a working-class family in a Paddington tenement. Something about this poor old man impressed me—perhaps the quiet, uncomplaining cheerfulness that seemed to radiate from his small shrunken figure and bright brown eyes; at least I visited him oftener than necessity demanded.

When summer came I obtained £20 for him from a welfare organization so that he might escape from the stifling city and spend a month at the seaside. I knew he loved the sea. Ten days later I met him, looking tired and drawn, in that dingy Paddington street. Astonished, I asked him why he had not gone away. It was some time before the admission came: rather than take the holiday himself, he had sent his landlady's two children instead. As I reproached him he heard me in

silence, gave me finally an odd smile.

"Doctor," he said, "it does one good sometimes . . . *to do without.*"

Thomas à Kempis, working in his monastery study in the fifteenth century, went straight to the heart of the matter when he wrote, "Unless thou deny thyself thou shalt not have perfect liberty."

It is indeed this capacity to discipline ourselves that is the root of all virtues, the fount of all freedom. To be morally free, man must master his instincts; he must, in the words of Scripture, "rule his own spirit."

If only we could realize that character cannot be built, nor anything of value ever accomplished, without self-discipline. Great achievements and great careers are never won the easy way but only through rigorous self-control. The great pianist Paderewski summed up a life of unremitting effort in this remark: "Before I was a master, I was a slave."

When Bobby Jones played his first British Open Championship

at St. Andrews I was among the half-dozen spectators who followed him. Bobby played badly and with increasing irritation and chagrin. Finally, at the fourteenth hole, with a gesture of supreme annoyance he tore up his card and flung it to the winds. But eventually, through discipline and perseverance, he conquered this weakness in himself and became not only the greatest golfer but also one of the finest personalities of his day.

It is self-conquest which demonstrates manhood. The disciplined man has acquired that strength which comes from inner mastery. He has chosen between the two freedoms: the false, where one is free to do what he likes, and the true, where he is free to do what he ought.

How shall we set about the task of achieving this true freedom? Nikola Tesla, the physicist, described how he began as a boy to tackle the problem of self-control. "If I had something I particularly liked, a sweet cake or chocolate, I gave it away, although I suffered in doing so. Was there some task or exercise I disliked, I did it, no matter how inclination pulled. As the years passed the conflict ceased. My wish and my will became one."

William James once wrote: "There is no more miserable person than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision, and for whom the lighting of every cigar, the drinking of every cup, the time of rising and going to bed and the beginning

of every bit of work are subjects of deliberation."

We all have some habitual weakness; perhaps we smoke too much, take a drink too many, lounge precious hours away before the TV set. Let us begin by doing without that extra cigarette, that second or third cocktail. If we have a mania for television we should postpone our next session until we have done something that is really worth while. If we habitually over-eat, a little healthy abstinence should be the rule. Presently, since we no longer abuse our bodies by over-indulgence, we shall experience the first recompense of our self-denial in a sense of improved physical well-being.

Once we are really under way we should deepen and extend our moral purpose. We should resolve, for example, to carry out our duties more conscientiously; never to hurt others however much they may hurt us; to keep our temper no matter how great the provocation. By overcoming things that are small we shall eventually overcome greater difficulties. One day we shall discover that we have imperceptibly built up strength and sloughed off habits for which we despised ourselves. Epictetus said, "Lead the good life and habit will make it pleasant."

Nothing can describe the sense of power and contentment which is the fruit of this hard-won victory. Only through self-discipline can we know perfect happiness.

Mankind's supreme fallacy is the belief that the more we have the happier we shall be, that the fullest enrichment of our lives can come from an abundance of possessions.

Today in this push-button age of easy living self-denial has become, for many of us, entirely meaningless. Softened by advantages provided by modern science, we have betrayed the spirit of our forebears. We are losing the power to do without. And worse, we assume as our birthright that we need never do without.

Yet from the earliest times those seeking the greatest good in life have professed a totally opposite philosophy. The poet Horace, observing the luxury and follies of Rome, foreseeing in such selfish dissipations the fall of that great empire, wrote: "Unless a man practise privation he will not find favour with the gods."

Those who are dominated by material desires, who live under the obsession of pleasure, will find at

the end of the road only the dust and ashes of satiety. Yet for millions nowadays the prevailing idea is: "How can I enjoy myself?" Work is done under duress, entertainment has become the real business of life.

The younger generation, especially, is possessed by this mania for "a good time." Parental authority has become a joke, discipline is a forgotten word, self-restraint does not exist. We indulge our children in the delusion that we are being good to them.

The salvation of this sorely troubled planet lies not in luxury, entertainment and those creature comforts that devitalize the body and enervate the soul. It lies in the heart and will of every one of us. Man, empowered to spin his own fate, for good or evil, has harnessed the elements, has conquered the ocean and the air and has tamed the beasts of the forest. But he will never know true freedom and happiness until he has tamed himself.

Kangaroo Words

A KANGAROO WORD is one which carries within its spelling (in normal order) a smaller word which is a perfect synonym for itself. For example, note how the word BLOSSOMS contains, in its natural sequence, the synonym BLOOMS. Listed below are several more of these marsupial members of the dictionary. So hop to it and see if you can find the synonym hiding in each one. Fourteen right answers is good; 15 or better, excellent. Answers appear on page 106.

- | | | | |
|----------------|----------------|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. EVACUATE | 6. INDOLENT | 11. PERAMBULATE | 16. SPLOTCHES |
| 2. ENCOURAGE | 7. PRATTIE | 12. PINIONED | 17. SLITHERED |
| 3. PROSECUTE | 8. DIVERSIFIED | 13. JOVIALITY | 18. PERIMETER |
| 4. CALUMNIES | 9. RAMPAGE | 14. CONTAINER | 19. CURTAIL |
| 5. RAPSCALLION | 10. MATCHES | 15. REGULATES | 20. RESPITE |

—Ben O'Dell, in *The American Magazine*

Towards More Picturesque Speech

WINTER, gnawing away at the days
(Grace King) Streets dumb with snow
(Alfred Lord Tennyson) A puddle shiv-
ering in the wind (Michael McLeverty in *Cath-
olic Digest*) The sun cut itself on a
sharp hill and bled into the valleys
(John Steinbeck) Sunlight is painting
moonlight is sculpture (Nathaniel Haw-
thorne) The twilight hour slips like
a soft shawl over the great stone shoul-
ders of New York (Caroline Spurgeon)

First Impressions She jaytalks her way across every conversation (Mabel Hanson Berry) A little greynish up who would get lost in a crowd of two (Philip Wythe) She was blonde and small and looked altogether too young to be entrusted with such a dangerously provocative figure (J. D. Patton, *Esquire*)

He could hardly wait to hear what he was going to say. Mrs. Dreyer

A woman with a very low bowl
ing point (Mrs John (pp 111)) She
was trying to get her edge in word
wise (John H. H. in WBBM (Ch. 1)) Our
old dog waited his tail in neutral,
until he decided whether the ap
proaching caller was friend or foe
(William Walton in *Farm Journal*)

Road Show You really wonder how the other half lives when you drive with some of them. (Fl. *Thunder Drummer*)

When you see a man opening the door of a car for his wife, you can be sure that either the car or the wife is new (Paul Gibson, WBBM, Chicago,

Patter When the temperature is minus, I feel it in my sinus (Bill Vaughan)

Women do things for appearance for which used car dealers would go to gaol. But you're pretty keen, Josephine. *Leaves me there.* She lets her mind go blank, but forgets to turn off the sound. *He's in it.* After all is said and done, it's usually the wife who has said it and the husband who has done it. (Said by quite a bit by Paul Wilson)

Procents Up to Date Experience is still the best teacher. An added advantage is that you get individual instruction (Joy B m r l l l l w l c h r n

Life doesn't begin at 40 for those who went like 60 when they were 20. Many teen

agers come home late at night to find a parent burning in the window instead of a light D. B. B. U. Never underestimate the power of a woman (1919) *Daily S.* All work and no

play males Jack a dull boy and Jill a well-to-do widow. It is also possible that blondes prefer gent' men (turn it around).

Contributions in manuscript should be addressed to: Picturesque Speech Editor, The Readers' Digest, 25 Berkeley Square, London W1. Payment at our usual rates. Rejected contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

The Fearsome Atomic Submarine

A MIGHTY NEW WEAPON—
AND A BIG NEW DEFENSE PROBLEM

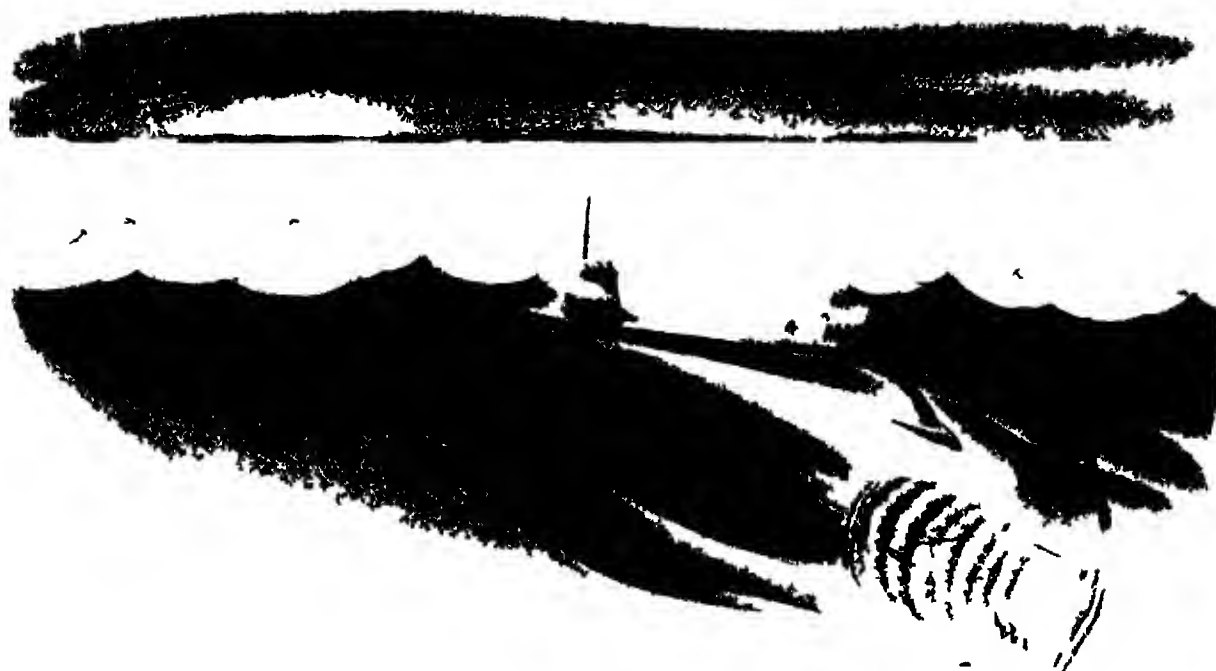
By Francis and Katharine Drake

THE CURTAIN rises on an arena of sky, sea and ships—somewhere in the Atlantic. The ships—cruisers, destroyers, escorts, carriers—are hunter-killers, members of the scouting teams with which the U.S. Navy keeps round the clock watch over the ocean approaches to America. Invisible behind the curtain of cloud lurk convoys of carrier planes. Sinking beneath the surface are submarines. Here, deployed across a thousand miles, is as crafty a

Now told for the first time—the capabilities of the American submarine Nautilus in typical battle maneuvers

three-dimensional trap as naval science can devise.

About to approach the trap is the U.S. Navy's newest and most dazzling star, *Nautilus*, the world's first atomic-powered submarine. In the war game we are about to watch she



will pit her still undemonstrated nuclear might against sonar, radar, magnetic air detectors, depth charges, bombs, guns—the whole armoury which triumphed over the submarine in the Second World War. The challenge is this: from far out at sea, *Nautilus* will attempt to run an all-out defence blockade and then surface, unobserved, in the neighbourhood of Boston or New York.

The U.S. Navy is seeking an answer to two questions of supreme importance:

How great a threat can atomic-powered submarines present to sea-fringed homelands?

How effective against such a threat are the anti-submarine techniques now in use?

Nautilus hangs motionless in placid depths hundreds of feet below the gale-ripped surface of the Atlantic. Aboard her, every mechanical function is being powered by nuclear fission: it is keeping the officers' and men's quarters warm, the refrigerators cold; it is responsible for the scalding water in the galley, laundry, showers; it is keeping the air sweet, the lights bright; it is cooking the meals. Most important, her atomic reactor can drive her at high speed several times round the world without refuelling or coming up for air, and it is this factor which is going to play a key part in the forthcoming operation. Up till now, defences have been geared to

diesel-electric submarines, which must surface regularly to renew air and recharge batteries, exposing the ship to enemy radar.

As Zero Hour approaches, tension rises among the ship's company of 100. Now the skipper's voice crackles through the intercom, crisp, confident, impersonal. Five seconds, four, three, two, one—*zero!*

The ship's telegraphs flip from "Stop!" to "Ahead Standard!" The Log needle advances clockwise with stately deliberation as *Nautilus* gets under way. There is still no sense of motion, but *Nautilus* has embarked on her momentous journey and will soon attain a speed so startling that it must remain a military secret.

It is now 1500 hours, mid-afternoon. *Nautilus* is boring along with gyrocompass and sonic fathometer as her pilots. The gyro is steady on the base course, due west, and the fathometer is bouncing sound echoes off the ocean bottom, keeping track of contours—mountains, valleys, plains—as a flier keeps track of landscape unreeling below. This navigator's problem is more exacting, however, because the ship is permanently "on instruments."

There have been numerous false alarms. With four of the five senses paralyzed, the safety of *Nautilus* and all aboard depends entirely upon the fifth sense, *hearing*; only hearing can give warning of danger underwater. The sonar operator is

using a detector, much like a gigantic hearing-aid, which decants sound in exaggerated volume into his ear-phones. He picks up sound from hundreds of sources, from every direction: the shrieks and squeaks of schools of sardines, the chirp and whistle of porpoises, the grunting of grunt-fish; also the background noises of *Nautilus* herself, the whir of generators, the whine of turbines.

Out of all this cacophony only three sounds need disturb the sonar man on this mission: the *dub-dub-dub* of ships' propellers, the rhythmic hammering of diesels and the *pinging* sounds emitted by ships when they are "echo-ranging"—trying to locate submarines by means of a sonar bounce-back.

And now, all at once, there is action.

"Contact!" calls the sonar operator. "Propellers! Several ships!"

The skipper is already at the intercom. "All engines stop! Set Patrol Quiet."

Nautilus is all at once silent. The jukebox in the mess hall cuts out in mid-chorus. The crewmen freeze like statues. The fewer the background noises, the better the sonar man's chances of "locking on to" his contact. Within a minute the precaution pays off. Eight ships are located, dead ahead, steaming in line, betrayed by the racket of their propellers while still 20 miles away.

"Destroyers," interprets the sonar man. "Closing us at ten knots. Collision course, sir."

Eight hounds from the hunter-killer packs! All they need is one telltale sound to get a bearing on the submarine. But *Nautilus's* turbines, with their high-frequency whine, are audible for only a few thousand yards; at depth her propellers are mute. Only an echo-range can detect her, and for that the ships will have to come much closer.

The skipper has been deliberating three actions: to stay put, risking discovery from a lucky sonar *ping* as the ships close; to head straight for the ships, relying on superior speed for a getaway; or to use this same speed advantage to make a run round the enemy flank. He elects No. 3.

"All ahead, flank. Come left to 180. Secure Patrol Quiet."

While the destroyers slam on through the impeding, gale-tossed waves at ten knots, *Nautilus* veers off discreetly, making double their speed. She bears south for a while, then south-west, then west. Now she's on course again, the destroyers far astern, still heading east, still unalerted. All hands aboard *Nautilus* are pretty perky. They know that any other submarine would have been a dead duck—given away by engine noise, by need for air, by insufficient speed.

It is now 2300 hours. All seems quiet. The skipper seizes an opportunity that may not come again, a chance to check position with the stars after that long detour. The

helmsman eases *Nautilus* up to periscope depth. The hull remains below the surface, safe from inquisitive radar which unlike sonar, can "see" everywhere *except* underwater

"Up periscope!"

A picture rushes into the mirror. Below, spume flying before the wind, above, a clearing sky. Stars twinkle almost theatrically. The navigator takes his sights, dictates readings, in a few minutes is satisfied. The skipper nods. Bow planes change angle. Waves embrace across the vanishing periscope.

As stealthily as she rose, *Nautilus* glides back to operational depth and resumes course.

It is 1300 hours next day. *Nautilus* is nearly two thirds of the way to her objective. Defence activities have been intensified. Overhead planes and bumps have begun weaving tighter search orbits, laying down a carpet of radar too tricky to risk raising the periscope. Contacts with "enemy" ships are now more frequent, forcing more detours. Another factor is mixing in. *Nautilus* is not far from commercial shipping lanes, and the propellers of freighters, trawlers, tankers, liners, are helping to confuse the situation.

So far, however, danger has threatened only from the surface. It is mid afternoon when the thing that has been preoccupying the skipper finally happens.

"Contact!" reports the sonar

man, perhaps for the hundredth time. Suddenly he cocks his head to one side, cups his palms round the earphones. A new sound combination is being introduced into the ocean symphony. He isolates a *dub-dub-dub* and a dull hammering. Propellers, diesels and—

"Snorkel!" shouts the sonar operator. "Sub—bearing dead ahead, sir!" He has located a submarine travelling just below the surface, breathing air through its long snorkel. In the same instant all three sounds cut out. "He's diving!"

The operator juggles the sound-head of the sonar like a man possessed. The silence is complete. There was no time even to guess at distance. Why that dive? It seems impossible that the enemy could have heard *Nautilus*'s turbines, and yet some freakish thermal layer, miles behind, may have ballooned their whine, carried a bare suggestion into hearing range.

Nautilus has frozen her position, engines dead. "Emergency Quiet" prevails, but minds are buzzing. How far away is this enemy sub? How deep? Moving in what direction? By now her dive must have been completed. She could be creeping nearer on those almost soundless batteries.

But even if the enemy sub has heard *Nautilus*, it can be doubted that she had time to get an accurate bearing. That means an evening-up of odds, for submarines searching

these inkwell depths are limited to one procedure: to find the other, one will have to *ping* and catch the echo. But *pinging* can be heard for miles. It could mean suicide.

A war of nerves is on. *Nautilus's* crew is under that most grinding of all pressures—*waiting*. All eyes sneak frequent glances at the clocks, whose hands seem bathed in glue. Which adversary will crack first?

"*Ping!*"

The sonar operator jumps. An echo-range! Short, sweet, unmistakable! The enemy is finally sending out a feeler. Five minutes go by. Another *ping*. Then another.

Gleefully the sonar man picks up bearings. The enemy is three miles off, due south, 200 feet deep, closing. She seems to be methodically raking the area between herself and *Nautilus*. Too close for comfort.

"All ahead—two thirds!"

Nautilus has just begun a tiptoe exit, turbines dampened, when the sonar man sounds a new alarm. "She's blowing tanks. There go her diesels. She's *surfacing*, sir!"

It is not hard to visualize the opponent's gambit. Faint though the sound-level was, she must have heard the turbines. Too slow to catch *Nautilus* herself, she has gone up to summon help. In minutes she will be broadcasting position, and ships and planes will be converging on the surfaced sub, the one fixed "reference point" in wastes of ocean. The trap is closing. *Nautilus's* condition is perilous.

The skipper's jaw juts out. He motions to his executive officer. "All ahead flank. Course due west. Bring her up to 100 feet."

He catches the executive officer's startled expression and grins. "We'll try a false scent. Make sure she hears us!"

Up near the surface *Nautilus's* propellers register loud and clear. The enemy's sonar will be able to track her for at least ten miles. Now the important thing is *speed*. The greater the distance that can be opened before the pack arrives, the better the chance of escape. Right now *Nautilus* is known to be inside a small, tight circle, at most a few miles in diameter. With every mile she gains, the circle will enlarge. If she can only fox her pursuers for an hour, she will no longer be a target but a search problem—over an area of 1,200 square miles.

The skipper, still heading west, gradually fades the engines to one third speed and begins diving. The point at which he levels off is top secret, but it is safe to say that, after aeons of carefree, uninhibited living, a lot of sightless monsters of the deep are getting an almighty scare.

"Come right, now, due north," orders the skipper. "All ahead. Emergency speed."

Some 15 minutes later, sonar buoys, set to transmit propeller sounds back to planes, start dropping like hailstones along *Nautilus's* former course. Dye markers colour the sea. Aeroplanes crisscross with

magnetic air detectors, ingenious devices like Geiger counters which flick a cockpit needle when a plane flies over submerged metal.

But *Nautilus* is not there. She is far to the north, running faster and deeper than any submarine has ever run before.

IT IS CLOSE on midnight. The loudspeakers have just gone into action with the command: "Surface, Surface, Surface!" A hoarse roar indicates compressed air driving water out of the main ballast tanks. Shortly, the bridge hatch overhead is clanging back and the skipper, followed by two lookouts, disappears up the ladder.

The bridge is still sopping wet; water is still cascading off black metal. The night air wafts a nostalgic scent to the three men: land!

The New England coastline is in view—a dark smudge, spattered with little brilliants. Above the western skyline a blur of light is reflected—Boston! To the south-west, a few miles away, is the entrance to Long Island Sound, gateway to New York.

As prescribed by orders, *Nautilus* hovers for 20 minutes at her surfacing position—time enough to have launched missiles at both Boston and New York. Then the skipper summons the communications officer and dictates a dispatch: "*Nautilus to ComSubLant*, Mission accomplished. Am returning to base.*"

* Commander Submarines Atlantic.

THE TRIUMPHS of the world's first nuclear submarine in tests such as the above have brought a sobering realization: *Whatever the United States can do, others will be able to do.* Submarine-borne missiles have already achieved a range of 500 miles. Such missiles could all too easily reach cities and factories far inland.

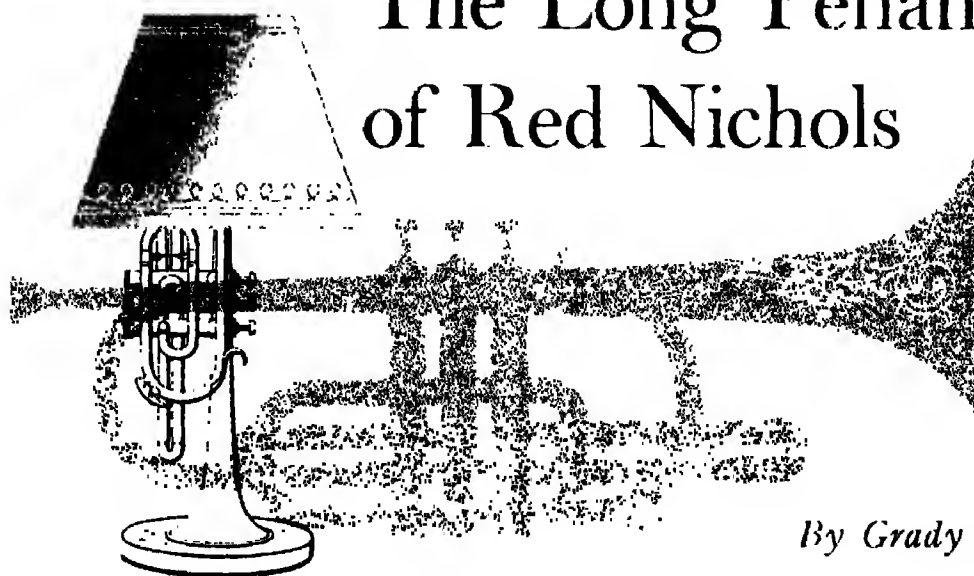
With one stroke, the atomic submarine has rendered obsolete a large part of the anti-submarine techniques which operated so effectively during the Second World War, most of which were based on the premise of the conventional submarine's vulnerability on the surface. It is now clear that a nuclear submarine is capable of materializing in missile-launching position anywhere in the world, and with greater secrecy than any other major weapon.

Atomic submarines of ever-improving design (underwater speeds in excess of 50 mph are already being visualized) and missiles of ever-extending potential pose a difficult defence problem for those nations that are approachable from the sea.

Some of America's best scientific brains are already at work with anti-submarine warfare experts, experimenting with devices that may soon provide reassuring answers to this newly discovered weakness.

But for the existence of *Nautilus*, the need for a revised deep-sea defence structure might never have been recognized.

The Long Penance of Red Nichols



By Grady Johnson

LIKE OTHER welders in the shipyard who potted at making metal ash trays and book ends for themselves when off duty, he seemed preoccupied with a labour of love. Squatting on a huge floating drydock, he was welding an old brass cornet on to a metal base. He had hammered a dent out of the bell and attached an electric-light socket to the mouthpiece to form a novel table lamp. His smudged face, half hidden by safety glasses, gave no sign of the hurt in his heart.

In the Boilermakers Union he was known as Loring Nichols. A slight, shy, boyish man in his late 30's, he didn't talk much. None of us working with him at Pacific Bridge shipyards in Alameda, California, during the Second World War knew that he was "Red" Nichols, famous jazzband leader of the 1920's. Nor

did any of his former musicians, like Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman and Jimmy Dorsey, know where he was. He had dropped mysteriously out of sight.

Only Red's family knew why the stubby fingers that pumped the valves of a cornet into musical history with his gramophone record of "Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider" now did overhead welding in the steel hulls of giant U.S. Navy vessels. And only Red Nichols himself could know the guilty conscience which had made him convert into a lamp the cornet he'd vowed never to play again because of the tragedy he felt it had brought him.

Music had been Red's life; he was bred into it. His father, E. W. Nichols, thirteenth child of the third wife of a musician in Brigham Young's Mormon caravan to Utah,

had sold a steer to buy a clarinet. He became a music instructor and bandmaster and started his red-headed son on the cornet and violin at the age of three.

The first time Red heard jazz music he told his mother, "I've got to play that." She begged him not to—"for your father's sake." His father, who in addition to being a teacher was an elder in the Mormon church, considered the music vulgar and whipped Red whenever he heard it played. Red took his whippings and played on.

In 1920, at 15, Red won a scholarship to a private boarding school. There, nightly, he blew his heavily muted horn in his room, "doodling" to the records of Nick LaRocca and Larry Shields, river-boat musicians who were sowing the seeds of jazz up the Mississippi from New Orleans. He copied the Dixieland style, added "hot" variations of his own and, to look like a jazz man, started smoking cigarettes. The smoking got him expelled from school.

Red couldn't go home. Smoking violated his religion, and the expulsion scandalized his family. He organized a jazz band to play brassy numbers like "Clarinet Marmalade" and "Ostrich Walk" at clubs. Soon he was barnstorming throughout Indiana and Ohio.

Only five years later, at 20, Red was playing in Broadway musicals. There he met Bobbie Meredith, a beautiful young dancer in an Al Jolson show. They fell in love and

were married. Red was making nearly \$2,000 a week when he worked, Bobbie was dancing regularly in shows; life was beautiful for two successful young people.

But the roots of Red's religious upbringing were deep, and he felt that Bobbie shouldn't be working in the theatre, especially not in scanty show costumes. She should make a home and have children. Bobbie was reluctant to give up her career. But because she loved him, she stopped dancing. In 1928 a red-haired, brown-eyed daughter, Dorothy, was born.

When Red's band travelled, Bobbie and Dorothy went with him, Bobbie often driving the truck carrying the band's instruments. Sometimes Dorothy was sent off to boarding school. Where, asked Bobbie, was the home life Red had wanted? Playing most of the night, staying up till dawn drinking with customers and musicians, Red was forgetting his obligations to his family.

One day, at the peak of his success, Bobbie told him he would have to give up the life he was leading or give up her and Dorothy. She felt that the child's health was being endangered by their irregular habits. "We don't need a lot of money," she said. "We can go West. You can make records and play short engagements around San Francisco."

Red was indignant. "Give up everything I have worked for?"

He thought back over his dazzling

career. During his early barnstorming days he had "jammed" with two other young men who were becoming famous, Bix Beiderbecke and Hoagy Carmichael. He had played in Earl Carroll's *Vanities*, in *Girl Crazy* and *Strike Up the Band*. At 22 he had been broadcasting on Columbia Broadcasting System's radio network. His band, Red Nichols and His Five Pennies, was big, and Red, flaming-haired symbol of the flaming '20's, knew it. He had recorded best-sellers under a dozen labels, and on tour was the toast of jazz-lovers all over the United States. At one time or another practically every "name" in the business had played with him, and all looked up to him: Glenn Miller (his arranger), Gene Krupa, Benny Goodman, Jimmy Dorsey, Eddie Condon, Jack Teagarden, Artie Shaw, Louis Prima. Would *they* give up success for a woman's whim?

"I won't do it," Red blurted.

"I love you but I'll have to leave you," Bobbie said, crying.

Red saw she meant it. He took her in his arms. A few days later he broke up his band and headed for San Leandro, California, where his father and mother had bought a house with money he had sent regularly over the years. Here little Dorothy would grow strong and tan in the sun and country air. She would have a home for the first time and live the life that Red, deep in his heart, wanted for her.

But fate had other plans. Despite

Red's big name, he couldn't catch on in the West. Dixieland jazz itself was losing popularity, except with the faithful who gathered in small, smoky cellar clubs to listen to it in surroundings as tawdry as its New Orleans beginnings.

Then came the crushing blow. One week after her fifteenth birthday Dorothy was struck by polio, encephalitis and spinal meningitis, all at once. One doctor refused to take her case, saying he had treated only two like it and both had died. Dorothy, "aching all over," was rushed to the communicable-disease ward of Alameda County Hospital. In time, they took the pretty little girl home—paralyzed from the waist down. A doctor said she would never walk again.

Red blamed himself. If he had taken better care of her, instead of staying away from home for his music, perhaps this wouldn't have happened. That night in a fit of anger and remorse he took his cornet from its case and threw it against the wall, making a deep dent in its bell. He vowed never to play again until Dorothy got well.

Classified unfit for military service by his draft board, Red took a course in welding and got a job in the Pacific Bridge shipyards. But even with long hours of overtime he could not earn enough to give Dorothy the Sister Kenny treatments he wanted for her. He and Bobbie cut up neighbours' donated woollens to make hot bandages for the child, and

massaged her by night and day.

Dorothy refused to let her parents look on her as a cripple. She even rejected their help in getting to the bathroom. "Don't you want me to get well?" she would protest, as she crawled from her room on hands and knees. Finally, after months of treatment, she learned to walk by holding on to wall and furniture, but she could not bend at the waist.

For five years Red had been lost to his friends and to music. Then one day he came home to find Dorothy, on the living-room floor, playing some of his dusty old records. As a child she had been a "long-hair" like his father, preferring classical music to his. Now she exclaimed in teen-age discovery, "Dad, these are smooth! Play for me."

In his vow not to play, Red hadn't taken into consideration the possibility that Dorothy herself might some day ask him to. He got out the dented cornet. It felt strange in his hands; his fingers on the valves were stiff. When he put the mouthpiece to his lips only a weak "clinker" came from the sweet horn that millions had loved. His lips were soft. He couldn't play a note.

Dorothy understood. "You're out of practice," she said. The next day Red took the cornet to the shipyard and made a lamp out of it.

Dorothy, getting better by the day, continued to play her father's records—and so did thousands of teenagers who were discovering old-fashioned Dixieland for themselves.

"Dad, you've got to play," Dorothy told him repeatedly.

Now the doctors told Red that his daughter might get even better in a warmer climate. Red planned to take Dorothy to southern California. He would go back into music to earn the money.

Unknown to anyone, Red bought a secondhand cornet and, every day after his shipyard shift, went into the hills outside San Leandro to practise. Gradually he built up his lip. Soon his "long tones" began to echo through the rolling hills as sweet and pure and hot as ever.

Finally Red felt he was ready. He put together a band, and a booking agent got him into a small hotel in a run-down section of Los Angeles. At first the band died. Then word got round among professional jazz musicians that old Red Nichols was back, remember him? Musicians who had jammed with him in the past took to dropping in to play the band of non-commercial music that they couldn't play with their bands. Mame Kline came with his white-hot trumpet. Artie Shaw came to slum and jam. Jimmy Dorsey, Joe Venuti, Gene Krupa, they all came to make the little hotel jump.

Best of all, Dorothy came. Now all but well, walking with a stick, she came one night with her husband-to-be, a blue-eyed giant of a university student named David Mason. From the bandstand Red exchanged proud looks with her. As the evening wore on, a lot of famous

jazz musicians came in to play. Red doesn't remember exactly who they were, because suddenly he saw Dorothy dancing.

Dorothy dancing! Somebody took his cornet from him and he found himself walking in a daze towards her. Choking with emotion, he tapped the boy on the shoulder. He

danced with Dorothy and then he danced with Bobbie, and his heart was bursting with happiness.

Today Red is living out a dramatic epilogue. Dorothy is completely well, the mother of a three year old daughter and a nine month old son. And Red is on the threshold of a comeback that warms the heart.



The \$64,000 Question

U.S. TELEVISION'S \$64,000 Question may succeed where businessmen and economics writers have failed: it may bring home to the low and middle bracket income taxpayer the confiscatory tax rates in higher brackets.

Through this programme millions of viewers in the United States are becoming aware of income tax rates which make it reasonable for a contestant to quit at the \$32,000 plate rather than go on to the final \$64,000 question. A monthly letter of the First National City Bank of New York spells out the situation.

An unnamed contestant with an income of \$4,000 can take home \$16,600 if he wins the \$32,000 question. The tax collector takes \$15,400. But if he goes on, he risks his \$16,600 to take home only \$8,708 more.

For a net win of \$64,000, the Bank points out, the gross prize would have to be \$448,711, of which the U.S. Government would take \$384,711.

The programme, says the Bank letter, has provided a vivid illustration of the way confiscatory income tax rates stifle the cards against risk-taking ventures.

Although less well advertised, tax rules dictate in one or another way day of the week to businessmen, investors and professional men of every description. The injury is not only to the opportunities of people but also to the tax collections. Risk-taking enterprise affords the richest source of government revenue. The government will do well to ponder the desirability of finding a schedule of rates that encourages people to go ahead.

Many a businessman has asked himself this \$64,000 question: "Shall I invest, expand, create more jobs with the hope of making more money?" And after studying the tax rates, he too has often decided to quit while he was safely ahead. The big losers from such decisions are not the businessmen—nor the television contestants—but the small taxpayer and the government itself.

Akron Beacon Journal



The remarkable success story
of Diego Velazquez, Spain's
greatest painter

Every Painting a Masterpiece

By Malcolm Vaughan

From the painting "Prince Baltasar Carlos" by Diego Velazquez, by courtesy of the Prado, Madrid

HE ROSE to stardom like a rocket. One week he was nobody, an unknown provincial Spanish youth without wealth or favour; the next he was standing in the palace thanking the king for the magnificent appointment His Majesty had bestowed upon him.

The king, though he did not know it then, had picked a winner. The unknown was Diego de Silva Velazquez, destined to be one of the world's greatest artists. Today visitors from all over the globe journey to Madrid's Prado, Spain's greatest gallery, to see his masterpieces: the world-famous portraits of the king;

the little princess, surrounded by her maids of honour; and the five-year-old crown prince, Baltasar Carlos, astride a galloping pony.

Tall, slender, romantic-looking, with an olive complexion, handle-bar moustache and flowing brown hair, young Velazquez had worked as an apprentice to a teacher in his native Seville. At 23 he was ready to show what he could do. Aglow with ambition, he went up to the big city of Madrid, bringing with him his best pictures and letters of introduction to possible sponsors. Though he left no stone unturned, even painting a brilliant portrait as a sample

of what he could do, the trip seemed to get him nowhere.

Months later, home again and striving harder than ever to improve his art, Velazquez received a letter from a friend in Madrid, an usher at the palace. It said that the all-powerful king's minister, the Duke of Olivares, himself a Sevillian, had seen the sample portrait and wanted to meet the young man who could paint as well as this.

Hurrying back to Madrid Velazquez painted another sample: this time a portrait of the usher. The picture was taken to the Alcazar palace before the paint was dry. From that moment events moved fast for the unknown artist.

Everyone who saw the picture liked it: courtiers, ministers. King Philip IV. Fifteen-year-old Philip, new to the throne, was a dull-eyed, jut-jawed duckling, and is proud as a peacock. He summoned the artist to paint his portrait and was so pleased with the forthright realistic result: protruding jaw and all

that he appointed Velazquez Painter to the King. Along with this honour went a studio in the palace, a monthly salary, and a contract whereby the monarch agreed to buy all the portraits of the royal family that the artist produced.

Madrid was full of artists seeking jobs. They raised quite a squawk. Not daring to belittle Velazquez's skill, since everyone could see he had made a first-rate likeness of the king, they complained that he was

only a portraitist. A painter to the king, they whined, should be an all-round master.

When their protests reached the king's ears he hit on a plan. Setting up a nation-wide competition for the best picture on an historical subject, he named a distinguished jury and his portrait painter entered the contest. Velazquez won. There are records of this triumph, but the painting that won the prize has been lost.

Thus the young man from Seville came to be looked upon as a genius when he had barely launched his career. What a great genius he actually was history has since proved. We now know that Velazquez was the most able realist in Spanish painting, some say in the world. His portraits are so lifelike they all but speak.

Velazquez worked at top speed—and as if at ease. Often he made no preliminary sketches. He just dipped a brush in paint and stroked the canvas with it, directly creating his masterpiece. At times the paint is so thin that the grain of the canvas shows through, yet the illusion of solidity is captured.

This was but one aspect of his genius. Among Spaniards he was the first great artist to paint scenes from the life of the people, the first to paint humble plebeian types, the first to bring allegorical painting down to earth by portraying mythology in recognizable everyday settings. He was the first Spaniard to paint a woman beautifully nude.

And, two centuries before the Impressionists were born, he painted impressionist landscapes.

Velazquez was Painter to the King for 40 years. Throughout those years, Philip rewarded him with gifts and appointments to official positions, mostly sinecures. Velazquez responded with 34 portraits, immortalizing Philip.

The king's painter plucked many a plum from the royal pie. Perhaps the sweetest were two long tours of Italy, during which he studied to his heart's content the art of such Renaissance masters as Michelangelo, Raphael and Titian.

Velazquez used his spare time to extend his talents into landscape painting, religious themes, history and mythology. As a result he never stopped growing. The late Spanish philosopher and writer, Ortega y

Gasset, wrote: "Almost every one of his pictures is the realization of a new conception." Moreover, Velazquez suffered none of the usual artistic ups and downs. All his paintings are masterworks.

Of all these triumphs, the world has come to prize most his picture of the darling child princess surrounded by her maids of honour, and the equestrian portrait of five-year-old Prince Baltasar Carlos—a little Prince Charming on horseback who gallops into our hearts.

Today, pictures by Velazquez are on exhibition in art galleries in many lands. Each year increasing tens of thousands gaze upon them. Scholars, connoisseurs, students, average people, all agree that the Spanish artist who soared to stardom like a rocket is one of the greatest artists of all time.

Comedy of Errors

A FRIEND of mine visited a leading London hairdresser and put herself in his hands. When it was all over she looked at herself, gulped, and decided she was definitely different.

She composed herself, arranged her face to match the new hair-do, and went to the cashier to pay her bill. The cashier looked at her, startled, and inquired, "Do you wish to complain?"

Contributed by Judith Halley

ONE GIFT I knew that my wife wanted was a medallion. But when I got to the department store I found I'd forgotten what they were called. Luckily, at a nearby counter I spotted a young assistant who had a medallion hanging from a chain round her neck. So I went up to her, pointed at it and asked, "What do you call those things and where do you buy them?"

"Bias—second-floor lingerie," she replied, blushing furiously.

—Contributed by Gordon Johnstone

Is American Education Better Than European?

IN A school in Washington, an eight year old pupil frowns over this question "A pencil costs four cents. What is the cost of six pencils?"

In Paris, the text book of a six-year old has this typical question "What is the cost of putting a fence round a rectangular field 145 metres long and 38 metres wide, if fencing costs 30 francs a metre?"

In Rome an eight year old Italian boy is expected to come up with the answer to "A bicycle wheel has a diameter of 70 centimetres. How many metres will have been covered when the wheel has made 1 000 turns?"

In Germany nine year olds must solve this puzzler "A box with 750 eggs weighs 52 kilograms. The empty box weighs 7 kilograms. What was the average weight of one egg?"

To find out how American schools compare with those of other countries, *U S News & World Report* checked up on text-books, examinations and classroom practices in the

In Europe, pupils learn more, work harder, and play less than in the United States — and fewer go to secondary schools and universities. Which system is better?

major countries of Western Europe. This is what the survey shows.

Classroom standards in Europe are exacting to a point almost unheard of in America. Often home work starts with a child's first day at school. The lazy or backward pupil gets no breaks from his teacher, those who cannot keep up with the class are shunted to vocational schools, or if lucky—given an opportunity to take a year's work over again.

Set tasks are far more demanding in Europe than those which are general in the United States. Children of seven get the beginnings of geometry, natural science, history and grammar. Often children younger than ten have tasks set them that

mean three or four hours' homework at week-ends—and the things they have to know are more advanced than material being taught some American high-school students.

A recent New York State exam for high-school seniors contained such questions as: "The U.S. government obtains the largest percentage of its income from—1. Corporation income taxes. 2. Excise taxes. 3. Tariffs. 4. Personal income taxes."

This type of question requires the 18-year-old merely to make a choice or guess, and if he's paid much attention to his work the question makes a minimum demand upon his brain. European children half that age don't get off as easily.

Italian children, seven to nine, get classroom questions such as "What are the marked differences between the Renaissance and the Middle Ages?"

The British ten-year-old is asked to: "Name three insect-eating birds, three scratching birds and six birds that find their food in water."

Most European countries compress their highly intensified pre-university schooling into ten years, compared to the 12 years normal in the United States. Many students at 16 have acquired an education that compares with that of an American university graduate.

One reason European schools achieve such results in such a brief time is that they keep to a minimum **any** activities that **distract** students **from** schoolwork. **Extra-curricular**

activities such as dances and club meetings are rare.

There isn't time for that sort of thing. In France, for example, a child of ten puts in 45 hours a week in school and on homework. And the grind gets worse each succeeding year.

Learn—or else. In Britain, the majority of children at the age of 11 are separated into three types of schools. This separation is made on the basis of a written and oral examination; and in some cases intelligence tests are taken into consideration. The majority go on to what are called "secondary modern" schools, which offer a broad range of subjects. The more promising minority go to grammar schools, where they are prepared for university entrance exams. About five per cent go to technical schools to learn a trade.

There is a similar weeding-out process in Germany and France. When the student is 10 or 11 years old, his future is decided by comprehensive tests designed to determine whether he is fit material for the highest type of education. If he isn't he is shunted to the scholastic sidelines. The stiff exam given to the ten-year-old French student includes such questions as:

"A man driving to Tours leaves Orléans at 8 a.m. The two cities are 117 kilometres apart. He drives at 60 kilometres per hour. Two thirds of the way a flat tyre costs him half an hour. After that he slows his speed to three quarters of what it

was "What time does he reach Tours?"

If the student fails the crucial exam, he has to repeat the year's work, then take another test. If he fails a second time, he is transferred to vocational education and cannot go on to university.

The French youth who passes this early barrier moves on to courses in writing, algebra, natural sciences, physics, chemistry, Latin, Greek, history, and political and physical geography. And there is a second, more severe weeding out of students at the age of 17—the baccalaureate examinations. These come after the youth has had seven years of mathematics, literature, philosophy and foreign languages.

Parental concern: European countries in general have a high opinion of their own educational systems. But, in contrast to the trend in the United States, there are growing protests at the emphasis on book learning. Bills have been introduced calling for a change in the insistence on severe mind training to the neglect of physical education and social studies.

A French educator says: "In France the concept of the community is little appreciated or comprehended. The school system probably has something to do with this. Education in the United States has subordinated the disciplined learning of

facts to teaching youngsters how to play, live and work together as social beings. We French could use a dose of this."

Thus, at a time when American parents are wondering whether their children are getting the education they need, parents in Europe are worrying about a school system that means all work and no play and places all emphasis on individual achievement with no concern as to whether the student is prepared to fulfil the rôle of a citizen.

Quality vs quantity: The United States and Europe differ widely also in the extent of their educational coverage. In the United States 94 per cent of primary school children enter secondary schools. American children in large numbers are at least exposed to advanced schooling. Furthermore, 23 per cent of the school population goes on to the university. For Europe as a whole, the average of young people who get a university education is only five per cent.

In Europe classroom drudgery plus a rigorous weeding out process is aimed at developing a relatively small, highly educated group in each generation. In the United States, the goal is to educate everybody. Practically any American child who wants to can get a university education, and usually enjoys himself in the process.

No man is ever a failure until his wife thinks so. —Minneapolis Journal

ANSWERED PRAYER?

—A Case History

“The Lord is still giving proof that He answers”

By Stanley High

CONSIDER the dramatic story of how one of the most widely broadcast radio programmes in the world—Evangelist Billy Graham's “Hour of Decision” got on the air.

The story begins in the early summer of 1950, in a roadside cafe near Ocean City, New Jersey, when a stranger rushed up to Billy Graham and exclaimed: “This can only be God's doing!”

The man was a Philadelphia preacher with considerable radio experience—who had long admired the young evangelist's work. The previous night he had woken with what he described, in Quaker terminology, as a “concern” to put Billy Graham's message on the air. That morning the concern returned with such urgency that he had driven down to the shore “to shake it off or figure it out.” To him, this meeting “was not chance but” a Providential directive.

Billy Graham was sympathetic. But he was unconvinced—“be it to my shame”—of the Provi-

dential origin of the man's idea. He had never given serious thought to a radio programme. He explained that he had no funds, no organization, no radio contacts. The preacher, undaunted, promised that Graham would hear from him again.

Two weeks later, at a Bible conference in Michigan, two executives of an advertising agency called on Billy Graham. Both were active churchmen. One was a member of the Philadelphia preacher's church.

“We have come,” they said, “to see what can be done about a radio programme.”

Billy Graham doubted that anything could be done. His schedule was already overcrowded. But he promised to pray about it.

In Portland, Oregon, that July, Billy Graham began what was up to then his most successful Crusade. Night after night, 15,000 people crowded the specially built tabernacle. But hardly a day passed when he did not hear, by telephone or telegram, from the two self-appointed promoters of a Billy

radio programme. One week-end they appeared in person.

The programme, they said, could be launched for an initial \$25,000.

Hereafter the cost — something more than \$7,000 a week — would be met by voluntary contributions from the radio audience.

"Beginning with the \$25,000 I didn't know where to get," says Billy Graham, "the whole thing was fantastic."

They returned ten days later, and waited a week without seeing the evangelist. Then they booked air passages home. But when they sent a parting message that they would

no more pressure on him, Billy Graham invited them to his hotel room as a "good-bye courtesy."

Meanwhile, recalling the incident at the café, he began to wonder if perhaps this is the Lord's doing: perhaps He does want me on the air." When the two advertising men arrived he told them that the final decision should be "not mine, but the Lord's." The three knelt and Billy Graham prayed "the kind of prayer I have never prayed before since." One of his visitors says, "It wasn't like any we had ever heard. He talked to the Lord:

" 'You know I don't know where there is money like this. But You know where it is. If it is Your plan for me, I believe that by midnight tonight You can and will place in my hands \$25,000.' "

Since the largest single contribution Billy Graham had ever received

for his work was less than \$500, his two visitors were sure that he had asked the Lord for the impossible. They packed and left for the airport.

Before the preaching began that night, Billy Graham told his overflow audience of the radio offer; of his repeated refusal to consider a venture so far beyond his means; of his desire to settle the matter, that night, in accord with God's will. He did not mention his prayer or the sum required or ask for contributions. "We won't be seeking you out," he said. "But if you think this is God's plan for us, you can seek us out and tell us so."

At the end of the service he went to the room reserved for members of his team. Grady Wilson, his associate evangelist, stood in the door. A line of people were queued up in front of it. A shoe box Wilson held was filling with cash and pledges scribbled on cards, newspapers, odd scraps of paper.

An Idaho lumberman left a pledge for \$2,500. A schoolteacher and his wife pledged \$1,000: "The contents of our savings account, but we can think of no better investment."

"I've only chicken feed, but here it is," said a schoolboy, emptying his pocket.

The total came to \$23,500.

Waiting nearby were the advertising men. They had been about to board their plane when "all of a sudden, Billy's prayer got a hold of us." They decided they would wait one more day.

"This is the answer to your prayer," they said "Your programme is as good as on the air"

"No," said Billy Graham, "my prayer has not been answered We asked the Lord for \$25,000 It's got to be all or nothing The devil could send us \$23,500"

'We will guarantee that last \$1,500 ourselves'

"No, that's not the answer we prayed for"

It was almost midnight when they reached the hotel There were three letters for Billy Graham One writer expressed the conviction that Billy Graham's sermons should be heard regularly on radio and enclosed a cheque for \$1,000 The other two letters each contained a cheque for \$250

"That's the answer," said Billy Graham In his room, that mid night, there was another prayer meeting

Today the 'Hour of Decision,' broadcast over two major radio networks, is on nearly 700 stations in

continental United States, 70 in Canada, six in Alaska, two in Hawaii and 29 in other countries. No other network programme, commercial or non-commercial, has such extensive coverage Its cost, rising as the number of stations has increased, is now some \$20,000 a week

To receive and handle funds, the non-profit making Billy Graham Evangelistic Association was formed with headquarters in Minneapolis Since the programme first went on the air in November, 1950, its cost has been met by contributions from the radio audience Gifts average about five dollars

'On several occasions,' says Billy Graham, "our bank balance has been down to a few hundred dollars But in more than five years we have never had to ask for a loan, and every bill has been paid on time"

The Lord Who led us to that New Jersey cafe and Who heard us that night in Portland is still giving proof that He answers prayer'

Party Line

JUST BEFORE the Communist leaders fled Guatemala, they left the following secret *Rules for Guatemalan Communists in Guatemala* (1) Abstain from defending Communist viewpoints in order to avoid suspicion (2) All unknown members of the Party should join anti-Communist parties for their own protection (3) Denounce as Communists as many anti Communists as possible, especially choosing those who are not known to be militant anti Communists (4) Those who are able to infiltrate anti-Communist parties must stir up division by agitating between groups (5) In case fighting occurs between anti-Communist groups, take no part except to try to secure and hide light arms and ammunition

—Keith Monroe in *Harper's Magazine*

Life's Like That

WHEN TWO police officers sent to quell a dance hall fracas were thrown out by the creator of the disturbance—a burly young fellow—the Chief Constable took matters into his own hands

He went into the hall alone and returned in half an hour to head quarters with the culprit in tow. The astonished officers wanted to know what he had done.

Nothing to it, he replied. I just talked him into joining the force.

(CLARENCE ROISER)

I WAS ABOUT to step into our church for a few moments of prayer one Saturday morning when a wedding party emerged and so I waited nearby. As the line of well-wishers formed to kiss the bride, I noticed that several



dirty-faced little boys who had been playing about were watching the goings on with interest. Finally they joined the crowd. Bystanders attempted to drive them away but the bride would have none of it. As they approached she kissed each grubby face and was rewarded with smiles.

Then she remarked sweetly: 'Perhaps I'll have some boys of my own some day—with dirty faces.'

The look the groom gave her was terrific.

(FRANK ROSE)

IN A HOTEL in Honduras, Central America, I was talking to a young man recently returned from North America. He told me that he was unable to understand life in the United States and as an illustration recounted an incident that happened at the Detroit factory where he had worked.

The Honduran had asked a fellow worker if he was not proud to have been born in so large and prosperous a country. To his astonishment, the American began to complain violently about wages, unions, taxes, politicians and the government in general.

But my friend said the Central American: 'if you don't like it, why not do as we do? We have a revolution, kick everybody out and start over again.'

'Listen, buddy,' retorted his friend most indignantly, 'if you ain't

"satisfied with the way we run things, why don't you go back where you came from?"

--VARIAN FEWELL

THERE ARE five floors in our hospital, and as I stepped inside the self-service lift on the ground floor, I noticed a handsome young passenger was making himself useful by asking us our floors and pushing the buttons. At the second stop, when a pretty young nurse got on, he asked her floor. Apparently she did not hear so he said, "Are you getting off at five?"

She gave him a big smile. "No," she answered, "but I'll be through at 11."

WILLARD JOHNSON

IN CELEBRATION of the city's hundredth anniversary, most of the men in Flint, Michigan, started centennial beards. As we stood at a street corner watching the beards go by, the man who possessed the most luxuriant growth stopped to talk.

"How long did it take you to grow that?" he was asked.

"I started on March 21."

"And what does your wife say about it?"

"Oh, she ain't said nothing yet. Come to think of it, she ain't said nothing since March 21."

--JAMES HESLING

I HAD BROUGHT my potted plants in for the winter and put them on a table in the conservatory. One day when I went in, I was sure that they had been rearranged. Another time, it looked as if someone had pinched off the dead leaves—a job I had been intending to do. On several occasions I was sure they had been watered. The mystery continued until one day



I found a note on an ailing plant:

"We're going to lose this one unless you get some ammonium sulphate on it quick. Better get down to Green's Nursery this afternoon. Your Milkman."

--MRS. J. R. UDRY

THE ONLY thing lacking in the picture-book farm an elderly couple had retired to was a sheltered passageway from house to barn. The local carpenter flatly refused to build one for them, saying he thought it was unnecessary. Nothing could sway him and so the couple imported a man from the nearest large town. One day after the addition was completed, the local carpenter chanced to come along, and they asked him how he liked it.

"Well," he said, "it looks pretty. But an umbrella woulda been a darn sight cheaper."

--JACQUELINE MORHOUS

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Twelve Russian farm delegates take a look at America, with some eye-opening results for both sides

Farmer Ivanovich Meets Farmer Brown

By John Strohm



ON a very hot day last summer (over 100° Fahrenheit), the world-news spotlight shifted to Dick Alleman's farm in central Iowa, U S A. Reporters, photographers, newsreel and TV men elbowed each other for a closer shot or a better chance to listen as they clustered about each visitor. This was the first day in America's farmland for the 12 Soviet delegates who had gone to the United States when Russia lifted its Iron Curtain for an exchange of farmers

As Dick Alleman's neighbours looked on in amazement, the Russians admiringly stroked the silken ears of tall Iowa maize. Straw-hatted Soviet officials in limp linen suits took pictures of fat pigs gorging at a self-feeder. Two Russian engineers with steel tapes swarmed over a one-man hay baler in the adjoining field, while

JOHN STROHM, agricultural authority, was asked by U S Secretary of State Dulles and Secretary of Agriculture Benson to co-ordinate the trip of Russian farm delegates through the United States. Mr Strohm has travelled in 65 countries throughout the world and has made an extensive trip through postwar Russia. Besides being editor of the *Ford Almanac*, he is official consultant to the U S Secretary of Agriculture and past president of the American Agricultural Editors' Association.

Condensed from The Freeman

another pored over Dick's income-tax return

No doubt about it, this was no tourist trip for the Russians. Their object was to *learn*. Heading the delegation was Deputy Minister Vladimir Matskevich (since promoted, on his return to Moscow, to Minister of Agriculture over one sixth of the earth's surface). Other deputy ministers included Boris Savelev, in charge of short-range economic planning, and Alexander Ezhevski, head of all tractor and agricultural-machine building in the Soviet Union. Several Soviet delegates had the triple distinction of being high up the Soviet ladder in agriculture, government and the Party. All of them were qualified farm technicians.

These officials, who went to see for themselves the American system at work, travelled 12,000 miles in a dozen states. They studied seeds, feeds, breeds and productivity. They shopped in drug-stores and famous U.S. department stores. They visited farmers and businessmen, teachers and preachers, they ate fried chicken in American homes. And they went back to Moscow to report to the men who run the Soviet Union what they had seen.

As the plane from New York rolled to a stop at the Des Moines airport, a milling throng of 5,000 waited behind police barricades. The Soviet visitors, remembering what they'd heard about American

warmongers, filed almost apprehensively from the plane. Suddenly the airport gates gave way and hundreds of people surged on to the field to surround the visitors.

A farmer instinctively stuck out his hand. Immediately the Soviet delegates went through the hand-shaking spree of their lives. For it was a warm, friendly crowd with an open faced hospitality that is the hallmark of people who live by the land the world over. This spontaneous reception told the Russians as words and diplomacy cannot that American people do not hate the *people* of Russia. Invitations poured in by wire and phone, inviting them down to the yam country of the Southern States, out to the biggest wheat ranch in the world—to see “our town,” “our factory,” “our farm.”

Throughout the trip the Russians kept a cautious rein on their enthusiasm, but there is no doubt that the high productivity per man impressed them greatly. They saw farmer after farmer producing 6 to 12 times as much as their own collective farmers. On that first farm visit in Iowa, they saw that Dick Allenman cultivates 160 acres, raises 200 pigs, feeds 50 cattle and keeps a flock of chickens. Their questions revealed their surprise: “Where are the labourers? Who hoes the weeds from the maize? Who takes care of the livestock?”

They couldn't believe that Allenman does all the work, with a little

help from his father and swap-labour from neighbours during harvest. Nor could they reconcile the efficiency of this family-size farm with their idea that "with bigness comes efficiency." They worship bigness. Peter Svechnikov is chairman of a collective farm with 35,000 acres. But it has 1,700 workers—only 20 acres per person. No wonder he was amazed when he met Jim Golden, who with two sons and a hired man farms 2,800 acres in South Dakota.

Farm inefficiency has held back Soviet industrialization because more than 50 per cent of Soviet labour is tied up in farming. By contrast, only 12 per cent of the U.S. population is engaged in agriculture—and surplus, not scarcity, is the food problem. (Actually, about seven per cent of the population produces 90 per cent of U.S. food and fibre.)

The Russians tended to give the credit for this prodigious productivity to America's mechanization of all jobs. They were so fascinated by the manure scoops, one-man pick-up balers, self-unloading silos, automatic feeders and pipeline milkers that they tended to miss the other reason for farm efficiency in the United States.

"Is it perhaps the profit motive that stimulates a farmer to run 200 acres without help and reach a net profit of \$9,000?" the Russians were asked.

"Our farmers, too, are interested

in profit," Matskevich replied. But it is doubtful whether he understood the point. The Soviets have attempted to increase farm production through a fantastic system of incentives. For example, the average woman labourer takes care of 20 sows, and gets a bonus of 50 per cent in wages if her sows wean more than eight pigs apiece and if their weight at weaning is more than 33 pounds. This, to the Russians, is "profit."

Another puzzler for them was the comparatively minor rôle the U.S. government plays in the farmer's life. When they learned that a dairyman sold his milk to a co-op, they asked, "Then the co-op tells you how to run your farm?"

The farmer shot back: "Nobody tells me how to run this farm. I can grow weeds if I want to."

Later in Washington the Russians asked, "Who's in charge of livestock for the country?" I doubt if the answer, "Three million livestock farmers," satisfied them fully.

The visitors indicated that they found in America at least a partial answer to their food problems. Matskevich listed three things which would help them: hybrid maize, formula feeds for livestock, mechanization of small farm jobs.

The Russians were constantly being asked what they thought of America. (One remarked, "We have everything you have—including the A-bomb and H-bomb.") But there were certain things which obviously impressed them.

American women: The Russians found them young-looking, pretty, attractively dressed, and obviously not afraid to speak up in the presence of their husbands.

American cars: When I asked Matskevich if he wanted to visit Ford's factory, he exclaimed: "To go to America and not see Ford is like going to Rome without seeing the Pope." Even an after-dark window-shopping excursion in Detroit turned into a curbstone examination of the latest motorcar models.

American roads: When a motor trailer loaded with new cars whizzed by, an interpreter suggested to Ezhevski, "That's what you need to relieve the strain on your railways." Ezhevski shook his head. "We need roads like these first."

American food: "What American dish do you like best?" one delegate was asked. His answer. "Steak!" Which explains why one morning when the bus was ready to pull out I found four delegates still unserved at breakfast. When I asked about the delay, the waitress protested, "But they all ordered steak!"

Inside plumbing: Practically all the farms we visited had bathrooms. The visitors wanted to know how septic tanks worked, and whether they could get plans to build them.

Consumer goods: The Russians went for American products, up to \$1,500-worth of purchases per man. In one store three of the visitors

examined razors, tested creams, smelled perfumes. Finally one selected a dozen razors, 200 blades, some lipsticks and sundry other items. When the harassed assistant had all this wrapped up, she turned to the next Soviet customer, who said: "Give me the same."

One of the delegates explained, "We can make these things, but we just haven't had time. Our Soviet policy has been to build heavy industry first."

Two things stimulated the Russian shopping zeal in America: obvious quality plus reasonable price. They recognized a bargain when they saw one: shoes and nylon hose, for example, cost about one fifth of what they would in Moscow. No wonder the delegates wanted to buy gifts for their friends and relatives back home.

What they bought revealed their needs—and their interests. Sverchnikov bought 11 pairs of overalls and a silk nightgown. Other delegates spent \$28 for pin-up pictures of Hollywood stars like Marilyn Monroe. One bought an electric mixer, another an electric blanket. Several wanted books on table settings, etiquette and flower arrangement.

Next to shopping, going to the films was their favourite pastime. They were agog when they saw an advertisement publicizing Rachmaninoff's music in the film comedy, *The Seven Year Itch*. But the combination of the maestro's concerto and Marilyn Monroe's charms

baffled them. "The music is wonderful. And the Monroe anatomy is all right. But how can you mix them?" they asked. (They obviously don't know Hollywood.)

The Russians revealed themselves to be able farm technicians, equipped to talk intelligently on all phases of agriculture. They also showed themselves to be friendly men who produced pictures of their families from their wallets, and sang sentimental songs on the bus like a bunch of university students. One played with some children. Another donned an apron in our kitchen and pickled cucumbers. All of them had a good sense of humour.

The group divided for week end visits to two Iowa communities. When the question of church came up, Matskevich said he'd go if there was a Russian Orthodox Church. Since there was none, he did not

attend church. But the other group all went to church. Curious, Matskevich asked if the church they attended was Orthodox.

"Yes," said Shevchenko solemnly, "Presbyterian Orthodox."

Matskevich was asked how he could reconcile all the things Soviet publications had printed about downtrodden American farmers with what he had actually seen. Would he tell the truth when he got back to Moscow? His answer: "I'll tell the truth as I saw it."

I believe both countries gained from this Russian farm visit. The Russians got technical information on farming and know where they can get more. The United States gained considerably, too. The Russians must realize now that Americans do not want war. And they must know that America would be hard to beat if they started one.



Take a Gander

DRIVING to town one morning, a farmer and his wife passed a lake. The wife, conscious of their frequent quarrels and rows, said: "Pa, look over yonder at that goose and gander gliding along the water so nice and peaceful. Wouldn't it be wonderful if people could live so peaceable?"

Long married Pa drove on in silence.

Just before sunset, the couple passed the same lake on their way home. There, silhouetted by the setting sun, were a goose and gander gliding along the water.

"Pa," said the wife, "look at the goose and gander, still real peaceable. Wouldn't it be wonderful if people could live like that?"

"Ma," said the farmer, "if you look a little closer, you'll notice that it isn't the same gander!"

—Quoted by Howard White in *Barrington*, North Carolina, *Times-News*

Eye Openers

AN ATOM is built like our solar system. It is almost all empty space. The nucleus is the only solid piece. Scientists say that if you eliminated all the space in every atom in the body of a 14-stone man he would be no bigger than a particle of dust. The earth without the space in its atoms would be a ball only half a mile in diameter.

—HENRY TAYLOR

WITHIN the atom electrons revolve round their nucleus several thousand million times a second. Each electron has as much room to move within the atom as a bee has to move in St Paul's Cathedral.

Sir Oliver Lodge, quoted by Leslie Weatherhead, *Why Do Men Suffer* (Abingdon Press)

THERE MAY BE no such thing as "sea level," the base from which all altitudes are measured. This has nothing to do with the difference in level between one ocean and another but with the level upon *one* ocean. If the Pacific were suddenly frozen in an absolute calm, with not a ripple on its surface, there would be "plateaus" and "depressions" in the water level with a difference in altitude of as much as 60 feet. These may be caused by atmospheric pressure, or by some thing else still unknown.

—Robert Wallace in *Life*

A TYPICAL hurricane expends more energy in one minute than the United

States uses in electricity in 50 years. And the energy released in one second is greater than that produced by several atomic explosions.

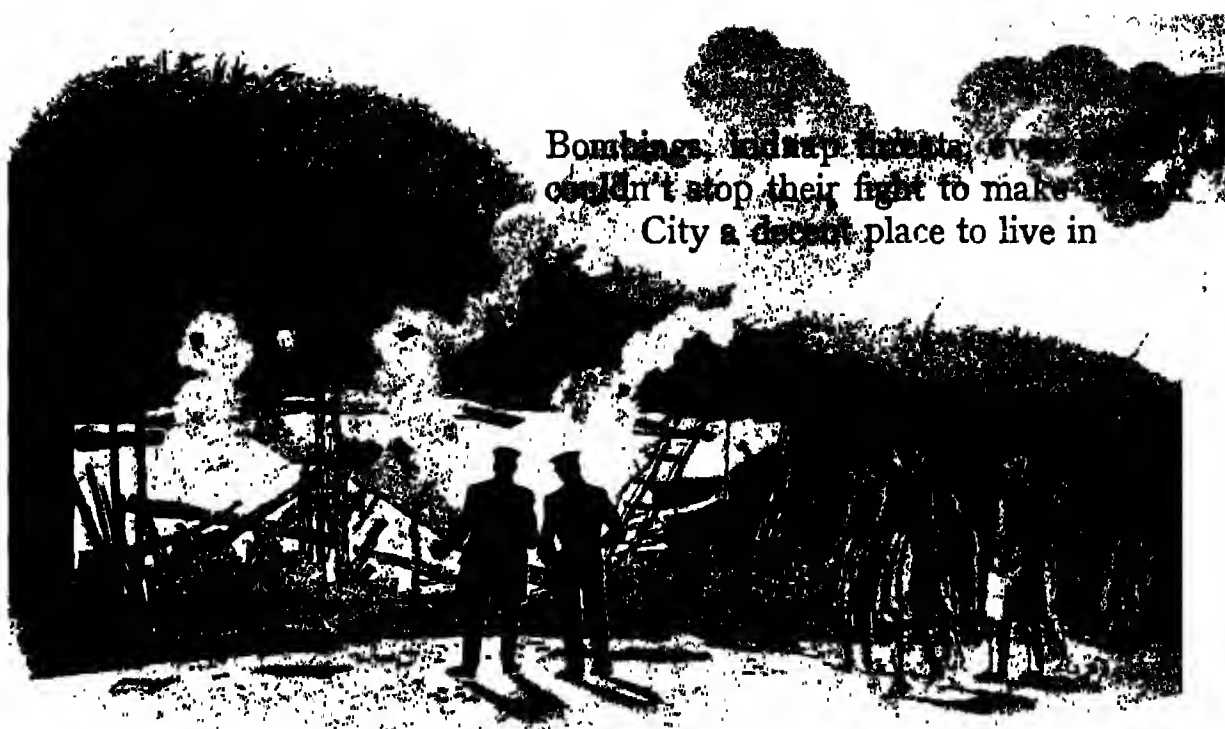
Robert Plumb in *New York Times*

IF WE IMAGINE the whole of earth's history compressed into a single year, then on this scale, the first eight months would be completely without life. The following two months would be devoted to the most primitive of creatures ranging from viruses and single cell bacteria to jellyfish, while mammals would not have appeared until the second week in December. Man as we know him would have strutted on to the stage at about 11.45 p.m. on December 31. The age of written history would have occupied little more than the last 60 seconds on the clock.

Richard Carrington, *A Guide to Earth History* (Clarendon Press)

IT HAS A salutary humbling effect to reflect that far from being a numerous tribe we are one of the sparsest and most negligible species on the face of the globe. Actually ours is not the Age of Man—in fact it is not an Age of Mammals at all but an Age of Insects. Thus far the entomologists have recorded some 700,000 varieties of them and there are probably four times as many which have not yet been discovered and catalogued. The number of individual insects is so vast that there are no figures to express it. On a summer day the crickets and gnats and ladybirds in the small copse on the hill easily outnumber the human inhabitants of an entire continent. If we vanished from the earth, the teeming life of the planet would hardly remark our going.

—Alan Devoe in *The American Magazine*



Bombings, kidnap attempts, even
couldn't stop their fight to make
City a decent place to live in

The Angry Women of "Sin City"

By Katharine Hillyer and Katharine Best

JANUARY 8, 1952, was an ordinary night in Phenix City, Alabama. Grubby drinking dives lit up the sky. Dice drummed on crap tables. Slot machines clanked. Prostitutes solicited soldiers who were in town from an army training camp at Fort Benning. Narcotics addicts had no trouble in acquiring capsules of barbiturates, known in the illicit drug trade as "goof balls" and "red-birds."

Then at 12.20 a.m., in the quiet pinewoods suburbs, the home of Hugh Bentley was suddenly blown to bits, and Bernice Bentley and the children were lying unconscious in a heap of smoking rubble.

Miraculously, no one in the house was killed. But everybody in Phenix

City knew why the Bentley home had been blown up. It was a declaration of war by the vice lords of Phenix against the people of the town who had publicly defied them. Three months earlier Hugh Bentley had formed the Russell (County) Betterment Association, a group of ten men pledged to do what no reformists had been able to do in 100 years of trying: to clean up entrenched vice in "Sin City," as this town of 24,000 was casually called.

Phenix City lies just across the Chattahoochee River from the flourishing textile town of Columbus, Georgia. Since the early 1800's the Alabama side of the river had been known as a haven for people in trouble with the law. Fugitives from

Georgia justice merely crossed the river to a town handicapped in law enforcement by the fact that, until 1932, the county line ran down the middle of Phenix's main street. Phenix City never outgrew its contempt for law and order. Now it had become the gleeful cashier for Fort Benning's lonely men and enviable payroll. Its annual takings from vice were estimated at nearly 100 million dollars.

Shortly after that violent January night a hundred women met in the Westside Baptist Church to form an auxiliary of the Russell Betterment Association. "Our most vicious weapon," the men called the auxiliary. This group decided that only 15 women should participate publicly in reform activities; the others would be "underground" helpers, thus narrowing the gangsters' target for intimidation. They chose 15 women, ranging in age from the late 20's to the 60's, who pledged themselves to meet secretly each week to plot their week's activities. Each meeting would open with a prayer.

"From the start we were shadowed," Hilda Coulter, present president of the organization, says. "No matter what night we held our meeting, or at what time or in whose home, the mob knew."

At their first meeting, the harassment began. A car tore into the drive, skidded its tyres on the gravel, then roared away. Another car did the same. And another. Sometimes several cars would swoop

up and bathe the house in blinding light. Rotten eggs were smeared on members' car windows. Tyres were slashed.

Regardless, the women tackled their toughest problem: Phenix City elections. They sent a committee to J. D. Harris, chairman of the Democratic Party Committee and mayor of the town, to demand that no person who had purchased a federal gambling stamp the previous year be appointed an election official. Although gambling is illegal in Alabama, and possession of a federal gambling stamp is considered (by state law) evidence of guilt, it had been discovered that 223 of these stamps had been purchased by Phenix City citizens. Many of these men were officiating at elections.

Harris blandly retorted: "I am mayor to those people too. I am not going to abide by the wishes of such a small minority as you."

The women next called on every candidate in the May primary elections who was not attached to the vice ring and offered their services as watchers at the polls. Immediately their phones began to ring at all hours. "Husky voices would tell us to get out of the organization if we wanted to live," Mrs. Coulter says. "Sometimes when we picked up the receiver all we could hear was heavy breathing."

On election day vulgar epithets were flung at the women watchers. "If you interfere with the way this election is run, you'll be nothing



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but a grease spot on the floor by the end of the day," one election official advised two of them. One member was a horrified witness to the beating of her young grandson, her nephew and her son-in-law, Hugh Bentley, while local and state police who formed part of the crowd just stood by. When a woman cried out to a state trooper to *do* something, he replied, "Hell, lady, they ain't doing no harm. Just using their hands and feet."

At the polls the women observed prostitutes climbing out of cabs and crying, "What name is mine? What town is this? How did they tell me to vote?" Officials handed out marked ballots to "bought" voters, who exchanged them in the voting booth for unmarked ballots, each of which was good for a few dollars from a "satchel man" stationed on a nearby street corner. In the City Hall a watcher discovered that special ballots for an amendment to the city constitution were being withheld from the voters. She complained to Mayor Harris, who said, "We're not running this election by federal law, or state law. We're running it by Phenix City law."

Now the irate women got busy on many fronts. They sent a committee to Gordon Persons, Governor of Alabama, to ask for help with future elections. They were not optimistic. At the time of the Bentley bombing the governor had stated: "I hate to see Alabama get such publicity—it is undeserved, of course."

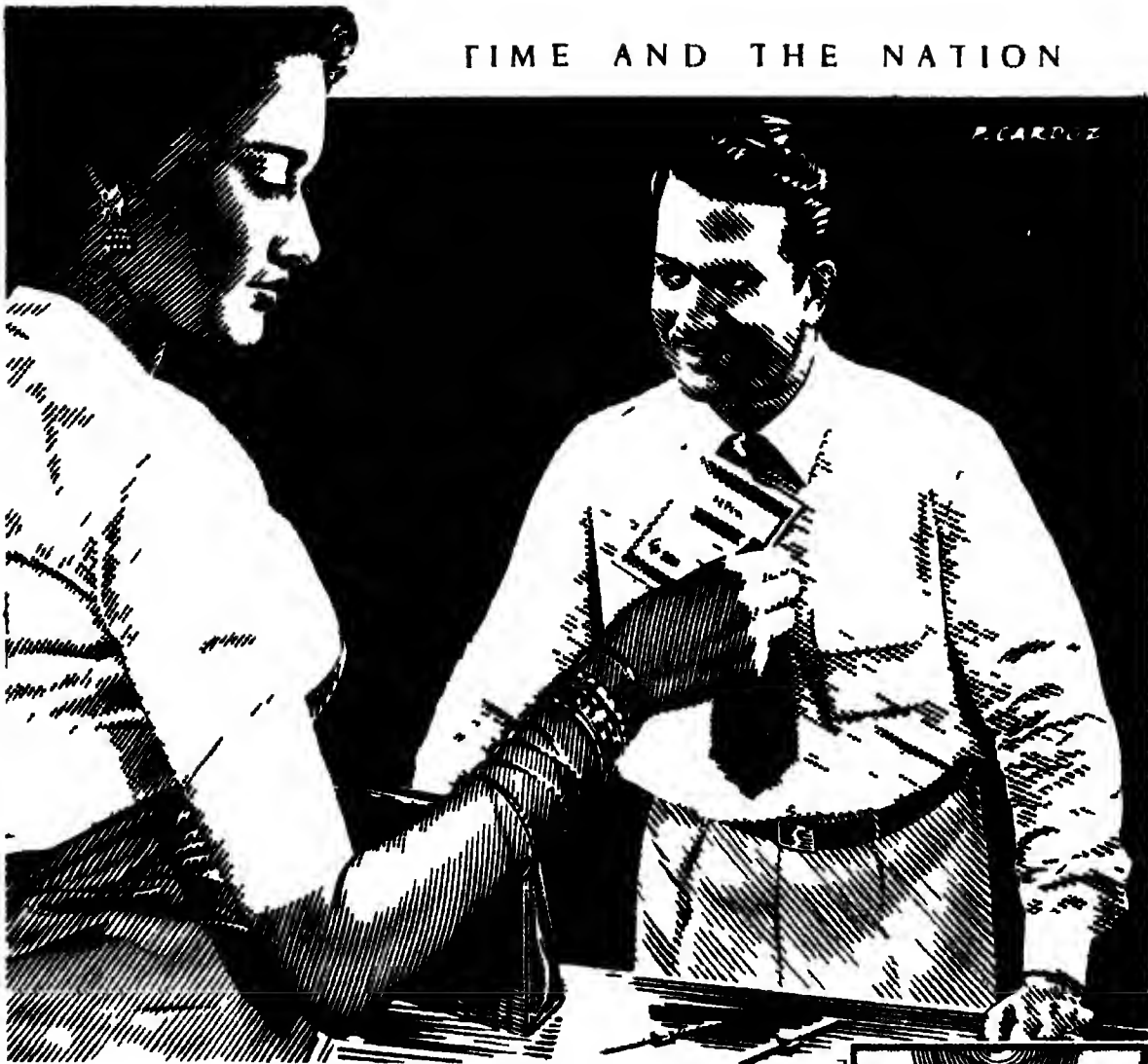
Then they wrote to every state legislator asking for a Crime Commission. Though a bill was introduced, it did not pass. They urged Lieutenant-General Robert Young, commandant at Fort Benning, to come in person to see what Phenix City was doing to his soldiers. General Young put on civilian clothes, inconspicuously investigated Phenix City, and promptly put several of the worst dives out of bounds. "This," says Hilda Coulter, "was our first really effective blow against the gangsters."

For years public prosecutors had been unable to find any evidence of organized vice in Phenix City. The women now discovered, however, that many of these decisions had been influenced by the underworld. Investigating the voting lists, the women acquired proof of registered voters living out of the state and of others who were no longer alive.

One hot, sultry day all 15 of the women marched into a meeting of the City Commission to demand the resignation of City Clerk James Putnam, a business partner of Hoyt Shepherd, czar of the underworld. "The commissioners just laughed at us," says Hilda Coulter. But the women continued to attend every meeting. After a while the commission began changing the times of the meetings and holding them secretly.

Undaunted, the women inaugurated a radio programme called "Timely Topics," to reveal to the people of Phenix City their ominous

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jewel on the head of each can the
hammers resist wear many years
on end. For lasting accuracy
jewels elsewhere are useful
two jewels here are essential

THE WATCHMAKERS :  OF SWITZERLAND

FHI 20

findings. The only quarter hour that the local station could offer them was at 6.45 on Sunday morning. To document these programmes, the women combed court records for instances of fraud and graft, interviewed old-timers all over the county for evidence of bribery. Albert Patterson, a shrewd hometown lawyer who sympathized with the women, helped them to circumvent libel, yet so damning were these programmes that helper after helper withdrew from the fight, fearing reprisals.

Reprisals were not long in coming. Arsonists set fire to the home of Roberts Brown, hired by the Russell Betterment Association to file impeachment charges against Sheriff Ralph Matthews, and to Lawyer Patterson's office, in whose files epic evidence of crime was accumulating. Anonymous phone calls came incessantly, and many women received agonizing threats of harm to their children. A dynamite blast badly damaged the dam on the property of Doctor R. B. McCann, one of RBA's directors.

One of the strangest elements of the Phenix City vice organization, one that sets it apart from the infamous syndicate-operated rings of other cities, is that it is a home product. The women knew the vice lords and quite a few of their underlings personally, they had gone to school with them.

"That is why," Hilda Coulter points out, "it was hard to get our

people to fight. Some women who were personally guiltless wouldn't or couldn't join us because a relative was connected with the rackets."

However, many friends did lend secret aid to the women's investigations. The men would name a suspect. The women would fill in his background, gathering minute information about his habits, his wife, his associates. "We worked in devious ways," Bernice Bentley admits.

But proof of crimes is meaningless in a city where elections are rigged and few top officials are not under gang control. Help would have to be at state level. And so, in 1954, the RBA's indomitable lawyer, Albert Patterson, stood for election as state attorney general.

At the polls Hilda Coulter noted Deputy Sheriff Albert Fuller busily marking ballots. "Albert," Hilda protested, "stop marking those ballots. It's illegal." Replied Fuller, "You gonna make me?" "No, Albert," said Hilda, "you're wearing a gun. But you'll hear from us later."

Patterson won the state vote, though by such a slim margin that a second election between the two leading candidates was necessary. Patterson privately told friends that if he survived the second election he'd be surprised. He did, though, and won it. Later, in a public meeting at which he discussed his plans for ridding the town of gangster control when he took office in the autumn, he said, "Of course, I

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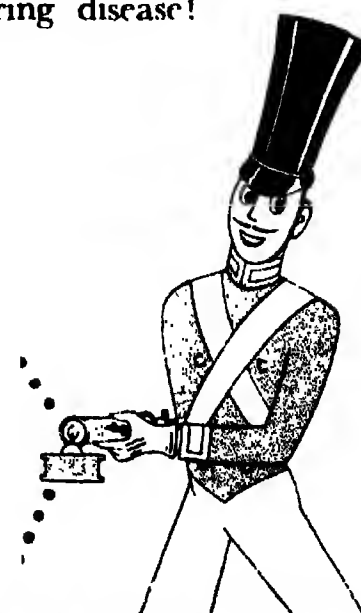
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have only a hundred-to-one chance of ever being sworn into office."

Within 24 hours a murderer stuck his gun in Albert Patterson's face as he sat in his car outside his law office, and pulled the trigger three times.

"That was the mob's giant error," says Hilda Coulter. "People who hadn't believed our lurid facts at last saw the light."

Governor Persons moved fast now to accomplish what he'd considered impossible before. Martial law was declared in Phenix. "For the first night for more than three years we could sleep without fear." Padlocks went on the gambling joints. Thousands of slot machines were smashed to bits. Harlots and girl touts in bars hitch-hiked out of town in streams. The police force was demobilized.

In July, three weeks after the murder, a "Mr. X," whose identity is secret to this day, telephoned Hugh Bentley that a package awaited him in a telephone booth in the centre of town. The package, first of several, contained records of tapped conversations on the telephone of Hoyt Shepherd, the local underworld czar. In all there were more than 200 recordings of conver-

sations between Shepherd and a host of political figures and assorted gangsters relating to murders, jury bribes, public-official-gambler links, double-crosses, narcotics.

Albert Fuller drew a life sentence for the murder of Patterson. His appeal is now pending. Silas Garrett, formerly attorney general, also under indictment for the murder, has yet to come up for trial; for a long while he remained in a Texas hospital to which he went for "mental treatment" after a ten-hour grilling by prosecuting authorities. Mayor Elmer Reese and Sheriff Matthews have resigned.

The shelter of martial law has now been lifted from Phenix. The questions haunting the city today are: Can the gangster element be kept impotent? Can young John Patterson, who was elected attorney general after his father's death, keep his campaign promise to "get the gangs that killed my father"?

On the surface Phenix City is serene. The churches are crowded. Garden clubs are active. Placid parties go on.

"But," says Hilda Coulter, "we've still got a long way to go."

Answers to "Kangaroo Words" (See page 69)

- | | | | |
|-----------|-----------|------------|-----------|
| 1. VACATE | 6. IDLE | 11. RAMBLE | 16. SPOTS |
| 2. URGE | 7. PRATE | 12. PINNED | 17. SLID |
| 3. SUE | 8. DIVERS | 13. JOY | 18. RIM |
| 4. LIES | 9. RAGE | 14. CAN | 19. CUT |
| 5. RASCAL | 10. MATES | 15. RULES | 20. REST |



Capper's Weekly: By the time we decide a television programme is something the children shouldn't see we're too interested in it ourselves to shut it off

Margaret Schooley. Although man has learned through evolution to walk in an upright position his eyes still swing from limb to limb

Switzerland's Journal de Geneve, commenting on conferences God ceded only six days to create the world but He had the advantage of working alone

Q ueen II E on mist

Bob Cooke. A closed mouth gathers no feet *New York Herald Tribune*

Shannon Fite A husband is really broken in when he can understand every word his wife isn't saying

Bill Vaughan Man is the animal that intends to shoot himself out into interplanetary space after having given up over the problem of an efficient way to get himself five miles or so to work and back each day

Anonymous The battle of the sexes will never be won by either side there is too much fraternizing with the enemy

John van Druten Girls who wear zippers shouldn't live alone
II V II II M F I (ch)

Sam Cowling A woman is the only being that can skin a wolf and get a meal

Charles Bohlen, United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union The two most ridiculous statements I know are 'Alcohol doesn't affect me' and 'I understand the Russians'

Frances Rodman A man never knows what he can do until he tries to undo what he has done

Edith Head, Hollywood fashion designer Your dresses should be tight enough to show you're a woman and loose enough to show you're a lady

Armchair Travelogue

A place of mystery and startling contrasts where Red Indians still linger, alligators lurk, cowboys ride jeeps and beautiful rare birds fly overhead

Florida's Fabulous Everglades

By Ben Lucien Burman

MYSTERIOUSLY it flows, past hammocks of palm trees and moss hung cypress, across prairies of waving saw grass, moving endlessly to the horizon. From it beautiful birds rise up in clouds, snowy egrets and ibis and blue heron. In its waters alligators crawl and now and then a panther splashes, stalking a luckless deer. It is a region of fantastic contrasts. Only a few miles from bustling cities full of tourists and luxury hotels, Red Indians live in primitive palm thatched dwellings, just as their ancestors lived hundreds of years ago. It is America's strange, invisible river—the Florida Everglades.



I stood on the south shore of huge Lake Okeechobee in southern Florida where the Everglades begin, and looked off into the distance Okeechobee formed the Glades, as its draining waters made their sluggish imperceptible way south and west 100 miles to the Gulf of Mexico. Now the lake lay dark and sombre with heavy clouds gathering in the eastern sky. Along its fringes masses of hyacinths floated great birds were flying or wading pulling up their favourite water plants or bits of animal life. The lake is so shallow in places that a man can walk out for miles with the water still not over his waist.

Off towards Clewiston a column of smoke rose where men were burning the Glades to make way for more fields of sugar cane. I thought how this land I could see for miles around me had been wrested from the Glades leaving a black muck as fertile say its enthusiasts as the rich soil of the Nile. Where I was standing a few years before had been only saw grass and water.

For over 70 years man has been trying to drain the Everglades but the early attempts ended in failure. In 1950 the Government started construction of a vast system of levees and locks and dams and pumps to move the water in and out as needed. As a result 150 000 acres have now been reclaimed and many more are scheduled for reclamation. But there will be no attempt to drain the bulk of the Glades. These

other acres can never be fertile because of their lack of proper soil elements.

Jake, my guide and I climbed into a swamp buggy one of those queer vehicles with enormous wide wheels specially adapted to marshy country. In a few moments we were deep in the Glades bumping along through the flooded saw grass, whose ridges are exactly like saw edges. As far as the eye could follow the saw grass stretched in a sweeping plain, broken here and there by great palm hammocks dark islands in a grey-green sea.

An alligator appeared before us, and another. Both slid torpidly into the water. Jake grew taut at the controls of the swamp buggy.

"The one thing you got to watch at these here alligator holes," he said. "The gators'll make a hole big as a church under the grass. The buggy'll break through the roof just like it dropped down a coal mine."

On we plunged the palm hammocks occasionally giving way to islands of cypress. A great white crane flew overhead flapping his giant wings and giving his queer cry. A stretch of drier land appeared. Near a bush two burrowing owls stood beside their hole clucking excitedly as we approached, and bowing from the waist.

Cattle appeared now across the saw grass in every direction belonging to some distant rancher. I had thought that cattle and cowboys were a recent development in

Florida, but I learned that they have been there since the Spaniards settled the area three centuries ago.

"Punching cattle here's a hundred times worse than out West," said Jake. "Out there on the plains you got ground to travel on. Here a cowboy chasing a steer through palmetto and saw grass and water has got to be half alligator, half fish."

We turned back to the lodge where I was staying. After a dinner of catfish we drove in my car out to the Brighton Seminole Reservation. It was as though we had dropped back centuries. Red Indians wearing bright-striped costumes were living as they had always lived in villages of primitive "chikees." The chikee is merely a palm-thatched roof supported on poles to keep out the driving rain, with a wooden platform beneath, where the Red Indians can sleep above the waters, safe from snakes and alligators.

Cattle were grazing here as well; a Red Indian cowboy rode past on his horse, straight as though he were sculptured from reddish stone. For the Seminoles, like the whites, own cattle and have their roundups and their drives to market.

I stopped before one of the chikees where a stately old man sat, clad in a long striped skirt, the traditional male Seminole costume. Nearby a young woman was cooking his supper over an open fire, making sofkee, the Seminole dish of maize that serves all purposes.

I talked with the old man, Pete

Tiger, through a young Red Indian interpreter. He spoke with great dignity, in language often touched with the mysticism and poetry of the Seminole.

"The white man has destroyed the Glades," he said. "In the old times we could paddle our canoes for many days and hunt the deer and the alligator. Now the white man has drained the Glades with his canals to make fields for his tomatoes and sugar cane. Our canoes cannot run on the sand and it is forbidden to cross the white man's fences. And the deer and the alligator each day go farther away."

Another elderly Red Indian named Johnnie, wearing worn blue jeans and shirt, joined us. He spoke in jerky, broken English. "Now got much trouble in Glades," he said. "Used to be Seminoles all one. Everybody all together. Okay. Now much talk, much argue. Christian Seminoles like me want to be friends with white man. Learn to do like white man and send children to white man's school. Other Indians on Tamiami Trail, not Christian, not like this way. Want live like grandpapas, with big medicine man and Green Corn Dances. Indians want this very foolish. Way grandpapas lived can't come back no more."

A cheap radio in the chikee was playing swing music. Pete Tiger walked over in his swishing skirts and tuned it to play louder. "It is so," he said. "The old ways can never return. Yet the old ways were better."



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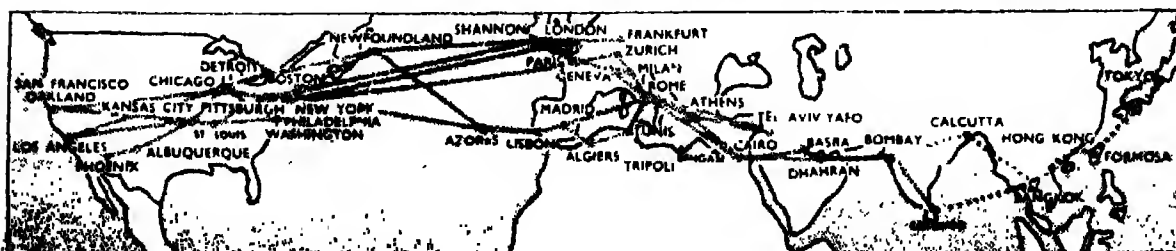
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There was magic in the Glades. And the Red Indian peoples were wiser. They could read and understand the signs on the earth and in the sky. Once long ago I have looked at the sky and I have seen there a great cloud smoking like a saw-grass fire and I knew that a war was coming. This was the first great war. And then, another time, at night I saw a star burst three times and at noon next day all the lake and the sky turned red as blood and blood fell like rain from the cabbage palms also. And I knew this would be the second and the greater war. For this was the blood of the men that would die." He looked off at the chikee where some bottles stood on the platform and turned to the young Red Indian. "Bring me a bottle of that orange pop."

I drove about the sand trails of the reservation. The strange contrasts between the old and the new continued. In one chikee I saw a Red Indian woman cooking her sofkee over a primitive grill; the flame was coming from a cylinder of bottled gas.

The next day I drove southwards, with Jake and my friend Raymond Henderson of Davie, former cattleman and businessman. Everywhere were rich pastures with grazing cattle and limitless fields of tomato vines and waving sugar cane, all made from the Glades.

A snake crawled across the road. A hawk swooped, caught the serpent in its talons and rose into the sky.

Jake lit a cigarette. "Brother, one time I watched the snakes so thick around here after a hurricane you couldn't see the ground. The farmers got a boatload of hogs up one of these canals and just dumped 'em. The hogs ate their way through them snakes like a mowing machine goes through hay."

A ranch appeared ahead with Brahmin cattle dotting the grass to the horizon; a jeep drove out from a nearby farm.

"Probably a cowboy going out to rope his cattle," Ray Henderson said. "That's the latest in a roundup now. Put your snubbing post near the radiator cap, and rope just like you were on horseback."

We drove through Clewiston and South Bay, and along the North New River Canal. Part of Okeechobee's water was beside us now, confined by walls and squeezed into culverts and checked by dams.

Jake glanced off at the vast wilderness we were crossing. "Been plenty of outlaws around here," he declared. "The Ashley gang that made moonshine during Prohibition and robbed all them banks and killed all them people, and the Rice gang, and plenty of others nobody ain't heard about. The Everglades is a wonderful place to hide. There's still men around you don't ask them their names."

"And there's cattle rustling," said Ray Henderson. "You heard me talking to Josie Billy out at Big Cypress about his brother. Josie's



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brother was taking care of the Red Indian cattle and one day he disappeared. White cattle rustlers killed him. The searchers found where the rustlers had started the herd milling around to stamp down the ground where they'd buried him and cover up any tracks. They never could find his body."

Now the Glades began to change. Orange groves lined the road; their sweet scent was overpowering. We reached the little town of Davie and found a rodeo in progress, with most of the competitors from nearby ranches.

We drove on to the Florida Gold Coast cities of Fort Lauderdale and Hollywood, at the edge of the Glades, with their ultramodern buildings and white beaches crowded with tourists. Between the two bustling cities is the Indian reservation at Dania, with its primitive Seminole villages lying almost in the shadow of the glittering hotels.

I met George Storm, a jovial young Red Indian with long black hair down almost to his shoulders and the chest and shoulders of a giant. I asked his occupation.

"I wrestle alligators," he answered.

I saw the scars on his head where an alligator's teeth had left their marks when he had put his head in its mouth and the great jaws had moved too quickly. One of the best alligator wrestlers in Florida, he was on holiday. He took me to see his stepfather, Josie Jumper, who was

wrestling the ugly reptiles on the jungle-like shores of New River.

Josie struggled with a huge alligator, and in a moment he had flung the monster on its back. He began stroking the grey-white belly. The wild lashing of the alligator's tail and the writhing of its body subsided. While the ring of spectators watched in awe, the scaly head dropped lower and lower and the misshapen feet sank to the ground. A moment later the reptile lay motionless—hypnotized.

For some time Josie Jumper allowed the beast to lie inert, then leaned close to its head and began to grunt as I have heard an alligator grunt in the marshes. The monster suddenly came to life, and the beaming Josie passed his hat for the usual collection.

I went on again, past the edges of Miami, then along the Tamiami Trail, that remarkable road which crosses the state straight through the heart of the Glades. I came to a ranger station at the boundary of Everglades National Park, which preserves in its natural state all the Glades south of the Trail. A young ranger drove me to a fire tower where an airboat was moored, one of those strange craft with an aeroplane propeller that can travel over two or three inches of water. The motor roared; we shot through a tiny canal into a sea of flooded saw grass. The invisible river was all around us again, flowing as always without apparent movement. Great

white birds drifted everywhere in snowy circles

"Sometimes it's a tough job looking after our animals," the ranger said. "We've got some nasty poachers. They're not like the old-fashioned kind with just a dog and a rifle. These fellows own airboats. The boats are so fast they can run right alongside a deer. And then the poachers reach out and kill him with a knife so we can't hear."

He swung the boat past a cypress hammock. "They come to get frogs and alligator hides too. But we catch most of 'em. Their airboats leave trails through the grass, and the patterns show just what game they've been hunting. We come out at night in our own airboats where we know they've been operating and steer into the tall grass and cut off our motors. And pretty soon the fun begins. And they learn that crime doesn't pay."

I drove on to Homestead and the entrance to the park, 1,250,000 acres of Everglades wilderness. I walked out on the wooden platform of the Anhinga Trail, built along a dark slough where the creatures of the Glades fly and crawl unworried by their human observers.

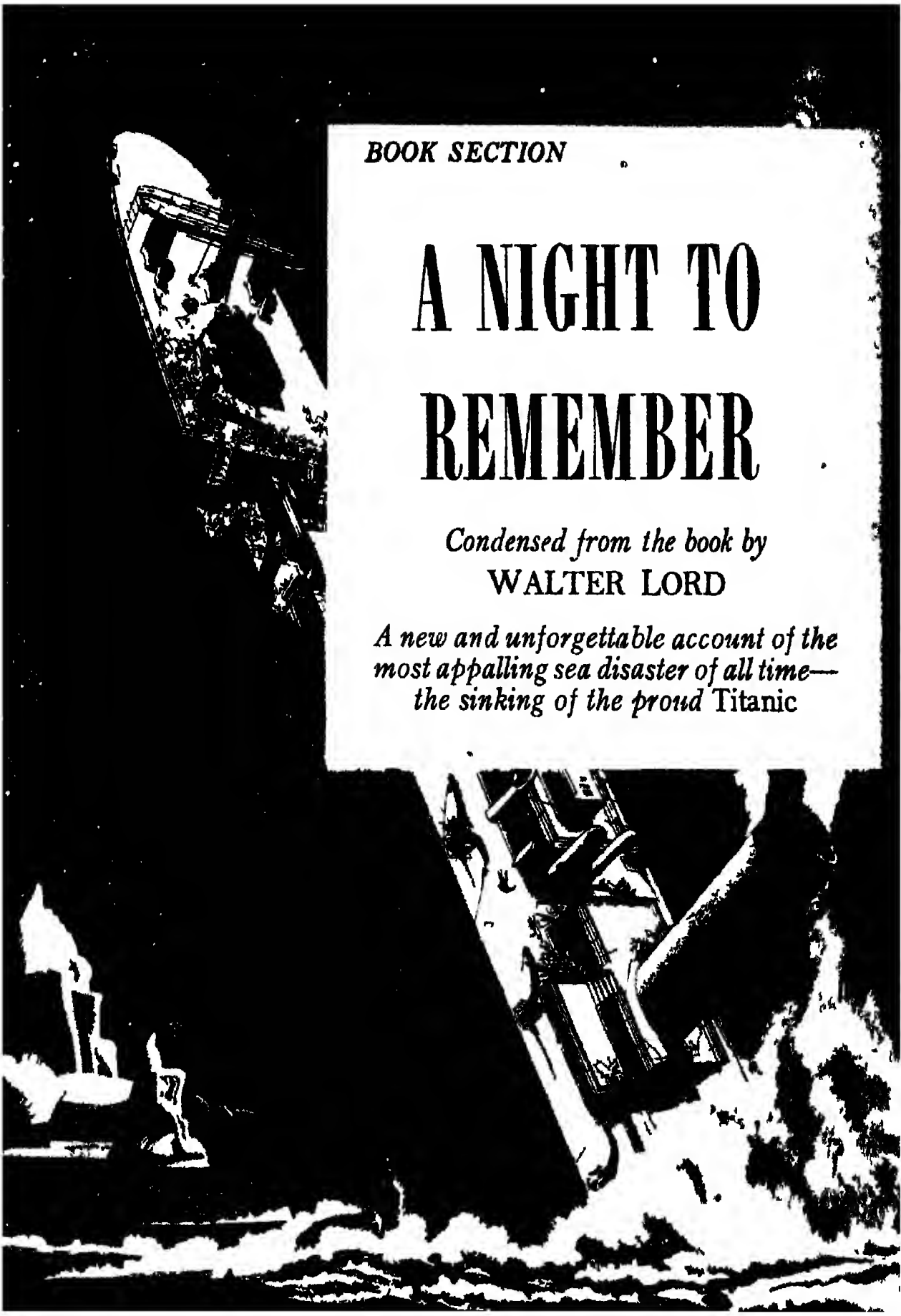
Mile after mile we drove through the park, with beautiful birds always beside us, graceful and unafraid. We took a boat across a small lake, shining like a mirror in the sunlight. The saw grass was giving way to mangroves now, those twisted witch-like trees that walk into the water and, thrusting down branches that

become roots, inch by inch build out the land. The freshness of the Glades river was changing as well, it was becoming brackish with the sea. We moved past mangroves with oysters fixed to their lower branches—the origin of the old legend that they were oyster trees.

We emerged into a lake again. Off in the distance a small island appeared, seemingly covered with odd white flowers. The park naturalist in the boat beside me sensed my thoughts. "They're not flowers," he said. "They're birds. It's the Cuthbert Lake rookeries."

We drew nearer and I saw an extraordinary sight. On this tiny mangrove island hardly a square inch of branch or leaf was visible everywhere were birds, egrets and ibis and herons come here to hatch their young safe from the raids of animals on the mainland. Here and there overhead a mother bird circled down bringing twigs to make a nest or food for her babies. Below, other birds were arguing and quarrelling about their living quarters, dashing back and forth and flapping their wings, as excited as Florida tourists searching for hotel rooms at the height of the season.

We chugged to the mainland once more and drove to Flamingo. The Gulf appeared before us, like a sheet of green, opalescent glass reaching to the horizon. The fresh waters of Okeechobee had mingled at last with the salt of the ocean. The river of the Glades had ended.



BOOK SECTION

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

Condensed from the book by
WALTER LORD

*A new and unforgettable account of the
most appalling sea disaster of all time—
the sinking of the proud Titanic*

WHEN the Titanic sailed from England on her maiden voyage, her staterooms crowded with the rich and fashionable, she was heralded as the "unsinkable" ship, a triumph of engineering. Five days later she went to the bottom, carrying with her 1,502 souls.

To Walter Lord the story has had an irresistible fascination since his boyhood. For 28 years he collected data, digging into official evidence, interviewing survivors and their kin. A Night to Remember is the result of that exhaustive study. It is filled with dramatic details which have never before been published.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

HIGH IN THE CROW'S nest of the White Star liner *Titanic*, look out Frederick Fleet peered into the night. It was cold but clear and the sky blazed with stars. The Atlantic was like polished glass—people later said they had never seen it so smooth.

This was the fifth night of the new vessel's maiden voyage to New York. The largest and most glamorous ship in the world, the *Titanic* had attracted the cream of wealthy and fashionable society for the trip. The 190 families in the First Class included such spectacularly prominent people as the John Jacob Astors, the Guggenheims, Wideners, and Strauses.

On this night of April 14, 1912, however, Frederick Fleet was not thinking about the passengers. When he had reported for duty at 10 p.m., he was warned to look out

especially for icebergs. Now the watch was nearly over and there was nothing unusual—just the night, the biting cold, the wind whistling through the rigging as the *Titanic* raced across the sea at 22½ knots.

Then, about 11:40, Fleet suddenly saw something ahead. It was small (about the size he thought of two tables put together) but every second it grew larger and closer. Quickly he rang the warning bell, then lifted the phone and rang the bridge.

"What did you see?" asked a calm voice at the other end.

"Iceberg right ahead," replied Fleet.

"Thank you," acknowledged the voice courteously. Nothing more was said.

For the next 37 seconds Fleet watched the ice draw nearer. Now they were almost on top of it, and

still the ship didn't turn. The iceberg, some 100 feet high, towered wet and glistening far above the forecastle deck, and Fleet braced himself for a crash. Then, miraculously the bow began to swing to port. At the last second the stem shot into the clear and the ice glided by along the starboard side. It looked to Fleet like a very close shave.

DOWN BELOW, in the First Class dining saloon, four stewards were sitting round a table, gossiping. As they talked a faint grinding jar seemed to come from somewhere deep inside the ship. Steward James Johnson felt he knew just what it was. He recognized the shudder a ship gives when she drops a propeller blade and he knew this meant a trip back to the shipyard at Belfast with plenty of free time in port. Somebody agreed and sang out cheerfully: "Another Belfast trip!"

The passengers in their cabins felt the jar, too. Major Arthur Godfrey Peuchen, starting to undress for the night, thought it was like a heavy wave striking the ship. To Lady Cosmo Duff Gordon it seemed as though somebody had drawn a giant finger along the side of the ship. Mrs. John Jacob Astor thought it was some mishap in the kitchen.

The jar meant more to Bruce Ismay, chairman and managing director of the White Star Line, who was going for a pleasure cruise on the *Titanic's* first trip. Waking up

with a start, Ismay felt sure the ship had struck something, but he didn't know what.

Some passengers already knew the answer. Mr. and Mrs. George Harder, a young honeymoon couple, heard a sort of rumbling, scraping noise along the ship's side. Harder hopped out of bed and ran to the porthole in time to see a wall of ice glide by. James McGough's experience was more disturbing. His porthole was open and as the ship crunched against the berg, ice fell into his cabin.

In the First Class smoking room on A Deck they were playing bridge. When that grinding jar came, several players went out on deck to see what had happened. Hugh Woolner, son of the sculptor, heard someone call out: "We hit an iceberg, there it is!"

Woolner sprinted into the night. About 150 yards astern he made out a mountain of ice standing black against the twilight sky. Then it vanished into the dark.

The excitement too soon disappeared. The *Titanic* seemed solid as ever and it was too cold to stay outside. Slowly the group filed back and the bridge game went on. The last man inside thought, as he slammed the deck door, that the engines were stopping.

He was right. Up on the bridge, First Officer William Murdoch had just pulled the engine room telegraph handle to "Stop." Murdoch was in charge of the bridge, and it

was his problem, once Fleet had phoned the warning. He had acted fast, but it was clearly all too late.

As the grinding noise died away, Captain Edward Smith, the ship's commander, rushed to the bridge from his cabin. "Mr. Murdoch, what was that?"

"An iceberg, sir. I threw the wheel hard over and reversed the engines, but she was too close. I couldn't do any more."

"Close the emergency doors."

"The doors are already closed, sir."

They were closed all right. Down in No. 6 boiler room, fireman Fred Barrett had been talking to the assistant second engineer when the emergency light flashed red. Suddenly there was an earsplitting crash and the whole starboard side of the ship seemed to give way. As the sea cascaded in, swirling about the pipes and valves, the two men leaped through the exit and the door slammed like a cleaver behind them.

In the boiler rooms further aft men, shaken by the jolt, were calling to each other, asking what had happened. The story spread that the *Titanic* had gone aground off the Banks of Newfoundland. Many of them still thought so, even after a trimmer came running down from above, shouting, "Blimey! We've struck an iceberg!"

ABOUT TEN miles away Third Officer Charles Groves stood on the bridge of the small liner *Californian*,

bound from London to Boston. She had been stopped since 10:30, completely blocked by drifting ice.

At 11:10 Groves noticed the lights of another ship, racing up from the east. As the newcomer overhauled the *Californian*, a blaze of deck lights showed that she was a large passenger liner. At 11:30 Groves reported what he had seen to Captain Stanley Lord, who suggested contacting the new arrival by Morse lamp. Groves prepared to do this.

Then at about 11:40 he saw the big ship suddenly put out most of her lights. This didn't surprise Groves. He had spent some time in the Far East trade, where they usually put deck lights out at midnight to encourage the passengers to turn in. It never occurred to him that perhaps the lights were still on; that they only seemed to go out because the ship had veered sharply to port.

AS THE *Titanic* glided to a stop, all the familiar shipboard sounds vanished—the creaking woodwork, the throb of the engines. Soon steward bell began ringing.

"Why have we stopped?" asked Mrs. Arthur Ryerson of the American steel family. There is talk of an iceberg, ma'am," her steward replied. "And we have stopped, not to run over it."

Some of the passengers dressed and went up on deck, but there was little to see. The *Titanic* lay dead in the water, three of her four huge funnels blowing off steam with a

roar that shattered the quiet night. Otherwise everything appeared to be normal.

As news of the accident spread, no one was alarmed. "What do you think?" exclaimed Harvey Collyer to his wife, when he returned to their cabin. "We've struck an iceberg! But there's no danger. An officer told me so." Mrs. Collyer asked her husband if anybody seemed frightened, and when he said no she lay back again in her bunk.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson Bishop were equally unperturbed. When a deck steward assured them, "We have only struck a little piece of ice and passed it," the Bishops returned to their stateroom and undressed again.

For some the encounter provided a chance for unexpected fun. When the *Titanic* brushed by the berg, several tons of ice crumbled off and landed on the well deck. It was soon discovered by steerage passengers coming up on deck to investigate. From her cabin window, Mrs. Natalie Wick watched them playfully throwing chunks at each other.

ELSEWHERE, however, there was disturbing evidence that all was not as it should be. Shortly after the collision, lamp-trimmer Samuel Hemming heard a curious hissing sound coming from the compartment closest to the bow. Going forward, he discovered that it was air escaping from the forepeak locker where the anchor chains were

stowed. Far below, water was pouring in so fast that the air rushed out under tremendous pressure.

In the next compartment fireman Charles Hendrickson was also aroused by a curious sound. Here it was not air, however. When he looked down the spiral staircase leading to the stokeholds he saw green water swirling round the steps. Water had also entered the third compartment and stood inches deep on the floor.

The *Titanic*'s post office took up two deck levels in the fourth compartment. Within five minutes water was sloshing round the knees of the postal clerks as they struggled to move the mail sacks to the drier sorting room. In another five minutes the water reached the top of the steps, and the clerks abandoned the mail room altogether.

The fifth watertight compartment contained boiler room No. 6, where stoker Barnett and his companion had jumped through the door after the collision. The water was now waist deep here and still flooding in.

Up on the bridge Captain Smith was trying to piece the picture together. No one was better equipped to do it. After 38 years' service with White Star, he was more than just senior captain of the line, he was a bearded patriarch, worshipped by crew and passengers alike. This was to be his last trip. He might have retired even sooner, except that he traditionally took White Star ships on their maiden voyages.

Now Smith turned to Fourth Officer Joseph Grove Boxhall "Find the carpenter and get him to sound the ship." Boxhall was hardly down the bridge ladder when he bumped into carpenter J. Hutchinson rushing up. As Hutchinson, elbowed by him, gasped "She's making water fast!"

Soon after Bruce Ismay arrived. He had pulled a suit over his pyjamas and climbed to the bridge to find whether anything was happening that the chairman of the line should know. Captain Smith broke the news about the iceberg.

"Do you think the ship is seriously damaged?" Ismay asked. There was a pause before the Captain answered. "I'm afraid she is," he said slowly.

They would know soon enough. A call had been sent for Thomas Andrews, the *Titanic's* builder, who had come on the trip to iron out any kinks. If anyone could size up the situation, here was the man.

Soon Andrews and the Captain were making their own tour down the crew's stairway to attract less attention—along the labyrinth of corridors far below—by the water surging into the mail room—past the squash court where the sea now lapped against the foul line on the backboard.

Threading their way back to the bridge, they passed through the A Deck foyer thronged with passengers. Everybody studied the two men's faces for some sign of good

news or bad. Nobody could detect any clue.

Meanwhile up on A Deck, Major Peuchen noticed a curious thing. As he stood looking down at the passengers playing with the ice, he sensed a slight tilt in the deck.

"Why she is listing!" he cried to a companion. "She should not do that! The water is perfectly calm and the boat has stopped."

"But you cannot sink this boat," the other man replied placidly.

Others also felt the lownward slant, but it seemed tactless to mention it. On the bridge, however, instruments showed the *Titanic* slightly down at the head and listing five degrees to starboard.

Nearby Andrews and Captain Smith were doing some fast calculation. Water in the forepeak—No. 1 hold—No. 2 hold—mail room—

No. 6 boiler room. Put together the facts showed a 300-foot gash with the first five compartments hopelessly flooded.

What did this mean? Andrews quickly explained. The *Titanic* could float with any three of her first five compartments flooded. She could even float with her first four compartments gone. But no matter how they looked at it, she could not float with all her first five compartments full.

The bulkhead between the fifth and sixth compartments went only as high as E Deck. If the first five compartments were flooded, the bow would sink so low that water in the

fifth compartment must overflow into the sixth. When this was full it would overflow into the seventh, and so on. It was a mathematical certainty. There was no way out.

IT WAS incredible, nonetheless. After all, the *Titanic* was considered unsinkable. The technical magazine *Shipbuilder* described her compartment system in a special edition, pointing out, "The captain may, by moving an electric switch, instantly close the doors throughout and make the vessel practically unsinkable." Now all the switches were pulled, and the builder said it made no difference! It was hard to face.

At 12.05 a.m.—25 minutes after that grinding jar—Captain Smith gave orders for the boats to be uncovered and the passengers mustered. Then he walked down the Boat Deck to the wireless cabin.

Inside, operator John Phillips had had a tough day. In 1912 wireless was still a novelty, and passengers couldn't resist the temptation of sending frivolous messages to friends. All this Sunday, the messages had piled up in the in-basket. Then, only an hour ago—when Phillips was at last in good contact with Cape Race, Newfoundland—the *Californian* barged in with some message about icebergs. She was so close she almost blew his ears off. No wonder Phillips snapped back, "Shut up! I am busy!"

Now Captain Smith appeared: "We've struck an iceberg. You'd

better get ready to send out a call for assistance, but don't send it until I tell you."

He returned in a few minutes. "Send the call for assistance," he said, handing Phillips a slip of paper with the *Titanic's* position.

At 12.15 a.m. Phillips began tapping out the letters CQD—at that time the regulation distress call—followed by MGY, the *Titanic's* call letters. Again and again the signal rasped out into the night.

Only ten miles away, Third Officer Groves of the *Californian* sat on the bunk of the ship's wireless operator, Cyril Evans. After work Groves liked to drop in and pick up the latest news. He even liked to fool with the set.

Evans usually welcomed Groves's company, but tonight he was tired. Besides, he had been pretty roughly handled when he tried to tell the *Titanic* about the ice. At 11.30, his scheduled hour for going off duty, he had lost no time in closing down his wireless set and climbing into his bunk.

"What ships have you got, Sparks?" asked Groves.

"Only the *Titanic*." Evans scarcely bothered to glance up from his magazine.

Groves put the headphones on. Unfortunately, he knew little about the equipment—the *Californian's* set, for example, was fitted with a magnetic detector that worked by clockwork. Groves didn't wind it up, and so heard nothing.

Giving up, he put the phones back on the table and went below. It was just after 12.15 a.m.

IN THE *Titanic's* smoking room the bridge game was going full blast again when a ship's officer suddenly appeared at the door: "Gentlemen, get on your lifebelts. There's trouble ahead."

Down in the forecastle, trimmer Samuel Hemming climbed back into his bunk, satisfied that the hissing sound in the forepeak didn't mean much. He was just drifting off to sleep when the ship's joiner leaned in, saying, "If I were you, I'd turn out. She's making water fast and the squash court is filling up."

In her First Class stateroom, Mrs. Lucien Smith had also gone back to sleep. Suddenly the lights snapped on and she saw her husband standing by the bed, smiling. Leisurely he explained: "We have struck an iceberg. It doesn't amount to anything, but as a matter of form the Captain has ordered all ladies on deck."

And so it went. No bells or sirens. No general alarm. But all over the *Titanic*, in one way or another, the word was passed.

These were the days when a steward on a crack liner had only eight or nine cabins, and he was like a mother hen to all his passengers. In C-89, steward Andrew Cunningham helped William Stead into his lifebelt, while the great editor mildly complained that it was all a lot of nonsense. In B-84, steward Harry

Etches worked like a solicitous tailor, fitting Benjamin Guggenheim, the mining king, for his lifebelt. Guggenheim wanted to go on deck dressed as he was, but Etches pulled a heavy sweater over him before packing him off.

It was hard to know whether to joke or be serious. In one cabin a door was jammed, and some passengers broke it down to release the man inside. At this point a steward arrived, threatening to have everyone arrested, when the *Titanic* reached New York, for damaging company property.

Gradually the passengers made themselves ready, however, and up the stairs they trooped. They were in jumbled array. Under his overcoat young Jack Thayer sported a tweed suit and waistcoat, with another mohair waistcoat underneath. Robert Daniel, the Philadelphia banker, had on only woollen pyjamas. Mrs. Turrell Cavendish wore a wrapper and Mr. Cavendish's overcoat; Mrs. John Hogeboom a fur coat over her nightgown; Mrs. Ada Clark just a nightgown.

Some of the things they took with them were curious. Miss Edith Russell carried a musical toy pig. Lawrence Beesley stuffed his pockets with books. Mrs. Dickinson Bishop left behind \$11,000-worth of jewellery, then sent her husband back for her muff.

In his cabin Major Arthur Peuchen looked at a tin box containing \$200,000 in shares and \$100,000 in

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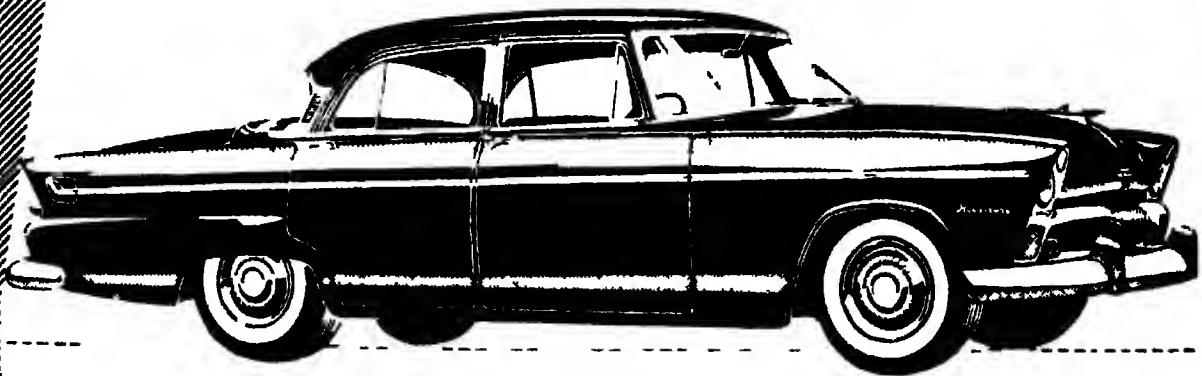
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preferred stock. He thought a good deal about it as he took off his dinner jacket, put on two sets of long underwear and some heavy clothes. Then he took a last look round and made up his mind. He slammed the door, leaving the tin box behind.

Into the bitter night the whole crowd fled, each class automatically keeping to its own decks—First Class in the centre of the ship, Second a little aft, Third at the stern or in the well deck near the bow. Quietly they waited for the next orders, confident, yet vaguely worried.

There were a few halfhearted jokes. When Colonel Archibald Gracie bumped into Fred Wright the *Titanic's* squash pro, he remembered he had reserved the court for 7.30 in the morning. "Hadn't we better cancel that appointment?" Gracie asked.

"Yes," replied Wright, but without enthusiasm. He knew the water was now up to the squash court ceiling.

WHILE THE passengers talked and waited, the crew moved swiftly to the Boat Deck and began to clear the 16 wooden lifeboats. There were eight on each side. Port boats had even numbers, starboard odd. In addition, four canvas collapsible lifeboats, lettered A, B, C and D, were stowed on deck.

There were 2,207 people on board that night. All the boats together could carry only 1,178.

This discrepancy was known by none of the passengers and few of the crew, but most of them wouldn't have cared anyhow. The *Titanic* was unsinkable. Everybody said so. When Mrs. Albert Caldwell came aboard at Southampton, she had asked a deck hand, "Is this ship really unsinkable?"

"Lady," he answered, "God Himself could not sink this ship."

So now the passengers stood on the Boat Deck, calm though confused. One by one, the boats began swinging out.

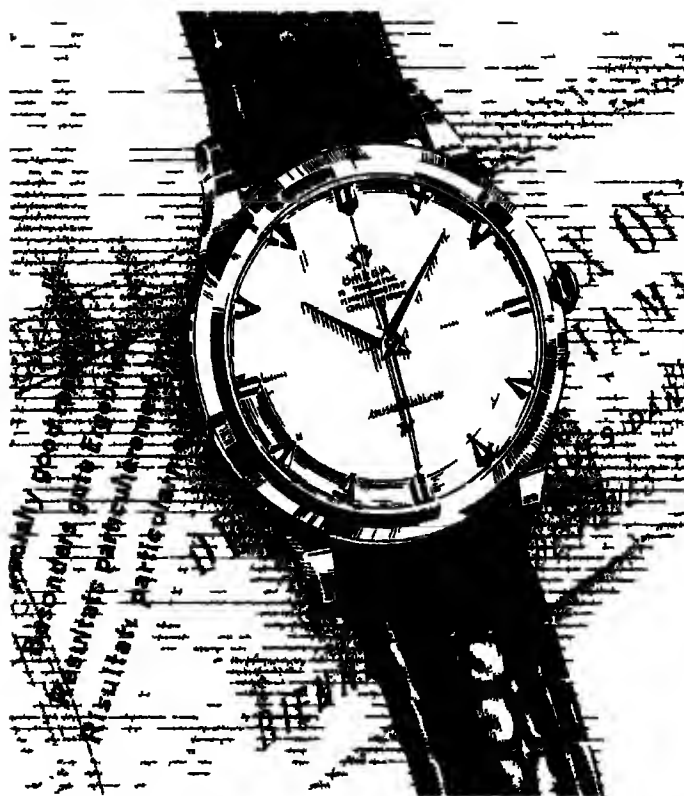
The going was slow, however. Second Officer Charles Lightoller in charge of the port side, believed in channels, and Chief Officer H. F. Wilde seemed quite a bottleneck. When Lightoller asked if he could load up, Wilde said, "No, wait." Lightoller finally went to the bridge and got permission direct from Captain Smith.

Then, standing with one foot in No. 6 and one on deck, Lightoller called for women and children. The response was anything but enthusiastic. "Why exchange the bright decks of the *Titanic* for dark hours in a rowing boat?" Even John Jacob Astor ridiculed the idea. "We are safer here than in that little boat."

As Mrs. J. Stuart White climbed in, a friend called. "When you get back you'll need a pass. You can't get back on tomorrow morning without a pass!"

Mrs. Constance Willard refused to enter the boat. An exasperated

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officer finally shrugged, "Don't waste time if she won't get in!"

There was music to lull them, too. Bandmaster Wallace Hartley had assembled his men, and the band was playing ragtime. They looked a little nondescript—some in blue uniform coats, some in white jackets—but their music was loud and cheerful.

On the starboard side things moved a little faster. Third Officer Herbert John Pitman, working on Boat 5, called, "Come along, ladies!" and one after another they edged forward. When no more women would go alone, a few couples were allowed. Then a few single men. On the starboard side, this was the rule all the evening—women first, but men if there was still room.

Just aft, First Officer Murdoch was having some trouble in filling his boat. Finally, though there were only about 20 aboard, he felt he could wait no longer. At 12.45 he waved away No. 7—the first boat down.

No. 5 started creaking downward next. Bruce Ismay dashed up excitedly; he seemed beside himself. "Lower away! Lower away!" he chanted, waving one arm while grasping the davit with the other.

"If you'll get to hell out of the way," exploded Fifth Officer Harold Lowe, who was working the davits, "I'll be able to do something!" Ismay, abashed, walked away without a word.

Old-timers in the crew gasped. They felt Lowe's outburst was the most dramatic thing that could happen that night. A fifth officer doesn't insult the chairman of the line and get away with it. When they reached New York there would be a day of reckoning.

And nearly everyone expected to reach New York. At worst, they would all be transferred to other ships.

MEANWHILE, up in the Marconi cabin Phillips was taking down the answers to his call for help. The news was encouraging. First to reply was the North German Lloyd steamer *Frankfurt*, which sent a crisp "OK, stand by," but no position. In another minute, other acknowledgments were pouring in.

Word of the *Titanic's* plight spread in ever-widening circles. Ships out of range got the news from those nearer. Cape Race heard it directly and relayed it inland. On top of the Wanamaker Building in New York a young wireless operator named David Sarnoff caught a faint signal and also passed it on. The whole world was snapping to agonized attention.

Close at hand, however, the Cunarder *Carpathia* steamed southwards in complete ignorance. Her wireless operator, Harold Cottam, was on the bridge when Phillips sent his CQD. Now back at his set, Cottam thought he'd be helpful. Did the *Titanic* know, he asked casually,

that there were some messages waiting for her from Cape Race?

The *Carpathia's* courteous gesture was brushed aside by Phillips's answer: "Come at once. We have struck a berg. It's a CQD, old man. Position 41.46 N 50.14 W."

A moment of appalled silence, then Cottam rushed to tell his captain. A few minutes later he sent out welcome news: the *Carpathia* was only 58 miles away and "coming hard."

While Phillips was urging on the nearer ships, second operator Harold Bride suddenly had an idea. CQD was the traditional distress call, but an international convention had just agreed to use instead the letters SOS—they were easy for the rankest amateur to pick up. "Send SOS," Bride suggested now. "It may be your last chance to send it." Phillips laughed and changed the call.

At 12.45 a m., the *Titanic* sent the first SOS.

None of the ships contacted seemed as promising as the light that winked ten miles off the *Titanic's* bow. Realizing it was a steamer, Fourth Officer Boxhall tried to get in touch by Morse lamp, and once he felt he saw an answer. But he could make nothing of it and finally decided it was only her mast light.

On the *Californian*, Apprentice Officer James Gibson was studying the strange ship that had come up from the east. With glasses he could make out her side lights and a glare of light on her afterdeck. At one

point he thought she was trying to signal the *Californian* with her Morse lamp. He tried to answer, but soon gave up. He, too, decided the other ship's masthead light was merely flickering.

ON THE *Titanic* stronger measures were soon being taken. At 12.45 the first rocket soared up and burst with a shower of white stars. Even the rankest landlubber aboard knew what that meant: the *Titanic* needed help, and badly.

Now there was no more joking or lingering. In fact, there was hardly time to say good-bye. "It's all right, little girl," called Dan Marvin to his new bride. "You go and I'll stay awhile." He blew her a kiss as she entered the boat.

Turrell Cavendish said nothing to Mrs. Cavendish. Just a kiss, a long look, another kiss—and he disappeared into the crowd.

Some of the wives were still reluctant to go. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Meyer of New York felt so self-conscious arguing about it in public that they went down to their cabin. There they decided to part on account of their baby.

Mrs. Lucien Smith, spotting the Captain nearby, explained that she would be all alone in the world and asked if her husband could go with her.

The Captain ignored her, lifted his megaphone and shouted, "Women and children first!"

"Never mind, Captain," said Mr.

Smith, "I'll see she gets into the boat." Turning to his wife, he spoke slowly: "I never expected to ask you to obey, but this is one time you must. It is only a matter of form to have women and children first. The ship is thoroughly equipped and everyone on her will be saved." They kissed good-bye, and as the boat dropped to the sea he called, "Keep your hands in your pockets; it is very cold."

No amount of persuasion could move Mrs. Isidor Straus, wife of the great American merchant. "We have been living together for many years," she said. "Where you go, I go."

They had indeed come a long way together: the small china business in Philadelphia . . . building Macy's into a department store famous throughout America . . . Congress . . . and now the happy twilight that crowned their successful life—charities, hobbies, travel. Mr. and Mrs. Straus sat down together on a pair of deck chairs.

Now the slant in the deck was steeper, and time was clearly running out. Thomas Andrews, the naval architect, walked from boat to boat, urging the women to hurry. "Ladies, you *must* get in at once. There is not a moment to lose."

One after another the boats dropped rapidly into the sea; No. 6 at 12.55, No. 3 at 1.00, No. 8 at 1.10. On the bridge, Fourth Officer Boxhall was firing off more rockets but he still couldn't believe what was

happening. "Captain," he asked, "is it *really* serious?"

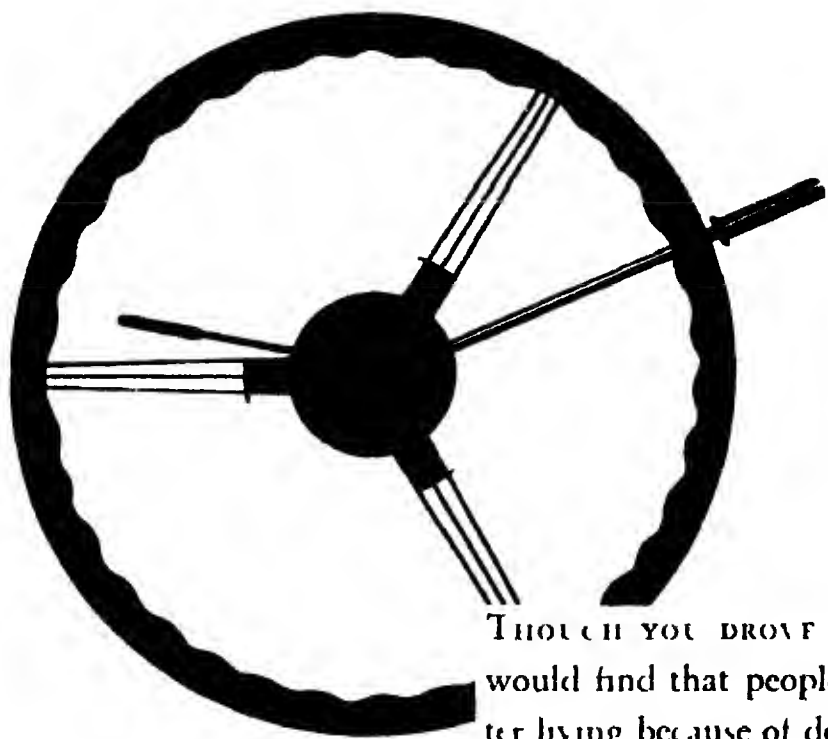
"Mr. Andrews tells me," Smith answered quietly, "that he gives her from an hour to an hour and a half."

ON THE Boat Deck the pace grew faster—and sloppier. A pretty French girl stumbled and fell as she tried to climb into No. 9. An older woman missed No. 10 entirely, falling between the boat and the side of the ship. As the crowd gasped, someone miraculously caught her ankle. She climbed back to the deck for another try, and this time she made it.

A shortage of trained seamen made the confusion worse. Some of the best men had been used to man the early boats. Others were off on special jobs, rounding up lanterns, opening deck windows. Six seamen went down to open the lower gangway, they never came back, probably trapped far below. Lightoller had to ration the hands he had left: only two seamen to a lifeboat.

On the starboard side First Officer Murdoch continued to allow men in the boats if there was room. When the time came to lower No. 3, Henry Sleeper Harper, of the publishing family, not only joined his wife but he brought along his prize Pekingese, Sun Yat-sen, and an Egyptian dragoon named Hamad Hassan whom he had picked up in Cairo.

At No. 1, the scene was almost punctilious. Sir Cosmo Duff Gordon, with his wife and her secretary, asked Murdoch if they could enter.



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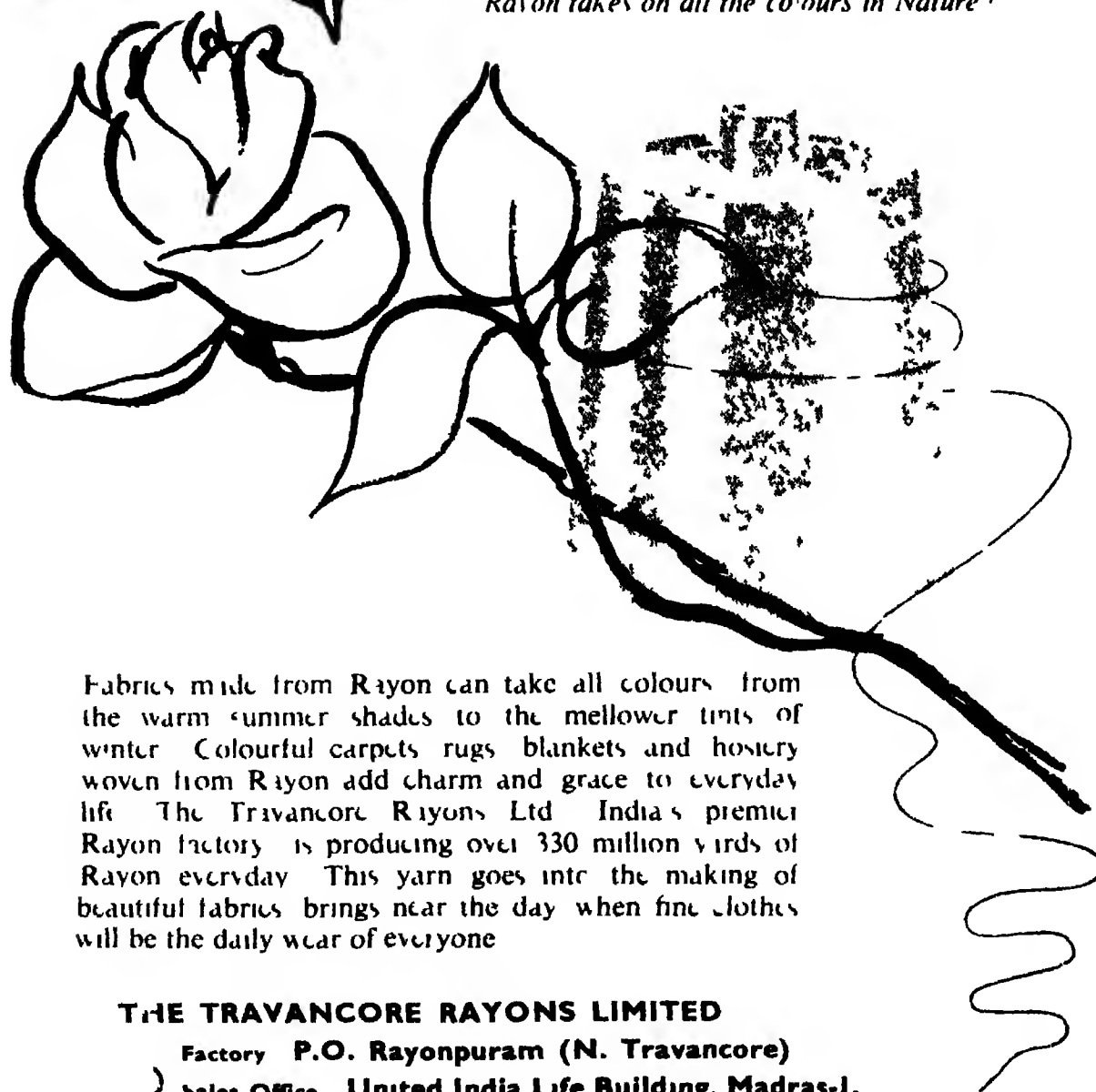
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Murdoch helped the passengers into the boat, added six stokers, put lookout George Symons in charge and told him "Stand off from the ship's side and return when we call you." Then he waved to the men at the davits and they lowered No. 1, capacity 40 persons, with exactly 12 people.

Down in the Third Class there were those who didn't even have the opportunity to miss going in No. 1. A swarm of men and women milled round the foot of the main staircase on F Deck. Jammed together, noisy and restless, they had been there ever since the stewards got them up.

At 12:30 orders came to send the women and children to the Boat Deck. It was hopeless to expect them to find their way alone through the maze of passages normally sealed off from the Third Class, so steward John Hart decided to escort them up in groups. He organized one convoy and led it to Boat No. 8. As fast as he got them in, however, they would jump out and go on deck where it was warm. There was time to escort just one more group before Murdoch ordered Hart into a boat himself.

Many of the steerage passengers barred from access to the rest of the ship were stuck on their own. Like a stream of ants, a thin line of them curled their way up a crane in the after well deck, crawled along the boom to the First Class quarters, then over the railing and on up to the Boat Deck. Others beat on

the barriers demanding to be let through. At one gate a seaman was holding back three Irish girls when suddenly steerage passenger Jim Farrell barged up. "Great God, man!" he roared. "Open the gate and let the girls through!" It was a superb demonstration of sheer voice power. To the girls' astonishment the sailor meekly complied.

But for every steerage passenger who found a way up, hundreds milled aimlessly. Some turned to prayer. When passenger Gus Cohen passed the Third Class dining saloon he saw quite a number gathered there, many with rosaries in their hands.

Many of the boats were gone now. One by one they rowed heavily away, their splashing in the lassy sea. In very little time they were glided on the *Titanic*. Her brilliant promenade decks and long rows of portholes blazed with light. They could see the people in the rail and hear their names in the hubbub. It seemed impossible that anything could be wrong with the great ship. Yet there it was, well away at the head of the line, a cold, luridly cake.

Some of the boats started to make for the steamer whose light shone in the distance. It seemed amazingly curious to hear that Captain Smith told the people in Boat 8 to go over, unload its passengers, and come back for more. Meanwhile Boxhall was continuing to fire rockets. Soon they *must* wake up the stranger.

On the bridge of the *Californian*, Second Officer Herbert Stone counted the rockets—six, by one o'clock. At 1.10 Stone whistled down the speaking tube and told Captain Lord, who called back up, "Are they company signals?"

"I don't know," Stone answered, "but they appeared to be white rockets."

The Captain advised him to keep trying to call the ship by Morse lamp.

A little later Stone handed his glasses to Apprentice Gibson, remarking: "Have a look at her now. She looks very queer." Gibson studied the ship carefully. She seemed to be listing, and had, as he called it, "a big side out of the water." Stone noticed that her red side light had disappeared.

THE *Titanic* did look queer indeed. The sea now slopped over her forward well deck, rippled round the cranes and the hatches, washed against the base of the superstructure. There was an ugly list to port.

About 1.40 Chief Officer Wilde shouted, "Everyone on the starboard side to straighten her up!" Passengers and crew trooped over, and the *Titanic* swung sluggishly back on an even keel. The work on the boats resumed.

There was no longer any difficulty in persuading people to leave. A male Third Class passenger jumped into a dangling boat, along with several other men. Most of them were

hauled out, but he huddled there, covered by a woman's shawl. (He said later Mrs. Astor put it over him.) In any case the disguise worked.

Elsewhere a wave of men tried to rush No. 14, but seaman Joseph Scarrott beat them back with the tiller. Fifth Officer Lowe drew his revolver and shouted, "If anyone else tries that, this is what he'll get!" He fired three times along the side of the ship as Boat 14 dropped into the sea.

Meanwhile, Collapsible C had been fitted into davits and was being loaded. Bruce Ismay helped to get the boat ready for lowering. He was calmer now, in fact he seemed every inch an accepted member of the *Titanic's* crew. Then, at the last moment, he suddenly climbed into the boat himself—just another frightened passenger.

Others behaved differently. William Stead, the editor, independent as ever, sat reading alone in the First Class smoking room. To fireman George Kemish, passing by, he looked as though he planned to stay there whatever happened.

To a woman entering a boat, Benjamin Guggenheim called a farewell message: "If anything should happen to me, tell my wife I've done my best in doing my duty." Actually Guggenheim almost outdid himself. Gone were his sweater and life belt. He and his valet now stood resplendent in evening clothes. "We've dressed up in our best," he

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explained, "and are prepared to go down like gentlemen."

Archibald Gracie and a dozen other First Class men worked with the crew loading the last boats. As they helped Mrs. Constance Willard they smiled and told her to be brave. She noted great beads of sweat on their foreheads.

Now there were only a few boats left. Collapsibles A and B were lashed to the officers' quarters, and the men were having a hard time freeing them. Collapsible D had been fitted into the davits, however, and was ready for loading. There was no time to spare. The lights were beginning to glow red. China-ware was breaking somewhere below. Lightoller took no chances: 47 seats—1,000 people. He made the crew lock arms in a ring round the boat, letting only women through.

Colonel Gracie rushed up with Mrs. John Murray Brown and Miss Edith Evans. They reached Boat D just as it was starting down the falls. Miss Evans turned to Mrs. Brown: "You go first. You have children waiting at home."

Quickly she helped Mrs. Brown over the rail. Then someone yelled to lower away and at 2.05 Collapsible D—the last boat to leave—started down towards the sea. Edith Evans was still standing on the deck.

WITH THE boats gone, a curious calm came over the *Titanic*. The hundreds left behind stood quietly on the upper decks, keeping away

from the rail. Jack Thayer, studying an empty davit, thought of all the good times he had had. He thought of his father and mother, of his sisters and brother. He felt far away, as though he were looking on from some distant place.

At 2.05 Captain Smith entered the wireless cabin for the last time. "Men, you have done your full duty," he said. "Now look out for yourselves. I release you." Then he walked down the Boat Deck, speaking to the crew: "Well, boys it's every man for himself."

Some of the men took the Captain at his word, jumped overboard and were picked up by lifeboats. But most of them stuck to the ship. Scattered about the Boat Deck, some 15 First Class stewards loitered at ease; they seemed pleased that no one cared any longer whether they smoked. By the entrance to the grand staircase, the band, with life jackets over their overcoats, still scraped lustily away at ragtime.

Within the ship, the heavy silence of the deserted rooms had a drama of its own. The crystal chandeliers of the restaurant hung at a crazy angle but they still burned bright, lighting the walnut panels and rose-coloured carpet. The Louis Quinze lounge with its big fireplace was silent and empty. The Palm Court was also deserted: it was hard to believe that just four hours ago it had been filled with exquisitely dressed ladies and gentlemen, listening to chamber music.



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The smoking room was not completely empty, however. When a steward looked in at 2.10, he was surprised to see Thomas Andrews standing still, all alone. Andrews's lifebelt lay carelessly on a card table. His arms were folded over his chest; his look was stanned. When the steward timidly broke in: "Aren't you going to have a try for it, Mr. Andrews?" there was no answer, not even an indication that he heard.

Outside on the decks, the crowd waited. A few prayed with the Rev. Thomas Byles, a passenger. Others seemed lost in thought.

There was much to think about. For Captain Smith there were the five ice messages received from other ships during the day. The last told exactly where to expect the berg. And there was the thermometer which had fallen from 43° at seven o'clock to 32° at ten o'clock. And the temperature of the sea, which had dropped to 31° at 10.30.

Wireless operator Jack Phillips could ponder over the sixth ice warning, when the *Californian* had broken in and Phillips had told her to shut up. That one never even reached the bridge.

Little things, too, could haunt a person at a time like this. Edith Evans remembered a fortune-teller who once told her to "beware of the water." Charles Hays remembered that he had prophesied, just a few hours earlier, that the time would soon come for "the greatest and most

appalling of all disasters at sea."

On the roof of the officers' quarters a group of men was trying desperately to free Collapsibles A and B. On the port side, they succeeded in pushing Boat B to the edge of the roof, then slid it down on some oars to the deck. Unfortunately it landed upside down.

Boat A was giving just as much trouble. Somebody propped planks against the wall, and they finally eased the boat down bow-first. With the *Titanic* listing so heavily, however, they were unable to push it "uphill" to the edge of the deck.

The men were tugging at both collapsibles when, at 2.15, the bridge dipped under and the sea rolled aft along the Boat Deck. At this moment Bandmaster Hartley tapped his violin. The ragtime ended; and the strains of the hymn "Autumn," flowed across the deck and out over the water.

In the boats women listened with wonder. From a distance there was an agonizing stateliness about the moment. But aboard the *Titanic* people paid little attention to the music. Too much was happening.

Down, down dipped the *Titanic's* bow, and her stern swung slowly up. She seemed to move forward, too, generating a wave that swept the ship.

As steward Edward Brown sweated to get Boat A to the edge of the deck he suddenly realized he needn't try any longer. The boat was floating off. He jumped in, cut

the lines, and in the next instant the boat was washed out to sea.

From the roof of the officers' quarters Lightoller watched the wave sweep aft. He saw the crowds retreating ahead of it, the nimble ones managing to keep clear, the slower ones being overtaken and engulfed. Knowing that retreat just prolonged the agony, Lightoller faced the bow and dived in. For a dreadful minute he was sucked against a ventilator down which water was pouring. Then a blast of hot air blew him to the surface. Gasping and spluttering, he paddled clear.

Harold Bride kept his head too. As the wave swept by he grabbed the gunwale of Collapsible B, and he and a dozen others were all washed off together with the boat.

In the madstrom of ropes, gear and swirling water, no one knew what happened to most of the people. From the boats they could be seen clinging like swarms of bees to duckhouses, winches, ventilators. But down in it was hard to see what was going on, even though incredibly the lights still burned, casting a murky glow.

No one knows what happened to Captain Smith. People later said he shot himself, but there is not a shred of evidence. Just before the end, steward Brown saw him walk on to the bridge, still holding his megaphone. After the *Titanic* sank, fireman Harry Senior saw him in the water holding a child.

Seen and unseen, the great and the unknown tumbled in a writhing heap as the stern rose higher. The strains of "Autumn" were buried in a jumble of fallen musicians and instruments. The lights went out, flashed on again, went out for good. A single kerosene lantern still flickered high in the after mast.

Now a steady roar thundered across the water as everything broke loose. There has never been a mixture like it—29 boilers, 800 cases of shelled walnuts, huge anchor chains (each link weighing 175 pounds), 15 000 bottles of ale and stout, Eleanor Widener's trousseau, Major Peuchen's tin box, dozens of potted palms, five grand pianos.

As the tilt grew steeper the forward funnel toppled over, striking the water with a shower of sparks. The *Titanic* was now absolutely perpendicular. From the third funnel aft she stuck straight up in the air, her three propellers glistening.

Out in the boats, people could hardly believe their eyes. For two hours they had watched, hoping against hope, as the *Titanic* sank lower and lower. When the water reached her red and green navigation lights, they knew the end was near. But nobody dreamed it would be like this—the unearthly din, the black hull hanging at 90 degrees, the Christmas card backdrop of brilliant stars.

Two minutes passed, the noise stopped and the *Titanic* settled back

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slightly at the stern. Slowly she began sliding under, at a steep slant. As she glided down she seemed to pick up speed. Then the sea closed over the flagstaff on her stern.

In the boats the women sat dazed, dumbfounded. In Boat No. 5, Third Officer Pitman looked at his watch and announced, "It is 2 20."

On the *Californian*, Second Officer Stone and Apprentice Gibson watched the strange ship slowly disappear. She had fascinated them almost the whole watch—the way she kept firing rockets, the odd way she floated in the water.

By two o'clock the stranger's lights seemed very low on the horizon, and the two men felt she must be steaming away. At 2 20 Stone decided that the other ship was definitely gone, and at 2 40 he felt he ought to tell the Captain. He called the news down the speaking tube, and resumed studying the empty night.

AS THE SEA closed over the *Titanic*, Lady Duff Gordon remarked to her secretary, "There is your beautiful nightdress gone."

A good deal more than a night dress vanished that April night, even more than the world's largest liner and the lives of 1,502 people.

There were, for example, practices which shouldn't have existed at all. Never again would men fling a ship into an ice field, heedless of warnings. From now on, Atlantic liners took ice messages seriously,

steered clear or slowed down.

Nor would icebergs any longer prowl the seas unattended. After the *Titanic* sank, the British and American governments established the International Ice Patrol, and today Coast Guard cutters shepherd errant icebergs that drift towards the steamer lanes. The winter lane itself was shifted further south, as an extra precaution.

It was also the last time a liner put to sea without enough lifeboats. The *Titanic* had sailed under hopelessly outdated safety regulations. An absurd formula determined that she had to carry boats for only 962 people. Actually, there were boats for 1,178 (the White Star Line complained that nobody appreciated their thoughtfulness). From now on, however, the rules were simple—lifeboats for everyone.

On the other hand, some nobler instincts were also lost. Men would go on being brave, but perhaps never again would they be brave in quite the same way. These men on the *Titanic* had a touch—Ben Guggenheim changing to evening dress, Howard Case flicking his cigarette as he waved good bye to a friend. It would be hard to carry off these gestures today.

Overriding everything else, however, the *Titanic* symbolized the end of an era of confidence. For many years now the western world had been at peace, technology had steadily improved and the benefits of industry seemed to be filtering

satisfactorily through society. Most people felt they had found the secret of orderly, civilized life.

The *Titanic* shook them up. In technology alone the disaster was a terrible blow. Here was the "unsinkable ship" — perhaps man's greatest engineering achievement—going down the first time she sailed.

But it went beyond that. If this supreme achievement was so fragile, what about everything else? If wealth meant so little on this cold April night, did it mean so much the rest of the year? Scores of ministers preached that the *Titanic* was a heaven-sent lesson to awaken people from their complacency.

The years of uncertainty that followed can't be blamed on the *Titanic*. But she was the first jar. Before her, all was quiet; afterwards, all was tumult. That is why, to anybody who lived at the time, the *Titanic*, more than any other single event, marked the end of the old days, the beginning of a new, uneasy era.

THERE was no time for such thoughts at 2.20 a.m. on April 15, 1912. Over the *Titanic's* grave hung a thin smoky vapour, soiling the clear night. The glassy sea was littered with crates, deck chairs, planking.

Hundreds of swimmers threshed the freezing water, clinging frantically to the wreckage and each other. Only a few dozen managed to keep both their wits and their stamina.

For these, two hopes of safety loomed—Collapsibles A and B, which had floated off the Boat Deck. Now the strongest swimmers headed for them.

Soon two dozen people slumped, some half-dead, in the bottom of Boat A. They were a weird assortment—tennis star Norris Williams, Jr., a couple of Swedes, fireman John Thompson with badly burned hands, a First Class passenger in his underwear. Gradually the swimmers arrived at less frequent intervals, then stopped coming altogether. The half-swamped boat drifted silent and alone.

Meanwhile, more swimmers converged on overturned Collapsible B. One by one they hauled themselves up on to the keel—Lightoller, young Jack Thayer, Colonel Gracie, others. With each new man, the boat sagged lower into the sea. By the time steward Thomas Whiteley arrived, Collapsible B wallowed under the weight of 30 men.

As they moved off into the night, paddling with boards, one of the seamen on Boat B hesitantly asked, "Don't you think we ought to pray?" Everybody agreed. A moment later they started calling out the Lord's Prayer in chorus.

It was not the only sound that drifted over the water. Hundreds of swimmers were still crying for help, their individual voices lost in a steady, overwhelming clamour. To fireman George Kemish, it sounded like a hundred thousand fans at a

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143

football match. To Jack Thayer, lying on the keel of Boat B, it was like the high-pitched hum of locusts on a midsummer night in the woods.

To Fifth Officer Harold Lowe, a lively young Welshman, the cries in the night meant one thing—row back and help.

After leaving the *Titanic* in No. 14, he had rounded up four other boats and tied them together. Now he organized his flotilla for rescue work. It would have been useless for them all to go back—they were too undermanned—but one boat with a hand-picked crew might do some good. Lowe divided his 55 passengers among the other boats and picked volunteers from each to give No. 14 some expert oarsmen.

It was nerve-wracking work, playing musical chairs with rowing boats in mid-Atlantic. But, finally some time after three o'clock, Boat 14 edged into the wreckage. For nearly an hour the rescue crew chased after shouts and calls in the darkness. It was hopeless. They got only four survivors and one died soon afterwards. But at least Lowe went back.

Third Officer Pitman in No. 5 also heard the cries. He turned the boat round and shouted, "Now men, pull towards the wreck!"

"Appeal to the officer not to go back," a lady begged steward Etches, as he tugged at his oar. Other women protested, too. Pitman reversed his orders. For the next hour, No. 5—40 people in a boat

that held 65—heaved gently in the calm swell.

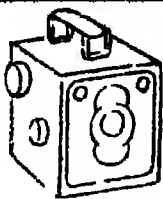
In boat after boat, the story was the same. Against the hundreds who went down on the *Titanic*, only 11 were picked up by the 18 boats that hovered nearby.

As the cries died away, the night became strangely peaceful. The agonizing suspense was gone. The shock of what had happened, the realization that close friends were lost for ever, had not yet sunk in. A curious tranquillity came over many.

Then slowly, life in the boats picked up again. In Boat 2, Fourth Officer Boxhall started firing green flares. Somehow, this brought people out of their trance. Oars splashed in the water, voices sang out, hailing one another. As the boats wandered through the night on a sea as flat as a reservoir, a stoker in No. 13 blurted out, "It reminds me of a bloomin' picnic!"

But no picnic was ever as cold as this. Mrs. Charlotte Collyer was so numb that she toppled over in No. 14 and caught her hair in a rowlock. Mrs. J. J. Brown wrapped her sable stole round the legs of a stoker whose teeth were chattering. In No. 5 a sailor took off his stockings and gave them to Mrs. Washington Dodge, saying, "I assure you, ma'am, they are perfectly clean. I just put them on this morning."

Nor did any picnic ever boast so many lady oarsmen. In No. 4, Mrs.

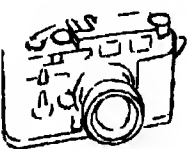


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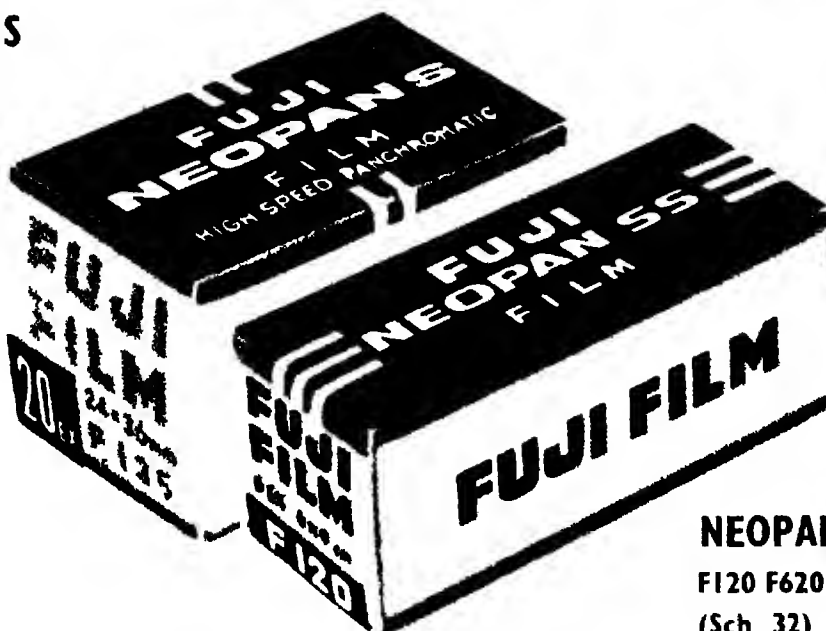
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John Thayer rowed for five hours in water up to her shins. In No. 6, Miss Brown, an indomitable spirit, organized the women two to an oar, and in this way they made some three or four miles in a vain effort to overtake the light that twinkled on the horizon.

IN THE WATER one man still lived thanks to a remarkable combination of initiative, luck and alcohol. When chief baker Charles Joughin heard the call to general quarters, he reasoned that, if boats were needed, provisions were needed too. On his own he mustered his staff of 13 bakers and ransacked the *Titanic's* larder for bread. The bakers trooped on deck carrying four loaves apiece.

This done, Joughin retired to his cabin for a nip of whisky. About 12:30 he felt sufficiently fortified to ascend to Boat 10, where he was assigned as skipper. He thought there were enough men to handle the boat, however, so he jumped out and helped launch it instead. To go with it, he explained, "would have set a bad example."

It was now 1:20. He scampered down to his cabin again, poured himself another tumbler and sat on his bunk, not particularly caring that the water now rippled through the cabin doorway.

When Joughin went back on deck the boats were gone, but he was not discouraged. He began throwing deck chairs overboard to help the survivors. Then suddenly he heard

a crash, as though something had buckled.

As he bolted aft the *Titanic* gave a sickening twist to port, throwing most people into a heap. Only Joughin kept his balance. Alert but relaxed, he slipped over the starboard rail and actually walked along the side of the ship to the stern, which had now swung high in the air, some 150 feet above the water.

There, Joughin casually tightened his lifebelt. He glanced at his watch—it said 2:15—then took it off and stuck it in his pocket. He felt the ship beginning to drop under his feet—it was like going down in a lift. As the sea closed over the stern, Joughin stepped off into the water. He didn't even get his head wet.

He paddled off into the night, little bothered by the 28-degree water. It was four o'clock when he saw upturned Collapsible B. The keel was crowded, so he hung on, treading water, almost unnoticed by the men aboard.

And well he might go unnoticed, for all eyes were now fixed on the horizon. It had been just after 3:30 when they first saw a distant flash, followed by a far off boom. Presently a single light appeared, then row after row. In Boat 9, deck hand Paddy McGough suddenly thundered, "Let's all pray to God, for there's a ship on the horizon and it's making for us."

A big steamer was pounding up, firing rockets to reassure the *Titanic's* people that help was on the

way. Over the water floated cheers and yells of relief. Even nature seemed pleased, as the dreary night gave way to the mauve and coral of a beautiful dawn.

ON THE BRIDGE of the *Carpathia*, Captain Arthur Rostron wondered what lay ahead. Ever since the CQD had arrived the ship had been steaming northward, driving harder than anyone knew she could. Even the extra watch had tumbled out of their bunks to help pour on coal.

No one knew what to look for, however. The wireless operator could no longer raise the *Titanic*. At 1.50 there had been a final plea: "Come quickly, old man, the engine room is filling up to the boilers." After that, silence.

At 2.35 the ship's surgeon, Doctor Frank McGhee, climbed to the bridge and told Rostron that everything was ready below. As he talked Rostron suddenly saw the glow of a green flare on the horizon. "There's his light!" he shouted. "He must be still afloat!"

Ten minutes later an iceberg was spotted off the port bow. Then another berg, and another. Twisting and turning, the *Carpathia* dodged among the icebergs, never slackening her speed. She was firing rockets now, one every 15 minutes. Word spread that they were within sight. At the gangways and boat stations seamen stood ready. Everyone was wild with excitement.

But Rostron's heart was sinking.

By 3.35 they were drawing near the *Titanic*'s position, and still no sign of her. At 3.50 he put the engines on "stand by"; at 4.00 he stopped the ship—they were there.

Just then another green flare blazed up. The flickering light showed the outline of a lifeboat, perhaps 300 yards away. As the *Carpathia* edged towards it, a voice from the dark called, "We have only one seaman and can't work very well."

"All right," Rostron shouted back, and he gently nudged the ship closer, until the voice called again, "Stop your engines!" It was Fourth Officer Boxhall in Boat 2.

Lines were dropped, and soon the boat was fast. Then, at 4.10, Miss Elizabeth Allen climbed slowly up the swinging ladder and tumbled into the arms of the *Carpathia*'s purser. He asked where the *Titanic* was, she replied that she had gone down.

Up on the bridge Rostron knew without asking—yet he felt he had to go through with the formalities. He sent for Boxhall, and as the Fourth Officer stood shivering before him, he said "The *Titanic* has gone down?"

"Yes" — Boxhall's voice broke—"she went down at about 2.30."

Ten miles away with the coming of dawn, life was beginning to stir again on the *Californian*. Chief Officer George Stewart had climbed to the bridge to take his watch, and there he learned for the first time

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about the strange ship, the rockets, the way she had disappeared. Stewart couldn't get it off his mind, and at 5 40 he woke up wireless operator Evans. "There's a ship been firing rockets," he said. "See if you can find anything."

Evans fumbled for the head phones and tuned in. Two minutes later Stewart rocketed up the steps to the bridge, calling out the shattering news. "The *Titanic* has hit a berg and sunk!"

Captain Lord did just what a good skipper should do. He immediately started for the *Titanic*'s last position.

As the sun edged over the horizon, it revealed an extraordinary spectacle. Scattered across the ocean were scores of icebergs, sparkling in the morning light. To the north stretched a flat, unbroken field of ice, as far as the eye could see.

The *Titanic*'s boats, spread over a four-mile area, struggled towards the *Carpathia*. From some came whoops and yells, as they pulled on their oars. Others remained silent, overwhelmed by relief.

There were no cheers on overturned Collapsible B. She lay low in the water, rolling sluggishly as the waves washed over her keel. Lightoller, knowing that only concerted action could keep the hulk balanced, had organized the men in two columns, facing the bow. As the boat lurched with the seas, he shouted, "Lean to the right," "Lean to the left." But they were dreadfully

tired now. Could they last until they were spotted by the *Carpathia*, which had stopped four miles away?

Suddenly as the light spread over the sea, they saw new hope. About 800 yards off, four boats were strung together in a line. Lightoller fished a whistle out of his pocket and blew a shrill blast. At the sound, two of the boats cast off and headed over. They arrived barely in time.

Meanwhile, Fifth Officer Lowe had hoisted a sail in No. 14 and headed for the *Carpathia*, when he spied Collapsible A, completely swamped. Of some 30 who had originally swum to the boat, most had fallen overboard, numb with the cold. Only a dozen men and one woman were left, standing in freezing water up to their knees. Lowe transferred them all to his No. 14.

One by one the boats crept up to the *Carpathia*. As each drew alongside, the survivors already aboard peered down from the deck, searching for familiar faces. There was a strange silence. Hardly a word was spoken. Everyone noticed it. Everyone had a different explanation. A passenger on the *Carpathia* thought people were too horror-stricken to speak. Lawrence Beesley, late of the *Titanic*, felt they were simply in the presence of something too big to grasp.

About 6 30 Bruce Ismay stumbled aboard, mumbling "I'm Ismay."

"I'm Ismay." Trembling, he stood near the gangway, his back against a bulkhead. Dr. McGhee

approached him. "Won't you go to the saloon for some soup or something to drink?"

"If you can get me in some room where I can be quiet," Ismay replied, "I wish you would."

Dr. McGhee, knowing a shattered man when he saw one, gently led Ismay to his own cabin. During the rest of the trip, Ismay never left the room. It was the start of a self-imposed exile from active life. Within a year he retired from the White Star Line, purchased an estate in Ireland, and remained a virtual recluse until he died in 1937.

At 8:30 the last boat arrived and unloaded its occupants. Now, Captain Rostron wondered, where should he take his 705 unexpected guests? Halifax was nearest, but there was ice along the way and he thought the *Titanic's* passengers had seen enough. New York was best for the survivors, but most costly to the Cunard Line. He dropped down to the surgeon's cabin where Dr. McGhee was examining Bruce Ismay. Anything Rostron wanted was all right with Ismay. So New York it was, and the sooner the better.

By now the *Californian* was

standing by, and Rostron arranged for her to search the scene. Before heading back, however, Rostron couldn't resist one last look round himself. If there was any hope of picking up more survivors, Rostron wanted the *Carpathia* to do it.

As he cruised, it occurred to him that a brief religious service would be appropriate. He sent for a clergyman, and the people from the *Titanic* and *Carpathia* assembled together in the main lounge. There they gave thanks for the living and paid their respects to the lost.

While they murmured their prayers, the *Carpathia* steamed slowly over the *Titanic's* grave. There were few traces of the great ship—patches of reddish-yellow cork, some steam-chairs, several white pilasters, the abandoned boats. At 8:50 Rostron was satisfied. He rang "full speed ahead" and turned his ship west.

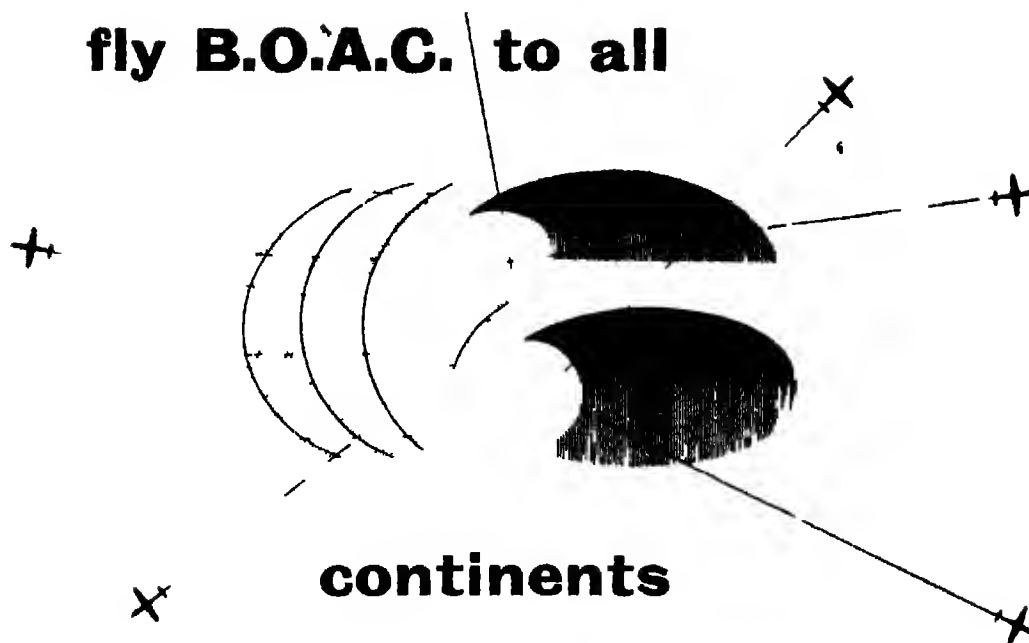
Below, the *Carpathia's* engines hummed with a soothing rhythm. Above, the wind whistled through the rigging. Ahead lay New York. Behind, the sun caught the bright red and white stripes of the pole from the *Titanic's* barber's shop, as it bobbed in the empty sea.

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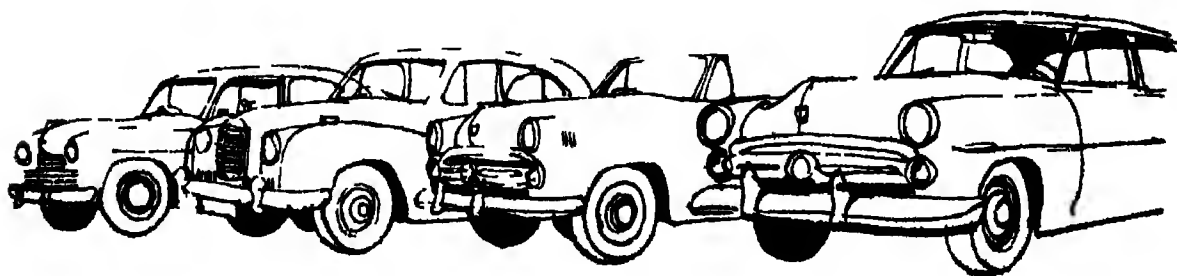
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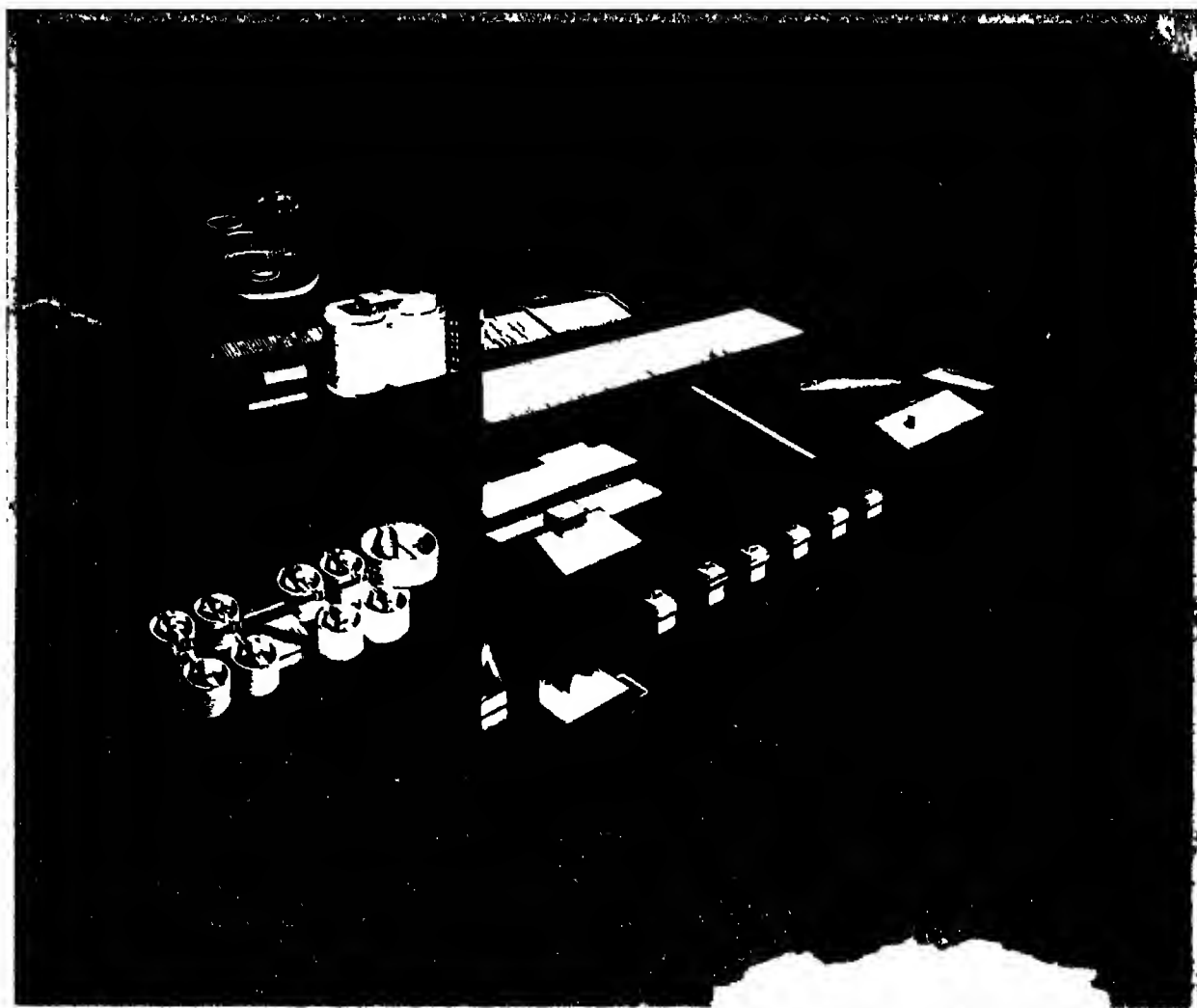
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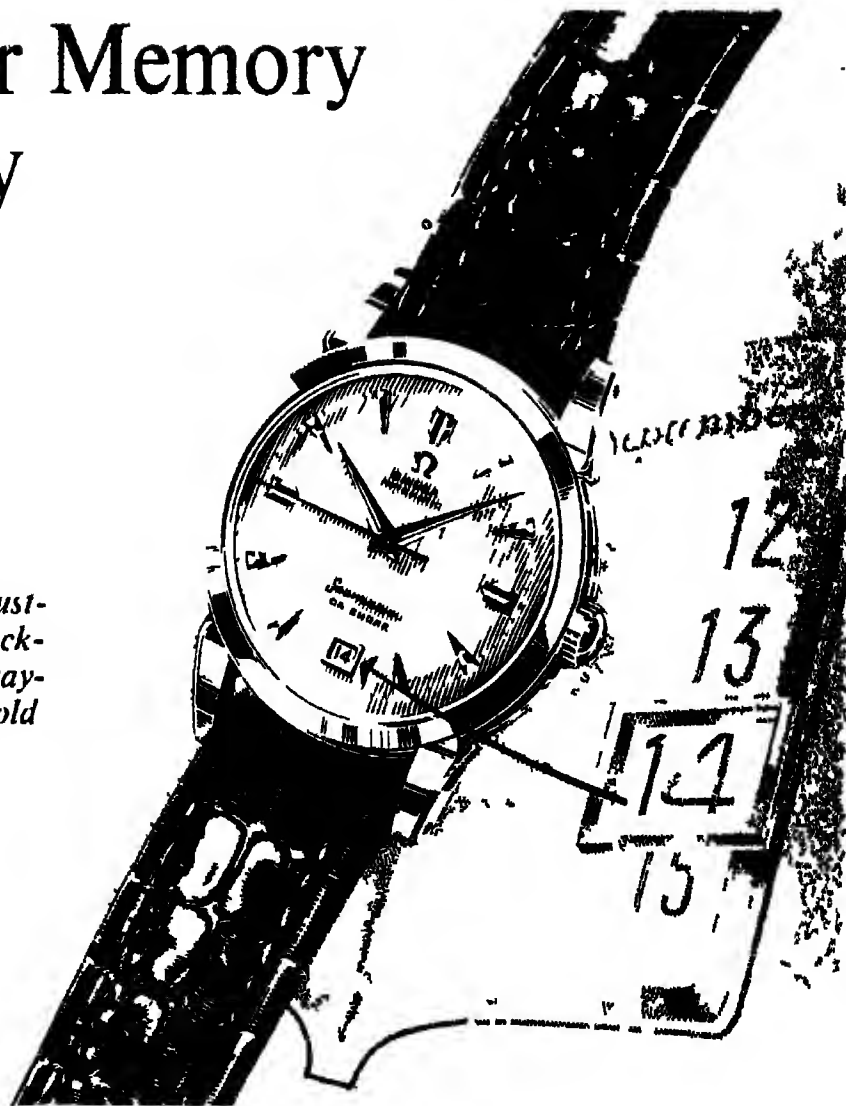
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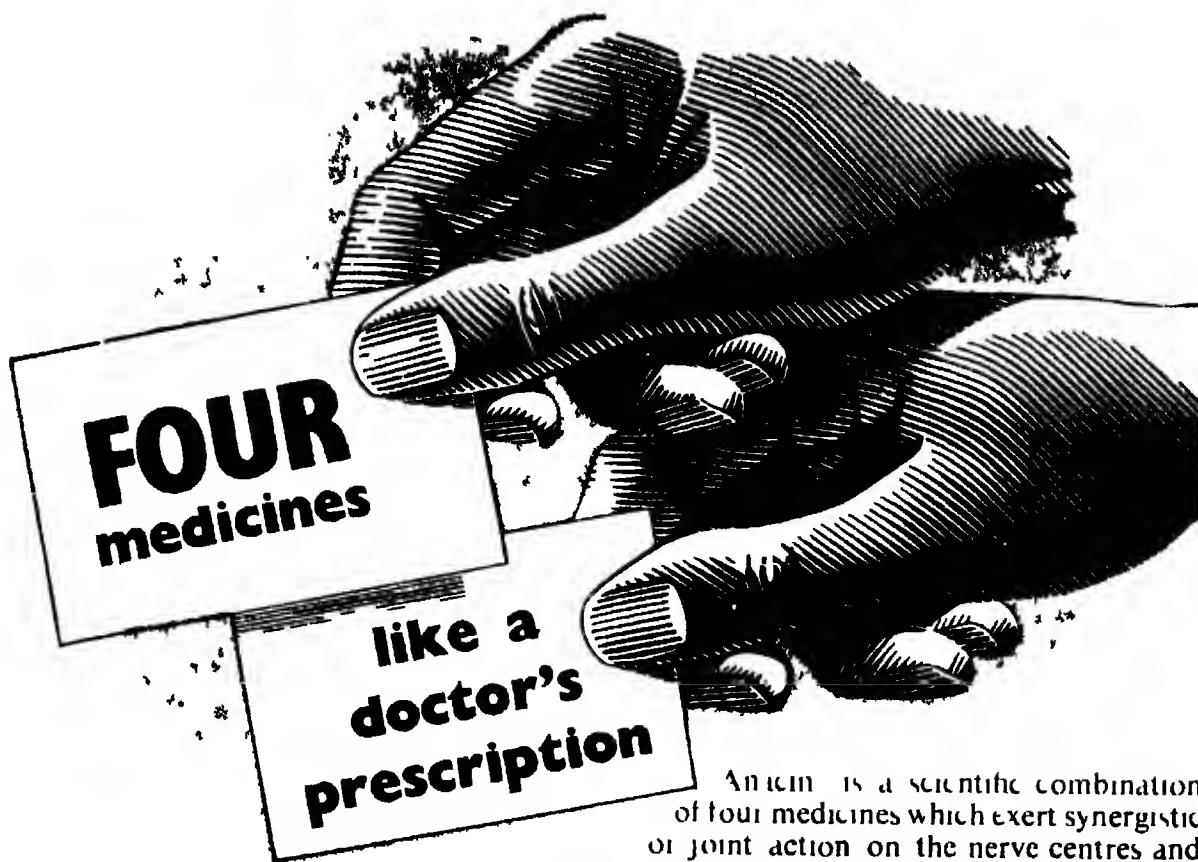
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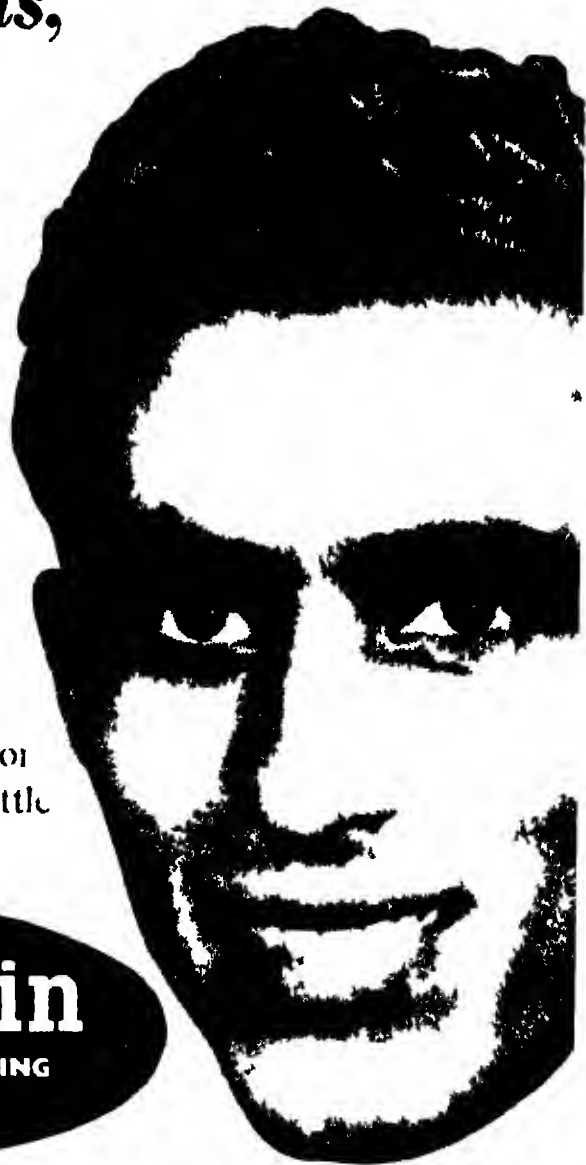
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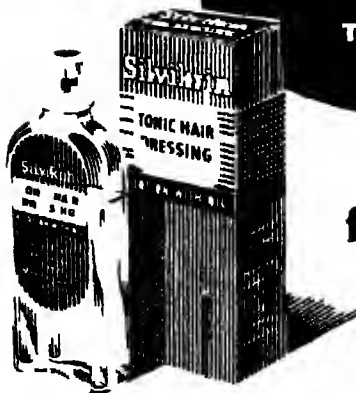
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Wizard With a Million Voices

By Frederick Brownell

IASI CHRISTMAS the Reverend L. Dyré Dyresen, of Anderson, Indiana, received a four-hour tape recording from his family in Oslo whom he hadn't seen for years. "I could hear the old clock ticking on the wall," he reports. "It was just like being there myself!"

Prince Akihito and his father, Emperor Hirohito of Japan, keep in touch by tape recording. During her world tour in 1954, the Queen regularly sent home taped messages to Prince Charles and Princess Anne. Today there are three international "voice correspondence clubs, with members in 36 countries throughout the world. They exchange tapes and discuss everything from orchid culture to philology.

Behind these automatic marvels is a modern electronic genie, the tape

recorder. Developed during the Second World War, this fabulous handyman now serves humanity in a thousand ways. The heart of most recorders is a strip of plastic tape which unwinds from one reel to another. Unimpressive to the eye, it is the cheapest, most sensitive and most versatile recording medium ever invented. Most gramophone records are recorded first on tape, so are the sound tracks of films, and the dialogue for 95 per cent of filmed TV shows.

Burglars who broke into a store in Chicago one night received the scare of their lives. Hardly had they forced open a back window when a voice boomed: "Good evening, gentlemen! May I remind you that this store is electronically guarded?" With that, loudspeakers started

FOR HIS sixtieth birthday on November 14, 1951, Pandit Nehru received a tape recorder as present from the Indian League in London. At a previous meeting of the League whose aim is to promote friendship and understanding between Great Britain and India, the chairman, Kenneth Sorensen M.P., had recorded a special birthday greetings message. The League enclosed this tape with the gift. When Mr. Sorensen later visited India, Pandit Nehru told him that he frequently used the recorder and that it helped him in the preparation of his speeches.

screaming "Help! But I lost! Police! Police!" Nerve frayed and eardrums shattered, the bicyclists fled.

In Syracuse, New York State, a woman was about to cross the street when a voice seemingly from nowhere announced: "It is too late to cross safely. Kindly wait for the green light!"

In a Manhattan office building, a caller held open the door of the self-service lift to chat with a tenant. Suddenly, a voice remarked briskly: "People on another floor are waiting to use this elevator!"

One New York hotel lures its rural guests to sleep with a tape recording of crickets chirping, cows lowing and other bucolic sounds. A rat catcher baits his traps with the mating call of a female rat; he insists that it works better than cheese. A farmer is fattening his pigs in a hurry by persuading them to eat more; at midnight the porkers are

awakened with a tape recording of pig grunts at a feeding trough.

Tape recorders take dictation, preach sermons, teach languages, provide company for lonely people, read books to the blind and record the confessions of criminals. They penetrate the ocean depths in modern submarines, zoom into the stratosphere in the tips of soaring rockets and help scientists to predict hurricanes and record earthquakes.

A couple of years ago I started using a portable recorder to gather material for magazine articles. It saved me so much time that I decided to find out whether other people were enjoying the useful gadget. I found many others putting it to a multitude of uses.

One of my friends, a high fidelity enthusiast, has 2,000 hours of fine recorded music that cost him very little, since he taped it from radio broadcasts picked up by his frequency modulation set. A business woman I know dictates instructions for her part-time maid before she leaves for work. One family uses its recorder to lighten parties by taping unitem theatricals and choruses. A favourite game is

"Guess What" in which guests try to identify the real source of sound effects which simulate thunder, hoofbeats or crackling flames, but may be only a matchbox crunched near the microphone.

Some couples use their recorders as a family album, taping milestones like christenings, confirmations and

marriage ceremonies. One proud father even carted his machine into the hospital delivery room to record the initial yelps of his first born child. A friend of mine persuaded his father, then 83, to dictate his recollections of one of the last great buffalo hunts in America. Now that his father is dead, the record of his voice is a family treasure.

The most popular home use for tape recording is to bring absent loved ones closer. Walt Green, a young engineer who has a job in Fairbanks, Alaska, keeps in close contact with his Detroit family by sending home a two hour long tape each week. Since tapes can be used over and over again, the only expense is the airmail postage.

Recorders have proved a boon to business. For example, the architect and builder of an ultra modern

house concealed a tape recorder in one of the rooms to take visitors' comments. The unflattering remarks they heard caused them to scrap plans to build more such houses.

Because of its fantastic capacity to record, retain and faithfully reproduce any sort of information that is fed to it, tape has many uses entirely divorced from sound. Drawings and photographs can be reduced to electrical impulses and recorded on some kinds of tape, then transmitted by telephone. Some doctors use this system to send cardiograms to distant points for diagnosis.

New uses for tape recordings are being dreamed up every day, and experts say that before long the storing of music and speech will constitute only a small fraction of magnetic tape's activities.

Cartoon Quips

PURRISHER to author: "Your novel is excellent, but at the moment I'm looking for trash." P L I C I T Y

HORRIFIED father, watching daughter select costly wedding dress for wife: "I don't mind giving her my marriage, but must she be gift-wrapped?" C L I S M A N (H) and Co.

COURTESY cop to sports car driver: "Perhaps you weren't doing a hundred. However, I'm going to reward you for trying by reporting you." B K O N D I C A T

FURSTRAINED female on telephone: "But it can't be busy, operator. I'm the only one who is still on speaking terms with her!" M PERRY, King Features

MOTHER to friend, as gangling son gazes at passing blonde: "He's going through a phase. It will probably last about 50 years."

—Bill King in *York*

We cannot expect to live without anxiety,
but we can learn to put it to our own good use

Living With Your Worries

By Ardis Whitman

Author of *How to Live Happily*

Illustrated by Margaret

A Gallup poll in the United States found that nine out of ten people interviewed were immersed in problems they didn't know how to solve, thus proving once again that every normal human being is a prey to anxiety, fear, worry or a sense of guilt. Yet in the presence of this universal discomfort, one often hears the remark:

Stop worrying, relax and forget it! — as though our struggle to deal with our difficulties were an unnatural thing.

The contrary is true. If we can we help being anxious when we are in danger of losing our job. Or when we love someone who doesn't love us? Or when illness descends, or debts, or we face an insecure old age?

'No member of our generation who has a mature sense of reality and responsibility,' says Bonrio Overstreet, author of *Courage for Crisis*, 'can experience a literal freedom from fear. Nor would it be

good for us to be freed from the thrust of anxiety. For the struggle with our environment is a part of our heritage, a part of the complex adventure of being human. Never despair,' said Edmund Burke, 'but if you do, work on in despair.'

Once Handel, the great composer, found himself in desperate straits: his right leg paralyzed, his money gone, and his creditors threatening to have him sent to prison. But his suffering spurred him to the mightiest effort of his life. Writing feverishly, almost without stopping, he composed *The Messiah*, with its immortal Hallelujah chorus in 24 days. Had he relaxed and forgotten his worries, the world would have been poorer, and so would he.

Most of us fight against coming to grips with our problems, but we are forced to admit, when it's all over, that we'd never have done as well if our fears had not pushed us to try so hard.

Morally, too, we grow as we

struggle For conscience—the spring of our cruellest worries —has taught man to be a moral creature as his fears have taught him to be a brave one. Rabbi Joshua Liebman, author of a famous book on the art of living, summed it up: "Man has to pay the price of fear and worry in order to be human. Our susceptibility to anxiety is the soil of our human growth."

But if our anxieties are good for us, they also entail pitfalls no sensible person will ignore. They may get out of hand and interfere with successful daily living. Or they may loom so large that we flee from reality in order to dodge them.

No one can dodge feelings of anxiety, but in living with them we can all learn a kind of wisdom that will lessen the burden. The first precept is: don't add to your real worries by piling on false ones. Everyone knows how things which are not of much importance clutter up and blot out our clear thinking. Often it is not the big problem which defeats us, but the encrustation of little doubt and fear which we have piled on the bigger one, like barrels on the hull of an already burdened ship.

Neither should we add to our present worries the burden of the past or the future. Too often we lie awake at night agonizing over what we *should* have done, or what we will do *if* this or that should happen. "What if—" we say to ourselves in despair, imagining every sort of

horrible contingency. But what we need to remember is that what troubles us today will trouble us differently, if at all, tomorrow. "Will this really matter next week, next year?" is one of the simplest of all ways to put our problems in perspective. "I can't bear this burden all my life," cried the tormented father of a crippled child. "My son," replied the priest, "it is as heavy today as it is going to be. Can you bear it today?"

Some of the most capable people in history have lost this sense of perspective and have been driven by their anxieties to act in ways which destroyed them. We could all lessen our anxiety greatly if we could lessen the sense of our own importance.

The same sense of perspective will help to keep our feelings of guilt under control. All human beings do thoughtless, impulsive things which bring them an immediate train of consequences. Everyone makes golden opportunities through stupidity or inability to understand the other fellow. Everyone errs occasionally.

If he thought and unkind. We can't help being full of despair about the results. But we needn't feel that way, though we are sickened from the human race, because we have done wrong.

Since human beings are fallible, wrote Bonaro Overstreet elsewhere, "the individual who cannot tolerate himself is fallible stands a slim chance of remaining

By Charlotte and
Doris Plimmer



IN LONDON recently the head of a famous firm of gunsmiths made a telephone call. A client of ours wants a live rhinoceros. Can you quote us a price?

The answer was unhesitating. I've thousand pounds delivered.

The number dialled was neither that of a zoo nor a group of big game hunters. It was Sloane 1234, phone number of Harrods, the biggest department store in Europe. Because of the unparalleled list of special services it offers, Harrods is undoubtedly the world's most complete and wonderful retail store. Its cable address tells its story: EVERYTHING LONDON.

No matter what you want, from a haircut to a honeymoon, Harrods

*You name it Harrods has it
and make it or can get it*

will provide it. It will repair your shoes in one year, clean your goods and chattels. It will sell your stocks and shares, lay down a tennis court for you, bank your money, teach you golf, post your letters, decorate your home and find a school for your child. It will arrange a safari to Africa to buy an original Chippendale chair or commission a Black Watch bag piper for a Scotsman's Hogmanay. It will hire you a Rolls for a day or a year and arrange your wedding from printing the invitations to making the trousseau and baking the cake. And

Harrods' funeral service has buried some of the nicest people in England.

Harrods' long distance movers have delivered furniture to a palazzo on Venice's Grand Canal, the full household gliding up to the door in a freight gondola. Its estate agency has sold English country mansions, villas on the French Riviera and chalets in Switzerland. Its furniture and decorating departments fitted out three houses for a former king of Siam and are at present equipping a suite in a royal palace in Baghdad for approximately £5,000.

Harrods is as much a tourist "must" as the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey. It even has a club tie (green with gold stripes) which Harrodians, who are members of the firm's sports club, proudly buy for ten shillings.

To have an account at Harrods is the last word in respectability. In the columns of *The Times* flats are sometimes advertised as "near Harrods," for to be near Harrods is to be at the hub of London's fashionable West End.

Harrods' huge terra-cotta building rises six storeys above its four-and-a-half-acre site like an impregnable stronghold of Victorian virtues. The store does a world-wide business with millions of pounds' annual turnover, but you'd never guess it from the air of studied leisure that pervades its 200-odd departments spread over some 13 acres of selling space.

Once when Jesse Straus, of Macy's

(a famous New York department store), visited Harrods he said to its managing director, "Well, it's a fine museum, but when do you do any business?" In fact business was booming—Harrods averages 25,000 customers a day—but so broad are the aisles, so airy and high-ceilinged the huge salesrooms, so heavily carpeted the floors, that the usual flurry was blanketed, swaddled and sound-proofed. The air of calm is that of an exclusive London club—an atmosphere which imposes a corresponding decorum on the customer.

It's taken for granted that Harrods' assistants are ladies and gentlemen. The use of Christian names is banned during working hours. To discourage aggressive salesmanship, Harrods pays lower-than-average commissions and compensates with slightly higher salaries. Male department heads wear striped trousers. Fittingly, one of Harrods' executives has been listed among the world's best-dressed women.

Visiting department-store executives tear their hair at what they consider Harrods' lavish squandering of sales space. In the centre of the ground floor, for instance, is an oasis of 11,000 square feet where nothing whatsoever is sold except poppies on Remembrance Day and roses once a year for the Alexandra Rose Day charity.

In this vast marble hall are Harrods' bank, small windows for the payment of accounts, and many deep green-leather chairs and sofas

where shoppers may rest, and where boy often meets girl. Many are the London romances that have begun with, "Let's meet in the Banking Hall at Harrods."

At the peak of the tourist season the Banking Hall becomes a United Nations. Here is an Englishman in his bowler, an Arab in his burnoose, an Indian woman in a brilliant sari. A Texan in pearl grey Stetson stands in a polite British queue to cash his traveller's cheques, between an expertly lacquered beauty from the Champs Elysees and a solemn Basutoland chieftain in tribal blanket. Meanwhile studying the big trilingual store directory (English, French, Spanish) is a potpourri of Argentines, Egyptians, Japanese and quite possibly an official or two from the Soviet Embassy.

Purchasers from all over the world ring up an annual £733,000 worth of sales for Harrods' personal export department. Americans account for about a third of those sales, says the head of the department. First on their lists are bone china and cashmere.

Harrods sends gramophone records to Ascension Island, gooseberries to a customer in Saudi Arabia, and shoes, the last order was 90 pairs, to an oil-rich Middle Eastern potentate. To Britons scattered all over the globe Harrods is a sentimental link with home. One nostalgic Empire builder ordered a case of smoked kippers to arrive in time for New Year's Day breakfast.

And a bride-to-be in Nigeria asked Harrods to run up a wedding dress and fly fresh flowers out for the nuptials.

Harrods says that it can get anything for anybody at any time. To meet all challenges it maintains a round the clock phone order service and a fantastic stock. Says the meat buyer: "I can't imagine any cut you could ask for that I couldn't give you on the spot." That includes the noblest cut of all, a bonion of Scotch beef weighing 300 pounds. The grocery department has 45,000 different non-perishable items, from stuffed vine leaves to shark's fin soup. The cheese buyer keeps 130 varieties of cheese, and the bakery turns out 23 kinds of bread, to say nothing of bathruy cakes in the shape of aircraft carriers, medieval fortresses and space ships.

Harrods' catering department, which also serves the store's three restaurants, will set up a private cocktail party for a dozen or a dinner party for a thousand. One London tycoon like to hire the Regimental Band of the Coldstream Guards, and Harrods will arrange it, assuming that Service commitments in Malaya, Cyprus and elsewhere permit.

The pet shop sells, in addition to puppies, kittens and turtles, such outlandish pets as African bush babies, alligators, Indian mongooses, hedgehog, marmoset, 24 varieties of fish, 100 species of bird, six kinds of lizards, and lions on special order.

Music-lovers haunt the piano salon—the largest in Europe—and book-lovers are sure they can find that rare book at Harrods. The store's circulating library sterilizes all juvenile volumes as they are returned, so that not a single measles or mump is left nestling in *Treasure Island* or *Black Beauty*.

Despite appearances, there's nothing effortless about all this. Said one Harrodian to us, "Harrods is rather like a duck, you know—gliding over the surface with dignity and calm, but paddling like hell underneath." The staff totals 5,000. For every assistant on the floor, there are three people behind the scenes.

There is a sweet factory, a box factory, a trunk factory, a coffin factory, a tea and coffee-blending house producing ten varieties of tea and 14 of coffee. There is a silver plating shop, a printing and engraving shop, a workshop for uniforms, workrooms for the restoration of antiques and for building the scenery and props used in the store's quarter-mile of show windows.

Employees are often attracted to Harrods by the recruiting slogan, "Everybody important who comes to London comes to Harrods." But the most important customer of all is a Londoner born and bred, Her Majesty the Queen.

She mingles with the public, picks up a scarf here, a pair of gloves there. Sometimes Harrods may get half an hour's advance notice, but

sometimes they are warned only a minute or so before the big car with the Royal Standard rolls up Brompton Road from Buckingham Palace. No unusual precautions are taken. The Queen is accompanied only by a lady-in-waiting and a security officer in plain clothes.

Harrods' staff is trained to address all customers including royalty as "Sir" or "Madam" in order to avoid the difficulties of formality that arise in a nation thickly populated by dukes, earls, countesses, lords and plain knights.

Such high-voltage clientèle would no doubt have overawed Henry Harrod, the wholesale tea merchant of Eastcheap, when in 1849 he took over a financially anæmic grocery shop in what was then the hamlet of Knightsbridge, midway between London and the village of Kensington. Henry Harrod kept the business going, but it remained for his son, Charles, to build it up and make it famous.

In 1861 Charles enlarged the premises, added counters for cooked meats, game, fruit, flowers, vegetables, confectionery, china and patent medicines. A Victorian martinet who fined his staff members a penny-halfpenny for every 15 minutes they were late for work, the second Harrod for a long time refused credit to his customers. But when Charles Harrod sold out in 1889 and the business became a limited liability company, he received about 250 times as much as he had paid his

father for the business 28 years earlier.

Richard Burbidge, an experienced department-store executive, became general manager, and the Burbidge dynasty has ruled the store ever since. During the First World War Burbidge received a baronetcy from King George V in recognition of Harrods' wartime services, which included the complete equipping of an Allied base hospital in three days.

The present general manager and chairman, also Sir Richard Burbidge, is the grandson of the first general manager. His son, the 25-year-old heir to the baronetcy, is known throughout Harrods as Mr. John.

During the Second World War, Harrods never closed its doors, kept

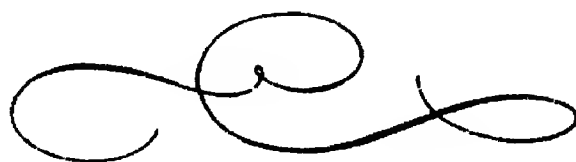
its frequently shattered windows brightly decorated and encouraged its staff to make aeroplane parts in their spare time in one of its cellars.

Harrods' spécial position in the world of merchandising was underlined when the store celebrated its centenary in 1949. Cables of congratulation flooded in from great stores in every continent. But perhaps the neatest compliment Harrods has ever received came from a small boy. It seems that his mother, a customer, was giving him a geography quiz. Question and Answer went like this:

What is the capital of France?—Paris.

What is the capital of Italy?—Rome.

What is the capital of England?—Harrods.



What a Life!

LONDON TAX OFFICIALS thought they had Bill Hughes stone cold when they charged him with bookmaking and failing to pay taxes on the proceeds. The 30-year old shipyard worker admitted having saved £6,000 on his £20-a week salary, but said he had done it this way:

Never ate sweets, never smoked, never drank, never went out with women, shaved with his brother's razor blades, charged his grandmother 12 per cent interest on money she borrowed, worked a night shift and borrowed his father's shoes while the latter slept to save shoe leather, went 13 years without buying a new suit, never bought a single flower, limited his lifelong cinema-going to one picture, ate everything on the table even if he didn't want it, patched everything, including his underwear and never took a holiday trip that cost more than 3s. 11d. —UP

Medical Detectives at Work

THE LATE Dr. Harold Beveridge Cushing, of Montreal's Children's Memorial Hospital, was one of those legendary figures who seemingly had the ability to diagnose instinctively.

One evening I admitted a very sick child to the emergency room. Not until I had meticulously examined the youngster twice and then verified my initial diagnosis by laboratory work did I, with a certain air of pride at my ability to spot my first case of diphtheria, return to the admitting office to order the removal of the child to a contagious-disease hospital. As I entered the office I was met by Dr. Cushing. "Have you a case of diphtheria?" he demanded.

"Why, yes," I stammered "but how did you know?"

"I saw the ambulance at the door and so I put my head inside. I smelled diphtheria."

My time in making the diagnosis, one hour and 20 minutes; Dr. Cushing's time, four seconds.

—Contributed by R. M. P. Donaghy, M.D.

THE ASTUTENESS of Dr. Walter Alvarez as a medical detective was shown when he was handed a chest X-ray with no other information.

"It is a roentgenogram of a woman of about 50," Alvarez began at once;

"rather tall and thin, always frail, interested in sports, a Catholic. She has several children. In her youth she had pretty severe tuberculosis. She once had pneumonia with empyema. She was once thrown from a horse. She has high blood pressure with some arteriosclerosis, and she suffers at times from arthritis. She used to go shooting."

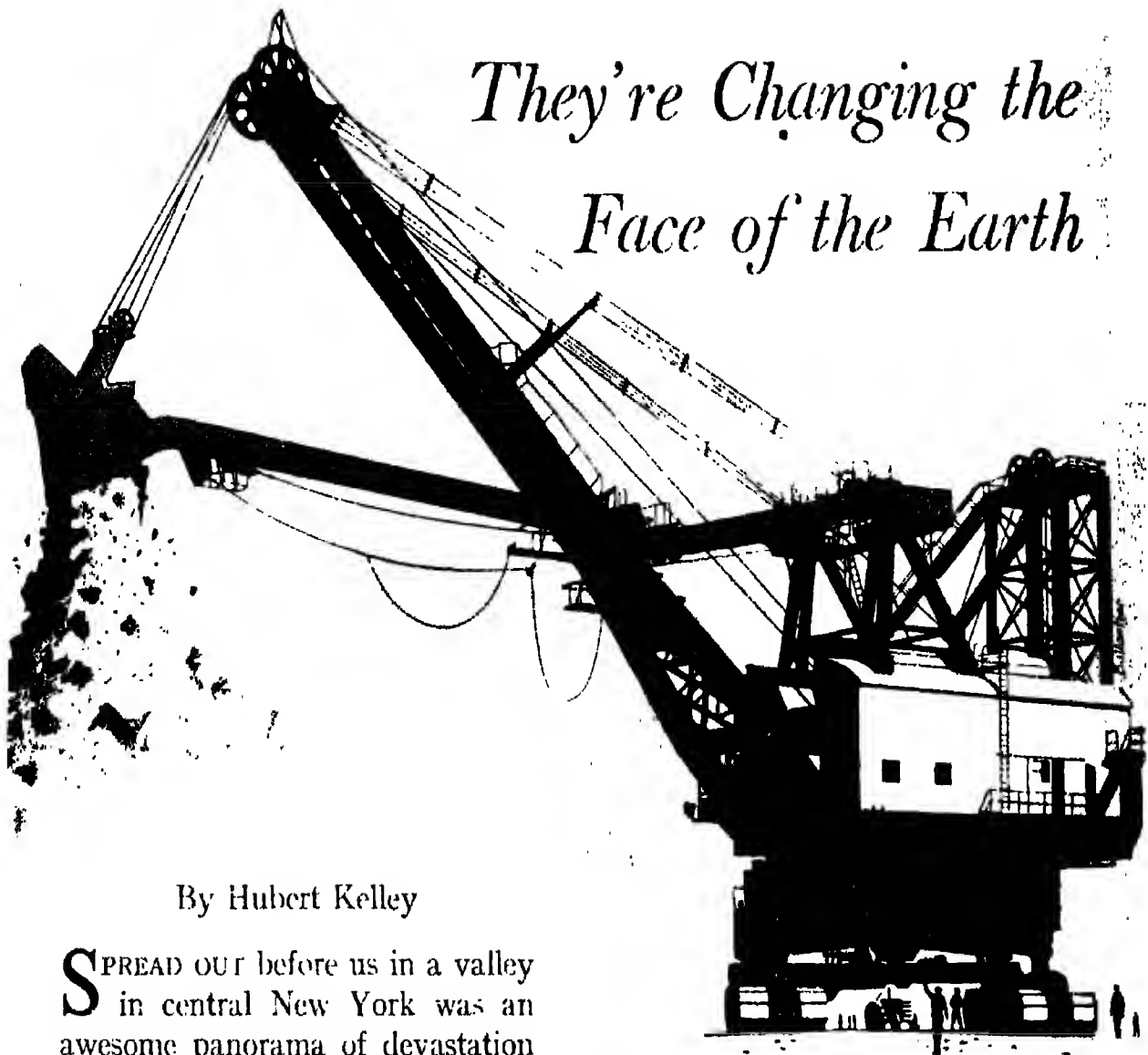
How did Alvarez know so much? He explained. In the film he could see the shadows of the breasts and the small size of the bones, so he knew that this was a woman. Calcification of the rib cartilages and deformities in two neck vertebrae indicated that she was over 40. The length of the thorax suggested that she was tall and thin; the narrow costal angle made by the ribs and cartilages as they spread from the lower end of the breastbone, that she was frail. The medial and chain round her neck bespoke Catholicism; her sagging breasts indicated several children.

Calcified scars in the lungs and on the side of the neck showed that she had had early tuberculosis. A scar on one rib, showing where the drainage tube for empyema had been, betrayed the pneumonia. The large left ventricle of the heart and a slightly calcified arch of the aorta told of high blood pressure and some arterial hardening. There were abundant signs of arthritis around her vertebrae.

"Two bird shot in the muscles of one shoulder suggest a shooting accident. And a healed fracture in the collarbone might mean a fall from a horse in a woman of her apparent sporting interests," Alvarez finished triumphantly.

—Greer Williams in *Harper's Magazine*

They're Changing the Face of the Earth



By Hubert Kelley

SPREAD OUT before us in a valley in central New York was an awesome panorama of devastation on which a vast herd of machines roamed, roared and gouged at the earth like huge prehistoric monsters feeding. In a vicious white scar blasted through the hard rock of the mountains, gigantic power shovels lifted their steel-fanged buckets aloft, ramming and butting the mighty piles of rock that had been avalanched down by dynamite. Having torn out boulders, soil and stumps, they rose with dripping maws to disgorge their mouthfuls into waiting lorries.

Bulldozers, power shovels, scrapers and other earth-moving monsters are creating a new frontier for adventure and profit

On a spacious, sloping field of red clay, bulldozers like yellow and red turtles crawled endlessly in fantastic patterns, pushing the earth with their shining blades. Scraper-loaders darted in and out, their bonnets thrust forward from the body like

the heads of rhinoceros, the upright exhaust pipes resembling rhinos' horns. Twenty-ton juggernauts, their awkward, bowl-like bodies carried on immense rubber-tyred wheels, they filled their bellies with earth as they sped, shearing it up with blades underneath, then roared away to spit out the 18 cubic yards they had swallowed.

Far below us the boom of a giant shovel reared 50 feet into the air: a gargantuan fishing-pole strung with a steel cable line on the end of which dangled a steel bucket whose clam-shell jaws champed rhythmically. Rising and falling at quick intervals, the bucket was biting out mud from a slough at the base of the cutting and emptying black mouthfuls beside the bank. The boom swung as gracefully as one would imagine the swing of a dinosaur's serpent-like neck.

We were watching an area of heavy excavation in the 427-mile Thruway (a highway for fast traffic) under construction from New York City to Buffalo, New York, the largest project of its kind in the world. Within sight was half a million dollars' worth of machinery, its roar and whine threaded by the steely chatter of pneumatic drills driving holes into rock.

It was a scene typical of many throughout the world. In British Columbia, for instance, an army of men with 20 million dollars' worth of equipment is plugging a canyon with a gigantic dam and driving a

tunnel, large enough for an underground railway, ten miles through a mountain to drop water half a mile through shafts cut in solid rock.

In Pakistan hundreds of miles of ancient irrigation canals and ditches refilled by the wind-blown soil of 2,300 years are being re-opened, not by the back-breaking work of tens of thousands of slaves like those who dug them at the dawn of history but by machinery.

Everywhere bulldozers, power shovels, scrapers and other earth-moving machines are changing the face of the earth, cutting out a more prosperous economic destiny for millions. The rapid recovery of war-torn nations and the swift modernization of many backward regions can in large part be attributed to the phenomenal growth in the last 50 years of a new industry: the manufacture and world-wide distribution of earth-moving machinery. The industry today represents hundreds of millions of dollars in capital investment and has created a new frontier for adventure and profit, a new occupational challenge for youth.

The heroes among earth-moving machines are the great power shovels and giant bulldozers. Today there are power shovels with a working radius of 140 feet and buckets that take 45 *cubic yards* of earth at a bite—enough to fill a room.

Bulldozer models are as varied as motor cars. Whatever the model—a

two-ton, 40-horsepower toy or a high-wheeled speed demon—it is sure to draw a crowd. One of the world's largest bulldozer tractors is now being tested. It is 18 feet long, ten feet wide, nine feet high and weighs about 35 tons.

Little less spectacular are the huge scraper-loaders, self-powered or towed by tractors, which rut up earth like a carpenter's plane shearing wood. The excavated earth boils up into the bed of the machine at the rate of 36 cubic yards per minute. These machines ride on enormous rubber-tired wheels that maintain traction even in mud.

Among the mightiest earth-movers is the enormous walking drag line, a crane with an open bucket. One of the largest, weighing 1,100 tons, supports a 180-foot boom from which a 25-cubic-yard bucket is dropped by cable. Another cable drags the bucket back towards the operator, gouging and tearing out earth as it comes. Once filled, the bucket can be elevated and swung round to any position within the radius of the boom for dumping.

Then there is the power hoe, a kind of back-handed shovel which can excavate without getting down into the hole as a shovel must. And a comparative newcomer is the Grade-All, a kind of finishing shovel that can reach into ditches or up gradients to level the earth. Another innovation is a tractor with four electric motors, one to turn each wheel. It is especially useful in

HELPING to change the face of India today are some 1,500 earth-moving machines of various types, at work on the great river valley projects designed to provide irrigation, hydro-electric power and other facilities in many parts of the country. Perhaps the most famous of these is the Damodar Valley Project which, as a national achievement, has been likened to the Aswan Dam in Egypt and the Hoover Dam in the United States. The earth moving equipment in present use was imported from abroad, but a committee has been appointed by the Ministry of Commerce and Industry to consider the manufacture of such equipment in India

jungles, sandy deserts, and rough terrain.

The operator of such earth-moving equipment is to the pick-and-shovel man of yesterday what a jet pilot is to a boy on a bike. The man with a shovel camped at the site of his work; labouring from dawn to dusk, he couldn't hope to fill the five-yard bucket of a modern steam shovel.

Today's earth-mover is an aristocrat of skill. Cecil Smith of Hillsdale, New Jersey, a massive genial man and a veteran shovel operator, drives a five-cubic yard shovel on the New York Thruway. He sits on leather upholstery like an office executive while manipulating a bewildering array of levers and clutches. Smith serves ten trucks continuously all day. Three

bucketfuls to each truck and the trucks are filled. In nine hours he disposes of about 5,000 cubic yards, in contrast to the old pick-and-shovel man's three'. His shovel (including the generators supplying its 4,000 volts of power) represents an investment of about \$250,000.

The snapping of a power cable might mean a loss of thousands of dollars to the contractor, so emergency trucks loaded with welders, machinists and mechanics are always ready to swarm to the scene and get the big dipper working without delay. But the repair crew may find the machine operator something of a *prima donna*. Usually he has adjusted his controls and cables as carefully as a piano-tuner does his strings, and he may show some annoyance when the mechanics begin fooling around with his shovel. Shovel men must be handled with kid gloves, for good ones, gifted with superlative co-ordination, are hard to find.

The hallmark of the superior shovel operator is precision. One of them, I was told by earth movers, could crease a Trilby hat perfectly with a clam-shell bucket lowered from a 100-foot boom.

Skilled bulldozer operators, despite the fact that they cannot see through the blade and must therefore work largely by sense of touch, can hew a gradient with the exactness of a pattern-cutter.

Earth-moving machinery has been among man's dreams through

the ages. Leonardo da Vinci and Robert Fulton invented excavators of a kind, but neither proved practical. The first mechanical shovel was produced in France early in the nineteenth century. But the modern flowering of such equipment has been chiefly in America.

In 1885 in Stockton, California, Benjamin Holt applied the treadmill idea, in place of wheels, to a combine harvester he had developed. That was the genesis of the caterpillar tractor, which became a reality by 1904.

Impetus was given to the development of earth-moving machines by new processes of steel tempering. But the greatest push came during the Second World War with the necessity of clearing jungles for roads and airfields.

Bulldozers were sometimes actually used as weapons. Bulldozer-operator Aurelio Tassone, for instance, a member of the U.S. Navy Construction Battalion, involved in the landing on Mono Island in the Solomons, became so enraged at the enemy that he charged from a landing craft in a 150-horsepower, 16-foot bulldozer, forward blade held aloft like a shield. He partly destroyed a pillbox, filled the air-holes of the remainder with debris and killed 12 of the enemy.

But the earth-movers are now at peace-time labours, cutting roads, building dams, irrigating deserts, hewing a path of good will and progress throughout the globe.

“How Can Anyone Not Be French?”

*Extracts from “Major Thompson
Lives in France”*

By Pierre Daninos



MY NAME IS William Marmaduke Thompson, C.S.I., D.S.O., O.B.E. It is hard to conceive how precious such letters are to an Englishman. They are the inviolable frontiers of his person; they protect him from too-direct human contacts.

SAYS Major Thompson, the lively character invented by French humorist Pierre Daninos. “If I venture to talk about the French frankly, it is because I love them.” His pungent comments make up one of the most talked-about volumes of the past year on both sides of the English Channel.

FRANCE IS divided into 43 million Frenchmen. It is the only country in the world where if you add ten citizens to ten citizens you have not made an addition—you have made 20 divisions.

THE FRENCH may be regarded as the most hospitable people in the world—so long as you do not want to enter their homes.

A FRENCHMAN spends roughly

half an hour a day (*i.e.*, one year out of a life of 60 years) shaking hands. With the English this faintly barbaric contact is reduced to a minimum; once we have shaken hands with someone he need not expect from us anything else of this nature for the rest of his life. I often see Frenchmen perform miraculous feats of agility in the middle of heavy traffic in order to transfer to their left hand what they were carrying in their right and, at the

risk of being run over a hundred times, give their right hand to somebody whom this attention leaves quite unmoved—though, occasionally, dead.

WHEN AN Englishman meets another Englishman he says, "How are you?" and is answered, "How are *you*?"

When a Frenchman meets a Frenchman, he says, "How are you?" and the other immediately begins to give him news of his health. For example: "Still got my sciatica—"

"Ah—sciatica! With me it's all down my left leg. In 1951 I went to a specialist—yes, another one! Do you know what he said?"

And the Frenchman who is suffering from this year's sciatica suffers still more because he has to listen to the report on the other chap's 1951 sciatica.

IN FRANCE a pretty woman (every woman manages to be pretty in this country, even those who are not) would be shocked if a man did not pay some attention to her in a drawing room, or failed to notice her new frock. In England a pretty woman finds it "most shocking" if a man kisses her hand, and very bad form if he compliments her on her complexion—unless, of course, he is her husband, and then he would not think of doing such a thing.

Out of doors the Parisienne wearing a new spring tailored suit is

secretly delighted to see the glint it produces in a man's eye. So would an Englishwoman be, of course, but such a spark is hard to imagine in a land where a man's glance, probably because of the surrounding dampness, seems to be incombustible. Frenchmen run after women; Englishmen merely run across them.

An Englishwoman can be perfectly confident that no man will accost her. If such an extraordinary thing should happen, if some suspicious-looking foreigner thought of following her, the dependable bobby would soon restore things to their all-too-dependable order. The policemen of the two countries in this, as in other things, are very different. My French wife, Martine, once told me that when she was very young, but not too young to be followed, she rushed up to a policeman and said: "Oh, policeman, that man is following me!"

"I am sorry that my duties prevent me from doing the same, mademoiselle!" said the gendarme, calmly continuing to direct the traffic.

THE ENGLISH drive badly but prudently; the French drive well but madly. The English have long been convinced that a car travels less rapidly than an aeroplane; the French still seem determined to prove the contrary. The English keep to the left; most nations keep to the right; the French favour the middle.

WHEN A FRENCHMAN is being discussed you often learn a little about the man himself, a great deal about his mistress and nothing at all about his wife. When an Englishman is being discussed, you are told a great deal about him, but little is said about his wife and nothing at all about his mistress. I am inclined to believe that a Frenchman without a mistress is like an Englishman without a club.

IN FRANCE people exaggerate the smallest incident. In England they minimize the greatest catastrophe. If a Frenchman arrives at dinner an hour late because he has mistaken the day, he will talk all through the evening about his *extraordinary* adventure. If an Englishman arrives a few minutes late because his roof fell in, he will say that he was delayed by a slight disturbance.

THE AMERICAN pedestrian who sees a millionaire going past in a Cadillac dreams secretly of the day when he will be driving his own. The French pedestrian who sees a

millionaire going past in a Cadillac dreams of the day he will get him out of it and make him walk like everybody else.

WHEN AN Englishman passes a pretty woman in the street he sees her without looking at her, never turns round, and retains a "correct" image of her in his mind. When a Frenchman passes a pretty woman he usually looks at her legs, to see if she is really all she seemed at first glance; then he turns to have a better view; eventually he realizes that he is going in the same direction as she is.

THE FRENCHMAN looks at the world with an amused, often indulgent, and readily critical eye. No one seems to him very down-to-earth: the Americans are grown-up children, the English are golfers, the Italians spaghetti-eaters, the Spanish foreadors, the South Americans perpetual summer holiday-makers. In his heart he is always asking, "How can anyone possibly not be French?"



WHEN A friend drove me into town one day in her handsome new car, we were lucky enough to find an ample parking place just where we wanted to shop. My friend gaily backed in until she hit the car behind her with a loud bang. Then she pulled forward and bumped into the car ahead. This crash drew the attention of the policeman at the corner.

Noticing that he was watching us, my friend leaned out of the window and called cheerfully, "Did I park all right, officer?"

"Yes, lady," he answered. "But do you always park by ear?"

- Elisabeth Link Petri in *The Saturday Evening Post*



The Mystery of Life on the Seashore

By Rachel Carson

Author of the best-seller "The Sea Around Us"

THE EDGE of the sea is a strange and beautiful place. All through the long history of Earth it has been an area of unrest where waves have broken heavily against the land, where the tides have pressed forward over the continents, receded, and then returned. For on no two successive days is the shore line precisely the same. Today a little more land may belong to the sea, tomorrow a little less. Always the edge of the sea remains an elusive and indefinable boundary.

Only the most hardy and adaptable creatures can survive in a region so mutable, yet the area between the tide lines is crowded with plants and animals. In this difficult

Strange ways of a billion tiny creatures who live along the ocean beaches

world, life displays its enormous toughness and vitality by occupying almost every conceivable niche. It carpets inter-tidal rocks, descends into fissures and crevices, hides under boulders, lurks in the wet gloom of sea caves. Where the casual observer would say there is no life, it lies deep in the sand, in burrows and tubes and passageways. It tunnels into solid rock and bores into peat and clay. It encrusts weeds or drifting spars or the hard chitinous shell of a lobster. It exists

minutely, as the film of bacteria that spreads over a rock surface, and as Lilliputian beings swimming through dark pools that lie between the grains of sand.

The World Beneath the Sand: Each grain of sand holds a film of water about itself by capillary attraction, and even the blows of heavy surf cannot cause one sand grain to rub against another. In this minuscule world, inconceivably minute beings swim through the liquid film surrounding a grain of sand as fish would swim through the ocean covering the sphere of the earth. Among the fauna of the capillary water are single-celled animals, water mites, shrimp-like crustacea, insects and the larvæ of certain infinitely small worms—all living, dying, swimming, feeding, breathing, and reproducing in a world so small that our human senses cannot grasp its scale.

Many larger forms of life also inhabit the sand. Walking across the flats of a beach, I was always aware that I was treading on the thin rooftops of an underground city. Of the inhabitants themselves little or nothing was visible. There were chimneys and stacks and ventilating pipes of underground dwellings and various passages and runways leading down into darkness. There were little heaps of refuse as though in an attempt at some sort of civic sanitation. But the inhabitants remained hidden, dwelling silently in their dark, incomprehensible world.

The Ghost Shrimp: The most numerous inhabitants of this city of burrowers were the ghost shrimps. A curiously formed creature with a long slender body, the ghost shrimp seldom goes abroad and so has no need of a hard protective skeleton; it is covered, instead, with a flexible cuticle suited to the narrow tunnel in which it must be able to dig and turn about. On the underside of its body are several pairs of flattened appendages that beat continually to force a current of water through the burrow, for in the deep sand layers the oxygen supply is poor, and aerated water must be drawn down from above. When the tide comes in, the ghost shrimps go up to the mouths of their burrows and begin their work of sifting the sand grains for bacteria, diatoms and perhaps larger particles of organic detritus.

Their holes were everywhere over the tidal flat; in diameter the entrances were considerably smaller than a lead pencil, and surrounded by a little pile of fecal pellets. The pellets accumulate in great quantity because of the shrimp's way of life; it has to eat an enormous amount of sand and mud to obtain the food that is mixed with this indigestible material. The holes are the visible



entrances to burrows that extend down several feet into the sand—long, nearly vertical passageways from which other tunnels lead off, some continuing down into the dark, damp basement of this shrimp city, others leading up to the surface as though to provide emergency exit doors. The owners of the burrows did not show themselves unless I tricked them into it by dropping sand grains, a few at a time, into their entrance halls.



Marine Worms: On the muddier parts of these same flats the lugworm lives, its presence marked by round black domes, like low volcanic cones. Wherever the lugworms occur, on shores of Europe and America, their prodigious toil leavens and renews the beaches and keeps the amount of decaying organic matter in proper balance. Where they are abundant, they may work over in a year nearly



2,000 tons of soil per acre. Vast plains of sand are thus continually drilled by these and other marine worms. One—the trumpet worm—uses the very sand that contains its food to make a cone-shaped tube for the protection of its soft body in tunnelling. The living trumpet worm may sometimes be seen at work, but it is much more common to find

the empty tubes in the tidal débris. Despite their fragile appearance they remain intact long after their architects are dead—natural mosaics of sand, one grain thick, the building stones fitted and cemented together with meticulous care.

The Mole Crab: Another successful exploiter of the shoreline is the mole crab, a surf-fisher who uses nets so efficient that they catch even micro-organisms adrift in the water. In preparing to feed, the crab backs down into the wet sand until only the mouth parts and the long, curling, feathery antennæ are exposed. It makes no attempt to take food from the incoming surf, but waits until a wave has spent its force on the beach and the backwash is draining seawards. When the spent wave has thinned to a depth of an inch or two, the mole crab extends its antennæ into the streaming current. After “fishing” for a moment, it draws the antennæ through the appendages surrounding its mouth, picking off the captured food.



Whole cities of mole crabs live where the waves are breaking, following the flood tide shorewards, retreating towards the sea on the ebb. Several times during the rising of a tide, a whole bed of them will shift position, digging in again further up the beach. It is an extraordinary thing to watch the sand

"come to life" if one happens to be wading where there is a large colony of mole crabs. One moment it may seem completely uninhabited. Then, in that fleeting instant when the water of a receding wave flows seawards like a thin stream of liquid glass, there are suddenly hundreds of little gnome-like faces peering through the sandy floor—beady-eyed, long-whiskered faces set in bodies so nearly the colour of their background that they can barely be seen. And when, almost instantly, the faces fade back into invisibility, the illusion is strong that one has seen nothing except in imagination—that there was merely an apparition induced by the magical quality of this world of shifting sand and foaming water.

Ghost Crabs: On any beach inhabited by ghost crabs, their burrows appear and disappear in a daily and seasonal rhythm related to the habits of the owners. During the night the mouths of the burrows stand open while the crabs are out foraging on the beach. About dawn the crabs return. Whether each goes, as a rule, to the burrow it formerly occupied or merely to any convenient one is uncertain.

Most of the tunnels are simple shafts running down into the sand at an angle of about 45 degrees, ending in an enlarged den. Some few have an accessory shaft leading up from the chamber to the surface. This provides an emergency exit to be used if an enemy—perhaps a

larger and hostile crab—comes down the main shaft.

The early morning hours are spent repairing, enlarging or improving the burrow selected for the day. A crab hauling up sand from its tunnel always emerges sideways, its load of sand carried like a package under the legs of the functional rear end of the body. Sometimes, immediately on reaching the burrow mouth, it will hurl the sand violently away and flash back into the hole; sometimes it will carry it a little distance away before depositing it. Often the crabs stock their burrows with food and then retire into them; nearly all crabs close the tunnel entrances about midday.

All through the summer the occurrence of holes on the beach follows this diurnal pattern. By autumn most of the crabs have moved up to the dry beach beyond the tide; their holes reach deeper into the sand as though their owners were feeling the chill of October. Then, apparently, the doors of sand are pulled shut, not to be opened again until spring.

The winter beaches show no sign either of the crabs or of their holes—from shilling-sized youngsters to full-grown adults, all have disappeared, presumably into the long sleep of hibernation. But, walking the beach on a sunny day in April, one will see here and there an open burrow. And presently a ghost crab in an obviously new and shiny spring coat may appear at its door

and very tentatively lean on its elbows in the spring sunshine. If there is a lingering chill in the air, it will soon retire and close its door. But the season has turned and, under all this expanse of upper beach, crabs are waking from their

The Whelks: Where water—even the shallowest of layers—covers the shoal, life comes out of hiding. As I wade, a young horseshoe crab hurries out into deeper water; a small toadfish huddles down in a clump of eelgrass and croaks an audible protest at the foot of a strange visitor in his world. A snail with neat black spirals round its shell and a matching black foot glides rapidly



over the bottom, tracing a clear track across the sand.

As the tide ebbs away, the great whelks can be seen here and there gliding about in search of their prey, the clams that lie buried in the sands. The whelks' keen taste sense guides them to invisible streams of water pouring from the outlet siphons of the clams. Such a taste trail might lead to a stout razor clam, whose shells afford only the scantiest covering for its bulging flesh, or to a hard-shell clam with

tightly closed valves. Even these can be opened by a whelk, which grips the clam in its large foot and, by muscular contractions, delivers a series of hammer blows with its own massive shell.

Nor does the cycle of life—the intricate dependence of one species upon another—end there. Down in dark little dens of the sea floor live the enemies of the whelks, the stone crabs of massive purplish bodies and brightly coloured crushing claws that are able to break away the whelk's shell, piece by piece. The crabs lurk in caves among the stones of jetties or in holes.

If the whelks escape this enemy, another comes by air. The gulls visit the shoal in numbers. They have no great claws to crush the shells of their victims, but some inherited wisdom has taught them another device. Finding an exposed whelk, a gull seizes it and carries it aloft. It seeks a paved road, a pier, or even a beach itself, soars high into the air and drops its prey, instantly following it, to recover the treasure from the shattered bits of shell.

On all the shores there are echoes of past and future: of the flow of time, of the sea's eternal rhythms—the tides, the beat of surf—shaping, changing, flowing inexorably. Whenever the sea builds a new coast, waves of living creatures surge against it, seeking a foothold. And so we come to perceive life as a force as tangible as any of the physical realities of the sea.

The Speech That Lincoln Never Made

By Mitchell Wilson



ONE AFTERNOON in 1855 a well-dressed Philadelphia lawyer arrived in the prairie town of Springfield, Illinois, and asked his way to the home of a Mr. A. Lincoln. He found it a plain frame house.

The door was opened by a gangling, shirt-sleeved man who seemed impossibly tall. His legs and arms were unusually long, his shoulders narrow and stooped, his feet and hands abnormally large. His coarse black hair looked as if it had never been combed. The only feature that

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WHILE DOING the research for his recently published book *American Science and Invention*, Mitchell Wilson discovered the episode related in this article. He confirmed its accuracy by checking Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln—The Prairie Years*, Ida Tarbell's *In the Footsteps of Lincoln*, the letters and papers of Lincoln's law partner, W. H. Herndon, and other authoritative sources.

*A dramatic turning point in the life
of a little-known country lawyer*

impressed the visitor was the man's eyes: deep, sad and wise.

The visitor said: "My name is P. H. Watson. I am counsel for a group of manufacturers who have put up a joint fund to help a man you might know—J. H. Manny of Rockford, Illinois."

Lincoln's face came alive with interest. "The McCormick-Manny case?" he asked. Watson nodded.

The McCormick-Manny case was one of the most important legal battles of the day in America. Seeing Cyrus McCormick's great success as the inventor and manufacturer of a reaper, many small factories were making similar implements but

none was paying McCormick royalties—all claimed that their machines differed from his. McCormick had retained the two best-known lawyers in the country and was suing the competitor who seemed to have the best case—J. H. Manny and Son—for \$400,000.

The other manufacturers realized that they would all be ruined if Manny were put out of business. Watson had advised his clients:

"The case is coming up for trial before Judge Drummond in Illinois, probably in Springfield. It would be wise to get ourselves popular support—pick some local man out there who is a good friend of the judge."

This was why Watson was now sitting in the house in Springfield, talking to the tall, homely lawyer. He gave Lincoln his most convincing argument—an advance of \$500 and the promise of the largest fee Lincoln had ever been offered. Lincoln had never handled a case that involved more than a few hundred dollars, and at that time his name was unknown outside his own district of Illinois.

There were, however, some facts about the case that Watson did *not* tell Lincoln.

When Watson left, Lincoln sat stunned. He was 46 years old, deeply in debt, haunted by a sense of failure. He was, moreover, in despair about his future, for his political career seemed to have ended in disappointment some years

previously. Now, suddenly, here was the chance to win fame as a lawyer.

He knew nothing about U.S. patent law or the mechanics of reapers, but he laboriously set about learning what he would have to know. Still he was worried: in the courtroom he would have to match wits with polished opponents who had experience and education which he lacked.

During this period of intense preparation Lincoln had only a few letters from Watson, but from them he got the feeling that he was being given a free hand. His confidence grew firmer. One day he was informed that the trial was being moved, by consent of both parties, from Springfield to Cincinnati, where a judge unknown to Lincoln would preside. Lincoln felt he should have been consulted in the matter but shrugged it off, telling himself that Watson was relieving him of all details.

So Lincoln went to Cincinnati to meet his clients, positive that they respected his ability and were counting on him. In his pocket was the brief on which he had worked so hard and on which his future depended.

He had dressed carefully for the occasion and carried himself with dignity. Yet this is how his more urbane colleagues saw him: He looked like an ungainly backwoodsman, with coarse, ill-fitting clothing. His trousers hardly reached his

ankles and he was wearing a sweat-stained linen dustercoat.

Then began Lincoln's disillusionment. He discovered that another lawyer, Edwin Stanton, had been chosen to fight the case--in fact, had been retained almost from the beginning.

When Manny took Lincoln up to Stanton's hotel room the door was open and Lincoln waited outside. Stanton, short and truculent, looked at him and said in a loud voice: "What's *he* doing here? Get rid of him. I will not be associated with such a gawky ape as that! If I can't have a man who is a gentleman in appearance, associated with me in the case I will abandon it."

Lincoln remained silent. The insult was deliberate but he decided to pretend that he had heard nothing. With head high in spite of his mortification he went downstairs, where another lawyer in the case, George Harding, was introduced to him. Then the entire party went to the courthouse.

There the lawyers on both sides exchanged greetings. They had all met before. But Lincoln was not introduced, and stood alone and awkward at the defendants' table.

Lincoln laid his brief on the table. The custom was that only two speeches were offered by either side. Lincoln learned that he had been retained a few days before Stanton had been brought into the case. Lincoln therefore assumed that, since he had the priority, he would

make the speech summing up the legal argument on the Manny side.

McCormick's lawyer, Reverdy Johnson, rose and said suavely: "We perceive that the defendants are represented by three counsel. We are willing that they shall be fully heard and shall waive objections to there being more than two arguments on a side. We merely ask that my associate, Mr. Edward Dickerson, be permitted to speak twice if we so desire."

Lincoln saw Stanton and Harding exchange glances, as if they had some kind of understanding. Lincoln now felt himself an outsider.

Stanton said: "We seek no indulgence from our opponents. We have no intention of having more than two arguments on our side. We couldn't think of violating the usage of the court. I would rather forgo the argument that I have come fully prepared to make than be a party to such an impropriety!"

The argument that Stanton had been prepared to make? Lincoln frowned. Then what had been expected of *him*? Lincoln said quietly, "I have my brief prepared."

Stanton looked at him and shrugged with contempt. "Well, of course you have the right of precedence," he said. Lincoln, with instinctive courtesy, replied, "Perhaps, Mr. Stanton, you would prefer to speak in my place."

Stanton snapped up Lincoln's offer as though he were accepting Lincoln's complete withdrawal from

the case. Harding sat by in silence. Lincoln, realizing that there was nothing for him to do except withdraw, silently pocketed his brief and left the courtroom.

He stood alone on the steps of the courthouse: hurt, angry, shamed. Yet he had been paid to prepare a brief and was in duty bound to give his clients what they had paid for, so he went back to the courtroom and sat among the spectators.

But Lincoln gave Watson his brief. "I spent a lot of time on this; maybe Harding can make some use of it," he said. Watson gave the brief to Harding, who tossed it on the table. Not once did he glance at it, and the next day it was still lying there.

During the weeks of the trial the lawyers on both sides often dined together, and were once entertained by the judge at his home. Only one man was not invited: the tall, homely man from Springfield.

The trial moved to its climax. McCormick's renowned lawyer, Johnson, gave an eloquent appeal for the rights of the great inventor. The man who could argue successfully against him would be famous, and this was where Lincoln was supposed to have spoken. Instead, in his place rose Stanton, the man who had pushed him aside.

Stanton did not detract from McCormick's achievement, yet he made point after point against Johnson's argument, and Lincoln forgot his hurt pride as Stanton's

brilliant logic held him spellbound.

That evening Lincoln took a walk with a friend. "Stanton's argument was a revelation to me," Lincoln said. "I have never heard anything so finished and so carefully prepared." Then he burst out, "I can't hold a candle to any of them. I can't talk like them, or look like them!" But he had the determination of a man who would not stay beaten. "I'm going home to study law all over again," he said. "Those fellows from the East are coming out here more and more, and I must be ready to meet them on their own terms."

Stanton's great speech won the victory for Manny. Watson sent Lincoln a cheque for \$2,000. The money represented a small fortune to him; but he sent the cheque back, saying that he did not feel that he should be paid since he had taken no part in the case.

Watson apparently now had mixed feelings about his part in thrusting Lincoln aside, and he offered the cheque once more. It arrived when Lincoln was in desperate straits. He accepted the money and gave half to his partner.

Lincoln could not remove the hurt—the memory of it would remain with him for ever—but he could change himself so that he would never be hurt again for the same reason. His manner became more dignified, his speeches more polished, more profound.

Then he threw himself into the

pursuit of his first and deepest love—politics. Soon came the opportunity to debate with Stephen Douglas, and Lincoln accepted life's second chance. Ironically, the fee Lincoln had received provided him with the financial freedom to engage in the political campaign which gained him the fame he had failed to find in the McCormick-Manny case.

A short time later he became President of the United States. Among his most vitriolic critics was Stanton. But Lincoln had never forgotten the distinction between Stanton of the brutal words and Stanton of the brilliant mind—and

when he selected a man for the vital post of Secretary of War he chose Edwin Stanton.

Only a man with Lincoln's character could have risen above Stanton's insult, and only a man with his charity could have borne no rancour.

After years of serving under Lincoln, Stanton learned who was the better man. As Lincoln lay dying, Stanton stood beside him, choked with grief. When Lincoln's eyes were finally closed, the man who had once hurt him so grievously paid the immortal tribute: "Now he belongs to the ages."



A PRACTISED desperado, Henry Bondurant, decided that the bank of the sleepy little town of Middleton, Tennessee, would be a sitting duck. He overlooked the fact that the Middletonians, while they may like their sleep, also like their shooting.

On February 21, 1952, Bondurant swaggered into the Bank of Middleton and announced a hold-up. When cashier F. L. Simpson tried to slam the vault door, Bondurant expertly shot him through the hand and promised to kill anyone else who interfered. Then he collected more than \$18,000 and headed for his getaway car.

But the shot had been heard, and by the time Bondurant reached the street the embattled Middletonians were converging with their shot-guns, fowling pieces and squirrel rifles. They promptly shot the tyres off the getaway car. Bondurant dodged to another car, then to a light van, firing as he went. But the Middletonians were throwing much more lead. Within a few seconds the bold, bad Bondurant had collapsed, badly wounded, into the arms of a deputy sheriff.

During the running gunfight the loot was scattered up and down the street. Turning reluctantly from the chase, the good citizens of Middleton gathered up the notes and coins and carried them back into the bank. Officials made an audit; then, incredulous, they made another. The bank had exactly 80 cents more cash than when the robbery began. So far as I know, this is the only time on record that a bank showed a profit on a robbery.

--Beverly Smith in *The Saturday Evening Post*



How your basal metabolic rate gives the doctor clues to your state of health

The Test That Tells How Fast e Live

By J. D. Ratcliff

EACH of the body's billions of cells is a minute furnace, burning food to produce energy. How well this combustion apparatus is working can be measured by one of the most important of all medical tests—the BMR, or basal metabolic rate test.

BMR is simply the lowest rate at which the body converts food into energy. This rate occurs while we sleep or are at complete rest. The body's fires are banked then, and only enough energy is produced to meet the "overhead" of vital functions, such as heart and lung action and maintenance of body temperature. A knowledge of how much energy is required to meet this "overhead" can be enormously revealing to a doctor.

In a sense BMR is a measure of our *aliveness*. It tells the doctor the *rate* at which we are living—whether our bodies are going at racing-car speed or chugging along only half alive. In either case, the doctor has some remarkable tools to restore our combustion apparatus to normal.

At rest and idling, the body engine gives off approximately the same heat as would a 70-watt electric bulb. Its fuel requirements are strikingly low. Two lumps of sugar keep things going for one hour; a pat of butter for two hours; a doughnut for three. Even the slightest activity shoots energy requirements upward. Sitting up in bed increases the demand ten per cent; standing nearly doubles it; chopping wood increases

it eight times. Heavy thinking, contrary to popular belief, requires hardly any energy; half a peanut an hour would keep the hard-working brain of an atomic scientist going. Worry and apprehension, on the other hand, speed up all body activity, and energy requirements soar.

But the BMR test isn't concerned with this added activity. Its purpose is to measure merely the minimum energy required to keep a person alive; it must therefore be conducted under special conditions. Since digestion of food places heavy energy demands on the body, the patient is allowed only a light dinner the night before, and breakfast is skipped on the morning of the test—not even a sip of water is permitted. Then, in the doctor's consulting room or hospital, there is half an hour's rest before the test begins.

The simplest means of finding the rate at which the body burns food into energy is to measure the amount of oxygen taken up by the lungs—since oxygen is essential to all combustion. The air channels of the patient's nose are closed by a clip, and exactly measured oxygen is breathed through a tight-fitting mask over the mouth. Numerous factors—height, weight, sex, age—influence the amount of oxygen an individual consumes. The tall require more than the short, the heavies more than the thins, the young more than the old, men more than women. All these variables are taken into account on charts—

which are based on thousands of test measurements — and a doctor, knowing your type and your oxygen consumption, can thus determine your basal metabolic rate.

Taking zero as normal, most authorities agree that any variation between plus 15 and minus 10 may be considered within the normal range for the majority of people. But a reading of minus 15 or plus 30 is an indication that something may be wrong. Then the finger of suspicion is pointed at the thyroid, a reddish-yellow spongy little gland, butterfly-shaped, which straddles the windpipe just below the larynx.

In a sense the thyroid is like the thermostat on a household furnace. If it is set too high the body burns food at a furious rate, a condition known as hyperthyroidism. The victim is usually ravenously hungry but unable to appease his appetite. Often he burns all the food eaten, then starts consuming his own tissues—becoming as thin as a rake. When, on the other hand, thyroid activity is too low (hypothyroidism), life proceeds at a limping pace. The victim is usually fat, has a puffy, sleepy-looking face and, because the body isn't producing sufficient heat, is often abnormally sensitive to cold.

Once every hour the body's total volume of blood passes through the thyroid and from it carries the thyroid hormone to all parts of the body. Highly potent, the hormone helps to regulate all cellular activity.

A tadpole starved of it never grows into a frog. If a tiny amount is given to a hibernating animal it comes awake promptly.

The thyroid hormone is mainly (65 per cent) composed of iodine, which consequently plays an essential rôle in human welfare. For when the thyroid gland lacks sufficient iodine it is robbed of the building material needed to produce its hormone. And when acute iodine-hunger occurs, the gland in its struggle to trap every scrap of this vital element often grows to enormous proportions, forming a goitre. Yet the amount the gland requires is minuscule—the body's total supply being roughly equal to that contained in two drops of tincture of iodine.

In the main, the abnormal basal metabolic rate tells the doctor that something is wrong with the thyroid. It may be iodine-starved. Or it may be over-stimulated, possibly by a tumour of the gland acting as an irritant which sets off excessive thyroid activity. In some cases, hyperactivity may be set off by high temperatures. Emotional difficulties and other stresses may also have a stimulating effect.

When the BMR reveals a woefully inadequate level of thyroid activity—a reading of minus 40, say—the doctor has a number of methods of bringing it up to normal. In some cases small daily doses of iodine help; in others, pills made of desiccated thyroid derived from the glands of sheep and other animals

are effective. One of the most stirring sights of modern medicine is to see the change wrought by such a course of treatment—usually within 30 days. The mentally and physically sluggish patient comes alive: puffiness disappears, thickened skin becomes more normal, sensitivity to cold disappears. Indeed, a new human being is born.

An over-active thyroid, on the other hand, calls for opposite measures. In some instances, the thyroid may be peppered with X-rays to destroy cells and slow the gland's activity. If a tumour is suspected, or if the gland has grown so large that it endangers the windpipe, surgery is the answer. As much as 90 per cent of the gland may be removed. This once-hazardous operation is today almost completely safe.

New drugs, thiouracil and a series of related medications, have a magical effect in quietening unruly thyroids after only a few weeks. Radioactive iodine is even more dramatic in performance, but many doctors feel that it should be used with caution until its long-term action is more definitely known.

Because of its tremendous usefulness, the basal metabolism test has become one of the foundation stones of modern medicine. With it and kindred tests, doctors are able to find out how well our body engines are functioning. And if something is amiss, the tests point the way to treatment which can restore us to a normally healthy and useful life.

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

'WORDS ARE powerful things,' said H. G. Wells. Here are 20 of them, all nouns. Write down your own definitions of those you think you know. Then tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **tenacity** (tĕ nās' ī tī)—A cruelty
B scornful language C persistence
D boldness
- (2) **adulation** (ad yoo lay shun)—A uncertainty
B exaggeration C fame
D extravagant praise
- (3) **mendacity** (men dās' ī tī)—A threat
B falsehood C beggary D avarice
- (4) **antipathy** (an tip' uh thī)—A ancient times
B responsive chant C dislike
D opposite side of the earth
- (5) **austerity** (ās tēr' ī tī)—A pride
B severe simplicity C power D poverty
- (6) **travail** (trav ale)—A injury
B acrobatics C painful effort D crossing
- (7) **trepidation** (trep ī day' shun)—A hesitation
B brain operation C ruin D fear
- (8) **altercation** (awl tur kay' shun)—A change
B denunciation C distribution D heated dispute
- (9) **perfidy** (pur' fī dī)—A treachery
B bitterness C suffering D cowardice
- (10) **depredation** (dep rē day' shun)—A humility
B plundering C decay D prank
- (11) **diatribe** (dy uh tribe)—A bitter harangue
B criticism C wordy writing D sermon
- (12) **iniquity** (in ik' wī tī)—A inequality
B curiosity C insult D wicked
- (13) **compunction** (kōm punk' shun)—A mercy
B remorse C anxiety D restraint
- (14) **coercion** (ko ur' shun)—A coaxing
B cooperation C use of force D flattery
- (15) **exploitation** (eks ploy tay' shun)—A exaggeration
B utilization for selfish ends C exploration D wasteful spending
- (16) **surfeit** (sur lit)—A disappointment
B what is left over C more than is needed D snobbery
- (17) **cupidity** (kyoo pid ī tī)—A curiosity
B greed C temptation D vanity
- (18) **effulgence** (ē ful' jence)—A boastfulness
B swelling C radiance D enthusiasm
- (19) **sloth** (sloth)—A clumsiness
B sadness C stupidity D idleness
- (20) **exhortation** (ĕgz aw tay' shun)—A act of obtaining by violence
B outcry C urgent appeal D laudatory speech.

Answers to
**'IT PAYS TO INCREASE
YOUR WORD POWER'**

- (1) **tenacity**—C: Persistence; a strong and unyielding hold; as, "He held his position with *tenacity*." Latin *tenax*, "holding fast."
- (2) **adulation**—D: When we speak in *adulation* of a person, we are giving him extravagant praise. From Latin *adulari*, "to fawn like a dog."
- (3) **mendacity**—B: Falsehood; untruth; as, "His statement was a classic of *mendacity*." Latin *mendax*, "lying."
- (4) **antipathy**—C: Instinctive dislike; aversion; as, "She has an *antipathy* to cats." Greek *anti*, "against," and *pathos*, "feeling."
- (5) **austerity**—B: Severe simplicity; strictness; as, "The war imposed on Britain a tight programme of *austerity*." Greek *austeros*, "severe."
- (6) **travail**—C: Painful effort; agonizing labour; as, "The empire was built on the sweat and *travail* of the peasants." Old French *travaillier*, "to labour."
- (7) **trepidation**—D: From the Latin *trepidus*, "trembling," and so a state of fear and alarm.
- (8) **altercation**—D: An angry argument or dispute; wrangling; as, "He and his companion had a brief *altercation*." Latin *altercatus*, "wrangle."
- (9) **perfidy**—A: Latin *perfidia*, "faithlessness." Hence, an act of treachery; a violation of faith and allegiance; as, "His *perfidy* made his name hated by patriots."
- (10) **depredation**—B: Plundering; robbery and ravage; as, "The *depredation* of the border made a mockery of the truce."
- (11) **diatribe**—A: Bitter harangue; abusive language; as, "The venomous *diatribe* blackened his reputation." Greek *dia*, "through," plus *tribein*, "to rub." That is, a "rubbing through," or wearing away, of a person's character.
- (12) **iniquity**—D: Wickedness; gross injustice; as, "the *iniquity* of bribery." Latin *iniquitas*, "unfairness."
- (13) **compunction**—B: Latin *com*, "with," and *pungere*, "to prick" or "sting." When one feels *compunction* for a wrong, his conscience "pricks" him and he has remorse.
- (14) **coercion**—C: The use of force; moral or physical pressure; as, "A law that must rely upon *coercion* by the courts may be unwise." Latin *coercere*, "to restrain."
- (15) **exploitation**—B: Utilization for selfish ends; as, "the *exploitation* of backward peoples."
- (16) **surfeit**—C: More than is needed; over-abundant supply; as, "The nation has had a *surfeit* of crime." Old French *surfail*, "excess."
- (17) **cupidity**—B: Greed; avarice; inordinate desire for wealth; as, "She appealed to his *cupidity*." Latin *cupere*, "to desire."
- (18) **effulgence**—C: Radiance; as, "His friends basked in the *effulgence* of his reputation." Latin *effulgere*, from *ex*, "forth," and *fulgere*, "shine."
- (19) **sloth**—D: Idleness; laziness; as, "Sloth is the mother of poverty." Middle English *slouthe*, from *slow*.
- (20) **exhortation**—C: Urgent appeal or admonition; as, "The Sermon on the Mount is our most moving *exhortation*." Latin *ex*, "out," and *hortari*, "to urge."

Vocabulary Ratings

18 correct.....excellent
17-15 correct.....good
14-11 correct.....fair



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF ADOLF HITLER

By Heinz Linge

AT EXACTLY ten minutes to four on the afternoon of April 30, 1945, a whiff of acrid pistol smoke told me that Adolf Hitler had ended his life. I was standing outside the map room of the bunker 30 feet below the ruins of the Chancellery in Berlin.

Then the silence in the shelter was broken by the rumble of Russian artillery. There was no time to lose. I nerved myself to walk into the map room. There, almost upright in a sitting position on a couch, was the body of Adolf Hitler.

A small hole the size of a German silver mark showed on his right temple and a trickle of blood ran slowly down over his cheek. He was wearing a uniform which I had carefully laid out for him a few hours earlier. It was scarcely crumpled. One pistol, a 7.65 Walther, lay on the floor where it had dropped from his right hand. A yard or so away lay another gun of 6.35 calibre.

The body of Eva Braun was by his

side. I believe she died a few minutes before the Fuehrer. No mark showed on her face; it was as though she had fallen asleep. She had swallowed a capsule of poison.

Earlier that day my master had had his Alsatian dog, Blondi, destroyed. Two other dogs belonging to the household had been shot. Hitler had been very fond of dogs.

Five days earlier, on the afternoon of April 25, I had been summoned to the map room which served as Hitler's headquarters, chart room and communications room—the focal point of the disintegrating government. He had used it almost all the time since the Russians had menaced Berlin. Small and simply furnished, it was in the greatest contrast to the vast chambers of the now-shattered Chancellery. A door on one side led to the Fuehrer's bedroom; a door on the other side opened into Eva Braun's room. My own quarters opened off apartments occupied by the Goebbels family.

Hitler was standing like a statue by his table when I entered. His face was white; his eyes were grave and cold. After an exchange of salutes, he looked straight at me. It was always so, but on this day those strange hypnotic eyes seemed to bore into me.

"Linge," he said, "I want to release you from my service—you can

For ten years, Heinz Linge served as personal valet to Adolf Hitler. He was the last person to see Hitler alive, and the first person to see him dead.

After Hitler's death, Linge was captured by the Russians and held in a concentration camp for 11 years. He was released last October. His story is a remarkable personal document, revealing hitherto unknown facts about the life of the Nazi dictator.

break out and rejoin your family."

"*Mein Fuehrer*," I said, "I have been with you in the great days. I will stay with you whatever the future holds."

His face remained expressionless, but he half-raised his hand.

"I did not expect it otherwise," he replied. Then in brisk, matter-of-fact tones he added: "Now I have a special order for you.

"I have decided with Fräulein Braun that we will die together. Your duty—and my order to you—is to see that our bodies are burned. No one must recognize me after my death. Get a supply of petrol ready. Wrap our bodies in blankets, soak them in the petrol and burn them. After seeing to the burning, go back to my room and collect everything I could be remembered by after death. Take everything—uniforms, papers, everything that I've used; anything that people could say belonged to the Fuehrer. Take it outside and burn it all. But do not—I repeat, do not—burn the picture of Frederick the Great which hangs over my desk."

That picture was Hitler's favourite possession. Through many a long night of work and in days of victory and defeat, the eyes of the great Prussian King looked down on him at his desk.

"You understand your orders, Linge?"

"Yes, *mein Führer*. I will carry out your orders."

I had long guessed that Hitler intended to die in Berlin rather than try to escape. He had a secret fear that he would be captured alive by the Russians or that they would find his body after death. Hitler's overwhelming dread was that his body might be savaged—as were the bodies of Mussolini and his mistress only a few days later.

"If they get hold of me dead or alive, they'll take me to Moscow," he mumbled. "They'll put me on public exhibition—I shall be like a dummy in a waxworks."

His voice rose hysterically then and he shouted: "It must not happen, I tell you. It must never, never happen!"

IN THE ten days before the lights went out forever for Adolf Hitler, the underground bunker was the scene of two gay parties.

The first was on April 20, when Hitler celebrated his fifty-sixth birthday. He was unusually gay and light-hearted. Goering, Ribbentrop, Keitel, Bormann and other high-ranking officers came to the bunker to pay their respects.

"Faithful to the end" was the party's theme. Hitler drank cup after cup of tea—not easily procured in those days, even for him. It was his favourite and invariable drink. Coffee and champagne were served to the other guests and Eva Braun gaily proposed a birthday toast.

I remember how concerned the Fuehrer grew for Eva Braun's health as they lived out their curious underground existence. By his orders, I often used to accompany her on a walk amid the rubble of Berlin. We were good friends, and once, near the end, she turned to me and said:

"If no miracle happens to save us, it is my greatest wish that when I die with the Fuehrer it will be as his legal wife."

Her voice broke. It was an emotional moment, but there seemed no comment that I, the valet, could make. But I remembered her remark when Hitler sent for me on the morning of April 29. In silence we walked together to the room in the bunker where many momentous war conferences had taken place. Then he turned to me and told me to prepare the room for his marriage to Eva Braun.

"We will sit at this table with my witnesses, Bormann and Goebbels," he said. "We have sent for Walter Wagner, who married Doctor and Frau Goebbels."

With that he broke off abruptly and left the room.

The wedding was to have taken

place during the afternoon, but owing to the difficulty of finding Wagner it was at a midnight ceremony that Hitler and Eva Braun finally became husband and wife.

Then once again in the map room there was a small party with champagne—and the inevitable tea—to celebrate. Everyone seemed gay and happy, determined to ignore the menace round Berlin. There was great competition, I remember, to kiss the bride's hand.

I had known her a long time, but never had I seen her look so happy. The gaiety, of course, was a little forced, a little artificial, but, even so, I don't think many of the guests realized how soon death would claim the bride and bridegroom.

I WRAPPED the bodies in the thick blankets very carefully, so that no one could look on the face of the dead Hitler. Two *Kommandos* helped me carry his body into the open.

Eva Braun was carried out by Major Guensche, adjutant of the personal staff. She was wearing a dark blue polka-dot dress, light-brown Italian shoes and nylon stockings. On her wrist was the only jewellery she regularly wore, a platinum wrist watch studded with diamonds. It was a gift from Hitler many years before.

Then came the petrol. I poured tin after tin on the bodies, helped by Guensche and other officers. And now to the noise of shellfire was

added, time and time again, the chatter of machine guns. I knew I had little time to lose.

As I touched off the petrol-soaked blankets, there was a tremendous flash as the vapour went up. It burned with an incandescent brightness—a blinding funeral pyre. But it died as quickly as it had flared.

I remembered Hitler's wish that only ashes were to be left. Even in that awful moment I wondered as I struggled with my grim problem why we had not thought of using slow-burning paraffin, which would have been better. With other members of the small group who stood watching, I began to realize that we would never reduce the bodies to ashes. Hitler's uniform was destroyed and so was Eva's simple polka-dot dress. But the Fuehrer and his bride were still recognizable.

It was then that Bormann took charge. He had received private orders, though what they were I never knew.

It was less than an hour since I had said farewell to Hitler. Goebbels, Bormann and Axmann, leader of the Hitler Youth, were standing near the bodies under the greying and shell-lit sky.

I turned away and went into the bunker to begin my second task, to destroy every one of Hitler's personal possessions. When, hours later, I re-emerged from the bunker I was told that Hitler *Kommandos* had taken the bodies to a spot nearby and had buried them there.

IT COMES as a surprise to me now on my return to freedom to find that the world is still asking whether Eva Braun was Hitler's "mistress," and, if so, for how long.

I can answer that question straightaway. Eva Braun and Hitler were together when I joined his staff in 1935. And all through the war years, until finally they died together in the Berlin bunker, they lived whenever possible in what you might call a love nest.

Eva Braun was the daughter of a Munich schoolteacher. When she was a slim girl of 19 she went to Salzburg as the secretary of Heinrich Hoffman, the photographer, who was always fairly close to Hitler. In some casual way the Fuehrer met her and became interested in her. She was simple and unsophisticated—a "girl of the people," he always called her.

As early as 1936 Hitler started redesigning his retreat at the Berghof, near Berchtesgaden, so that there would be a suite of four rooms for Eva and himself which could be isolated completely from the rest of the household.

She was certainly not the first woman in Hitler's life but, from the time he met her and fell in love with her, no other woman ever shared his leisure hours so fully.

I had a room nearby and I always knew when Hitler had been joined in his study by Eva. It was his invariable practice to walk to the door of his study and lock it, too,

from the inside, so that from that moment no one could enter the suite.

I say invariable practice, but there was one occasion when he forgot and I entered the room to find Eva in his arms. Hitler was furious with me, and I might have fared worse if Eva had not been present. She liked me and looked on me as the man nearest to the Fuehrer and therefore closest to the man she loved.

WAS HITLER mad? This is the question asked me most often. I've seen a great deal written suggesting that Hitler flew into uncontrollable tempers and ended up by biting the carpet or tearing curtains to pieces.

All I can say is that I never saw him in such a mood, and for many, many years I was seldom more than a few yards away from him.

Most of his manifold gestures in speaking had been carefully rehearsed in advance. Usually it took Hitler two days and nights, with a relay of secretaries in constant attendance, before he was satisfied with the draft of an important speech. When the draft was ready he would rehearse the speech before a mirror with a stop watch in his hand. He studied each gesture carefully, and tried it over and over again in front of the mirror until he was satisfied.

Throughout the ten years in which I was his valet, he had to use glasses to read ordinary print. He had a horror of being seen in them,

however. "A Fuehrer cannot wear glasses," he would say.

A special typewriter was built with extra large letters on which all of his speeches were typed, so that he could read his notes easily in public without glasses. But habit died hard and every time he worked himself up while speaking he would instinctively pull his glasses out of his pocket and hold them in his hand behind his back. Almost invariably, when he reached the high point of his speech he would clench his fist involuntarily and smash his glasses. Hitler never conquered this habit, and I always had to have an extra pair of glasses available. I can remember at least 30 such incidents.

Another habit that may have given rise to those carpet-biting stories was his use of coloured pencils. On his desk Hitler always had three pencils—red, green and blue.

"The red one, Linge," he once told me, "I use when I am writing to an enemy. The green one I use when making notes about a friend. I use the blue one when I feel I should be cautious." These were usually the objects he would seize and throw on the desk with such force that they broke, whenever he was aroused. But that is about all I can recall in the way of heated emotion.

As his world began to collapse I watched Hitler become an old man despite his years; a man broken in health. Few in Germany knew—very great care was taken to see that

they should not know—that the Fuehrer was by that time dragging his left leg; that his left eye had developed a ceaseless twitch; that he couldn't see well; that his hair was greying from a life that was now being lived almost entirely underground.

In these straits the Fuehrer turned for help, as he had for so many years, to his medical adviser, Dr. Theo Morell, the only doctor in whom he seemed to keep faith for any length of time. Morell came on the scene in 1936, and soon exerted an almost hypnotic influence over Hitler. He prepared a special medicine with which the Fuehrer was extremely pleased.

"Morell is my man," he told me. "He has saved me from my pain. I have asked him to look after me."

In addition to his stomach pains, Hitler suffered from insomnia and he had about a dozen different kinds of sleeping pills which he would use in rotation. Morell told the Fuehrer that he could swallow as many as he liked because great care had been taken to see that none was dangerous. It was under Morell's direction that Hitler agreed to take injections before any important public occasion.

The Fuehrer was afraid that his stomach pains would start up in the middle of a big speech. One injection was to prevent that possibility and another, given at the same time, was to step up his energy, perhaps to counteract the deadening effect of

the first injection. These injections became more and more frequent and towards the end, speech or no speech, Hitler was receiving jabs with the needle every second day.

In addition to all the medicines I have mentioned, the Fuehrer would take still more from a fear that he would put on weight. He had a violent reaction to any thought that he was accumulating fat. His method of slimming was to take a powerful laxative, followed by opium to quieten the stomach. Then immediately after the opium he would take yet another type of medicine, the purpose of which was to kill any germs that might be accumulating in his body.

Notwithstanding the doctor's early success, the Fuehrer's stomach pains returned and he became obsessed with the idea that they would cease if only his food were suitable. First of all he obtained the services of a dietetic specialist as cook. Then he caused his vegetables to be grown specially for him in soil which had been fumigated and into which only selected manure had been mixed. From time to time samples of this soil were taken to be tested. The water in which the vegetables were cooked was examined regularly in laboratories to make sure that it was not contaminated in any way.

When the war started to go badly for him, Hitler's nerves began to suffer, and belladonna was prescribed regularly to quieten him. Despite this, his left hand began to

shake at about the time of Stalingrad and he found difficulty in controlling its tremor. If you examine any pictures of Hitler taken about that time or later you will notice that he always had his left hand pressed against his body or clasped in his right hand in front of him.

Soon after the tremor appeared Hitler told Morell that he was suffering from pains in the head and that he also thought he had high blood pressure. It was decided that leeches should be used to draw blood from his arm. After each blood-draining operation Hitler would sigh with relief and say: "Ah, good. Now I have a free head again."

As the Allies closed in, Hitler spent more and more time in the bunker. He was looking like an old man now and I think he began to realize it.

"I do not have to thank the enemy for my grey hairs," he would say. "I have to thank my generals, who have let me down."

AFTER my capture by the Russians, I was taken back to that grim spot to show where I thought Hitler was buried. But so closely and so frequently was I questioned subsequently that I am satisfied that the body was never found.

I have a theory—but it can never be more than a theory—that the *Kommandos* buried Hitler and his bride in a common grave near the Chancellery, where they probably lie to this day.

They Learn to Survive— the Hard Way

By John Hubbell

GENERAL Curtis LeMay, chief of the U.S. Strategic Air Command, is a realist, familiar with both the law of averages and the law of gravitation. He knows that his far-flung air crews often fly missions through four different climates in a single day. He knows that accidents do happen. Hence the Advanced Survival Training School, a course designed to equip all flying personnel with knowledge which will give them at least an even chance to "return to base," regardless of where on earth they may go down.

Nearly 30,000 U.S. Air Force officers and airmen have undergone survival training, with almost unanimous reluctance—and then grudging admiration. For it is the cruellest ordeal they will ever face unless the unpreventable happens and they crash in some mountain wilderness, some tropical jungle, some heaving sea, some Arctic waste.



The flight crews of the U.S. Strategic Air Command are trained to bring themselves back alive from any crash anywhere on earth. This graphic personal account of survival training tells what the men go through, and why

I know that the survival programme is an ordeal because I took a dose of it myself recently. I went to Stead Air Force Base, Nevada—"Home of the Walking Air Force"—to learn what survival training is and how it is administered.

With 23 air crews from widely separated bases I landed at Stead, in

the bleak, sand-swept Lemon Valley, 12 miles north-west of Reno. Survival training began immediately. We moved into a neat arrangement of tents. The only conveniences in each tent were a wood stove and eight bare, steel-frame double bunks. Officers and other ranks moved in together. From now on, rank would mean increasingly less. As the physical and psychological pressures of survival closed in, officers would have to demonstrate their right to command.

"Our business is *survival*," Lieutenant-Colonel Hans Marechal, training-squadron commander, told us. "We run this school on the most primitive methods we can devise. It's a tough course. But what you learn here can keep you alive in any terrain, in any climate. We hope you never go down; but our job is to see that you are ready if you do."

"Before you are through here," Marechal went on, "you will be cold, hot, hungry, thirsty and so damn tired you will be thinking about giving up. Just remember that it *can* happen to you—and the real thing will be tougher. One mistake and you've had it!"

NEXT MORNING we listened to Glenn Hawkins, director of academic training, a paratrooper in the Second World War, now a civilian and an authentic outdoor man. He told us how to live off the land.

"If it walks, crawls, slithers, swims or flies," Hawkins told us,

"the chances are you can eat it. An injured survivor can stay alive on flies, worms, grubs, locusts, grasshoppers — even maggots. They aren't appetizing, but they are nourishing. Someday if you go down and are hurt, you'll be damn glad to eat them."

The men listened in disgusted fascination as Hawkins explained that all reptiles but the toad are edible; that most snakes, lizards, frogs and turtles are delicacies; that most of a lizard's meat is in its tail.

"To make a poisonous snake or lizard edible," he explained, "simply chop off his head. Then slit him on the belly side, gut him, skin him, cut the meat into thin strips and dry it on a hot rock in the sun."

We learned that there is no body of water on earth, fresh, salt or stagnant, which does not contain edible food—fish, frogs, snakes, seaweed. Even the scum on a stagnant pool is full of life and can be profitably boiled and eaten.

"Wild potatoes, wild onions and all sorts of berries grow everywhere," he said. "Most of them are as good as anything you'll find in a greengrocer's shop."

We learned that most of the food value in wild plants is concentrated in the root, but that the stem, leaves and flowers of all plants not having milky sap are edible, even if the fruit is poisonous.

"There isn't much nourishment in leaves and flowers," Hawkins explained, "but they can kill hunger

pains and get fluid into the body if you chew them. They won't quench your thirst, but they *can* prolong the dehydration process. If the urine becomes as dark as mild beer, the body needs fluid fast. It means the blood is congealing; that you could slash an artery and wouldn't bleed; *it means you are nearly dead.*"

For seven days the crews double-timed from one lecture to the next, conditioning their bodies to the thin air of the high desert. They absorbed a secret course in survival intelligence—codes, radio and air-rescue procedure; learned to use all types of weapons, including the Mk. 4 "Hornet" survival rifle.

From experts they learned how to deal with nature anywhere on earth. Sergeant Don Kessinger, who once walked 75 miles across the Mojave Desert, Southern California, in two days, lectured on desert survival.

"Don't ration yourself for water," Kessinger said. "Drink your whole waterbottleful as soon as you go down. It will cool the blood and keep you from sweating and lowering the water level in your body. If you ration yourself, all you do is quench your thirst periodically; your blood gets hot, you sweat, your water level keeps slipping, and soon you haven't enough water left to bring it back up. Then your blood starts drying up. You'll last longer if you drink it all right away.

"Then build yourself some shade somehow. Use your parachute or parts of the aircraft. Get under the

shade and *don't move—don't cough—don't sneeze—don't blow your nose—don't even breathe hard.* Each time you do any of these things you dehydrate yourself a little more.

"If you have to walk, walk at night, in slow motion. Eat no food unless there is plenty of water to drink with it, for any food needs water to absorb it. A man can live a long time in the desert without food, but he can live only 22 hours on a single quart of water, and he needs three quarts a day to live efficiently."

Major Willie Knutsen, a veteran Arctic explorer, told us that a man prepared for the Arctic can live there indefinitely.

"It's no hardship," said Knutsen. "There is plenty of game, fish and plant food. Look for foxes, caribou, rock ptarmigan, shrimp, polar bear, seals, musk ox. Dig under the snow and you'll find the same plant food that grows anywhere else. Quick-frozen seaweed is edible, raw or dipped in boiling water. You can eat the moss you find on rocks."

Knutsen explained that compasses are undependable in the north; that the prevailing winter wind is from the north-west, and a man can navigate successfully by travelling in relation to the angle of the snow-drifts.

The jungle expert was Lieutenant Jack Keane, who once hunted diamonds in the Amazon country. Keane assured us that the jungle was the easiest survival situation of all;

that the greatest hazard is fear.

"There is more vegetation, fish and animal life than you can possibly eat," he said, "and there is always plenty of water." But Keane instructed us to secure trouser legs and sleeves against insects; to boil all water; to rinse all clothing and bathe each day to prevent skin disease. The jungle crawls with parasites, fungi, malaria, typhoid and typhus; a mere scratch will infect quickly; treat it quickly.

"Use rivers to escape the jungle," Keane said. "They will lead you to larger rivers, clusters of habitation and seashores."

Doctor Paul Torrance, survival research director, talked to us about the psychology of survival. He told us that a man's chances often depend more on his personality than the situation.

"Never believe that it can't happen to you," he said. "Learn what you are taught here until it becomes second nature—until you can perform the fundamentals of survival as reflex actions. Practise, practise, practise, and even if you lose consciousness your reflexes will often carry you through!"

From the flight surgeon we learnt first aid, and that there's a way to fight dysentery: "Boil the bark of any tree until the water is black, then drink it. It will taste vile. It might make you sick. But it contains tannic acid; it will bolster you up and keep the dysentery from weakening you."

And then came the tough part of survival training. At sundown one day I boarded a troop-carrying vehicle with Lieutenant Oscar Duke and his B-36 crew. The Starvation Trek — a duel with nature — was about to begin.

WE TRAVELLED 64 miles northwest of Stead, high into a wild area of the Sierra Nevadas. Each man had two days' rations—just what he would have if ever he went down. Somehow, he would have to take care of himself for nine and a half days.

After three days in "Static Camp," where he could learn the tricks of woodsmanship and mountaineering, he would start a six-day trek across 30 miles of the toughest terrain in North America. On the assumption that he had crashed in "enemy" territory, he would learn to move tactically (evasively) through dense forests and valleys, across parched mountain desert and volcanic lava. The hills and woods would be full of "aggressors." If a man were caught, he would miss the steak dinner which waited at the end of the trail; if he were failed by his instructor, he would go through the entire course again or possibly lose operational air crew status. It was the steak dinner which would loom like the end of the rainbow as the days wore on.

Night had settled when we bounced to a stop on a dusty mountain road. Corporal John Davis,

senior of the three instructors who would follow the crew all the way, leaped from the cab. "Bale out! Let's hit the trail!" *

We tied our survival packs to our backs with pack straps we had made from parachute harness. Each man carried the basic survival equipment: blanket-coat, sleeping bag, hunting knife, pocket knife, compass, waterbottle, map and a needle (for sewing up everything from parachute silk to gashes in the skin). No rifles were issued, since the course is conducted in accordance with state game laws.

We followed Davis about four miles through deep woods, to a clearing in front of a stream.

"Looks as good a place as any," he observed. "Find a place to sleep. Make camp in the morning."

Then Davis and the other two instructors, Bernard Massey and Pete Johnston, moved away. They would make camp out of sight of the crew, where they could eat heartily without damaging morale. We climbed into our sleeping bags and spent the first night under the cold Sierra stars.

By the time the sun had climbed a high ridge in the east, we had set up five paratepees. The tapered ends of six long pieces of timber were bound together with shroud line; a slit parachute was tied to the top, wrapped tightly round the poles and staked into the ground. "Static Camp" was now in place.

I spent the morning collecting

pine boughs with Lieutenants Dave Dempster and Joe Frederick, both B-36 observers (navigator-bomb aimers). We dragged heavy logs into our tepee and staked them out to frame three beds. Then we filled the frames with pine boughs, wrapped blanket-coats tightly around them and put our sleeping bags on top.

No one said anything about eating that morning, and towards noon a gnawing began in my stomach and a dull ache grew in my head.

"When do we eat?" I asked instructor Davis. He smiled, slowly.

"Whenever you want to," he said. "You've got two days' rations for nine days; how you use them is up to you. You can eat 'em all at once if you want to."

"It's best," said Bernie Massey, "to pretend you got up too late for breakfast, were too busy to eat lunch and went to bed too early for supper. You'll really need those rations later on. Your stomach will shrink and the pains will leave. You're used to eating three meals a day, but you don't need that many. Eating is just a habit."

Soon a fire was going, and water from the stream was boiling in lard cans.

"The water is full of liver flukes," Davis explained. "They come from sheep dung. They work slowly, but they'll eat 15 years out of your life. It's worth 20 minutes of boiling to kill them, no matter how thirsty you are."

By mid-afternoon the hunger

pains were like a vice round the stomach and a blowlamp on the brain. I dug through my rations and ate a one-and-three quarter-ounce chocolate bar. I looked longingly at the rest of the rations: two tins, each containing one hamburger; two tins of pork and apple sauce; chewing gum, dehydrated coffee, milk and tea; a few lumps of beef fat; a tin containing three hard biscuits. They looked inviting, but there were too many hungry hours ahead. I put the rations away and drank a full bottle of flat, boiled water.

For supper some beef fat was dumped in cans of boiling water and stewed for four hours. Each man was issued with a half-cupful. It tasted like boiled fat. It tasted wonderful.

The sun crawled into the west; the mountain air took on a sharp chill; we climbed into our sleeping bags. At 3 a.m. Frederick shook me awake, and I spent a dark, cold hour on guard. Then I woke Lieutenant Ed Cameron for his turn. I couldn't sleep again, so I started boiling the main course for breakfast: water.

For two days Massey and Johnston lectured us on every aspect of survival. They taught us to build traps and snares for what seemed like every type of animal in the mountains, forest and desert, and for every fish in the lakes, streams and seas of the world.

"Stay downwind from animals and set your traps and snares on dead wood—it won't hold your

scent," we were told. "Keep axes and knives *sharp*. No talking on the trail, and walk lightly, on your toes, to avoid snapping twigs and branches. Don't try to cross steep ridges or mountains; climb half way up, then walk *round* them. You will conserve energy and won't expose yourselves in high places; you are hard to spot on the side of a mountain. Cross roads *fast*, and wipe out your tracks behind you. Camouflage yourselves with leaves and small branches; blacken your faces and hands; look like the landscape! Wash your feet and shave whenever you can; it will give your morale a boost. Remember, the tougher the terrain, the better your chances of escape!"

As we grew hungrier, tempers grew shorter. An officer unearthed 25 capsule-sized wild potatoes and announced that he would eat them all himself. Somehow, the rest of us kept the fire monopolized to prevent him from cooking them.

"What the hell is the matter with you?" an airman finally demanded, calling the officer by his last name. "We're all in this together. We've got to help each other out!"

Finally, the officer was shamed into dividing the potatoes.

An airman who was tired, hungry and frustrated at the ten empty traps he had set, dipped a tin into the polluted stream. Suddenly he flung the tin into the woods.

"They can have my crew status!" he declared, angrily. "I'll never do

this again! And you," he said, glaring at me, "must be nuts!"

"I'd like to be in a town," mused an officer, dreamily. "Any town where you could buy an egg off somebody. Money doesn't mean a damn thing out here. I just offered a guy ten dollars for the rest of his rations, and you can guess what he told me to do with my money."

On the third morning two porcupines were caught, and Massey showed the crew how to make a meal out of them. (Porcupines are easier to catch than any other animal. You simply tap them on the head with a club.)

Massey drew a long slit in the porcupines' bellies, and a tremor of hungry anxiety ran through our group as the bloody entrails spilled to the ground.

"In a real survival situation," he said, "you would cut the guts into small pieces, try them and eat them. But you people aren't *that* hungry!" He dumped them into a hole in the ground and buried them. He took off the skin and we boiled the meat in three changes of water, 15 minutes at a time.

Lieutenants William Wyatt and Tai Chun built a rock oven, and the porcupines were baked in it for six hours. It was not important that they tasted like pine bark; they were food.

That day some men boiled dried pine needles and manzanita leaves into vile brews and drank them like succulent soups; others dug the

livers out of the porcupines' entrails (exhumed), fried them on pieces of tin and ate them ravenously; some, thinking of the long march which would begin in the morning, scrapped caution and went greedily into their rations.

By now the crew had achieved a survival attitude and the instructors studied each man carefully. Did he keep busy on tasks allotted by his aircraft commander? Was he dependable, thorough, patient? Did he take good care of his equipment? Was he able to improvise? When he had an idea, did he suggest it or demand that it be tried? Did he learn readily? Did he help carry the load? The answer to each question helped to determine whether or not he was a good survival risk; whether or not he would be kept on crew status or be given a job on the ground.

WE BROKE camp early on the fourth morning. As we left, Massey issued his final instructions: "Now you're on your own. We'll follow you, and whether you're travelling right or wrong, we won't say a word. Be careful. These hills are full of aggressors. If you get split up, you each have maps and compass; you know where to go, or should. Good luck!"

"We'll walk 50 minutes and rest ten," Lieutenant Duke said. He sent Lieutenant Lee Hasson out first, as a scout, then followed him. The rest of us moved out at 20-yard intervals.

I followed Corporal Wylder

Barrows, who carried, besides his own pack, a 25-pound radio generator. It was much larger and many pounds heavier than a survival radio kit; it had been issued for one reason; to irritate, to make things as difficult as possible and see how you would react. The task of carrying it would fall to every member of the crew in turn.

We hiked up a long, steep ridge, dense with forest. The walking seemed easy at first; then pack-straps began to cut into shoulders, and the weight on the back grew sodden. We struggled to the first ten-minute break, then lay back on our packs. Duke studied his map. The rest of us took small sips from our waterbottles. No one spoke.

We moved out again. We went round two more ridges, thick with trees and bushes, then spurted down a long, bare slope to the edge of a road. We lay on our bellies, waiting for Duke's signal, then dashed across the road. The last man brushed out the tracks.

We started up another steep ridge. A lush new forest had grown up round a dead one. The walking was treacherous and loud. Duke probed ahead, cautioning the men behind against rotted logs. He was taking no easy passage to freedom.

In the late afternoon we trudged tiredly along the fringe of a high, rocky plateau. In each man's mind nothing seemed to exist but the monstrous weight of his pack, the hot, jagged rock and the blazing

sun. Most waterbottles had been emptied long ago. Each man began to wonder if he could make it.

*

AT THE END of the plateau we looked out on a vast expanse of valley and saw "A" point, the target for the night—a series of long unused corrals.

"We can't cross that valley in daylight," said Duke. "Let's find some shade and sweat it out until dark."

"Dammit, Duke," someone grumbled, "I must have water!"

"So must I," Duke said. "But we can't reach it until tonight. So relax."

We moved down a slope, towards some shade. Suddenly we came upon a sheep trough, brimming with water! The bloated bodies of long-drowned chipmunks floated on top, and small snakes swam in the lower recesses. Yet it was the prettiest sight any of us had ever seen! Soon five tins of the beautiful, rotten stuff were boiling over a fire.

That night the crew reached "A" point by bellying three miles across the valley to the corrals. At "A" point no fires were permitted. If you were hungry, you had whatever you could find for your rations if you had any left.

On the next leg of the journey Duke made himself scout, and turned the navigating over to Dave Dempster. Somewhere on a high, hot field of razor-sharp volcanic lava, Dempster made a mistake and

led the crew in a wide circle. It wasn't funny. There had been no water for nearly six hours; the men were hungry, tired, burning hot and drier than they had ever been in their lives. An airman threw down his pack.

"You stargazers get on the ground and you don't know where the hell you are!" he told Dempster.

Patiently, Dempster recalculated and led the crew into Red Clover Creek—"B" point.

That night the coals of a fire still glowed brightly when the men turned in. They were near the end of the ordeal and were optimistic—*too* optimistic. A jeep came down a mountain road high above them! Duke shouted a whisper: the crew quickly formed a human wall around the coals; Ed Cameron frantically buried the glow with dirt. Luckily, the jeep failed to spot us.

For two days the men rested, fished and gathered strength for the last lap. At dusk on the third night they started moving out in twos, at long intervals. They were only four miles from "rescue" at "Pickup Point" now—and it seemed the toughest four miles in the world.

They had to cross an 8,200-foot mountain, alive with "enemy patrols." They would need most of the 36 hours they had to make it, and would have to use every evasive trick they had learned—and some they had not—to avoid capture.

Some were caught. Some, who had been downgraded by their

instructor, either lost their operational flying status or were held over to take the entire course again.

EVERY OFFICER and airman who has taken this training has come through it unharmed. It seems unlikely that any of them enjoyed it.

"It would be nice if you could learn what they teach here without going through it," an officer said. "But you can't study or imagine this sort of thing. You've *got* to go through it. After this training you feel you can return to base from anywhere, no matter *what* happens."

And they do make it back.

When a large B-36 bomber crash-landed in northern Labrador in February, 1953, Major Willie Knutsen, then in charge of the U.S. North-East Air Command's Arctic Survival School at Goose Bay, organized a rescue party. Speedy rescue was imperative, for northern Labrador in mid-winter can be fatal. Knutsen urged his snowshoed party on, fearing what he would find.

Forty-eight hours later he stood in a clearing and blinked in amazement at a perfectly constructed survival camp. Knutsen and one of the crew stared at one another. Finally, the air crew man spoke: "What are you doing, Major? Following us to see if we learned anything?"

Knutsen had trained the same crew at Stead 22 months earlier. They hadn't liked it then, but they thought it was all right now. They had survived.

Paper, with the help of chemistry, has become one of the most versatile of products



See What Paper's Doing Now

By Lloyd Stouffer

DURING the Second World War the paper industry developed a map paper so strong that even when soaking wet it could be run over by a tank or trampled by a booted regiment with no noticeable effect. That "wet-strength" paper was the beginning of a whole new era in paper-making. Paper is no longer just paper. It teams up with chemicals, plastics, rubber and glass to do some almost incredible things.

Today, with paper, you can build a snow fence or upholster your furniture. You can swim in a paper bathing suit. You can paper your rooms with wallpaper that will paste itself, kill flies, repel dirt; carpet your kitchen floor with vinyl-coated paper flooring that looks like linoleum and is said to wear longer.

These things and many more I have seen in the research laboratories and salesrooms of several great paper and chemical companies. Many of

them came originally from the Institute of Paper Chemistry at Appleton, Wisconsin, a unique research and teaching institution maintained by 130 U.S. paper companies.

To understand what is going on, it is necessary to discard all previous ideas as to paper's limitations. The maps, using a melamine resin process discovered in 1942, showed the way to practical wet-strength paper. Today almost all paper towels, paper napkins and facial tissues are given wet strength by the addition of a small amount of the plastic to the pulp. Upon the application of heat during the regular process

of paper-making, this acts as an insoluble glue bonding the paper fibres together. These strong, absorbent, disposable paper items are displacing their textile counterparts in ships, trains and hotels. And now wet-strength paper is moving in on other textile items.

The makers of a popular paper handkerchief are testing disposable underwear as well as other wearing apparel. In the company's research laboratory two pretty secretaries modelled for me a romper-type bathing suit and a sheer white, strapless evening dress, both made of paper as soft as handkerchief tissue, but made amazingly strong by super-wet-strength treatment and by a new process of reinforcement with cross-laid rayon or nylon threads.

The machine that produces this paper "cloth" spews out 400 feet per minute, as against 21 feet per minute for the fastest textile loom. It is not hard to see that paper garments such as caps and gowns for graduation and confirmation dresses may thus be made cheap enough to be used once and thrown away.

Unique and infinitely handy is a new paper towel that serves also as soap and water. It is a piece of creped, wet-strength paper towelling which is saturated with a fragrant skin-cleansing lotion, then folded and sealed—soaking wet—in an aluminium-foil envelope about the size of a match book. Remaining wet until opened the paper provides a quick, refreshing cleansing of face

and hands. The lotion evaporates in a matter of seconds, leaving the skin cool and dry. The little envelope comes with your meals on many airlines. Patients in several hospitals are supplied with it for do-it-yourself freshening up.

Not long ago I watched some dustmen, in an experiment, yank paper bags filled with soaking-wet refuse out of dustbins and toss them into waiting trucks. Although the bags had in many cases been standing in water in the dustbins for two days, and their contents weighed nearly half a hundredweight, there was not a single case of breakage. This refuse container, which looks like a giant-sized brown grocery bag, is a remarkable example of melamine plastic wet strength.

Who would think of building a fence of paper? It has been done with reinforced wet-strength kraft paper fastened to metal posts, and has been pronounced a success in controlling winter snowdrifts.

Paperboard is now made to withstand oven temperatures up to 450°. Faced on both sides with aluminium foil, paperboard makes a pan-package in which frozen foods are sold, cooked and served. Other foil-lined packages serve as fireproof baking pans for pre-mixed bread and pastry products.

Wet-strength and plastic coatings are responsible for new success with paper twisted into fine, hard strands that can be woven into straw-like car seat covers (extremely resistant

to rain, sunlight and hard wear) and furniture upholstery materials. One manufacturing company makes woven paper fabrics of such strength and beauty that they have been used for big-brimmed hats and for flared summer skirts that can be spot-cleaned with soap and water, or dry-cleaned and steam-pressed. Wet-strength paper sails, costing half as much as canvas sails, are a possibility in the not too distant future.

Paper kitchen-floor covering is given its great strength by rubber-latex impregnation and by a vinyl coating. Backed by felt, it promises years of wear at only a fraction of the cost of the more conventional vinyl flooring.

Rubber latex is responsible, too, for a new wallpaper which sticks without wetting or gluing. It is coated on the back with a colourless latex which will stick tenaciously to a similar latex surface—and to nothing else. So a special latex liquid is applied to the wall with a roller, and the paper then goes up quickly and cleanly.

Among the many new surface coatings for wallpaper is one which incorporates an insecticide that kills flies on contact, and will remain effective for months. This can be combined with a new chemical, a colloidal silica, which repels dirt by filling up the microscopic crevices in the paper surface where dirt particles would otherwise find lodging.

Many hospitals now use wet-strength waterproof tissue which has

been treated with the low-cost, transparent plastic, polyethylene. Available in a roll, like wrapping paper, it is used in place of rubber sheets. It absorbs moisture on its paper surface, but will permit no moisture to pass through the plastic backing. It is also used to cover wet dressings, and on X-ray, delivery and examination tables. A similar paper material is supplied as a substitute for regular bed sheets and pillow cases.

Recent developments in chemical treatment provide paper with other vital qualities such as non-inflammability. This treatment is now given to crepe-paper party decorations and costumes, and on industrial tarpaulins and blankets. Chemical magic also produces a paper that will burn so completely that it leaves no tell-tale ash, a feature of considerable interest to diplomatic and intelligence services.

Another chemical treatment provides paper wrappings which give off vapours to protect against rust. A factory, threatened with corrosion damage to valuable machinery from floodwaters last August, achieved protection simply by stuffing openings with sheets of rust-inhibitive paper. Home handymen can place strips of the paper in jars of nails, bolts and screws to prevent rusting.

One of the more mystifying of the new forms of paper is carbonless carbon paper. The specially treated sheets look no different from ordinary business stationery, but when

typewriter keys hit the original, a pressure-sensitive chemical coating produces a clean, blue impression on the copy sheet. As many as seven clear copies can be produced in one typing. This paper is now being used for bank deposit slips and cheques and airline tickets, insurance applications and other business forms.

What next? The trend to plastics in paper has reached the point where there are now papers made *entirely* of plastics. One company recently completed its first commercial run of synthetic paper made wholly of nylon fibre. Others are

experimenting with papers using fibres of nylon, orlon and dacron.

At the Institute of Paper Chemistry I even saw paper—of good colour and texture—made of cellulose-like fibres that had been born and brought up in test tubes, the product of a fast growing, mould-like plant something like that which makes penicillin. Some 48 pounds of this fibre can be produced in a single laboratory vessel in 48 hours.

Looking far into the future, scientists can visualize a time when we may never again need to cut down a tree to make paper.



Balanced Accounts

WITH MY accustomed celerity I changed the flat tyre in something under an hour and rolled into the nearest filling station to see if the old spare was still usable. The garage man—whom I had never seen before—put a patch on the tube. When I said "How much?" he waved me off. "It's on the house," he said.

It's very kind of you, but why are you doing this for a stranger? I asked curiously.

Well, he said, yesterday I woke up in a bad temper. I bit everybody who came in sight. This morning I feel fine. So today I'm making up for yesterday. Favours for the customers—kind words for the help. That's how I pay off for the bad days.

As I drove off I reflected on the rarity of this attitude. Few of us balance our emotional accounts as promptly and scrupulously. We permit our debits to grow to staggering proportions and then we are overwhelmed by them.

This man sensibly settles his accounts day by day. Tuesday's benevolence pays—at least in part—for Monday's crankiness; the slate is wiped clean and there is no lingering residue of remorse.

'Mental hygiene' is a pompous phrase, but essentially it is as simple as physical hygiene—a matter of day to day care in little things. That tiny patch the garage man put on saved me only a dollar—it saved him a week's worry about yesterday's meanness.

—Sydney Harris, General Features Corporation



The Best Advice I Ever Had

By Rosalind Russell

I WAS ONLY 13 that bright summer afternoon, but what my dad said to me then has often come back to me in vivid memory.

A tall, skinny girl shaped like a pipe cleaner, I was poised on the diving board of a seaside resort near our home. It was Regatta Day. Spurred on by the shouts of my

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ROSALIND RUSSELL has starred in a long list of stage and screen productions, including *The Women*, *My Sister Eileen*, *Wonderful Town*, *The Girl Rush*, etc.

friends, I had reached the final of the diving contest.

The other finalist had just dived. She was not only a splendid performer. She was an elderly person of about 17, with the proportions of a contemporary Venus. I noted with dismay that she was now getting all the applause—all I was getting was nettled. The whistles and cheers that greeted her as she emerged from the water betrayed appreciation of more than a good dive. I felt miserable, inadequate to the competition.

At that moment, with everyone's eyes upon me, the key button on my bathing suit popped off! Instead of asking for time to change into another suit, I used the incident as an excuse to quit. Holding my suit to my chest, I jumped off the board feet-first into the water and automatically forfeited the contest.

My father was waiting for me in a small boat, and as he pulled me in he said without preamble, "Rosalind, you're going to have to learn one thing: *A quitter never wins and a winner never quits!*"

My father never had to repeat those words.

"A quitter never wins," I muttered while trying to prove myself the equal of the boys in the neighbourhood. I broke my leg jumping out of a hayloft, my wrist falling off a high wall, my collarbone tripping over a kerb, my left arm twice. But I got a stubborn sort of satisfaction from doing my best.

One day, years later, I was in a dingy rehearsal studio. I was taking a dancing lesson, trying to prepare myself for a musical-comedy rôle. The routine was so difficult I felt I'd never learn it. "I'm afraid this tempo is too fast for your long legs," the teacher said impatiently. I blushed angrily, picked up my jacket and started to leave, when suddenly I remembered the day on the diving board. I put my jacket back, took my place and practised until my feet were almost numb. But I mastered the dance.

Like most simple truths, Dad's words took on more profound meaning as my experience deepened. After I had reached Hollywood and a measure of success, my career took a turn for the worse. I was continually cast as a career woman. Though I felt my real future lay in comedy, no one would let me out of the strait-jacket of this rôle. One afternoon I felt I could stand the frustration no longer. I went to see my producer. "I've played this rôle 19 times and I'm sick of it," I protested. "I have no chance to learn anything more from it. I even get the same desk in each picture." But he was not listening.

Then I got my chance as a comedienne. Time and again I had begged for a certain rôle; finally, to keep me quiet, a test was ordered. I played the part four different ways, as the director instructed. Then I said, "May I play it, just once, my way?"

"My way" was a characterization

I had worked on for weeks before my dressing-room mirror, even though I had been assured that I would never get a chance to play the rôle. When I finished the test, the director said, "Ros, you've got something." He gave me the part: "Sylvia," in *The Women*. It established a whole new career for me.

Dad's advice has sustained me in private life as well. After the birth of my son Lance, illness, which had always been alien to me, became a persistent visitor. As I grew steadily worse I was tempted to resort to stimulants, to soporifics. "Why not give up," I asked myself, "and learn to live with your condition?"

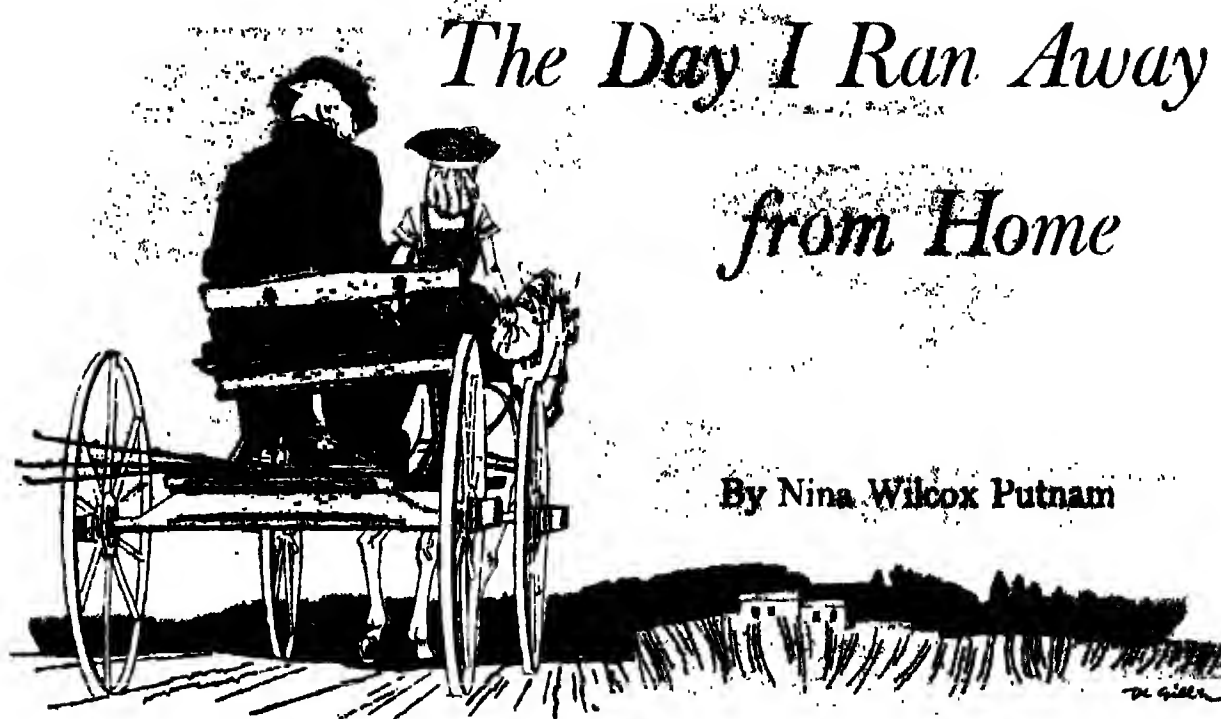
But by now I had conditioned myself to fight back. After four long years I was able to return to a normal, active life.

I made motion pictures, I spent hours each week working as co-chairman of the Sister Kenny Foundation. Keeping busy, I forgot to ask myself how I felt. Compared to the plight of the polio-stricken children I worked with at the hospital, my trouble seemed trivial.

When I was asked to go on the road with the stage play, *Bell, Book and Candle*, I accepted. And when, after several weeks of touring, I still felt in excellent health and the play was very successful, I knew that refusing to quit had once again made me a winner.

I have always been grateful that Dad was there to pick me up when I leaped into the water that day.

A little girl's adventure when she went fishing with "the Big Man"  
*A Reader's Digest First Person Award*



By Nina Wilcox Putnam

WHEN I WAS a little girl my mother and I used to spend the summer holidays at Tyringham Valley in Massachusetts. On one side of the place at which we stayed was a farm belonging to Richard Watson Gilder, a famous editor. The Gilders had six frighteningly cultured children.

On the other side lived a large, fair, rather awkward man, a newcomer whose name I did not know. Actually, he was ex-President Grover Cleveland, who had just finished one term in the White House and who was to be elected President again four years later. I identified him simply as the Big Man.

This was the year when I was first considered old enough to play the drums in the Gilder children's annual *musical* conducted by the severe *Fräulein* who was their governess. But the Gilder children had made such unmerciful fun of my efforts in that direction that I hoped the *musical* would never take place.

Then one day Mother told me a rehearsal was to be held the following evening and I was expected to take part. She couldn't understand my lack of self-confidence, and when I refused to attend she sent me to bed with the threat of a spanking if I didn't stop my nonsense.

It was then that I decided to run

away. I was up at dawn next day, packed a lunch in one of my father's large silk handkerchiefs, and set out for the Great Beyond. My thought was that I would vanish into it, to the great grief of my cruel mother and the six repentant little Gilders.

I must have walked a quarter of a mile when I heard the *clomp-clomp* of a horse behind me. Turning, I saw the Big Man approaching in a buckboard. I stepped aside to let him pass, hoping not to be noticed, but he had seen me.

"Whoa, Jenny!" he said. The buckboard's single seat sagged in the middle where the Big Man sat. From the rear several fishing rods hung out over the road. On his head was a battered old hat adorned with a fascinating wreath of fly-trimmed fishhooks. This made him seem a far more interesting person than ever before.

"Well, if it isn't the little Wilcox girl!" he said pleasantly. "Where are you going so early in the morning?"

"To Philadelphia," I said, mentioning the first place that came into my head.

"Philadelphia, eh?" he repeated. "That's rather a long way. How about my giving you a lift?"

This was the first time I had considered distances, and I nodded assent. Leaning out of the buckboard with the pleasant clumsiness of a bear, the Big Man lifted me up and sat me beside him. He slapped the reins on Jenny's back and she

resumed her leisurely progress.

He asked me what I was going to do when I got to Philadelphia. I replied that I was going to be either a ballet dancer or a boarding-house keeper, I hadn't decided which, because I'd rather be a drummer boy, but a girl couldn't.

"Do your parents know you are on your way to Philadelphia?" he asked.

Something in his kindly but piercing eyes forced me to be truthful and confess I was running away.

"Well, I expect you hate your cruel parents," he said calmly. "But isn't there somebody you're sorry to leave behind?"

"Yes. Mooriel. I kissed her goodbye!"

"Muriel?"

"No! *Moo*-riel. I named her myself. She's a cow's little daughter," I explained. "Fred Olds said if I helped to raise her I could show her at the autumn fair."

The Big Man shook his head in mild distress. "Kind of a pity to let Mooriel down, isn't it?" he said.

The memory of Mooriel's liquid brown eyes as I bent to kiss the white star on her forehead overwhelmed me and we rode in silence until the Big Man said, "Would it be all right for me to ask why you are running away?"

"It's that music thing," I told him. "Mamma said I had to play the drums with the Gilder children."

"Don't you want to play the drums?"

"Yes, awfully much, but the children and *Fräulein* are scared that I can't—and that makes me scared too."

The Big Man seemed to understand. He said, "I remember the first time I made a speech I was scared as a jack rabbit with firecrackers tied to his tail. I wanted to make that talk and I knew I could if once I got going."

"Did you run away?"

"No," he said, "because it came to me that those folks out there in the hall didn't *know* I was scared, so I didn't let on, and before I knew it I was talking away like an old maid on a party line. Now of course if you are way off in Philadelphia," he continued, "I don't see how those young Gilders are ever going to know you are a good drummer. Mind you, I'm not trying to talk you into anything, but as you see I'm going fishing and if you'd care to come along I'd be happy to have you. Fishing gives people a good chance to think things over."

I was about to say no, thank you, when we came in sight of the lake, and its turquoise beauty put everything else out of my mind. At a shack on the shore we left Jenny with Israel Pincus, the guide who took care of the Big Man's rowing boat. The boat had a big swivel chair fastened to its floor, and fascinating locked boxes built into its sides. Mr. Pincus filled one of the boxes with ice.

The Big Man picked out the

shortest rod in his collection and flicked it like a whip. "Here!" he said, thrusting it into my hands. "This will just about fit you." He pointed to the boat. "Climb in!"

The Big Man showed me how to cast. "Point the tip of your rod at the place where you think the fish ought to be." He demonstrated. "To cast the plug—*swoosh!*—let the line run. Then you reel in like this."

"But suppose the fish aren't where you point the rod?" I asked.

"Well, all you can do is put experience together with a little hope and keep on trying. Two words are mighty important: patience and perseverance. Lots of times I have had to guess what was out in the deep water and cast blind." He chuckled comfortably at some memory. "You'd be surprised at what I've caught that way."

Patience and perseverance. The words took deep root, although that day I had no idea of how often they would guide my adult life.

When I had partly assimilated the principles of snubbing a strike, keeping a taut line and gauging the instant at which I was to reel in fast, the serious business of the day began. We anchored to try our luck.

"Now," said the Big Man, "we never talk when we're fishing because the fish can hear and they'll know we mean them no good."

With silence, an extra layer of peace seemed to descend upon us. It was broken only when the Big Man

caught several lively small-mouth bass. Then I suddenly evoked a miracle: a white thrashing of water followed by a darting arrow of silver-green. My heart stood still as the pickerel plunged again.

The Big Man shouted, "Let him run—you've got him—keep that line taut—reel in, *reel in!*" And presently the evidence of my incredible prowess lay in the boat.

"He really is a beauty, eh?" the Big Man said, looking at me as though I were another grown-up. I felt very close to him in that moment.

At noon we beached the boat for lunch from the Big Man's hamper and my silk handkerchief. As we ate he said casually, "After you get your business attended to in Philadelphia you'll be coming home?" The question reminded me of my all but forgotten project, which now somehow had lost most of its charm.

But I answered stoutly, "Never! No more chance of my coming home than of Cleveland's running again!"

There was a moment of peculiar silence while the Big Man stared at me, his sandy eyebrows raised.

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"Because my father says that is a way of saying never, never, never! My father says that if a man is President, and then defeated, he will never be President again. He says it has never been done in the history of the United States."

"Well, I'll be . . . *arrumph!*" the Big Man murmured.

Then he told me to help pack up the remnants of the food. "I'm sorry you're not coming back. I was sort of hoping we could go fishing together again. But I guess you wouldn't care much about taking on the job of keeping me company."

I longed to tell him that I *did* want to go fishing with him again, even if it meant giving up Philadelphia. But I couldn't find the words.

I helped him stow the tackle in the buckboard and climbed up beside him. Sunburned, drowsy and content, I leaned my head against the Big Man and soon feel asleep.

Mother was waiting for us at the gate. She had known where I was because Fred Olds had seen us out on the lake and told her.

"Quite a fisherman you've got here," the Big Man said, and handed Mother the pickerel. "She learned to cast straight as a die!"

Standing by my mother I finally found my tongue. "And can I go again, please?"

"Why certainly!" he said. Then he picked up the reins, and as Jenny started off he turned and spoke to me over his shoulder. "By the way, I believe Cleveland *will* run again!"

I gasped when mother told me who the Big Man was. But that night at the rehearsal I beat the drums beautifully. I wasn't the least bit afraid, for I had, in some magical fashion, become the confidante of a President of the United States.

If you think you have troubles, try—

## Keeping House at 30 Below



**L**AST WINTER a man fell on a snowy path in Nome, Alaska, quite near to the Federal Building, and froze to death before anyone came along. A few years ago in Kotzebue, another town in north-west Alaska, the end of a blizzard revealed the bodies of two people who had died a few feet from their cabin, unable to find it. Such accidents happen often enough to make every Northerner cautious, even fearful at times. We cherish the thought of that cubicle of safe, lighted warmth—home.

An Alaskan house is what a home is anywhere: a centre of family life. In the Far North it is also a life-giving shelter in the most elementary cave-man sense. These walls of wood and tar paper, this roof from

which shingles fly off in Arctic gales, protect us from a skyful of lethal cold. Sometimes in winter they separate temperatures 100 degrees apart.

Inside, when our services function well, the electric lights glow on the books in our hands and the thermometer registers over 70°. But in Nome a house can become uninhabitable in a dozen ways. Ice crystals or air locks may choke off the flow of oil to our stoves, or soot in the chimney stacks may catch fire, or Bering Sea storms may break power lines, so that stoves equipped with electric blowers have to be turned off.

Within a few hours the indoor temperature then drops below 32°F and the plumbing freezes—pipes,



water tanks and pressure pump. Canned goods freeze, and crates of potatoes and fruit. If this happens early in the winter, a season's costly supply is ruined.

One of our chief problems is the permafrost on which our houses rest. Permafrost is soil, eternally frozen to great depths; in it there may be patches of clear blue ice. Often there is an upper layer of frozen plant fibres. In summer the surface of the permafrost thaws a bit and, since the moisture can't drain into the ice below, the top crust is as spongy as spinach in a cooking pot.

Freezing and thawing cause the permafrost to heave and subside unpredictably in all seasons. A house resting on it tilts first one way, then another. As the house moves, pipes that carry oil to the stoves sometimes loosen or break, or a stovepipe may disconnect at a joint during the night; and in the morning we find a layer of oil over the carpet or oily soot on the furniture.

Doors get so far out of true that wide cracks are opened or they jam tight shut in the night. When the doors have been adjusted the house may shift back the other way. My front door has its ends sawn off several inches short of the sill and the top of the frame. The gaps are closed by two stainless-steel plates. By means of screws through slots in the plates, the plates can be loosened and pushed up or down to make the door tight.

In a house constantly on the

move, walls can't be papered or plastered. Our inside surfaces are panels of wallboard or plywood. Seams between panels open and close. Seams in outer walls spread too. Recently I found breezes that would wave a flag blowing out of electric sockets in the skirting. Now, until my house shifts again, all the cracks and seams have been closed with expanding fillers like caulking cotton and plastic putty. When the work was completed the temperature in the house went up by 15°.

To make our houses stationary, at considerable expense piles can be driven into the frozen ground. They have to go deep, and even so will not remain in place indefinitely. Nome's Federal Building, a block square and three storeys high, was set on piling in 1937. Since then it has shifted so much that it has been declared unsafe.

At still greater cost the permafrost can be thawed artificially and a basement excavated. But the basement will crack eventually, and so will the building that stands on it. In Nome's hospital, new in 1949, within two or three years there were wall cracks as wide as a man's hand.

Thousands of lorry loads of stone from the gold dredges on the outskirts of Nome have been used to firm up the tundra, and all our houses stand on these tailings. Eventually the tailings sink into the permafrost, but they can be replenished. Most houses are built on huge

timbers, or skids, so that they can be jacked high off the ground. When the crushed rock under a house has gone the structure is raised and new tailings are slung beneath it.

My house stands on 14 inches of frozen earth. Under the soil is ice, and through the ice a stream runs towards the Bering Sea. Layers of moving water deep in the permafrost are not uncommon. On the outskirts of Nome there are several springs. They are warm, and happily do not freeze in winter. From them we get our water.

Pipes for water or sewage can't be laid in the permafrost, where they would freeze, but surface mains bring us water for about two months in summer. By September 15 these water mains are frozen, and then our water is brought in trucks and pumped into our storage tank at one and a half cents a gallon.

My storage tank is on the second floor. On its way from tank to taps the water passes through coils in a stove. The whole tangle of pipes is visible, for they can't be hidden inside the walls lest they freeze. Most of the plumbing is planned and installed by home-owners. Layouts are common topics of conversation. When new acquaintances call they soon ask: "Where is your water tank?" It is only polite to reply, "If you like I'll show you how my plumbing is arranged."

Water from our baths and dishwashing is simply discharged on the tailings; water quickly sinks in

the crushed rock and evaporates. The problem is to prevent ice from stopping the waste pipes. We say in this climate that it isn't a cold day unless boiling water poured out of the window freezes before it hits the ground. In bitter temperatures only a full, fast flow will get through the waste pipes without freezing to a stop. It is customary to pour salt into the pipes every evening. Wind whoops up the pipes into my house, so they must be stoppered when not in use. Unstoppered, my kitchen drain hums in the key of D.

Other waste is disposed of through a chemical toilet, a steel pail enclosed in a large metal box. The box extends through the wall so that the bucket can be removed from the outside. For this purpose there is a small door. By opening the door and lifting out the bucket an intruder can wriggle into the box and enter the house. When we are going to be away, most of us "lock up" by bracing a pole between the top of the toilet seat and the ceiling.

Before I came North I didn't know that a dried-out piece of wood could freeze, but it can. It will chime when struck. The plank pavements of Nome clang under our footsteps, and when the wind hurls a piece of ice against the walls of a house the whole structure seems to ring.

Few houses in Nome have oil furnaces; most of us depend on space heaters and a kitchen stove. But modern ranges and space heaters are too well insulated for us; we

prefer old-fashioned cast-iron ranges that radiate lovely warmth. Electric fans help to fend off the cold. Warm air rises, and a fan mounted close to the ceiling blows it down. Another fan set high on a wall sends heat from one room to another. Fans blow across hot-water pipes to distribute their warmth; other fans are incorporated in heaters installed on smokestacks.

One evening, in an Eskimo settlement where I was spending the winter, the stove in my room exploded. By morning the indoor temperature was ten degrees below zero and everything was frozen, including the ink and my hand lotion. Only one such experience is needed to give any woman an abiding suspicion of stoves. One friend of mine never mentions stoves, because the subject makes her hysterical. Another woman always goes to a hotel when her husband leaves Nome, because "I wouldn't stay alone in the house with the stoves."

If anything stops the draught—soot in the stove, or snow in the stack—the stove will explode. Stoves with electric blowers, the forced-draught type, soot up within minutes if the power fails. Oil stoves

will also explode if they are relit while still warm. To be safe we clean our stoves often, and in this process flakes of soot drift into one's hair, into cupboards, and over the floor.

We would complain less about the problems of Northern housekeeping if emergencies didn't seem to occur continually. I remember a dinner party during a recent blizzard. The host's house was well heated and cheerful. The men were in lounge suits, the women, after we had peeled off boots and parkas, were in lightweight dresses, nylon stockings and pumps. This was a convincing facsimile of a gathering in a temperate climate.

But nearby a blizzard was heaping up 40-foot ridges of ice on the Bering Sea, and the water pipes in that house had just been thawed out after a freeze-up. Our young hostess said wistfully, "Sometimes when you think how hard it is to keep a house going up here you wonder why we have chosen to live in Nome."

Her husband spoke up: "That's one reason why we do. The difficulties here are such a challenge." The other men nodded; the women, however, looked dubious.

WHEN I was being fitted for a new girdle, the shop assistant asked, "Is Madam *quite* comfortable?" Madam was. "Can Madam breathe deeply with ease?" Madam could. "Does Madam feel she could wear this garment all day without discomfort?" Madam did.

"Then," said the assistant, "Madam obviously needs a smaller size."

—Contributed by Mrs. N. McLennan

# The One and Only Benchley



By Nathaniel Benchley, *Robert Benchley's son,*  
*author of "The Benchley Roundup," "Side Street," etc.*

**R**OBERT BENCHLEY, as a businessman, was roughly in the same class as Wilkins Micawber. He had a deep-seated distrust of anything supposed to be efficient, or legal, and the mere sight of a contract caused his eyes to glaze.

The only business-like thing he ever did was to hire a secretary, one Charles MacGregor, who came to Benchley's room every day, balanced the cheque book, handled the incoming and outgoing money and did odd secretarial jobs, such as getting Benchley out of bed.

MacGregor was a genius at waking a person gently and inoffensively. He would walk into the bedroom and say quietly, "The men are here for the trunks," and Benchley would be thrown into an immediate

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*Intimate glimpses of one of  
America's best-loved humorists*

---

turmoil of activity, stumbling about the room and groping for clothes to put into the non-existent trunks. By the time he realized it was all a ruse, he was as wide awake as a lark at sunrise. Naturally, MacGregor didn't say the same thing every morning; he varied it with such things as, "There are some men here to flood the bed for skating."

MacGregor's greatest single coup as a secretary was achieved one day when an article was due for the magazine, *Cosmopolitan*, an article that not only hadn't been written but hadn't even been conceived. Benchley had been pottering over his weekly drama copy for *The New*

*Yorker* and the *Cosmopolitan* deadline had sneaked up unnoticed. There was, furthermore, little or no money in the till, and the *Cosmopolitan* cheque was something of a necessity.

MacGregor put *The New Yorker* copy in an envelope marked *Cosmopolitan*, hurried it over to that magazine's office and picked up the cheque. (In those days, they paid on delivery of copy, something they have never done since—and for obvious reasons.) Benchley then phoned *Cosmopolitan*.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said, "but my secretary has made an idiotic mistake—he's sent your copy to *The New Yorker*, and the *New Yorker* copy to you. *The New Yorker* is sending your copy to you by messenger, and I wondered if you'd send theirs to them."

Obligingly, the *Cosmopolitan* editor dispatched the drama copy to *The New Yorker*—and then had to wait several weeks for the article for which he had already paid.

IT WAS not only editors who found Benchley something of a problem to deal with; doctors had their troubles too. He had a sneaking suspicion that doctors were only one step ahead of the general public as far as knowledge went, and that they could be thrown off balance by anything completely unexpected.

Benchley had a chance to test this theory in 1940. He went down with pneumonia and his doctor gave him

one of the new "miracle" sulpha drugs. He took the pills as directed and then, one afternoon before the doctor was due to call, he and Charles Butterworth broke open a pillow and, with library paste, glued the feathers all over him, from the waist down.

When the doctor arrived, he examined Benchley's chest, asked him how he was feeling and if the pills had done any good. Benchley said he thought they had, and then added, "I don't know quite what to make of *this*, though," as he threw back the bedclothes. "Is this all right?"

ONCE Benchley and a Harvard friend were walking in Boston. When they reached Louisburg Square, with its neat, facing rows of eighteenth-century brick houses, Benchley had an idea. "Come on," he said. "Let's get the davenport."

Picking a house at random, they went up the front steps and tapped on the silver knocker. A maid answered the door, and Benchley said, "We've come for the davenport." The maid paused a second, then said, "Which one?" and Benchley, who by this time could see into the hall, replied, "That one." The maid let them in, and they picked up the davenport, carried it out and across the square and brought it to the door of another house.

Benchley rang the bell, and to the maid said, "We've brought the davenport. Where should we put it?"

The maid looked around in bewilderment, then said, "There, I guess," pointing into the sitting room. They deposited it where she said, and left.

The matter wasn't straightened out for several months, until the owner of the davenport went to the other house for tea and recognized her property.

WHEN BENCHLEY took a room at the Hotel Algonquin in New York it was useless as a place to work, because too many of his friends were in or near it too much of the time. It was physically impossible for him to ask anyone to leave, and the knowledge of a friendly gathering nearby was often enough to make him leave the typewriter and go and investigate.

Once he had been trying to start a piece but couldn't get it under way, so he went down the corridor to where a poker game was in progress, just to jolt his mind into starting up. Some time later he returned to his room, sat down to the clean sheet of paper in the typewriter, and pecked out the word "The." This, he reasoned, was as safe a start as any, and might possibly break the ice.

But nothing else came, so he went downstairs and ran into a group of friends, with whom he passed a cheerful hour or so. Then, protesting that he had to work, he went back upstairs, where the small, bleak "Thè" was looking at him out of the expanse of yellow paper. He sat

down and stared at it for several minutes. Then a sudden idea came to him, and he finished the sentence, making it read "The hell with it," and got up and went happily out for the evening.

PROBABLY Benchley's most famous exit from a theatre was at the opening of a play called *The Squall*, which dealt with the peasants in the hills round Granada—peasants who all, it seemed, spoke in sultry pidgin English. After there had been a certain amount of to-do in this comic-strip dialect, Robert turned to his wife. "If one more of these wonderful natives shows up speaking pidgin, I leave," he whispered.

Just then a half-clad, wild-eyed gipsy girl staggered on the stage. Benchley tensed himself, as the girl crawled to the feet of the mother of the household and kissed the hem of her garment. "Me Nubi," the gipsy said. "Nubi good girl. Nubi stay here."

"Okay," Benchley whispered, rising. "Me Bobby. Me bad boy. Me go."

A SEVERE sunstroke and a game knee gave Benchley a fine excuse to avoid doing almost anything that looked like exercise, although he did, for appearance's sake, buy a rowing machine. He put it under his bed the day it was delivered and never took it out again.

His favourite couch was called "The Track"; when he wanted to

take a nap on it he would say, "Well I guess I'll do a couple of laps round the track," and then lie down

He was in short a fully-fledged spectator sportsman, and remarked that *Mah Jong* was his most strenuous game because of the steepness of the Hippodrome stairs

BENCHLEY would often intentionally misunderstand someone, as he did when a friend told him that the particular drink he was drinking was slow poison, and he replied "So who's in a hurry?"

He liked, when the mood was upon him, to send comical telegrams to friends, as he did to fiction writer Charles Brackett, who was in Paris at the time of Lindbergh's historic flight Six days after Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget, Benchley sent a cable to Brackett saying 'ANY TIDINGS OF LINDBERGH? I LEFT HERE WEEK AGO AM WORRIED' A lesser man than Brackett might simply have said 'No' or let the cable lie about while he tried to think of an involved answer But Brackett's reply was immediate DO YOU MEAN GEORGE LINDBERGH? he cabled

BENCHLEY shuttled to and fro between New York and Hollywood I was with him on one occasion when he caused a certain amount of flurry

in a Pullman sleeping coach

In the morning, after everybody else in the coach had returned from breakfast, only Benchley's lower berth was still occupied, and the lone green curtain was as conspicuous as a flag on a balcony Suddenly, I saw the curtain twitch and bulge It was still for a moment, then came more signs of thrashing behind it, and finally a long, bare arm reached out and groped blindly about underneath the berth The other passengers stared in mute fascination while the hand probed this way and that Then the hand withdrew behind the curtain, and there was another pause All at once, Benchley's head appeared, wearing a battered, brown felt hat

He kept the curtains clutched tightly under his chin, and smiled "It's a good joke on my socks," he said "They got off at Schenectady"

IN HOLLYWOOD one night he took my wife and me to a smart restaurant for dinner When we left to go home, he went to a uniformed man at the door and said, 'Would you get us a taxi, please?'

The man regarded him icily "I'm very sorry," he said "I happen to be a rear-admiral in the United States Navy"

"All right, then," said Benchley 'Get us a battleship'

*When somebody says, "I hope you won't mind my telling you this," it's pretty certain that you will*

—Sylvia Bremer

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# The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

*By James Saxon Childers*

**E**RNIE ROGERS writes a daily column for the *Atlanta Journal*. He has never written an ungenerous or envious line about anybody, so far as I know, and I'm the editor of that paper. Yet Ernie might easily envy others, as he watches them run and walk, because for some 50 years he has had to use crutches.

People in Atlanta call him "The Mayor of Peachtree Street" and they grin as they say it. Everybody knows Ernie, everybody greets him. As he swings along, peering out from under his ancient hat, he lifts his hand from a crutch to wave to friends. It takes Ernie a long time to walk from one corner to the next in Atlanta's most famous street, because people stop him and talk to him. Some of them have a joke to tell; some

have news for his column, others have a hard-luck story for a man who is willing to listen and is never in a hurry. Ernie is the most beloved man in Atlanta.

In 1899, when Ernie was two years old, he was stricken with polio and became paralyzed in both arms and both legs. His arms slowly recovered, but his right leg was permanently useless and his left wasn't much better. They put braces on him so heavy that he could hardly drag them. Finally they gave up and handed him his first pair of crutches.

Ernie spent hours in a little gymnasium that his father built in the garden. Ernie worked on the horizontal bar and the trapeze. If he couldn't walk on his feet he would learn to walk on his hands better than any boy in the neighbourhood. He practised



until he could walk round the garden and climb stairs on his hands. He developed powerful arms and shoulders.

One day a boy called Ernie "Crip." Ernie gave him a hiding, and soon the children began calling him "Red," an honourable nickname.

Later on, Ernie heard that the boys in his neighbourhood were planning to climb Stone Mountain, almost 1,000 feet high and solid granite. Ernie wasn't invited to go with them, but he went. On the climb up he wore the rubber tips off his crutches. Coming down, with only the metal ends to hold him, he slipped and sometimes fell; but no one offered help. Even youngsters finally recognized pride and fortitude.

More than all else, Ernie wanted to be like the other boys and to participate in all they did. The athletic teams were denied him, but he became the score-keeper for every game at his school. Then he was elected cheerleader and, in wild excitement about a winning touchdown, he jumped off a platform and broke his knee. But it was the knee of his lame leg and he didn't need it much and, disregarding the pain, on his crutches he led the parade after the victory. It was almost like being one of the team and getting injured in the game. He didn't seem so different from the others.

The big game of the season was

coming up and Ernie wanted to take a girl with him. Lately he had been eyeing a little brown-haired girl, the prettiest in his neighbourhood, and she agreed to go with him. On the day of the game, Ernie bought a flower and blacked his shoes. Just as he was ready to leave, the telephone rang; the brown-haired girl said she wasn't feeling well and couldn't go to the game. Later Ernie learned the truth. She didn't want to be seen at the game with a cripple.

Ernie cringed from the cut and he shut himself off even from the boys. A feeling of inadequacy, nurtured with self-pity, gave him a permanent sense of insecurity.

It was in this mood, bewildered and frustrated, that he entered Emory University and left home for the first time. He wandered about the University grounds, lonely and miserable, thinking only of himself and brooding with resentment at his handicap. He dragged through the first six weeks, debating whether he should give up and go home. Then in sudden defiance he determined to show who was the best man in the University. He would win all the honours.

He just about did. He was president of the student body and belonged to several student societies. He founded and edited the University newspaper. He was a member of the glee club. And he was elected to the honorary University society.

Yet something was lacking. He was the outstanding man in the

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University but somehow there was no contentment in it, and he turned elsewhere for happiness. He did a little drinking. Not much, just now and then.

Ernie had decided he wanted to be a journalist, so after graduation he got a job on a country paper. Three months later he moved up to the *Atlanta Journal*. The city editor said: "Don't expect any special consideration because you're on crutches." Ernie answered: "That's the way I want it."

Soon people began to know him—"that red-headed fellow on crutches"—and they gave him inside tips on news which enabled him to get the scoops and beat the competition.

Ernie was promoted, but he was increasingly sensitive and refused to think of people as friendly and kind, believing that they gave him news tips because of pity. He retreated even deeper into himself. More often he turned to drinking. This went on for years, and Ernie's friends wondered about the outcome.

In addition to his newspaper work Ernie took part in a radio programme. It was successful but there was nothing remarkable about it until, one Christmas in the early 1930's, he made a certain announcement. Nobody knows the cause of that announcement, but somehow a lame man had turned from self-pity and had begun thinking about other men—men who were lonely, or broke, ill, or lame.

Ernie announced the new programme as "The Unorganized Cheerful Givers," and invited people to contribute to the Christmas cheer of others. Thousands of dollars came in. Whenever there was a lag in the giving, Ernie told a story, sang a song, or made a plea, and more contributions poured in.

The programme continued for almost ten years. So many listeners asked to hear him more often that he was appointed a news reader. His time was 7.15 a.m., but even at that hour he built up an audience of millions of listeners. Ernie gave them more than the news; he talked as if he knew the longings of every man. Increasingly through his programme there sounded a note of victory. He talked of courage and self-respect.

Ernie Rogers had now put aside all thought of himself and of his handicap. There was no more bitterness or fear. There was a charming wife, a son, and all the people in the world, especially the lonely, the sick, the lame. The bottle stood on the shelf untouched—and has remained untouched ever since.

Perhaps Ernie's best remembered column was about Joe Kelley, a school teacher who was suddenly stricken with paralysis. Ernie visited him in the hospital. It was Christmastime and Ernie ended his column with the suggestion that everybody should send Joe Kelley a Christmas card. He added a post-script: "Joe is hard up, so you might

put in a dollar bill with your card." They brought the mail into Joe's room in baskets. People sent nearly \$4,000.

There have been many other men like Joe in Ernie's columns, men who were worried and found a kind word, men and women in trouble who received help.

Ernie writes at the *Journal* every morning. About 11 30 I hear the plop of his crutches coming along the hall as he brings me his copy. He is bald except for a thinning fringe of sandy red hair. His grin is his most prominent feature. Today he is a trifle paunchy and his love of good food is tracing a third chin, but there is nothing heavy about his movements as he swings across the room, pitches his copy on my desk and sits down. He lifts his right leg across his left knee and says, "What's the good news?"

The moment before I may have been bothered with a dozen responsibilities; but somehow this smiling fellow across the desk makes tension and worry seem foolish. Before I can think of any good news Ernie is telling me a lot of it. Some of it is fact and some just his fancy on the loose—usually one of his tall stories—but all of it is fun. It's never long, when Ernie is talking, before visitors start dropping in.

Ernie's columns are sprinkled with atrocious puns and verse, and stubborn support for lost causes. Yet he has a quick hand to jerk the cloak off the hypocrite. At the end of the

column Ernie always sends best wishes to the people whose birthday it is that day.

A group of Atlanta men were talking about this round the lunch table and somebody happened to say that Ernie Rogers deserved some birthday greetings himself. So they planned a little party. The news got about and people began asking if they could come. There was no organization behind the event—just hundreds of people who wanted to wish Ernie a happy birthday.

Nobody asked anybody for anything, but when the hotel heard whom the banquet was for they gave the hall for nothing and the dinner below cost. A printer provided the eight-page programme and menu at no charge. Atlanta musicians made up an orchestra and offered to play.

The charge was \$5 a head but people sent more than that, they said, "We must give Ernie a present." The plan at first was to buy him a watch. Then it grew, and they looked at the stack of cheques and said "Hell! We'll buy him a car."

George Biggers, president of the *Journal*, heard about it and said: "If you lack any money toward that car let me know, the paper will make up whatever you need."

The *Journal* didn't have to put in a penny. The people of Atlanta, The Unorganized Cheerful Givers for Ernie Rogers, bought him a sleek convertible. The dealer let them have it at cost price and added the swankiest trimmings he could get.

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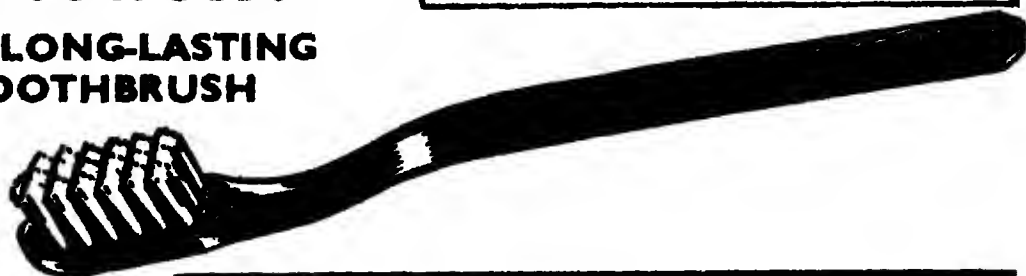


Every time you bite, poison from these pockets is driven by pressure into the blood stream and gradually

invades the whole body. Other parts become infected and health is undermined



Visit your Dentist at regular intervals



On the evening of Ernie's birthday his neighbours were surprised when the patrol wagon came clanging up to Ernie's home and the chief of police asked to see him.

The chief reached for his handcuffs. "Ernest Rogers, you're under arrest!"

Ernie said, "If you put those things on me I can't walk."

"I'll carry you," the chief said. He clamped on the cuffs, picked Ernie up and carried him to the wagon. Its siren at full pitch, the wagon headed for town, Ernie huddled in the back, yelling blue murder as he beat the walls with the handcuffs. As it turned into Peachtree Street the headlights of six motorcycles flashed on and a police escort opened the way towards the heart of town.

The cavalcade drew up in front of the Dinkler-Plaza Hotel and the chief opened the door of the wagon. Two burly policemen formed a pack-saddle and Ernie, handcuffed, his lame leg dangling, rode into the banquet hall where 400 men rose and yelled their greetings. Atlanta, that night, was trying to say to a man what that man had been saying to the city for so many years.

After the banquet was finished, one of Atlanta's best-known lawyers, in white wig and black robe, took his place on a judge's bench. The diners pushed back their chairs and yelled and booed as Ernie, now grinning and happy, was put in the prisoner's chair. The trial began,

and Ernie Rogers was charged with (1) impersonation, (2) creating disturbances, and (3) stealing.

As witnesses they called his father, one of his former high-school teachers, the president of Emory University, old radio associates, newspaper friends, bankers and bellhops. They went to the witness stand and testified against him.

He was found guilty, by unanimous verdict of the jury—which was all the people in the room—of "impersonating various individuals because you are so many wonderful people rolled up into one." Guilty of "creating disturbances because your friends like to crowd round wherever you happen to be." Guilty of "stealing the hearts of thousands of people."

They followed him to the front of the hotel where his wife waited in the new car, and they lined the pavements and blocked the street as they sang "Happy Birthday." They were still singing as Mrs. Rogers drove away, heading for home, a happy man beside her.

Ernie had walked far since that morning of the football game when the little girl had failed to turn up. He had left behind the years of bitterness and resentment when two crutches weren't enough and he had tried a third—alcohol. Ernie Rogers had walked away from all that. He had lightened his load by taking on the burdens of other men and had climbed to his high position of beloved Mayor of Peachtree Street.

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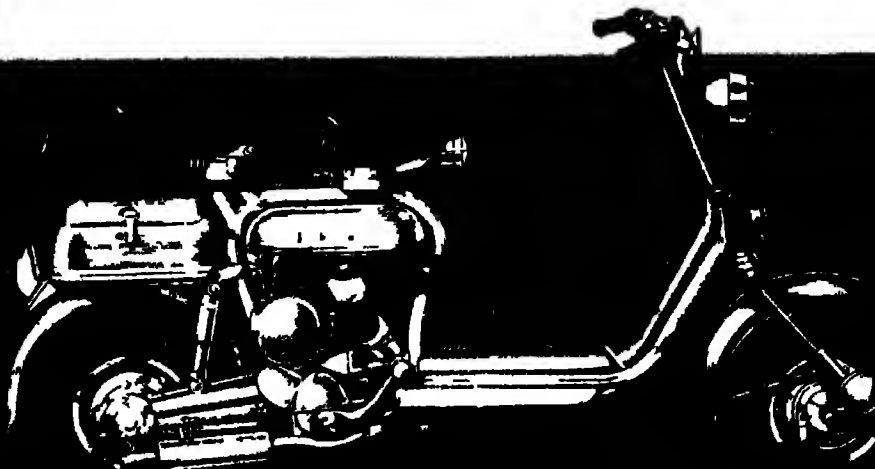
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# The Smog Brothers

## Los Angeles

By Ronald Schiller

ON A LOVELY sunlit morning last October, Martin Train and his wife Evelyn sat at breakfast in the patio of their San Fernando Valley home just outside Los Angeles, California, listening apprehensively to the radio. Finally it came, the same thing they had heard for five days in succession—"Smog Red."

Martin swore and his wife groaned as they began revising their plans for the day. Evelyn decided to put off her shopping until nightfall again. Martin phoned John Eggston, a neighbour. "Heard the report? Guess we'd better drive downtown together." Actually, the authorities had requested that four people should share each car during heavy smog periods to cut down the number of vehicles on the roads, but it was too difficult to arrange.

"What about the rubbish?" Evelyn asked her husband as he left the house. The "Smog Red" announcement meant that no refuse could be burned until the smog lifted. A pile had been accumulating beside the

*Here is a city that has outgrown its air supply—and finds itself in a situation far more critical than London's*

backyard incinerator all week. "Listen to the radio," said Martin. "Maybe they'll let us burn it tonight."

As the two men drove through Cahuenga Pass towards central Los Angeles, they could see the smog lying in wait for them in the valley below—a grey, woolly blanket that blotted out one of the world's most beautiful vistas. Soon came the acrid, slightly nauseating smell; then their eyes began watering. For the rest of the day, wherever they went—even in air-conditioned buildings—they and most of the other 5,250,000 residents of the Los Angeles basin kept their handkerchiefs handy, dabbing at the tears that started out of their eyes and down their cheeks, coughing to clear their irritated throats and lungs, and

hanging grimly on to their frayed tempers

Back home Evelyn watered the wilted flowers and brown-spotted hedges in the garden while she had the chance to be outdoors. By 10:30 the fumes had crept through the pass and were drifting towards her home. She picked up the baby, went into the house and closed all doors and windows to stay there until the smog dispersed in the late afternoon.

The word 'smog'—a contraction of "smoke" and "fog"—is a misnomer for Los Angeles. Fog is not a factor here; in fact, the worst smog appears on the clearest days. And the city itself is unusually free of coal smoke, since it relies on petroleum and natural gas for both domestic and industrial heat and power.

The atmospheric ingredients that create trouble for Los Angeles are present in every motorized city on earth. That Los Angeles suffers their effects is due to conditions of climate and topography, plus the fact that the city's population has grown so fast that it has outstripped its air supply.

The Los Angeles basin, 60 miles long by 25 miles wide, is hemmed in on three sides by mountains, and the steady pressure of cool air from the Pacific boxes it on the fourth side. Hot air from the Mojave Desert in Southern California, flowing westwards over the Sierra Nevada mountains, overrides the cool air, creating an upside-down atmosphere called

a "temperature inversion." The hot air, being light, stays up, and the heavier cool air stays down; there is no vertical circulation.

When the lid provided by this inversion drops below 1,500 feet, preventing the incoming air from escaping over the mountains, the valley becomes a gigantic, stagnant receptacle into which are poured the discharges from millions of chimneys: 15,000 industrial stacks, 1,500,000 domestic incinerators and 2,500,000 car and lorry exhausts.

Night time provides only temporary relief. Gentle offshore breezes waft the polluted air out to sea, but it drifts back next morning. Each new day adds more airborne waste, so that the longer the inversion exists, the worse the pollution becomes. The inversion occurs on some 250 days each year.

This situation is not new to Los Angeles. The first Spanish explorers, noting how smoke from Indian fires filled the basin, named it Bay of Smokes. But it was not until 1943 that the first eye-smarting, lung-irritating, plant-damaging 'mog' began to make itself felt in the city. This immediately imposed a scientific mystery. No one knew what caused it.

The once notoriously smoggy cities of St. Louis and Pittsburgh had cleansed their atmospheres by eliminating coal smoke—a fairly simple job—and the Los Angeles Air Pollution Control District, created by act of the California

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legislature in 1947, at first looked around for a similar easy solution. It decided that the culprit was sulphur fumes from the city's huge oil refineries. The oil companies installed six million dollars' worth of sulphur-recovery equipment and reduced the sulphur in the air to below 1940 levels. But the smog grew worse.

The mystery was finally solved in 1950 by Doctor A. J. Haagen Smit, a California Institute of Technology chemist, in a brilliant piece of scientific detective work. It had long been known that car tyres in southern California lasted only two thirds as long as tyres elsewhere. Cracks appeared in their sidewalls. The cause of this cracking, it was discovered, was ozone. Haagen Smit suspected that ozone might have something to do with smog, too.

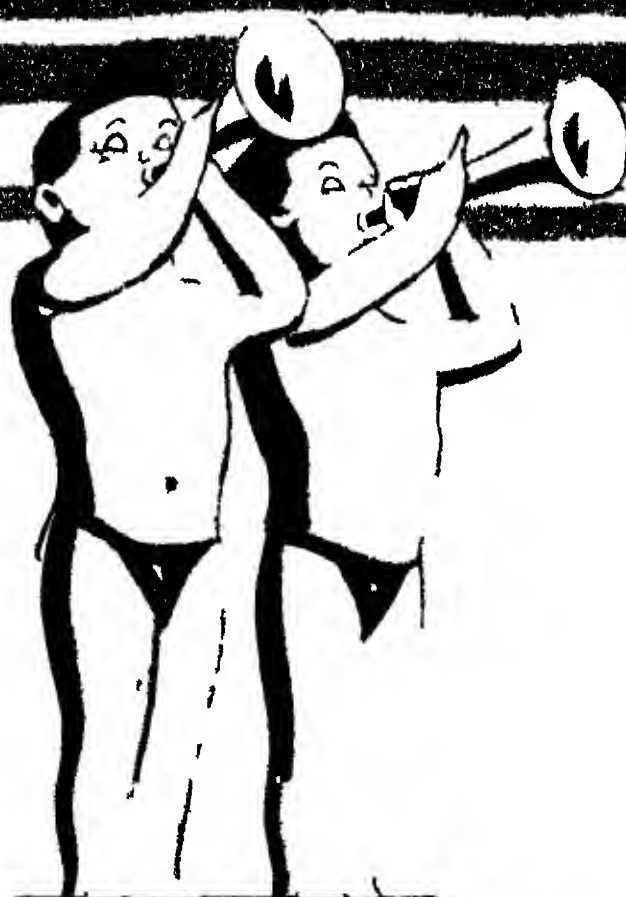
Ozone is a poisonous, unstable variety of oxygen. Haagen Smit knew that it could be created in a laboratory by subjecting air containing traces of hydrocarbons and nitrogen oxides to strong light. He decided that the ozone in the Los Angeles air was caused in part by the celebrated California sunshine working on the hydrocarbons which emanated from petrol fumes in the air.

Some of the fumes escape into the atmosphere from storage tanks at the oil refineries and service stations, but most of it comes from the exhausts of cars and lorries. Los Angeles' has more cars per capita

than any other city on earth—almost one for every two inhabitants (Seventeen hundred new cars appear on the streets and highways every week.) Since seven per cent of the fuel that passes through the average car engine escapes through the exhaust unburned, 400,000 gallons of petrol are being sprayed into the Los Angeles air every day!

Nitrogen oxides also are spewed into the air by car exhausts and industrial chimneys, as well as backyard incinerators. The method of refuse disposal in Los Angeles is mediæval. It is probably the only large city on earth which has no area-wide public waste collection system. In most communities of the basin, private operators collect only the wet garbage and cans and bottles, leaving the householder to burn his own rubbish, which accounts for over a third of the basin's smoke. On quiet evenings, with a million incinerators going at once, airline pilots say the residential valleys of the area look like open mouth volcanoes.

All the requirements for ozone were thus present in the Los Angeles atmosphere. But with what did it combine to become smog? How about the excess petrol that had not gone into making ozone? In his laboratory, Haagen Smit poured some petrol into a beaker, piped ozone over it—and instantly the room was filled with smog, the identical eye-irritating, throat-rasping, acrid smog that Angelenos had been breathing for years. "It was just



**GEMINI STUDIOS**

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luck. We hit the jackpot with our first coin," says Haagen-Smit modestly.

When the villain in the case was identified, the city took steps to come to grips with it. Now all day long, at smog monitoring stations throughout the Los Angeles area, technicians carefully watch their instruments, sending hourly reports to Air Pollution Control headquarters. From there, a summary is radioed to the offices of the mayor and county sheriff, to police patrol cars, broadcasting stations and newspapers that keep the people informed.

Lucked deep in the minds of Angelenos are memories of disasters in other places: Donora, Pennsylvania, where 20 people were killed and hundreds made ill after five smoggy days in 1948; London, where the deaths of 4,000 people were believed to have been hastened by seven days of smog in 1952.

The possibility of a similar disaster occurring in Los Angeles is officially judged "extremely remote" since the smog is quite unlike the fume of London, but authorities are taking no chance. When the ozone content of the atmosphere rises to five parts per ten million, or 0.5, on their instruments, they proclaim a First Alert. Barring of wastes is banned, industries producing abnormal amounts of air-polluting contaminants make preparations to shut down and the public is urged to stop all non-essential use of motor vehicles.

A Second Alert would be called if the concentration of ozone in the air were to reach 1.0, creating a health menace. All but essential vehicular traffic would be forbidden. Gas stations and the worst air-contaminating plants would close.

A Third (and final) Alert would be called if ozone content ever reached 1.5. The Governor of California would declare a state of emergency. Every chimney in the city, except those of essential power stations, hospitals and the like, would stop functioning, and none but emergency vehicles would be allowed to operate.

The situation in Los Angeles has not yet gone beyond First Alert. At the time of writing, 15 of these have been called since the system went into effect last June. The worst condition occurred on September 13 ("Black Tuesday"), after ten days of continuous smog, when ozone content reached 0.9.

No one knows for certain what lasting effect this smog may have on human health, although it is apparent that people with asthma, hay fever and respiratory diseases suffer particularly from it. The effect of smog on the lush crops of Los Angeles, once the richest agricultural county in the nation, is far easier to pin down. Leafy vegetables have been especially hard hit; they turn silvery and sometimes die. During one smoggy week, the value of agricultural products in the county fell by a quarter of a million dollars. All



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vegetation in the area is smaller, less luxuriant and vigorous than it used to be

What can be done about it?

Smog seems to have an irritating psychological, as well as physical effect, causing officials, citizens and private interests to berate one another. An initial mistake was made in putting the air pollution control apparatus in the hands of the Los Angeles County Board Supervisors where it became subject to patronage and political rivalries. City police have actually arrested uniformed county officials for speeding while they were in pursuit of a smoking diesel lorry. Volunteer citizen groups called "crusades" against smog, demanding action often without specifying what kind.

For a long time much effort was wasted in attempts to shift the blame. Consensus of scientific evidence now seems to indicate that 50 per cent of the air pollution is created by cars, 20 per cent by oil refineries, 10 per cent by other industries and 20 per cent by backyard incinerator and home heating units.

Despite the wrangling, considerable progress is now being made. Oil refineries have spent additional millions of dollars to install vapour recovery systems and put floating roofs on their storage tanks, thus reducing their petrol evaporation by two thirds.

Encouraging word comes from Detroit where car manufacturers

have already banded together to decrease the amount of unburned petrol that escapes through car exhausts. By 1958 they hope to have a solution, possibly automatic cut offs in carburetors which will stop the flow of fuel the instant the driver takes his foot off the accelerator, and an after burner in the exhaust which will consume unburned fuel that still manages to get through.

Despite these efforts, Los Angeles smog problem seems certain to get worse before it starts to get better since the area's population is expected to continue to rise rapidly. It will take bold civic planning and millions of dollars to clear the Los Angeles sky.

The Los Angeles dilemma is not unique in the world; it is merely the worst of its kind. Other communities on the western edges of continents like Lisbon, Perth (Australia) and Lima (Peru) are confronted with air pollution. Plant damage identical to that caused by Los Angeles type smog has been found in inland cities like Paris, Sao Paulo and Bogota. Some cities are taking preventive action before the smog develops like Toronto which sent a delegation to study Los Angeles and put some of its findings to work. Ultimately all cities must realize that air supply like water supply has limits and that they cannot go on for ever spewing more and more into their skies without very serious consequences to their citizens.

# MACARTHUR, THE MAN

*Personal glimpses of a great U.S. general—at ease and at war*

**By Major-General Courtney Whitney**

**D**URING the attack on Manus Island in the Admiralties, while reconnoitring the airfield in front of the U.S. line, General MacArthur narrowly escaped death from enemy snipers concealed in the high grass bordering one side of the field. Surrounded by men in camouflage battle dress and steel helmets, he wore a light trench coat and his gold-embroidered cap. A worried officer tried to steer him back towards the landing barge. "Excuse me, sir," he said, pointing to a spot of jungle 50 yards away, "but we killed a sniper in there only a few minutes ago."

"Fine," said MacArthur. "That's the best thing to do with them." And he continued his inspection tour.

[illegible]

Few people have been as close to General Douglas MacArthur as his aide and friend Major General Courtney Whitney, who joined MacArthur's staff in Australia early in the Second World War and stayed with him through the long island hopping campaign, the occupation of Japan and the first year of the war in Korea.

Before the Leyte landings, I entered MacArthur's cabin just as he was slipping an old-fashioned revolver into his pocket. "That, Court, belonged to my father," he said. "I take it merely to ensure that I am never captured alive."

After the landing Mac Arthur was working in his headquarters one day when an enemy plane came down low and strafed the area, sending two .50 calibre bullets through his open window and into the wall over his desk. A staff officer rushed in and found him working unperturbably at the desk. "Thank God, General!" the officer said. "I thought you were killed."

Mac Arthur did not even glance at the holes in the wall, inches above his head. "Not yet," he replied simply. "I thank you for coming in."

A few weeks after the liberation of Luzon, MacArthur was on hand when his troops closed on Balikpapan on the east coast of Borneo. About half a mile inland we climbed

a hill overlooking the countryside around the town. As an Australian officer and MacArthur studied a map, an enemy machine gun suddenly opened fire. Bullets whined about us, spurts of dust were kicked into the air.

Finally MacArthur folded the map carefully and handed it to the Australian. Pointing to another hill nearby, he said, "Let's go over there and see what's going on." As we went down the hill, with bullets still slicing the leaves above us, I overheard MacArthur say, "By the way, I think it would be a good idea to have a patrol take out that machine gun before someone gets hurt."

BEFORE the Philippine invasion, a 20-year-old corporal who had been ordered to establish an advance weather station sent a dispatch addressed, as all such messages were, to MacArthur. The message, reflecting the corporal's impatience with the countless frustrations under which he had to work, read: "If this weather information is as important as I think it is and you say it is, then it deserves proper handling. . . . No contact all day August 4, no contact this morning. . . . I volunteered to do a job and am doing it. Let us have some co-operation. Where the hell is station KAZ? Those operators must be rookies. . . . Signed: Corporal William Becker III."

I could not resist passing this spirited message on to MacArthur,

nor could he resist personally answering it. I can imagine the surprise of that corporal, who probably thought his dispatch would get no further than another non-commissioned officer, when he received this answer:

"I am in receipt of your message complaining that contact by KAZ with your station was not established on the 4th or 5th, and the matter is under investigation by the Chief Signal Officer. I understand the difficulties of your position, and everything possible will be done to ensure prompt reception of your reports, which are of great value, but desire that in the future presentation of such matters you endeavour to exercise the patience and disciplined restraint expected of us as soldiers and without which duty cannot be well done."

THE JOINT Chiefs of Staff in the Pentagon, Washington, received MacArthur's proposal for the Inchon landing with a marked lack of enthusiasm. When he pleaded for his plan, General J. Lawton Collins, U.S. Army Chief of Staff, and Admiral Forrest Sherman, Chief of Naval Operations, came to Tokyo to discuss the project with him. It was evident immediately upon their arrival that the purpose of their trip was to dissuade MacArthur from Inchon. Thus, on August 23, 1950, occurred the most important strategy debate in the Korean War.

The Navy presented its case first.



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A Naval briefing staff argued that when Inchon's huge tides were at full ebb the mudbanks there were out of water in some places as far as two miles from the shore, and within two hours after high tide most of the assault craft would be wallowing in the mudbanks—sitting ducks for Communist shore batteries until the next tide came in. Admiral Sherman concluded the Navy's case by saying, "If every possible geographical and naval handicap were listed, Inchon has 'em all."

MacArthur puffed on his pipe, saying nothing.

General Collins then spoke. He said that Inchon was too far in the rear of the present battle area to have the necessary immediate effect upon the enemy. Furthermore, MacArthur might well run into overwhelming enemy forces in the area of Seoul and suffer complete defeat. His alternate proposal was to abandon the Inchon landing and aim for the port of Kunsan, much further south, which presented few of Inchon's physical obstacles. Sherman seconded Collins in urging MacArthur to give up Inchon in favour of the safer plan of landing at Kunsan.

For a moment MacArthur remained silent. The rising tension in the room where we sat could literally be felt. Then he began to speak in a casual, conversational tone.

The enemy, he was convinced, had failed to prepare properly for

Inchon's defence. "The very arguments you make as to the impracticabilities involved will tend to ensure for me the element of surprise," he said, "for the enemy commander will reason that no one would be so rash as to make such an attempt." The Navy's objections as to tides and physical handicaps were substantial, he agreed, but not insuperable.

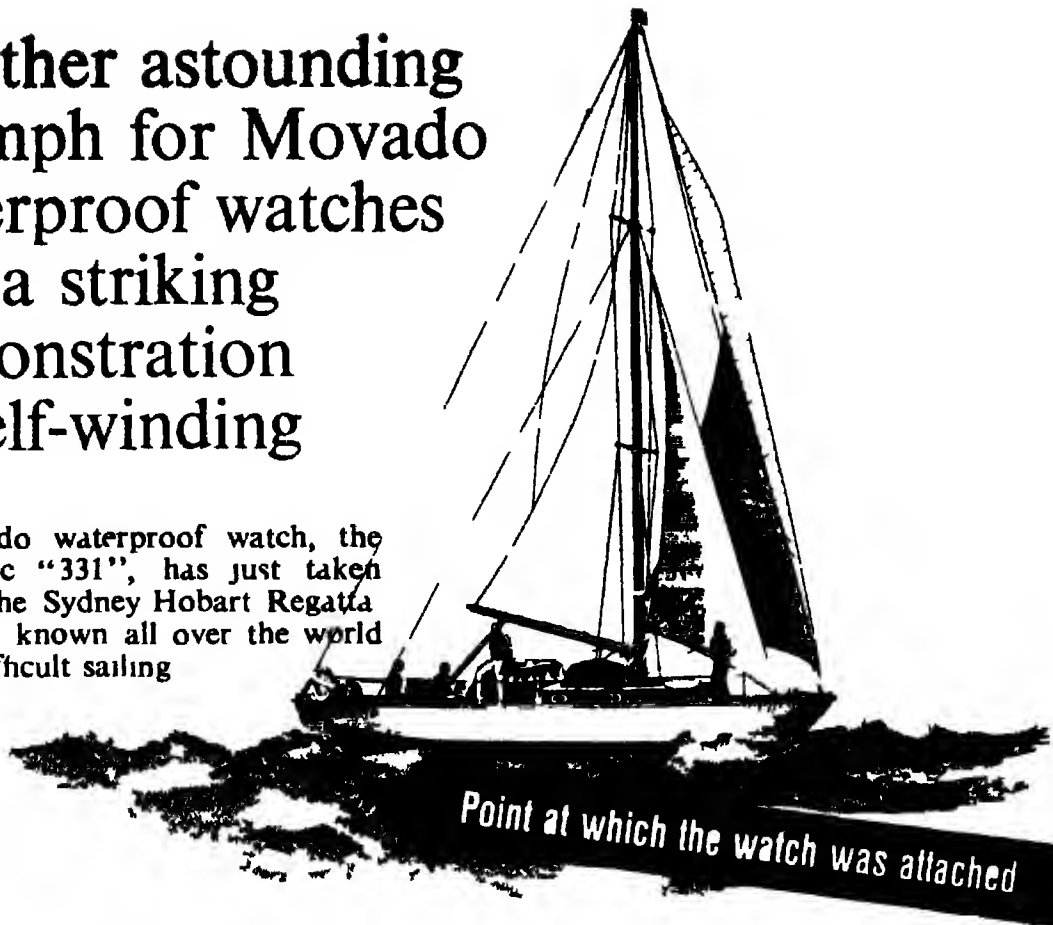
He said a landing at Kunsan would indeed eliminate many of the hazards of Inchon, but it would be largely ineffective. "It would not sever the enemy's supply lines or distribution centre and would therefore serve little purpose." But, MacArthur said, stabbing the air with his pipe, seizure of Inchon and Seoul would cut the enemy's supply line and seal off the entire southern half of the peninsula. Without munitions and food the enemy would be helpless and could easily be overpowered by the smaller but well-supplied forces of the United Nations.

His voice was low as he said. "The only alternative to a stroke such as I propose would be the continuation of the savage sacrifice we are making at Pusan, with no hope of relief in sight. Are you content to let our troops stay in that bloody perimeter like beef cattle in the slaughterhouse? Who would take the responsibility for such a tragedy? Certainly I will not."

Abruptly he switched to a global level. "The prestige of the western

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world hangs in the balance. Oriental millions are watching the outcome. It is apparent that here in Asia is where the Communist conspirators have elected to make their bid for global conquest. If we lose the war to Communism in Asia, the fate of Europe will be gravely jeopardized. Win it, and Europe will probably be saved from war and stay free. Make the wrong decision here—the fatal decision of inertia—and we shall be done.” But Inchon would not fail, he reiterated—it would succeed. His voice was a harsh whisper as he concluded, “And it will save 100,000 lives.”

Nothing more was said. Neither Collins nor Sherman made a definite commitment at the time, but on August 29, after their return to Washington, MacArthur received a wire from the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff: “We concur—in a turning movement by amphibious forces at Inchon.”

The first wave of Marines landed and secured a beachhead at Inchon without a fatality. By the next morning Inchon was captured. The enemy's resistance collapsed within four days. Caught between our two forces, the Communists broke into a rout. The total of enemy prisoners was 130,000.

Tank infantry forces raced 105 miles north in three days and joined forces with our Inchon invaders. In three months MacArthur had turned defeat into victory and virtually retaken South Korea. The gamble of

Inchon—and the military war in Korea—was won.

With his staff MacArthur maintained an easy *camaraderie*. At his permanent Australian headquarters in Brisbane there were no periodic conferences when he wanted to discuss something with a member of his staff; he sent for him. Or he would wander into the other's office muttering, “Say, what would you think if . . .” and start pacing up and down.

MacArthur used the phone only in emergencies, principally when he had to talk to his chief of staff from his home. He never had a phone on his office desk. He had no private secretary; any one of the secretarial pool typed his letters and directives. He did not come to the office until 10 a.m., but this fact was deceptive. He had been up since 7, and before he left his quarters he had carefully studied every news item, every report from the front, every dispatch from other theatres and every important cable from Washington. When he arrived at his office he expected the morning's staff work to be well under way and all papers that required his attention to be ready for him on his desk.

As Supreme Allied Commander in Tokyo, MacArthur settled into the routine that he had worked out to fit the pace of his seven-day week. Never was there a special spot on his desk for business which could be delayed. When he left his office,

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usually by 8 or 9 p m. but often later, all the occupation problems up to that hour had been decided. The rule applied at week-ends and on holidays just as it did on any other day. I recall one Sunday evening, after we had been working for hours on a complicated problem, when MacArthur asked me the time.

"It's 10 30, sir," I said.

He rose, stretched and said with a smile, "What do you say we take the rest of the week-end off?"

MACARTHUR tempered his impressiveness as Supreme Allied Commander with a direct simplicity in his dealings with the Japanese. For example, on the day after he had established his headquarters in the Dai Ichi Building he was about to enter the lift to go to his sixth floor office when a Japanese deferentially bowed himself out. MacArthur insisted that he return to the lift.

The incident was so inconsequential that nothing was thought of it by those of us who saw it at the time, but a week later MacArthur's mail contained a letter which read: "I am the humble Japanese carpenter who last week you not only permitted but insisted go with you in the same lift. I have reflected on this act of courtesy and I realize that no Japanese general would have done as you did." The story of this incident went the rounds of Japan, and became the subject matter for a Japanese artist. Such incidents contributed materially to the relationship that

later developed between MacArthur and the Japanese people.

IN THE 1946 elections in Japan, 39 women were sent to the House of Representatives. Shortly afterwards a dignified but obviously distraught legislative leader appeared in MacArthur's office. Attired in morning coat and striped trousers, the caller launched immediately into the subject that was troubling him.

"I regret to say that something terrible has happened, Your Excellency," he said. "A prostitute has been elected to the House of Representatives!"

MacArthur did not bat an eye, but asked: "How many votes did she receive?"

The Japanese legislator sighed. "Two hundred and fifty six thousand," he said.

MacArthur's eyes twinkled but he managed to avoid smiling as he said solemnly: "Then I should say there must have been more involved than her physical charms or her dubious occupation. That Mr Minister was democracy in action."

RIGHT FROM the start the Russians in Japan found that the buster which seemed to be working throughout the capitals of the West was wasted in Tokyo. Early in the occupation, for instance, Colonel-General S. A. Golunsky, chief Soviet representative on the prosecuting staff of the war-crime trials, was irate over being picked up by U.S.



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military police for trying to leave Tokyo without a permit. He demanded an immediate and written apology from MacArthur.

Advised of his demand, MacArthur replied: "Tell General Golunsky that we have enacted rules and regulations applying to all personnel of the Allied forces, from privates to general officers. They are enforced without partiality. Representatives of the Soviet Union will be treated exactly like anyone else. Tell him," MacArthur added with finality, "there will be no apology, oral or written."

When the message was repeated to Golunsky exactly, he broke into a wide smile and exclaimed: "What a man! He is surely a real leader." It was a striking lesson that the Soviets respected power and firmness.

ON APRIL 11, 1951, MacArthur finished a routine morning at his office in Tokyo and returned to his quarters in the Embassy for lunch. There were two guests. The meal was proceeding quietly when Mrs.

MacArthur looked up to see the anguished face of Colonel Sidney Huff, a member of MacArthur's staff, just outside the doorway. She excused herself and left the room. There were tears in Huff's eyes as he told her the news he had just heard over the radio: MacArthur was abruptly removed from command, with no reason given but a doubt that he would be able to "support the policies of the U.S. Administration."

The general was laughing at a remark made by one of the guests when Mrs. MacArthur re-entered the room and touched his shoulder. He turned and she bent down and spoke to him in a voice so low that it could not be heard across the table.

MacArthur's face froze; not a flicker of emotion crossed it. For a moment, while his luncheon guests puzzled over what had happened, he was stonily silent. Then he looked up at his wife, who still stood with her hand on his shoulder.

In a gentle voice he said, "Jeanie, we're going home at last."



### *Deft Definitions*

*Appetizers:* Those little bits you eat until you lose your appetite.

—Walden, *Citizen Herald*

*Doctor:* The only man who hasn't a guaranteed cure for a cold.

—Evan Esar, *The Register and Tribune Syndicate*

*Alimony:* A splitting headache.

—*Electricity on the Farm*

*Child psychology:* What children manage parents with.

—Mrs. Richard Fisher in West Branch, Iowa, *Times*

*Wolf:* A man with a lot of pet theories.

—Roger Williams, quoted by Earl Wilson

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# LIFE'S LIKE THAT

MY FRIEND Gordon, a British university student on a visit to the United States, nearly got run over in San Francisco by a gentleman driving a Cadillac. Although my friend was at fault, the driver stopped and apologized and, on top of that, invited Gordon to have lunch with him at his club. Gordon was delighted, but he was puzzled by the man's actions when they got to the club. The Cadillac man steered him straight into the writing room, sat him down at a desk and saw that he had pen and paper.

"Now, my boy," he demanded, "how long has it been since you wrote home to your parents in England?"

"Well, I've only had time to send them a couple of postcards," Gordon said apologetically.

"I'll be back in half an hour to take you to lunch," his host told him. "In the meantime, you write them a nice long letter—it's my cover charge to all the foreign students I've brought here."

The letter Gordon's parents received a few days later was the best they had ever had.

IRIS SHEAR

DURING the floods which swept through eastern Pennsylvania last autumn, crews worked round the clock evacuating people to higher ground. As one man helped a little

old lady out of her threatened home, he asked her if there was anything she wanted to take with her. She turned round and gave her precious antiques and bric-a-brac one last look. Then she said briskly, "Let's take the 30 jars of peach preserves I made yesterday—people in the emergency shelter might enjoy some dessert."

—CYNTHIA ROSENBLATT

WHEN I handed my son a box of cigarettes, he informed me that he had stopped smoking, but insisted on taking the cigarettes anyway. I noticed that he put the box on his dressing table in full view; I feared that such temptation would not help the cause.

About two weeks later he returned the full box to me. "Thanks, Mother," he said. "Now you can give this away—I don't need it any more."

The lid was almost detached as a result of being opened and closed so often. Inside I found a crumpled piece of paper on which was written, "Go ahead and take one — WEAKLING!"

—ALYS BRENNAN

SINCE HER birthday is in March and she had celebrated it with a party, I wondered what the occasion was when the 12-year-old daughter of my

new neighbours gave an even bigger party in April. Afterwards she came over to show me her new bicycle. I asked her if she had had another birthday celebration.

"Oh, no," she said. "It's much more important than that—it's my anniversary!"

Then she explained that she had been adopted by her parents a month after her first birthday. This celebration was the biggest family event of the year.

"Mother and Dad say that anybody can have a birthday," she added proudly, "but only an adopted child can have an anniversary."

—HAZEL CRAMER

SHORTLY after my husband and I moved to Washington, I planned to treat our new friends to a Mexican-style dinner, a type of cuisine at which I excelled. But I was thwarted by not being able to find a shop or restaurant that sold *tortillas*, the cornmeal pancakes so basic to a Latin-American meal.

Then I had an inspiration—surely the Mexican Embassy could advise me. To my horror, I found myself talking on the phone to the Mexican Ambassador himself. He was most sympathetic and suggested that I look in at the Embassy the next day; he would have three dozen for me.

After the party, which was a great

success, I phoned the Ambassador again to thank him and to find out the source of those especially good *tortillas*.

"One cannot buy *tortillas* here," he explained. "My wife made those for you—good international relations, you know."

—MARGARET MAGNESS

MARRIED FOR 12 years, a couple I know suddenly found themselves on the verge of divorce, after bickering over petty differences. Of course, both of them wanted the custody of their three lovely children.

After hearing the case, the judge issued a Solomon-like pronouncement. "You both love the children," he said. "But how can I divide them evenly between you when you have three? I have a suggestion. Go home and have another child—then come back and I'll see what I can do for you."

A year later the judge was called upon to be godfather to the fourth child—by a happily reunited couple.

—FRED PORJES

*Typewritten contributions may be addressed to "Life's Like That" Editor, The Reader's Digest, 25 Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Payment will be at the usual rates. Rejected contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.*

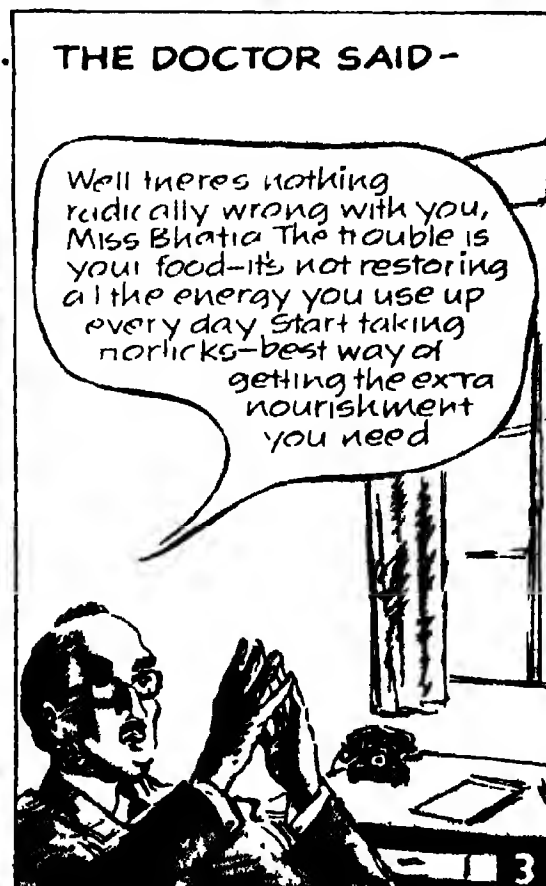


### *Theory of Relativity*

A WISE MOTHER was asked if she had as yet made the long trip necessary to visit her son and his new wife. "No, I've been waiting until they have that first baby," she replied. "You see, I have a theory that grandmas are more welcome than mothers-in-law."

—The Wall Street Journal

# EPIDEMIC CONTROLLED



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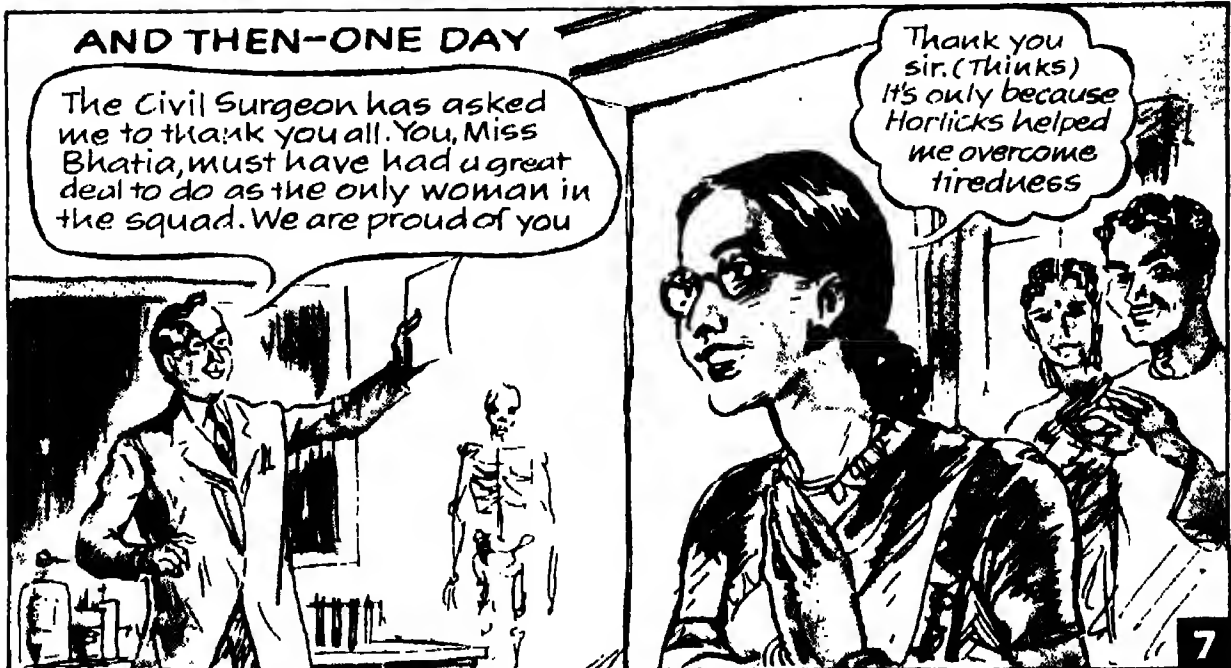


For two weeks Miss Bhatia along with the others works tirelessly until the epidemic is controlled



**AND THEN—ONE DAY**

The Civil Surgeon has asked me to thank you all. You, Miss Bhatia, must have had a great deal to do as the only woman in the squad. We are proud of you



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A great American's first step up from slavery

## *The Washed Window*

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

ONCE, SOME 40 years ago, a great American educator who chanced to pass through Vermont asked to be shown a house on the outskirts of Arlington. When he stood in front of the low old building he took off his hat and bowed his grey head in silence. "For me it is a shrine," he explained.

This is the story behind that visit.

~~~~~

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER is a member of the U.S. National Institute of Arts and Letters and has been publishing books regularly since 1914. Her short stories are contained in numerous anthologies.

It goes back to the heart-shaking years of the American Civil War, which left in the South thousands of newly emancipated Negroes, free, but ignorant not only of their letters but of the simplest ways of civilized life. Many of the first schools for Negroes were staffed by northern girls, and among these was young Viola Knapp, the school-teacher daughter of Silas Knapp, the cabinetmaker who built and lived in that small house. To the accompaniment of great anxiety from her Arlington family, she made



the difficult trip down South to one of the newly established schools for illiterate Negroes.

When she arrived at the rough, improvised little school, Viola Knapp found that she was regarded as a social outcast by all the white people in the town. No one spoke to her, no one even looked at her. She had great difficulty in finding anywhere to live, and finally moved into a tumble-down two-roomed abandoned frame house.

One would have thought that a young woman in her 20's, away from home for the first time, would have suffered a good deal from this. But she was from Vermont, and wasn't too much cast down by disapproval if she herself felt sure she was doing the right thing.

But evidently what most helped her was her liking for another person who was being ostracized in the same way. This was young Lieutenant Ruffner, of the U.S. Army, stationed there to care for the federal military cemetery. The acquaintance soon became an engagement, and after a while they were married. It turned out a happy, lifelong partnership.

The young lieutenant became a general, and our Vermont Viola had a much more colourful and wide-horizoned life than she would have had if she had not gone crusading.

The story I'm setting down here is very much as I heard it from the lips of the distinguished American

educator, who as a boy had been a student of Viola Knapp Ruffner.

I NEVER knew exactly how old I was when I first saw Mrs. Ruffner, but from what I have been able to learn, I was born, a slave, on a Virginia plantation about 1858. My home had been a log cabin with a mud floor about 14 by 16 feet. We slept on piles of filthy rags. Until I was quite a big youth I wore only one garment, a shirt made of rough refuse flax.

We slaves ate maize bread and pork, because that could be grown on the plantation without cash expense. I had never seen anything except the slave quarters on the plantation where I was born, with a few glimpses of the "big house" where our white owners lived. I cannot remember ever, during my childhood and youth, one single time when our family sat down together at a table to eat a meal as human families do. We ate as animals do, whenever and wherever an edible morsel was found.

After the Civil War, when we were no longer slaves, my family moved to a settlement near a salt mine, where, although I was still only a child, I was employed—often beginning my day's work at four in the morning. We lived in even more dreadful squalor there, for our poor rickety cabin was in a crowded slum, foul with unspeakable dirt—literal and moral. As soon as I grew a little older and stronger, I was shifted

from the salt mine to a coal mine. Both mines were owned by General Lewis Ruffner.

By that time I had learned my letters and could, after a fashion, read; mostly I taught myself, with some irregular hours spent in a Negro night school. And I heard two pieces of news which were like very distant glimmers in the blackness of the coal mine. One was about a school for coloured students—Hampton Institute, it was—where they could learn more than their letters. The other was that the wife of General Ruffner was from Vermont, that before her marriage she had been a teacher in one of the first Southern schools for Negroes and that she took an interest in the education of the coloured people who worked for her.

I also heard that she was so strict that nobody could suit her, and that the coloured boys who entered her service were so afraid of her and found her so impossible to please that they never stayed long. But the pay was five dollars a month and keep. And then there was the chance that she might be willing to let me go on learning. I got up my courage to try.

Even though I was a great, lumbering coal-mining boy, I was trembling when I went to ask for that work. The Ruffners had just moved into an old house that had been empty for some time and their furniture was not unpacked, the out-buildings not repaired. Mrs. Ruffner was writing at an improvised desk

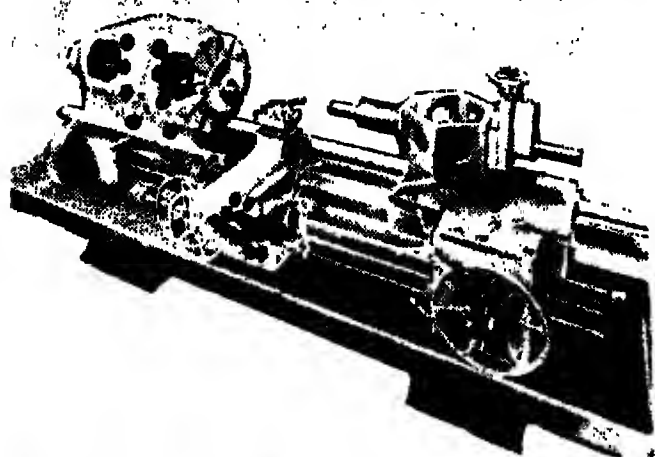
which was a plank laid across two kegs.

I falteringly told her I had come to ask for work. She turned in her chair and looked at me silently. Nobody had ever looked at me like that, as if she wanted to see what kind of person I was. She had clear, steady grey eyes, I remember. Then she said "You can try. You might as well begin by cleaning the woodshed."

The woodshed was dark and cluttered with all kinds of dirty things; a sour smell came up from them. Mrs. Ruffner brought out a dustpan and a broom, put a shovel in my hand and said, "Now go ahead. Put the rubbish you clean out on that pile in the yard and we'll burn it up later. Anything that won't burn, like broken glass, put into that barrel." Then she left me.

You must remember that I had never cleaned a room in my life. I had never seen a clean room. But I was used to doing as I was told and dead set on managing to learn more. So I began taking out things which anybody could see were rubbish, like mildewed rags, which fell apart the minute I touched them. In one corner was the carcass of a long-dead dog, which I carried out to the pile of rubbish in the side yard. Glass was everywhere, broken whisky bottles, bits of crockery. These I swept with the broom and, picking up my sweepings in my hands (I had no idea what a dustpan was for), carried them outside.

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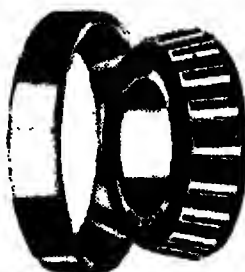
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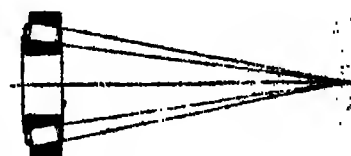
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The shed looked to me so much better that I went in to find Mrs. Ruffner. She was still writing. I told her, "I cleaned it." Pushing back her chair, she went out to the woodshed with me.

She made no comment when she first opened the door and looked around her. Then she remarked quietly, "There's still some things to attend to. Those pieces of wood over there you might pile up against the wall in the corner. They would do to burn. Be sure to clean the floor well before you start piling the wood on it. And here's another pile of rotten rags, you see. And that tangle behind the door. You'd better pull it all apart and see what's there. Throw away the rubbish that's mixed with it." She turned to go, saying, "Just keep on till you've got it finished and then come and tell me."

She didn't speak kindly. She didn't speak unkindly. I looked at the woodshed with new eyes and saw that I'd only made a beginning. And to my astonishment I saw I was perspiring.

The work wasn't hard for me, you understand. It was like little boy's play compared to the backbreaking labour I had always done. What made me sweat was the work I had to do with my mind. Always before, when somebody had given me a piece of work to do he had stood there to do all the thinking for me.

I was determined to do it right this time. Now that I was really

thinking about what I was doing, I was amazed how much more there was to do than I had seen.

I stooped to pull apart the mud-coloured tangle heaped up behind the door. As I stirred it, a snake crawled out and wriggled towards the door. A big fellow. I wasn't surprised. I was used to snakes. I dropped a stone on his head and carried his long, black body out to the rubbish pile.

Now I had come to a corner where chickens had evidently roosted; everything was covered with their droppings. I thought nothing of handling them, nor of taking up the body of one chicken I found lying dead in the midst of the rubbish. More rotted rags, a stained, torn pair of trousers, too far gone even for me to wear. Some pieces of wood fit for fuel. Everything had first to be pulled loose from the things it was mixed up with, and I had to think what to do with it. No wonder that the sweat ran down my face so that, to see, I had to wipe my eyes with the back of my hands.

Finally, the last of the refuse was cleared away and the filth which had dropped from it to the floor as I worked was swept together and carried out to the rubbish pile. I went in to get Mrs. Ruffner. "I got it done," I told her.

Laying down her pen, she came again to see. I felt nervous as, silent and attentive, she ran those clear eyes of hers over what I had been doing. But I wasn't prepared to

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Look for the rib:

have her say again, "That's better, but there's a great deal still to do. You haven't touched the cobwebs."

I looked up at them; my lower jaw dropped. Sure enough, they hung in long, black festoons. I had not once lifted my head to see them. "And how about washing the window? Get a pail of water for that. Here are some clean rags. You'll have to go over it several times."

She went back into the house and I stood shaken by more new ideas than I could tell you about. I hadn't even noticed there was a window, it was so thick with dust and cobwebs. I had never had anything to do with a glass window. In the dark cabins I had lived in, the windows were just holes cut in the walls.

I set to work once more, the sweat running down my face. Suppose she wouldn't even let me try to do her work. I could never get into Hampton. What if I just never could get the hang of her ways? I began again to clean that woodshed! Once in a while I stopped stock-still to *look* at it, as I had never looked at anything before, trying really to see it. I don't know that I ever in my life afterwards cared about doing anything right as much as getting that little old woodshed clean.

When I came to what I thought was the end, I looked up at the slanting roof; the rafters were not only cleared of cobwebs but bare of dust. The floor was swept clean: not a chip, not a thread, not a glint of broken glass on it. Piles of firewood

against the walls. And the window! I had washed that window five times! How it sparkled. How the strong sunshine poured through it. The woodshed was a room. To me it looked like a parlour. I was proud of it. I had never been proud of anything I had done until then.

Then for the third time I went to call Mrs. Ruffner to inspect. Big boy as I was, twice her size, my hands were shaking, my lips twitching. I felt sick. Had I done it right this time? Could I ever do anything right?

I watched her face as she passed my work in review, looking carefully up, down and around. Then she turned to me and, looking straight into my eyes, she nodded and said, "Now it's clean. Nobody could have done it any better."

She had opened the door through which I took my first step towards civilized living.

THE DISTINGUISHED American who told me that story was Booker T. Washington.*

*BOOKER T. WASHINGTON earned world fame as the first great negro educator. He himself received no schooling until the age of 17; yet before he died in 1915 he had turned a rotting shanty schoolroom, where 40 ragged urchins learnt to read, at Tuskegee, Alabama, into a great negro college giving full instruction in 38 trades and professions. His autobiography, *Up From Slavery*, has become a classic in English literature and is included in the World's Classics series published by the Oxford University Press.



From "The Hay Wain" by John Constable. By permission of the Trustees of the National Gallery, London

Constable—Painter of England

By Malcolm Vaughan

TRIOUMPH WAS on its way but no sign of it had yet reached him. His wife was suffering from tuberculosis; his eldest boy was at death's door; he himself was ill from worry over expenses. He was now 48; for 25 years he had been struggling to gain recognition.

Gazing round his studio at stacks of pictures he had painted, he de-

The story of "the greatest pictures ever painted in England"

cided to sacrifice his great six-foot masterpiece to the French dealer who had offered £70 for it. That was early in 1824. Later that year, when the dealer exhibited the picture at the Paris Salon with two others by

the same artist, it became famous overnight. In fact, the pictures made art history; for the artist was John Constable, pioneer English painter of nature, and his six-foot masterpiece was that Arcadian mirror of summertime England, "The Hay Wain."

John Constable was born in 1776, brought up in East Bergholt, Suffolk. Tall, strong, with fresh complexion and fine dark eyes, he was working in his father's grist mill business when he made up his mind to study art. Spurning the elegant art fashions of his times, he painted what attracted him most—the everyday fields and woods that lay round about the village.

But fields and woods were something more to him than just attractive. He felt that nature revealed God. Out for a walk one spring day, he said: "At every step I take, that sublime expression of the Scriptures, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' seems as if uttered near me."

Artified scenery, painted indoors and giving only an impersonal representation of nature, had been the principal aim of landscape artists until then. Constable brought out the realities of what he saw. In his pictures you can recognize what crops are growing, identify even the different grasses. But for a long while it was thought that since his painting looked like nature it must be a low form of art!

He tried to make others see that nature could be artistic—to no avail.

Arguing the issue with one of the aristocratic connoisseurs of the day, who insisted that the prevailing tone of outdoor paintings should be the dark brown of an antique violin, Constable carried an old fiddle from the house and laid it on the green lawn. His lordship turned up his nose and walked away.

Again, when a fellow-artist scorned Constable for painting trees leaf by leaf, with single dabs of paint, Constable walked the man up to a tree and showed him that leaves *do* grow one by one. The fellow-artist preferred convention to his own eyesight.

Constable painted for 14 years before he sold a picture professionally. He would have starved to death but for the £100 a year his father gave him. To marry the woman he loved he had to wait five years because her grandfather threatened to disown her if she married a man who couldn't support her.

Constable's pictures were ignored year after year at the Royal Academy. It was years before he was elected A.R.A. and ten years before he became a fully fledged Royal Academician. By that time he was 53; his mother, father, wife and her scornful grandfather, all were dead, and there was almost no one left with whom he could celebrate this honour that justified his life.

Constable might have gone to his grave unknown had not the French art dealer exhibited those pictures,



Every mother knows

— how vital it is to choose a correct and reliable food for Baby. SO MUCH DEPENDS ON IT, HEALTH AND HAPPINESS in childhood — success at school — success in after life — all these are founded on a sound constitution. There is no better basis on which the Mother can build her child for life than . . .



COW & GATE MILK FOOD

The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES

bargain-priced, at the Paris Salon of 1824. Constable became the shining star of the show. French artists stood before the pictures goggle-eyed. A visiting Londoner saw one astonished Frenchman pull another by the arm and say: "Look at these landscapes by an Englishman. The ground appears covered with dew!"

The King of France was so impressed that he decreed Constable a gold medal. The government then proposed to buy "The Hay Wain" for the national art museum of France. The dealer demurred, and sold it instead to a private collector for £400.

Despite this foreign acclaim, English art critics continued to hold Constable in slight esteem. He lived out his days in modesty and quiet, devoted to observations of nature.

These were so accurate that his pictures never show even a speck of light at variance with the rest of the light, nor is even the tiniest cloud at odds with the rest of the weather in the picture. Absorbed in observation, he remained so still that once at the day's end he put his hand in his pocket and found a field mouse there, sound asleep.

John Constable couldn't have imagined the triumph that has since immortalized his name. He couldn't possibly foresee that he was a forerunner of the glorious Barbizon school of nature painters and, through them, of that later galaxy, the impressionists. A leading authority today, Sir Kenneth Clark, says Constable achieved perhaps "the greatest pictures ever painted in England."

The Grand Gesture

DURING THE grand old days of opera in Brazil, it was the charming custom of the town gallants to loose white doves, gaily beribboned and bearing poems, to encircle the *diva* as she swept low in her final curtsy.

THE "DURANDE WEDDING" has come down in history as one of the most magnificent social events of the old American South. Charles Durande, a wealthy Louisiana plantation owner, determined to give his two daughters the most spectacular wedding in the history of the state. From China he ordered a shipload of spiders, which were released in the mile-long avenue of great pine trees leading up to the white-columned house; and as the day for the double wedding drew near, the trees were webbed with thousands of yards of filmy lace. Couriers brought from California hundreds of pounds of silver and gold dust; and servants with hand-operated bellows sprayed the glittering metal over the webs.

More than 2,000 guests marched beneath this glittering fairy canopy to an altar erected in front of the mansion.



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“There is hardly any experience, no matter how unpleasant,
that can't be turned to profit”

All Dressed Up and Nowhere to Go

By Bruce Barton

RADUATING a few weeks short of the age of 21--the youngest man in my year at the university--I was president of the Senior Society, elected to Phi Beta Kappa and voted by my fellow-undergraduates “the man most likely to succeed.” My father (a clergyman, father of five) and I scraped together enough to enable Mother to come to see me graduate. It was in 1907, a year of short but acute economic depression. Some of my fellow-graduates, sons of business fathers, had jobs waiting for them. I had none.

I remember taking Mother to the student clubhouse, thinking that some successful graduate there would say “Here's a tall, strong-looking young chap. He has a good

~~~~~

BRUCE BARTON has lived up to the expectations of his fellow students who voted him “the man most likely to succeed.” The advertising agency of which he is a partner is one of the largest in the world. He served in the U.S. Congress for four years, wrote the best-selling books, *The Man Nobody Knows* and *What Can a Man Believe?* and the author of many newspaper articles.

record. He is kind to his mother. Wouldn't he be a good lad for me to put into my business?” But nobody made any such suggestion.

I thought of the sacrifices my parents had made to send me to the university and here I was, trained for nothing, offered no job, all dressed up and nowhere to go.

In the middle of the summer I was offered a job as timekeeper in a railway construction camp in northwest Montana, at a wage of \$65 a month. It was a long, hard tumble from the job I had dreamed about in the New York publishing world, but it was something.

On August 5, 1907, my twenty-first birthday, I stepped off the train at St. Regis, Montana, into a sweltering day. I took my letter of introduction to the office of the assistant superintendent. He read it, then exclaimed: “How do those people expect me to run this job when they don't give me any decent help? What have they sent me for timekeepers? Two drunks, and now a blankety-blank college student.”

"Fortunate?" I replied bitterly. "What's fortunate about me? I work 16 hours a day for more than two years, and here I am without a job, or money, or anywhere to go."

"I know all that," he answered, "but I still repeat you are a very fortunate young man. Any man is fortunate who gets his disappointments early in life, when he is still young enough to pull himself up, brush himself off and start going again. The really unfortunate man is the one for whom things come easily, who gets all the good luck in his early years. When bad luck hits that man, he has no youth, no previous experience with bad luck, no resilience. He, not you, is the man to be pitied."

The next morning I went down to the office and braved the receiver who had been appointed by the court to protect the interests of the creditors. I said: "I am a creditor. These magazines owe me \$700 in back pay. If you are willing to let me have the equivalent of that amount in advertising space, I'll cancel my claim." He agreed.

It was 1910, the year of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. I went to a travel agency in Chicago and asked: "How much will you pay me for every customer I sign up for Europe?" The answer was \$75.

Back in our printing shop I wrote the first advertisement of my career, offering an economical trip to Europe and the Passion Play.

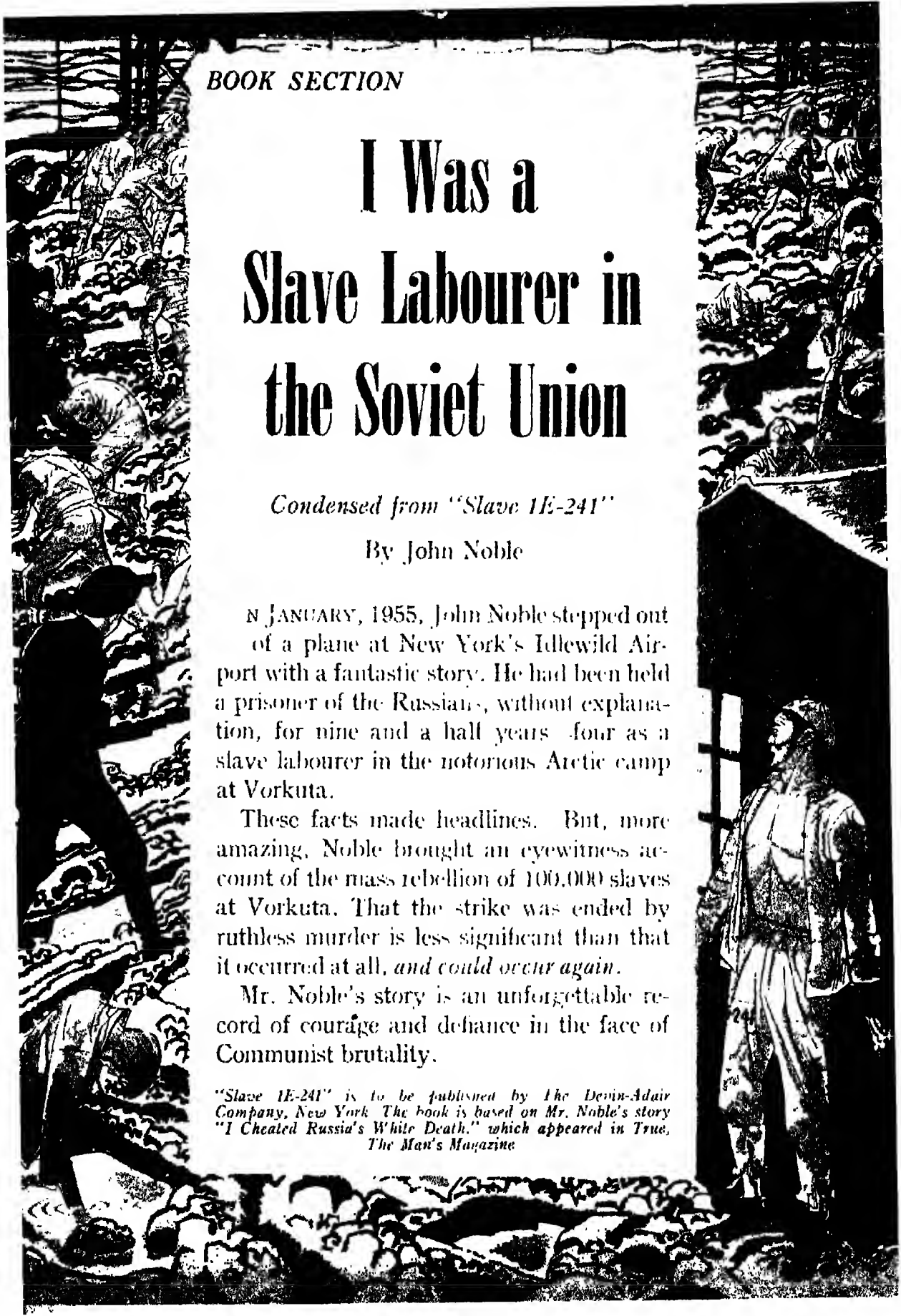
Published in our religious weekly,

the advertisement produced replies from scores of people. During the summer I corresponded with them, answered their questions, kept up their interest, soothed their qualms. It was the reaction from my previous disasters which now inspired me with determination to play my hunch and stick to it through weeks of uncertainty and no income. On the day the ship set sail, the travel agent handed me a cheque for more than a thousand dollars.

This was the turning point for me. Up to now nothing that had happened to me was of my own planning: much of it seemed at the time to be only disappointment and failure. Yet, when I did finally get going, I discovered that I was possessed of more different kinds of experience and a considerably tougher skin than many of my contemporaries.

Out of the six months in that railway construction camp, mingling with 500 of the toughest men alive, sleeping at night on a wooden bunk, working 12 to 16 hours a day I learned something more valuable than gold or diamonds. *I learned that I could handle men; that I could gain and hold their respect.*

From my Chicago disaster I learned early—what some learn only very late, some never—that, so long as a man keeps his health and his courage, there is hardly any experience, no matter how unpleasant, that can't be turned to good account.



BOOK SECTION

# I Was a Slave Labourer in the Soviet Union

*Condensed from "Slave 1E-241"*

By John Noble

IN JANUARY, 1955, John Noble stepped out of a plane at New York's Idlewild Airport with a fantastic story. He had been held a prisoner of the Russians, without explanation, for nine and a half years—four as a slave labourer in the notorious Arctic camp at Vorkuta.

These facts made headlines. But, more amazing, Noble brought an eyewitness account of the mass rebellion of 100,000 slaves at Vorkuta. That the strike was ended by ruthless murder is less significant than that it occurred at all, *and could occur again.*

Mr. Noble's story is an unforgettable record of courage and defiance in the face of Communist brutality.

*"Slave 1E-241" is to be published by The Devin-Adair Company, New York. The book is based on Mr. Noble's story "I Cheated Russia's White Death," which appeared in True, The Man's Magazine.*



## I WAS A SLAVE LABOURER IN THE SOVIET UNION

I WAS STANDING on a railway siding at Vorkuta, the most dreaded slave-labour camp in Russia. Surrounded by MVD troops carrying tommy-guns, an officer was questioning me.

"Nationality?" he asked.

"*Amerikanetz*," I replied, in one of the few Russian words I knew. The effect was electrifying. Bored guards looking over the tundra stared at me, unbelievably. One lifted his hands as if to say, "Who can explain anything that happens?"

Dressed in rags and with shaven head, I was 7,000 miles from my home town of Detroit. I had been sentenced to 15 years of hard labour and had just arrived at Vorkuta after a six-weeks' tour through Russia not arranged by their Intourist Bureau. Now, as I looked around, I could see nothing but barren tundra, its moss and grass covered here and there with snow. It was September 16, 1956. During the next four years I was to learn what Russians mean when they call this grim place "the home of the white death."

Sitting at the north-eastern tip of European Russia, just 125 miles from the Arctic Ocean, Vorkuta is one of the coldest and cruellest places on earth. Snow covers the ground ten months of the year, and the temperature can drop as low as

90° below zero. During January and part of February the sun never rises above the horizon. Here in this purgatory 400,000 slave labourers produce at least one twelfth of the entire Red output of coal.

As coal slave 1E-241, working in mine shafts with icy water soaking through my cotton jacket, I led a desperate and humiliating life—except for two glorious weeks in the summer of 1953. During those weeks 100,000 slaves, including myself, laid down their tools and chased the MVD guards from the camp. We rebelled in a tremendous strike that dumbfounded the Reds and paralyzed Moscow—until the Kremlin finally crushed it. The uprising was one of the most significant events in modern political history. And, through no particular merit of mine, I am one of the few former slaves lucky enough to be alive and free to tell the story.

I FIRST met the Russians in May, 1945, in what is now East Germany. Just before the war my father had gone to Europe for medical treatment, taking my mother, my brother and myself with him. We were living in Dresden when the United States entered the war, and were promptly interned by the Germans.

After the Nazi surrender, Dresden was occupied by the Russians.

On VE-Day we hoisted a home-made American flag which advertised us throughout the sector. Soon exhausted GIs, former prisoners liberated by the Russians, were dropping in to rest before making their way back to the U.S. lines.

The American 76th Division had occupied an area 35 miles away, and presently their staff cars were coming to our place twice a day to pick up GIs. This seemed to annoy the Russians, but we felt secure with the U.S. Army on our doorstep. In any event, we were scheduled to return to the United States early in 1946, when civilian shipping space would be available.

We had underestimated Russian annoyance.

On July 5 an MVD captain accompanied by five soldiers appeared at the house. Walking up to me, he shouted, "You are under arrest!"

"Captain," I protested, "you have no jurisdiction over me." I showed him my American passport.

"It's just routine, Mr. Noble," he replied. "We have to check your papers a little further."

Before I could answer, two MVD guards were propelling me through the door into a Soviet jeep. At MVD headquarters the officer in charge studied my passport, while I protested over and over again, "It's against international law."

"Our chiefs know what they are doing," he said. "You will be released in three days."

Three days? It was 70 days before

I left the cramped stone cell in the Dresden prison where I was held in solitary confinement. It was nearly 14 months before I was even interrogated. It was five years before I was sentenced by a court which preferred no charges and held no hearings. And it was *nine and a half interminable years* before I was able to breathe the air as a free man.

MY INTERROGATION gave me the first clue as to why the Russians were holding me. "I'm an American citizen," I said to the MVD officer. "You've been holding me for 14 months without a charge. I insist that you notify the American authorities in West Germany."

He looked at me with a bored expression and started asking questions. "Where were you born?" "Why did you fly an American flag in the Soviet sector?" "What were American officers doing in your house?" When he had finished I asked, "When shall I be released?" The interrogator just waved me out.

I realized then that the Russians actually thought our house in Dresden was an American intelligence centre. But because of wartime American-Soviet amity, they were afraid to charge me with being a spy. I learned later that the U.S. Government knew about my arrest from my brother and mother, who had returned to Detroit, and from 1945 to 1950 the U.S. State Department made regular enquiries of the Soviet Authorities in Germany. But they

refused even to consider the case.

Actually, I spent those years in former German concentration camps, including Buchenwald, the notorious Nazi camp which had been converted to Red use. Conditions were brutal. Seventy or more inmates died every day from disease or starvation. Somehow I survived.

The thing I feared most was being transported to Russia. "Every few months," a friend told me, "the healthiest are sent as slaves to the Soviet. While you are in Germany you still have a chance to live."

For a while, as the sturdiest prisoners were singled out and shipped off, it seemed that my American passport would save me. Then on August 8, 1950, at Weimar prison where I had been transferred, I was called into a sombre room. A Russian in civilian clothes was seated behind a long table.

A girl interpreter handed me a paper. "This states that a trial was held in Moscow," she said, "and that you have been sentenced to 15 years' hard labour."

The shock knocked the wind out of me for an instant. "What is the charge?" I cried. "What crime have I committed?"

"Your sentence has been confirmed in Moscow," she replied. "If you have any questions, ask them at the camp where you are going."

Nine days later I was in a crowded prison train, rolling eastward towards Vorkuta.

The Vorkuta complex consists of

600 square miles of camps and mines, each surrounded by barbed wire. My destination was Camp 3, where 4,500 men worked three of the 40 coal pits.

THE BARRACKS to which I was assigned was a rectangular affair propped just above the tundra. Posts had been jammed into the frozen ground and boards laid across them inside and out. The space between was filled with ashes for insulation; then the walls were covered with mud and straw. Later, snow would be packed against the building, igloo-fashion, as further protection against the cold.

My "bunk" was a section, two feet wide, of a hard wooden shelf that ran the length of the room. There was no mattress, pillow or blanket. When the next prisoner, a big Russian peasant, lay down in his space, our shoulders touched. Afterwards, when new men came in, I had only enough room to sleep on my side, flat against the next man. At that, I was lucky: others had to sleep on the floor, which was just as packed.

A few days after I arrived I looked into the security arrangements. We were precious cargo, indeed. Camp 3 was surrounded by a 12-foot barbed-wire fence, punctuated with tall towers manned by machine-gunners. Inside this was a shorter fence, three feet high. The area between was a prohibited zone, lit up through the night and dark days with

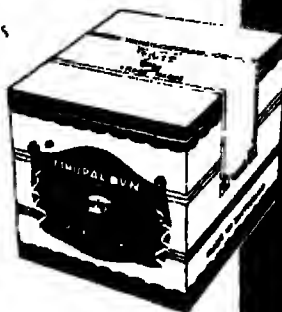


My master's shirts were invariably the whitest in the office. His colleagues always wondered why their shirts were not as white, inspite of their heavy laundry costs, till one day they asked him.



My master told them that he owed the sparkling whiteness of his shirts to Tinopal, the amazing new whitening powder.

White clothes (only cottons and art silk) after being previously washed with soap and rinsed when treated with Tinopal assume a glowing extra-whiteness such as cannot be obtained by any soap or detergent. And only one quarter tea-spoonful whitens a bucketful of clothes.



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powerful arc lights. The MVD had orders to shoot anyone there on sight. Hungry police dogs could scout the entire camp by means of a guide wire strung close to the outer fence.

Officially our camp was run by the MVD. Unofficially, however, Vorkuta had a different master—the *blatnoi*, a band of hardened criminals, mostly from the Moscow area. There were about eight of these in my barracks, living on a shelf that would normally hold more than 20 prisoners. They spent their time sleeping, stealing whatever they admired, sharpening their knives, or killing. At least once a week one of their victims would be found, killed in his sleep in the barracks or face-down in the snow.

The MVD and the *blatnoi* had an unwritten understanding. In return for keeping the politicals cowed, the criminals had the run of Vorkuta. No MVD official would dare ask a *blatnoi* to work.

These men were unemotional professional criminals, mostly in their 20's, serving sentences for theft and murder. They had begun life as *bezprisorni*, the vagrant children who travel in bands throughout the Soviet, robbing as they go. They had been brought up under Communism but they cared nothing about politics. Their *starshi*, or chief, a cold-eyed, burly 23-year-old, controlled his men with iron discipline.

At first the brutality and terror of

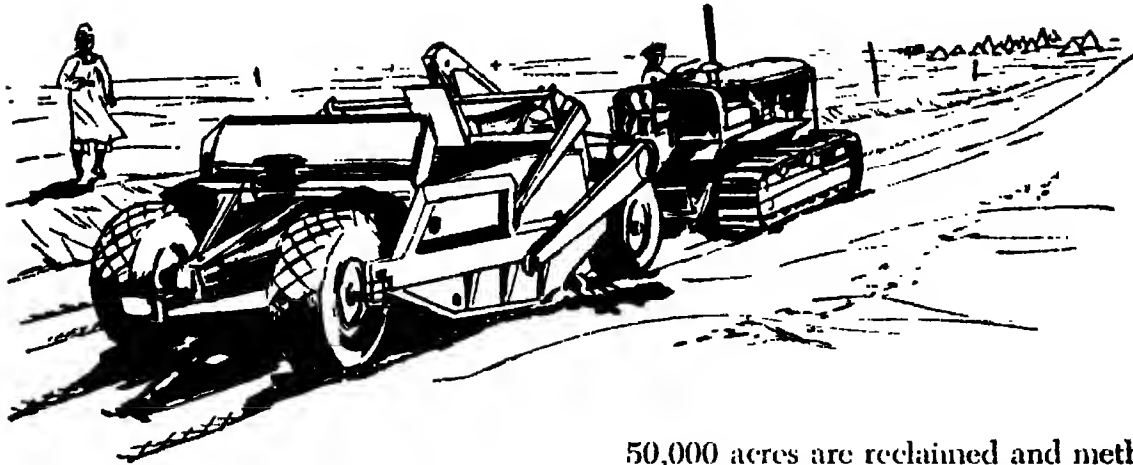
Vorkuta scared the life out of me. Fortunately, I had one thing on my side. As the only American in camp I soon became a museum piece, treated by my fellow prisoners with special respect. Despite all the anti-American propaganda, the U.S.A. was still the land of wonders to them.

I went to work producing coal for the Reds on the day I arrived. That first winter was the worst the area had experienced for ten years. After breakfast we would line up in excruciating cold, hopping from one foot to the other while the guards called the roll. My job was a mile and a half from the camp. Fifty of us, covered by ten guards and two police dogs, made the trip every morning through a 40-foot-wide corridor connecting the mine and camp.

By November it took us over an hour to reach the mine, trudging through deep snow. Every week the thermometer dipped another five degrees. In a short time, travelling to work became a polar expedition—little Arctic safaris of guards, dogs and slaves braving the blinding snowstorms that blew up out of nowhere.

My job at the mine was pushing a two-ton truck full of slate. My partner, a Latvian, briefed me in sign language on what I was supposed to do. The waste slate came up in the mine cage and was dumped into a metal truck. Two of us had to push this truck 160 yards, then tilt it and

# Turning a desert into cropland



This is Moudiriet El-Tahrir, which means "Liberation Province." In one of the most dramatic projects ever undertaken, 2750 square miles of this province will be freed from the desert and devoted to agriculture.

Each farmer in this vast area west of the Nile Delta will have five acres of land, as well as a furnished home with electricity, water and modern sanitation. There will be room for a million people in the villages of at least 18 new counties.

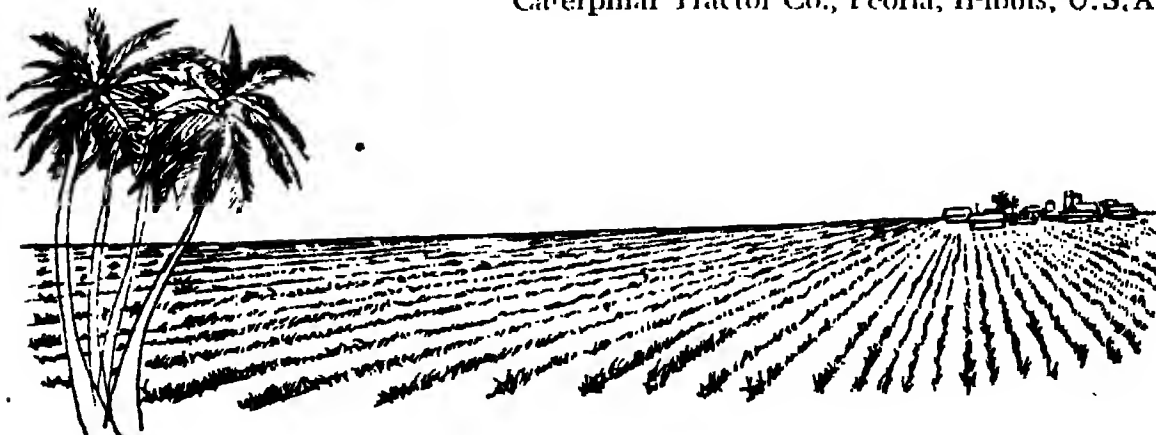
Begun in 1953, the first stage of the project will be finished this year, when

50,000 acres are reclaimed and methods of tillage established. In the second and final stages, San El-Aali Dam will be built, and more land will be reclaimed and irrigated until all of it available is in crop production.

Today, Egyptians who were easily trained to operate modern machinery do the work of reclamation and heavy tillage. At their command are more than 100 Caterpillar track-type Tractors, chosen especially for the job and equipped with bulldozers and scrapers as needed.

Here, and throughout the world, Caterpillar products strengthen the power of free men to shape their future.

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.



unload the slate into another truck below our platform. We did this 70 times a day.

For the next 14 months I was a human locomotive. I pushed with my shoulder jabbed into the truck until it was almost permanently blue. Tilting the truck was a super-human strain. The first time I did it I felt as if my backbone would snap.

According to regulations, we weren't supposed to work in temperatures lower than 40 below zero. Actually, I worked when it was more than 60 below, my head buried against my shoulder in a pitiful attempt to ward off the cold. One day the axle grease on my truck froze solid, but there was still no let-up in the work.

I had no gloves, but I managed to steal some oil rags out of the mechanics' shop and wrapped them round my hands. My feet were also wrapped in rags, which were actually warmer than socks. But nothing could keep the cold out. After an hour's work I was so numb and exhausted that I cried like a child.

We were given two meals a day. Each morning I received a mass of sickly black bread. That was our basic ration for the day. Breakfast consisted of two scoops of *kasha* (offal) and a small bowl of watery soup. Supper, about 12 hours later, was the same *kasha* and soup, plus a thimbleful of sunflower-seed oil to pour over the *kasha*, a small square of fish or leathery reindeer meat, and a roll.

My whole day's food totalled 1,400 calories (so a Russian doctor told me), about half as much as an office worker needs. I was continually starved, my stomach in a knot crying for more. It's a feeling you never get used to.

During that winter of 1950-51 I had just enough stamina to get back to the camp every night. After supper in the *stolovaya*, our mess hall, I collapsed on the hard shelf in my filthy, snow-soaked working clothes. Soon my weight had dropped from 155 to 95 pounds, and the skin hung in folds over my bones.

Most of the other prisoners were even more wretched-looking. Ninety per cent of us suffered from high blood pressure or heart disease, the blights of the polar region. My wrists and ankles swelled regularly into puffy masses.

Our teeth rotted from lack of vitamins. There was no dental care—only extractions. Most men had half their teeth missing. I lost a few, and those I have left are discoloured, eaten away and shaky.

There was one saving grace. The same cold that chilled the life out of us was a miracle life-saver. It was just too cold for most bacteria to live in Vorkuta. Otherwise a series of epidemics would have destroyed us in a year. Only tuberculosis, probably aggravated by the coal dust, was common.

No one stood over us while we worked, but we had our Communist

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"norm," more diabolical than any ancient slavemaster. My "norm" was to transport all the slate that came up the mine shaft in the cage. Others had more specific tasks—so many feet of shoring in the shafts, so many tons of coal to be dug. Those who didn't fill their norms were put on punishment rations of less than half the normal diet. This made them even weaker and less able to fulfil their norms. It was a vicious cycle.

There was really only one way to beat the Communists, and many prisoners tried it. That was to disable yourself so badly that you could only be a floor sweeper or the *sushilchik*, the man who cared for the drying room and was stoker of the barracks stove.

One evening I was sleeping on my shelf when a loud yell startled me to consciousness. An Asiatic prisoner, a fierce-looking Kalmuk, was standing in the centre of the room, a hatchet in his left hand. All eyes were on him. He placed his right hand, palm down, on a stool.

"*Rusскиye cherti!* (Russian devils!) No more work from me!" he shrieked.

As the words came out, the hatchet swung down fiercely and struck the hand just above the knuckles, severing his four fingers cleanly. The Kalmuk, his eyes shining with pride, wrapped two filthy rags round the remains of his hand and crawled back on to his shelf. Later he spent two months in the camp

gaol but he never again did a day's heavy work for the MVD.

Others rubbed dirt into self-made wounds, or got friends to crush their wrists with poles. Some got transferred, others only got heavy sentences for "sabotage."

For the first six months or so I kept to myself in this mad world. I had little to occupy my mind. Playing cards was forbidden, and I was allowed neither to receive nor to send out letters. My only distraction was Radio Moscow, blaring out of the barracks loudspeaker in a language I could hardly understand. I tried not to think about my release date—1965.

I knew I could never hold out.

ONE EVENING as I lay on my shelf after an exhausting day's work, I thought how miserably I had fared in Vorkuta thus far. I had survived five years of imprisonment in East Germany, but less than a year in Vorkuta had nearly finished me. "This lone-wolf idea is no good," I told myself. "Without friends you'll never last the course here."

Learning Russian was my first survival plan. My teacher was a former student at Moscow University, and soon I was making excellent progress. As the language barrier was overcome, I began to make friends. With three men in particular I formed especially close friendships, and through them life became a little more bearable. I shared in their meagre food packages sent

from home. When I went to the camp hospital they brought me bread saved from their own rations, and did other favours for which I'll always be grateful.

Gradually I came to know other prisoners. Vorkuta was a veritable League of Nations, as well as a *Who's Who* of the Communist world. There were slaves who had been deputy ministers of East Germany and other satellite countries. We had a colleague of Trotsky's who had spent the last 19 years in slave camps. Gureyovich, a former Soviet diplomat, lived a few barracks from me.

But not everyone in Vorkuta was an ex-Red. We had Poles who had served with the Allies during the Second World War and hundreds of Baltic people whose countries had been gobbled up in 1940. There were slaves from Iraq, Iran, France, Italy, Mongolia, China, Czechoslovakia.

A number of my fellow-prisoners were clergymen—Catholic priests from Lithuania, Protestant ministers from Latvia and Germany, Russian Orthodox priests. Religion was a serious crime in Vorkuta, but despite all controls it flourished. Some sects held services, complete with altar, in an unused hallway of the mine. On a free Sunday I sometimes attended Protestant services given by a Latvian minister. The services were held in a different barracks each time. It was dangerous, but only if two or more guards came

along; individual guards made believe they saw nothing and walked away.

As my knowledge of the camp and of my fellow prisoners increased, life was a little less grim. Then in June, 1951, a mining commission arrived from Moscow to study coal production. The result was an announcement that the strongest prisoners were to work below in the mines. And, to my dismay, that included me.

Although I was half destroyed by working in the cold, I had also spent one frightening day below, watching the animal-like slaves mining coal. Quickly I went to the department manager of transportation, a young Communist civilian whom I had come to know. "I'm being sent below," I explained. "I wonder if I could also do transportation work down in the mines. It would be better than digging coal."

Though I'll never be sure why, my request was granted. Henceforth, my job would be guiding coal trains through the narrow mine shafts.

Mine 16 was a primitive hole, with little modern equipment and no concept of safety. Almost every week we suffered cave-ins. The mine ceilings often collapsed because the shoring was spaced too far apart. The slaves who did the propping didn't care. Wider spacing meant less work and, since they covered a greater distance, a better "norm."

When I reported to work my

overseer told me, "We have no automatic points here, *Amerikanetz*. You'll have to ride in front and switch the points yourself."

He made it sound simple. Actually, I had to make up in skill and daring what the Russians lacked in equipment. I stood on the bumper at the head of a long train of trucks, the searchlight on my helmet focused on the dark tracks. Levers were placed aimlessly all over the network of tracks. When I saw the open points in time, usually about five or six feet ahead, I jumped off the bumper, threw the lever, then raced for cover against the wall before the train ran me over.

Sometimes I couldn't get to the lever in time. The first time it happened, I pushed desperately against the mine wall and waited for the crash. When the train hit the open points it piled up in a mass of trucks and spilt coal. One of the trucks fell right across the shoring protecting me, coming to a rest inches from my chest. These hair-raising crashes became a regular part of my job.

One day after throwing a lever I noticed that the steel "feather" connecting the rails hadn't closed properly. I rushed out and held it with my hand until the front wheel caught. It was a risky move. As the back wheel approached the faulty points, I held the feather again; but when I pulled my hand back my glove caught between the rails. I yanked my hand out of the glove just as the wheel rolled over it. I repeated

this little game of split-second timing 60 times, for all 30 trucks of the train. There was no alternative. If I missed once, the train would have jumped the tracks and crushed me to death.

When I asked my overseer to report the faulty points to the department manager, however, he said, "Leave well enough alone, *Amerikanetz*. If I tell him what you said, you'll end up digging coal. The officials don't want to hear about your troubles."

My gambles with death at the points started to disturb me greatly after a while, and I longed to get out of the mine. Then in February, 1953, my dream came true. A new department manager, to whom I had spoken once or twice about America, said to me one day: "How would you like to work upstairs for a change? There's an opening in the officials' washroom."

It was the nicest question anyone had asked me in seven years.

THE WASHROOM was a new world. I worked 24 hours on and 24 off—my first chance of real rest for years. Gradually the feeling of constant fatigue began to leave me. There were other advantages as well. The washroom was the cleanest and warmest room at the mine, and the young Communist executives would come there to change their clothes. On the night shift, they often came in just to keep warm.

At first they tried hard to keep our relationship stiff and formal. The

# INDIA SUPER



temptation to discuss America was too much for them, however, and in a few months we were good friends. Often we sat in the wash-room talking through much of the night. It was a university education in Soviet life.

Like all Russians, they had heard rumours about prosperity in the outer world but were completely confused by their government's propaganda. As the ice between us broke, they sounded me carefully.

Each time I described conditions in America, I could see their eyes open like awed school children's. "Well, you may have prosperity there," one of them said finally, "but it's only a bubble that will burst. When we get prosperity it will be for ever. It may not be for five generations, but then it will be permanent. Perhaps it is not so good here, but *budit, budit*—it will be, it will be."

*Budit* is a key Russian word. Actually, those who haven't already become cynics from waiting for the Communist Utopia to arrive try to hypnotize themselves. When I asked: "What about life in Russia meanwhile?" they shrugged. "It is sometimes very hard for some people."

The Communists openly admitted that there was little freedom in the U.S.S.R. The freedom they missed most was the opportunity to leave one job and take another. They hated their job in Vorkuta and looked longingly at magazine pictures of Moscow and sunny southern Russia.

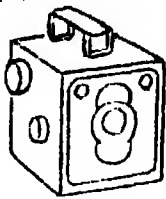
Except for one man, they were far from being Communist fanatics. The Party was strictly a means to a career for them. Few had any idealistic concern with Communism. "Of the six million Party members," one of them estimated, "I would say only 500,000 have any interest in world revolution."

With its intellectual stimulation and physical comforts, the wash-room gave me a better life than any other I had known in Vorkuta. It also gave me a chance to play a small but important rôle in the stirring events that were soon to take place.

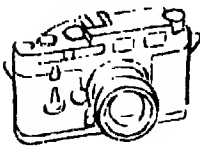
IN 1952 the MVD decided on a bold plan: they started to pay us slaves a small salary. Starvation, low morale and self-disablement had hurt coal production badly and the Kremlin hoped a few roubles' incentive might help.

The extra roubles gave our camp some superficial aspects of civilization. In the canteen we bought tea, margarine, sugar. On free days we could go to the "restaurant" to buy extra cabbage soup, *kasha* or fish.

As an incentive, too, the plan worked, for Vorkuta coal production rose by 20 per cent. But the programme backfired dramatically in another, more vital way. As half-starved animals we had no strength or courage to protest. With fuller bellies and an inkling of self-dignity, we looked objectively at our plight for the first time. Little by little the slave camps began to seethe with



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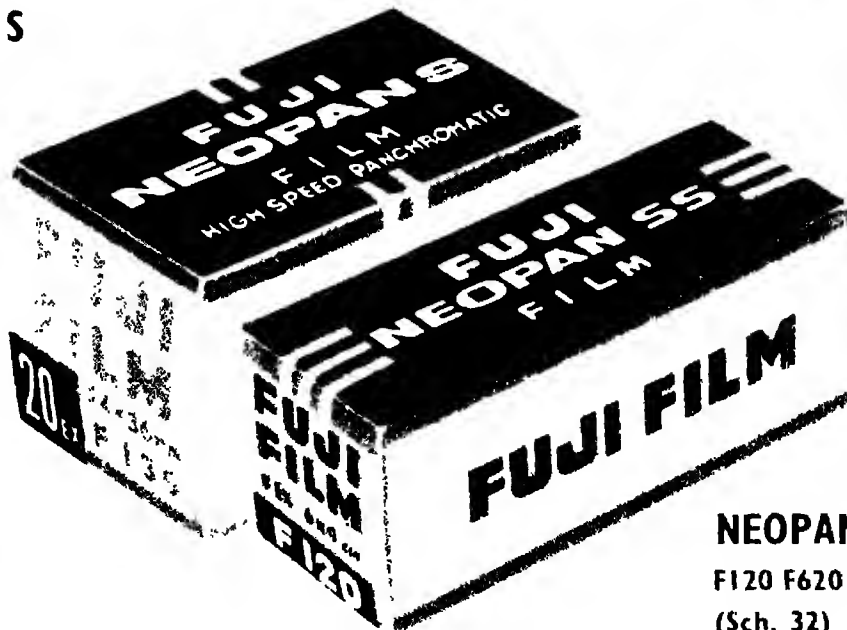
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discontent. We were fed up with the inhuman working and living conditions, the impossible cold, the persecution by the *blatnoi*, the monotony and, most of all, the hopelessness of our fate.

Many of the guards were equally fed up. There was bitter conflict between the Red Army men, responsible for guarding the area outside the barbed wire, and the MVD, who handled internal camp policing and administration.

"The MVD get six times our pay," a Red Army soldier once told me. "They have dancing, films, vodka and women. We live here in barracks not much better than yours. This winter ten boys standing guard out on the tundra have committed suicide."

The prisoners' discontent was aimed largely at Stalin. Each of us felt personally imprisoned by the "Moustache," or the "Old One," as he was often called. We painstakingly studied photographs of him in *Pravda*. One slave hopefully commented: "He doesn't look too well to me. See his eyes—how old and tired they are."

Then, on March 6, 1953, came the news we had waited so long to hear: Stalin was dead.

I was standing in a crowd of soot-covered slave labourers when the announcement came over the loudspeaker. Their faces lit up with hope. "He lived too long, the old dog!" one prisoner yelled. An old man got down on his knees. "Thank God,

someone still looks out for the wretched."

Stalin's death sent a wave of frenzied expectation throughout Vorkuta. We waited for some word, some sign from Malenkov, rejecting the slave brutality of Stalin. It never came.

April and May, bitter, disappointing months, passed without change. Vorkuta grumbled badly and sabotage became frequent. We were ready for trouble of some kind.

On June 18 we heard even more startling news. A friend came rushing to my shelf, crying, "Johnny, it's in *Pravda*—the East Germans have rebelled!" I joined the crowd round a copy of *Pravda* pasted on the wall. Someone was reading the story, a surprisingly candid one, out loud. Every time the article mentioned the East Berliners' resistance, we cheered. Their spirit inspired us and we talked of nothing else for days.

Then, early in July, we heard of the arrest of the MVD chief, L. P. Beria, for "treason." The news, which shocked the local MVD administration, was a powerful catalyst for our hopes. Slaves began insulting the administration and the MVD informers openly.

That month we were audacious slaves. The long summer sun had melted the snow, and its warmth was renewing our energy and courage. We discussed the chance of striking for our freedom, but no one seemed to know what to do. Many men,

especially the Russians, who were mortally afraid of informers, were unable to make a decision.

Fortunately, it was made for us. On the morning of July 22, when I reported to the washroom, one of the department managers spoke to me. "It's finally come, *Amerikanetz*. Mines 17 and 18 are on strike."

AT FIVE that morning, the workers of Mine 17 had fallen in for roll call with secret instructions from an elected leader not to report to work. "When the barbed wire comes down," one of them said defiantly, "we'll mine coal again. Not until." The guards tried to be firm, but without specific instructions to shoot they could do nothing.

Word of the strike travelled quickly through our mine. All day rumours kept coming in: the strike had spread to Mine 9, then 10, then 25. I felt sure it was true, since I had the news from my Communist washroom friends, but others remained sceptical.

The next day even they were convinced. Mine 7 in the camp next to us had joined the strike: the wheels in their mine headgear were not turning. For a while full coal trucks came through (the rail line went through our area), but later the trucks were nearly empty. Emblazoned in chalk across the inside of each were Russian words meaning: "TO HELL WITH YOUR COAL. WE WANT FREEDOM." Handwritten leaflets, pasted on the

trucks, said: "Comrades from Mines 12, 14 and 16. Don't let us down. You know we are striking."

Immediately we formed our own strike committee. Our leader was Gureyvich, the former Soviet diplomat. His committee was made up mostly of Russian intellectuals, some still Marxist but all violently anti-Soviet.

That evening a member of the committee came to see me in my barracks. "We haven't decided when to go out, *Amerikanetz*," he said, "but when we do you will have an important job. It will be your responsibility to convince the Red department managers not to interfere. They respect you as an American."

I had a chance to put the plan into effect the next day. In mid-July some 200 people from Karaganda, in the Kazakh Republic in Soviet Central Asia, had been brought into Camp 3. They had been promised a life as free workers, with high wages and excellent housing. But when they arrived they were treated as regular prisoners.

On the morning of July 24 the Karagandans, aware of the strikes in other camps, refused to work unless the government promises were carried out. The other men went into the pits as usual, but they just sat down there. They would not work as long as the Karagandans were striking.

The impasse lasted until 1 p.m., when Gureyvich officially called the 4,500 men of Camp 3 out on strike.



When the news reached the wash-room, one of the young department managers seemed pleased. 'I see you've summoned up enough courage to start,' he said. I convinced him that it would be better for all if he left and took one of the others—a dogmatic Red, with him. A few minutes later, after quiet persuasion on my part, the chief engineer and other free people left for home. I had done my job.

We drew up a list of demands: 1. Removal of the barbed wire. 2. Barracks to be kept unlocked at night. 3. Release of all political prisoners who had served ten years or more (I had served eight!). 4. Thorough check of the trial of all political prisoners and release of the innocent. For the others, setting of new lower sentences.

We were posting these demands throughout the camp when, to our intense anger, we learned that 30 of the Karagandans had been arrested. Immediately Gurevich, the strike committee, and 2,000 of us stormed towards the prison yelling: 'Free the Karagandans!' Major Ichevchenko, the camp commander, appeared and tried to calm us.

'There is no cause for trouble men. I promise that they will be released before six tonight.'

It was then 3.15 and we decided to wait and see. A few minutes later several police cars drove up, accompanied by four truckloads of troops. They had obviously come to take the Karagandans away to the central

prison. About 100 Red Army and MVD troops piled out of the lorries and surrounded the camp gates.

Cursing, we rushed to bar the troops from the camp. Then suddenly the Karagandan prisoners, having overcome their guards, dashed out of the gate. A second later we heard the order: 'Open fire!'

I was pinned against the administration building, caught in a cross-fire. I pressed flat against the wall and mumbled a prayer. From where I stood I could see that all the Red Army men and a few of the MVD had disobeyed their officers and were not firing. One Red Army soldier had his sub-machine gun pointed stubbornly towards the ground. An MVD lieutenant, furious, grabbed the weapon and started shooting.

The firing lasted only 20 seconds, but it seemed like eternity. When it was over, 15 of our men lay wounded on the ground. Two were dead.

We were enraged. Gurevich signalled to his committee and together they walked to the front gate. Staring into the muzzles of 100 guns, Gurevich addressed Ichevchenko and all the guards:

'The strike committee is officially relieving you of command of Camp 3 and Mines 12, 14 and 16,' he said.

From this moment on, we prisoners will be in charge. If any officers or guards enter the gate without permission, they will be killed. If you want to stop us you will have to

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shoot all 4,500 prisoners now. Meanwhile, not an ounce of coal comes out of the pits."

We cheered our hearts out.

It worked. No one fired, no one raised a hand to stop us. With a touch of courage, our coal strike had been transformed into an uprising. The Great Vorkuta Slave Rebellion of 1953 had begun.

WE IMMEDIATELY formed what was for all practical purposes an independent slave republic. A member of the strike committee was put in charge of each barracks. All the food in the camp was commandeered and higher rations were set. We appointed our own police, but it was hardly necessary. Perfect discipline was maintained. The once-fierce *blatnoi* sulked in their barracks like spanked youngsters, unable to decipher what strange force had turned their world upside down. The morale of our men, exhilarated with the fever of freedom, was fantastically high. We would all gladly have died to keep it.

Not long after the shooting we made our own flag, a plain red banner bordered with black cloth in memory of our two murdered comrades. We raised it at half mast on a tall pole over the mess hall. Fifteen minutes later, from the electric power station across the hill, another red-and-black flag, an exact duplicate of ours, rose --- magically, it seemed --- up a pole into the sun. A few minutes later the same thing

happened at Mine 7, then No. 10, then others. As far as the eye could see across the tundra, the new black-and-red banner of slaves-made-free had replaced the Soviet flag. Between 85,000 and 100,000 slaves were on strike.

The MVD and the Kremlin were obviously cowed. "In the old days," an ancient prisoner told me, "Stalin would have crushed us if it took every slave's life." He was right, but these weren't the old days. Now the Kremlin, paralyzed by its own internal power struggle, was apparently afraid to issue definite orders on how to handle the slave rebellion, other than with "extreme caution." Malenkov's unstable régime needed the coal badly and could not afford to let the uprising spread. It was wiser for them to hedge and see.

Late that afternoon 300 soldiers with machine guns and mortars were deployed round our camp. At 6.30 an MVD captain requested permission to enter. He came through the gates unarmed and read a statement from General Derevyenko, MVD boss of all Vorkuta.

"Effective as from yesterday," it read, "all prisoners will receive up to 300 roubles a month compensation. The bars are to be removed from the windows of the barracks, the barracks will no longer be locked in the evening, evening roll call will be eliminated. With the permission of the commanding officer, prisoners may receive visitors from home once a year."



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Trebled pay! No more bars! We cheered lustily. The rebellion was only a few hours old and the administration had already granted important concessions.

The next three days were pure bliss. Nature had joined forces with us and given us cloudless, sunny skies. The temperature reached 70°. All over Camp 3 men basked in the sun, discussing the amazing chain of events. Everyone was jubilant.

I was sitting with friends next to the camp fence when a Red Army soldier patrolling in front of us asked, "What's going on? Have you gained anything?" We told him about Derevyenko's concessions. "Good," he said. "We're on your side. I don't care if you strike until doomsday. No Red Army men will ever fire on you."

Actually we were biding time, waiting for a Kremlin representative, the only one who could agree to a reduction of sentences. But so far Moscow had kept silence.

On July 27 Derevyenko himself came to speak to us. He walked from group to group, talking in a fatherly manner. "Don't you think it would be best to go back to work?" he asked us. "You have won most of your demands. What more do you want?"

"We are waiting for the Kremlin," a member of the strike committee told him. Then, just before he left the camp, Derevyenko announced the MVD General Maslennikov, Deputy Minister of Internal Affairs

for the entire Soviet Union, was flying up from Moscow.

The news was heralded as another strike victory, but many of us were worried. Maslennikov had a reputation for both shrewdness and cruelty.

On July 29, at noon, a friend rushed into my barracks shouting, "Get up, Johnny! The Moscow general is coming down the road!" I ran to the gate just in time to see a long black car drive into camp between two lines of heavily armed guards. Maslennikov got out and the limousine made a U turn, its nose pointing towards the open gate. Outside there were at least 500 troops patrolling.

An entourage of 30 officers, mostly colonels, followed Maslennikov to the football field, where we had set up chairs and a long table. They had come to hear our demands, and we were quite ready for them. Twenty speakers had been chosen to present our point of view. Behind them were massed 4,500 other slaves. It was the most stirring and historic scene I have ever witnessed.

FIRST Gureyovich presented our demands for review and reduction of sentences, and freedom for all men who had served ten years. Then, from the ranks, one man at a time stepped out to speak — lowly slave labourers given a chance to pour out their bile about Red indecency to one of the Soviet's mightiest. And Maslennikov had to listen.

The speeches were moving, intelligent and biting. A former professor of history at the University of Leningrad said before he started that he knew it would mean an extra ten years as a slave. Maslennikov protested violently: "*Nyet, nyet*. You can speak freely." The professor did. He traced the history of slavery from pre-Pharaoh times to the slave trade on the Gold Coast. "But never in the story of man," he said, "has working slavery been so extensive or so cruelly exploited as here in the Soviet Union—the 'liberator' of the working class!"

Passionately we cheered each word. "*Vot! . . . Vot! . . . That's it! . . . That's it!*"

A Pole spoke for the foreigners. Two former high Soviet bureaucrats spoke about the abuse of Marxist doctrine and its perversion in the Soviet Union. It was exhilarating, listening to free men speak their minds, if only for a few minutes.

Maslennikov listened with his head bent forward for over an hour. He was obviously shocked. In his 30 years of Bolshevism he had never heard such words uttered publicly. When the speeches were over he got up and left for the next camp without a word.

Maslennikov completed his rounds of the striking camps the next day without making a dent in the strikers' unity. Then on the morning of August 1, just ten days after the beginning of the strike, I saw something strange happening. The

men of Mine 7 were being removed from the camp and taken out into the tundra in small, isolated groups. After about 30 groups had been taken out, they started to return, one group at a time.

An hour later we found out what had happened. The MVD had let the first group go back to camp without a word. "You see," they told the second group, "the first group has agreed to return to work. Will you follow their example, or do we have to shoot you all right now?" The same question was put to one group after another.

That broke the strike in Mine 7. Significantly, the MVD troops who had executed the threat were not from Vorkuta. They were part of a special guard regiment of 1,200 men brought in by Maslennikov.

Presently, Maslennikov and his troops moved up the road to Mine 29 on the hill next to us. At 11 o'clock we heard a violent outburst of gunfire, and a few minutes later there was a call for all camp doctors to rush to Mine 29. Maslennikov had broken the back of their rebellion with a blood bath.

Later, I was able to reconstruct the scene. Maslennikov had driven up to the camp gates in a car equipped with a loudspeaker. Facing him were 2,500 slaves, their arms locked together.

"Go back to your barracks!" Maslennikov called. "Follow the example of Mine 7. They are already working." The crowd yelled back

insults and crowded closer to the fence.

The MVD chief decided to try persuasion. "All those who want to return to work," he said, "come outside the gate." Only some 50 men walked out. Maslennikov looked at them disgustedly.

For the third time he called out on the loudspeaker: "End this rebellion now. Go back to your barracks. Organize yourselves to work. This is my last warning." Even before Maslennikov completed his speech, the slaves chanted back, "To hell with your coal. If you can't give us freedom, we'll take it ourselves!"

As the prisoners stood by the gate, the heavy machine guns and massed infantry opened fire. For two full minutes the sound of gunfire mixed with the screams of the wounded. No one was left standing. One hundred and ten were killed instantly. More than 500 were seriously wounded. Maslennikov ordered the gates to be opened and barked orders to the living to come out on the tundra. The survivors wept as they stepped over the bodies of their comrades and walked towards the gate.

The next day, when we learned of the Red bloodletting, we too returned to work. Then one at a time, an hour or so apart, the other camps surrendered to the MVD. By late afternoon the uprising was over.

The next week the MVD made up in severity for its indecision during

the strike. Every few hours another man was dragged away. Altogether, 7,000 Vorkuta slaves were arrested, 300 were executed without a trial. One thousand men were transferred to the Far East, and the rest were given additional sentences. I never again saw Gureyvich or the heroes of the football field who had so eloquently spoken for us that day.

By Western standards, I suppose the slave rebellion was a failure. We had struck for freedom and we were still slaves. But that is an oversimplification. The mere fact that the rebellion took place at all in the Soviet Union made it an instantaneous, glorious success. Its effect on the Communist world was electrifying. The people of Leningrad, in letters to free workers in Vorkuta, expressed sympathy with our cause. Just as the East Berlin riots drove the Soviet to a more conciliatory attitude towards its satellites, so we slaves showed the Kremlin, in those ten days, that its own internal solidarity is a sham. If nothing else, this strike of slave workers in the "workers' paradise" has travelled the interminable Russian grapevine and given hope to 20 million slaves and perhaps not a few of the "free" workers.

Vorkuta never quietened down. A triumphant spirit, buoyed up by the wage increase we had won, was the strike's heritage. In February, 1954, a section of the office building in Mine 7 was blown up by a home-made bomb. Then the generator of the electric-power station was partly



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destroyed. An MVD search of our mine revealed 400 sticks of dynamite planted to blow up the main vertical shaft.

In 1954, in a shift of slaves designed to weaken our prisoner organizations, I was moved to Mine 29, the scene of the August 1 massacre. The men in my new barracks proudly showed me the wounds of that day. Almost every man carried one or more scars, and bullet holes still gaped in every wall.

DURING the strike, for no logical reason, I somehow expected a wild chain of events that would end up with me as a free man. But that dream was over, and there were 11 years left to my sentence. I had just one glimmer of hope — a three-by-five-inch piece of cardboard. I wasn't allowed to send a postcard to my family, but I had finally succeeded in sending one in another prisoner's name. That was in May, 1954.

Early in June, I was eating my cabbage soup in the *stolovaya* when a man rushed in excitedly. "*Amerikanetz*, the camp commander is looking for you. You have orders to proceed to Moscow!"

I rushed nervously to the administration building and stood at attention before an MVD lieutenant. "You are to leave for Moscow at 7 a.m.," he said.

"Why Moscow?" I asked. It seemed likely that I was only being transferred to another camp, but

there was always the possibility that I might finally be given a real trial.

"As far as I know, you're going home," he replied.

I heard him but the words didn't sink in. The thought was too wild. Why should I be released? There was no general amnesty. I had so lost touch with the world that Vorkuta and its regulations were the only reality I understood. But I prayed, just in case.

The next morning, my meagre belongings slung over my shoulder, I was taken to the railway station. I walked up to a prison truck and waited for the MVD officer behind me. He laughed. "No, no, *Amerikanetz*. That's not for you anymore. Get in the train!"

We travelled in a civilian passenger train from Vorkuta to Moscow, and then to a camp in Potma, some 250 miles south-west. Potma was a repatriation camp. I did no work there, and with the help of Red Cross parcels my six-stone-eleven-pound frame took on three more stone.

Then, on January 3, 1955, I returned to Moscow, this time the object of what appeared to be Soviet VIP treatment. I was given a woolen suit and barracked in a fine home, with the first soft bed I had known for nine years.

That afternoon a special delegation from the Kremlin came to call. I jumped when I saw that it was headed by General Maslennikov, the butcher of Vorkuta!

"You will leave for Berlin tomorrow, Mr. Noble, where you will be handed over to American authorities," Maslennikov said. He shook my hand, then asked casually. "By the way, where were you in the Soviet Union?"

When I said "Vorkuta," the colour drained from his face. "In which mine?" he asked, trying to maintain composure. "Mines 16 and 29," I answered, enjoying the game.

He squinted at me nervously, then asked: "Do you recognize me?"

"No," I lied, cautiously.

"Did you take part in the strike?"

"Certainly," I answered proudly. "We all did."

The next day I boarded the famous Blue Express from Moscow to Berlin.

LATER I learned what had happened. The postcard I had sent from Vorkuta reached my parents in Detroit. My father notified the U.S. State Department, then rushed to Congressman Alvin Bentley, of Michigan, who had once been a U.S. Foreign Service Officer behind the Iron Curtain.

When the State Department told Bentley that they were pressing for

my release, my father begged the Congressman to attempt something more urgent. In September, 1954, Bentley went to the White House and presented the facts of my case. On September 17 he learned that the matter had been taken up with President Eisenhower. U.S. Ambassador Bohlen, in Moscow, was discussing my case with the Kremlin. And, as it turned out, it was that direct contact with Molotov's office that tipped the scales.

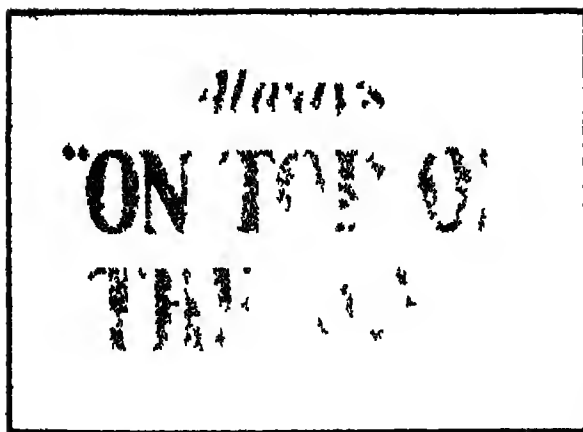
I landed at Idlewild Airport on the morning of January 17, 1955. I haven't forgotten a thing that has happened, and I never shall. Since I returned, people have asked if I have drawn some message from my experience in the Soviet Union. It is this:

Our historic Vorkuta rebellion was aided by two factors—the summer sun that melted the snow, and the power struggle that rocked the Kremlin. The summer comes every year, and I believe we shall see many more paralyzing struggles among the Soviet leaders seeking Stalin's mantle. I am sure that, some summer, those I left behind in Vorkuta will set another glorious example for the enslaved peoples of the world.



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—Emily Post, quoted by Jeanne Perkins Harman, *Such Is Life* (Crowell)



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Drink 'Ovaltine' at meal times to help you through the day. Take it as a night cap to soothe the nerves and prepare you for restful sleep. While you sleep, 'Ovaltine' helps to build new energy for tomorrow. Ask for 'Ovaltine', refuse substitutes.



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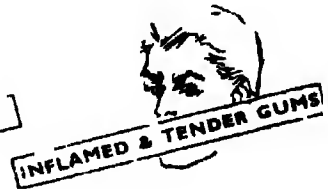
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Spongy gums need your urgent attention. **Start AT ONCE!** Forhan's - Use it *day and night* morning and night and restore gums to healthy firmness.



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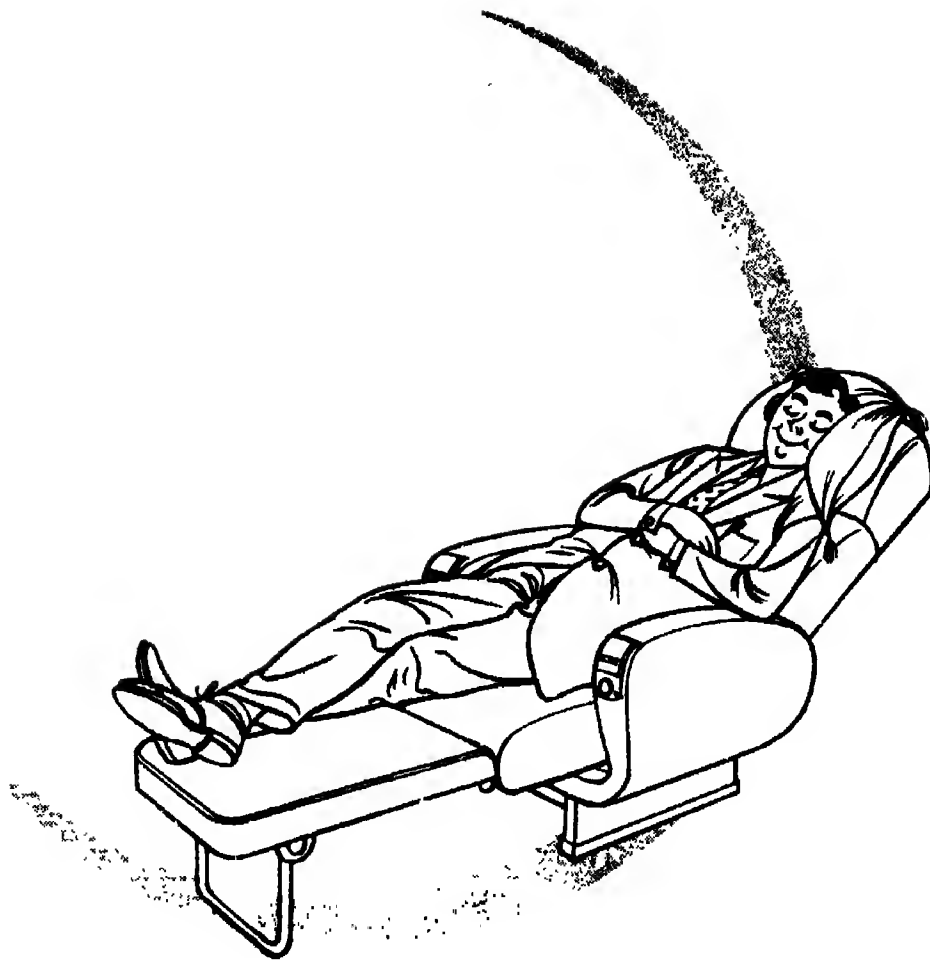


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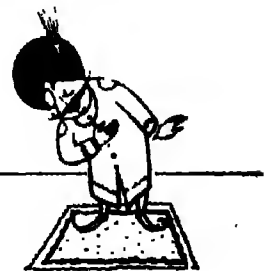
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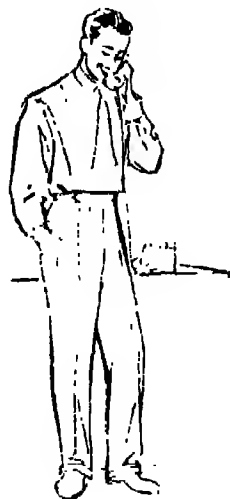
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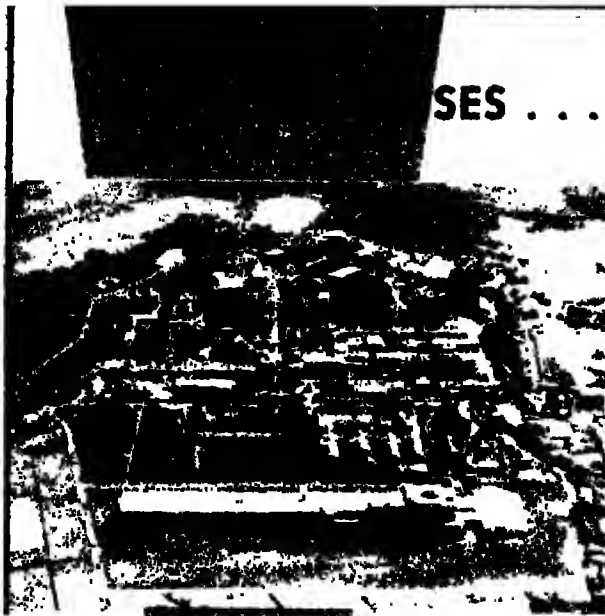
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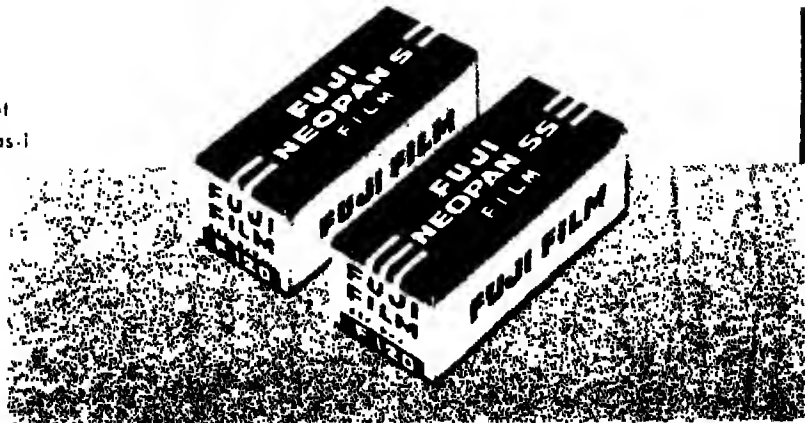
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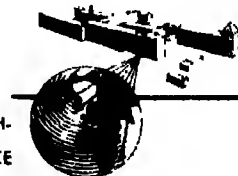
Ref. 7013 C, same type with small second hand

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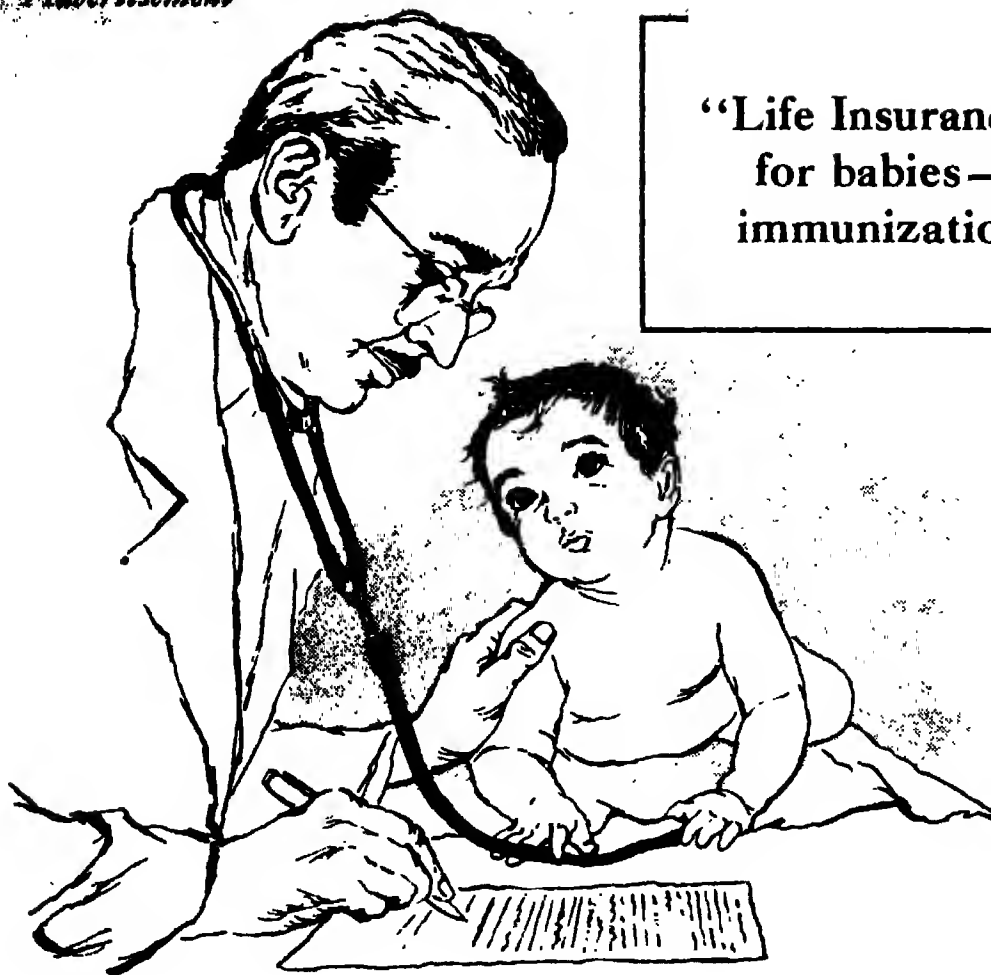
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for babies—  
immunization**

## Better health for your baby

**BEFORE** World War II, health statistics show that up to 24% of the world's babies died before they were one year old. By 1952, this figure dropped to 16%. In many countries, the life expectancy for new babies has nearly doubled in the last 75 years—because doctors can now win out against many ills once fatal to young children.

Of immeasurable help in the battle against childhood diseases are new germ-killing drugs and preventive vaccines used by doctors the world over. Sulfa drugs and antibiotics like strepto-

mycin are now highly effective against some forms of meningitis, which once killed 60% to 80% of its victims. Penicillin and other antibiotics have taken the fright away from pneumonia.

Gamma globulin (a blood fraction) if given within 5 days after exposure makes measles so mild, a child hardly knows he is ill. And in the world's first large-scale fight against tuberculosis, approximately 30 million youngsters the world over have been vaccinated with BCG—a vaccine to raise resistance to this dread disease.

## How to protect your baby

Nature may protect newborn babies by equipping them with temporary immunities to many infectious diseases. But these immunities are gradually lost during the first few months of life and babies become susceptible to serious contagious diseases like smallpox, diphtheria, whooping cough.

And keeping a baby "safe at home" doesn't mean he's free from danger. Germs can be brought into your house quite innocently by visitors—another child—a member of your own family. So it's extremely important to get protection against smallpox, diphtheria, and whooping cough *early*—by bringing your baby to your doctor or public health clinic for inoculations.

Immunization inoculations for smallpox, whooping cough, diphtheria and tetanus make your baby *immune* to these serious diseases. Provide your baby with healthy, vigorous resistance to their deadly germs.

How long does immunization protection last? It varies. *smallpox* immunization can protect for 2-20 years, while *diphtheria* immunization must be reinforced before it can give protection for 4-5 years. Ask your doctor or public health worker about *your* baby's immunization requirements.

Immunization is the safest kind of "life insurance" you can buy for your child. It will help keep him safe from baby-killers like smallpox, diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus. With the help of immunization, doctors have halved deaths from these dread diseases in just one generation.

And contagious diseases strike fast—without much warning. One sick child can soon infect many others in the community. Make sure *your* child is protected. Immunization is such an



easy, fast, practically painless way to protect your child

The immunization timetable shown below will help you remember when to visit your doctor or public health clinic for inoculations. But remember—this table is a simplified guide. Your doctor may prefer to give additional reinforcing inoculation more frequently—or perhaps give your baby *combined* inoculations. So make an appointment to see your doctor *soon*. Give your baby protection when he needs it most!

| Disease           | Inoculation at                                                                                  |
|-------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Whooping cough    | 2 to 6 months old additional inoculations yearly until 4-5 years old                            |
| Smallpox          | 6 months old or earlier, additional inoculations on entering school                             |
| Diphtheria        | 2-6 months old additional inoculations within a year when entering school and when 12 years old |
| Tetanus (lockjaw) | 2-6 months old additional inoculations yearly or following dirty wound or injury                |



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MEDICINALS SINCE 1858

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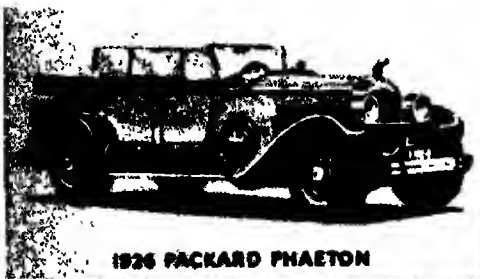
Wadi Wadi, Baroda



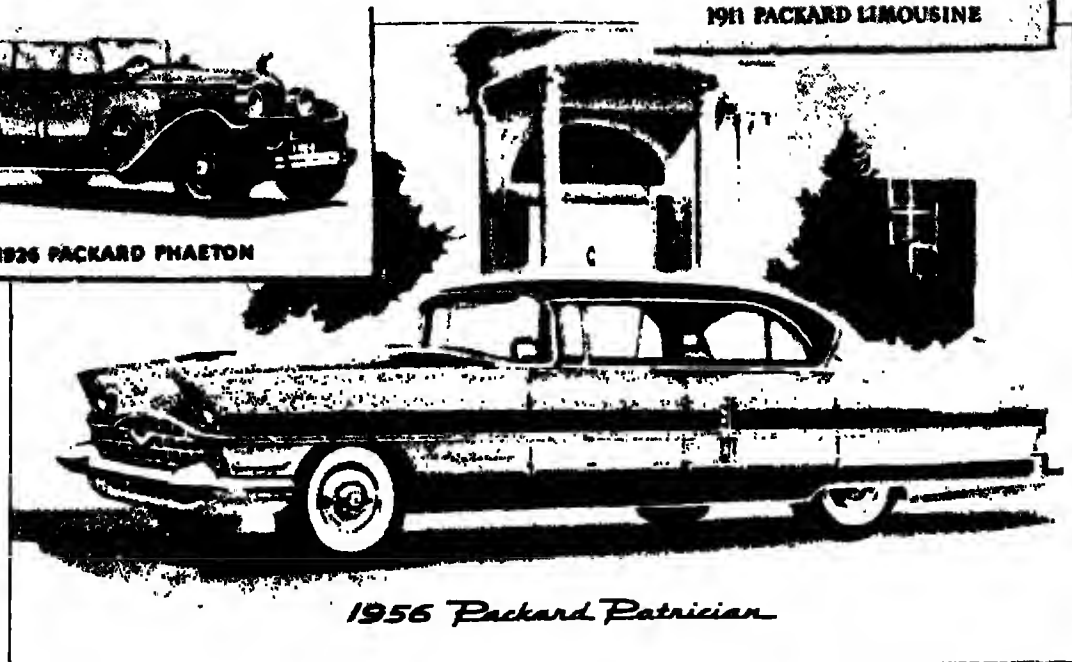
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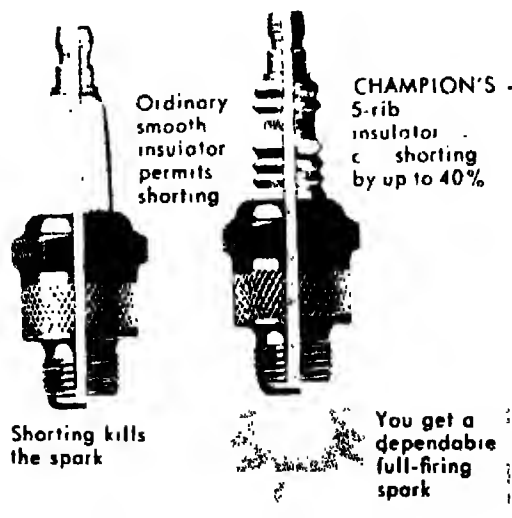
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## PILOT OF THE PEAKS

*Hermann Geiger's unique ability to land a plane on the side of a mountain has resulted in an almost incredible air rescue service*

By Edwin Muller

WE TOOK OFF in the Piper Cub from the airstrip at Sion, Switzerland, and climbed in circles out of the Rhône Valley. When we had gained enough height we started up one of the narrow side valleys that come down from the south.

Soon we could see our objective: the Valaisian Alps, that enormous tumbled mass of snow and ice and granite, the grandest panorama in Europe. As we flew nearer I leant over the shoulder of the pilot, Hermann Geiger, and we identified peaks: the swelling, white dome of the Breithorn, the black fang of the Matterhorn, the lovely, ethereal lines of the Dent Blanche.

At other times I had walked down there in the valleys where the great peaks lean out above you. I had climbed some of them. This view from the Cub was the best. You had both height and depth. Far below, the villages and chalets were tiny dolls' houses. Yet the summits were remote in the sky. Even when our altimeter registered 11,000 feet, the highest peaks were still three to four thousand feet above us.

We flew in close to the mighty west wall of the Dent Blanche, thousands of feet of snow and ice and sheer rock precipice. At one point on the steep rock face was a shelf, its snow surface perhaps 55 yards by 20. On the lower side it

curved over gradually, steeper and steeper, until it ended in a precipice.

This, Geiger said, was where we were going to land. I reflected that a Piper Cub ordinarily requires about 200 yards of level surface to land or take off.

We flew to and fro above the shelf. Geiger, leaning out, studied its surface minutely. Next he headed away from the mountain and flew about half a mile, losing height. Then he turned and started back straight for the wall.

Just before we reached it he tilted the nose of the plane up. The skis touched down at a point where the slope was about 25 degrees. With a swoosh and a swirl of snow we climbed up over the brow, the steep slope cutting our speed rapidly. We came to rest on the level—about ten yards short of the cliff ahead.

We got out and looked around. When you climb a mountain on foot you get used gradually to the transition from the valley to the heights. This was more exciting. Half an hour before, we had been in the streets of a town. Now, on this eagle's perch, we were far away from the world of men.

Our take-off was something to remember. We picked up the tail of the plane and swung it round, then climbed in, headed for the precipice—and dropped right over the edge. Like one's childhood dream of diving into space.

We made more landings. One on a broad surface of a glacier, where

the chief problem was to avoid the dark-blue depths of the crevasses. Another on a tiny snow patch, to visit the keeper of a mountaineering hut, six hours' climb on foot from the valley.

We went over to have a close look at the Matterhorn, flying to and fro close to the ice-glazed east face. This was part of Geiger's job. He was looking for two climbers who had fallen the day before. We could find no trace of them.

Eventually we got back to the landing strip at Sion. Off and on during the morning I had been a little frightened. I needn't have been. Actually, I had been safer than if I had spent the morning dodging traffic in a city street.

In the last three years Hermann Geiger has made more than 5,000 of these high mountain landings without an accident—the only man in the world who has done it. When he started making the flights his mother, before each trip, went to church to intercede with the saints for him. Now she sometimes flies with him—as do his wife and small boy.

Geiger is no dare-devil. You might mistake him for a Swiss guide. He is in his early 40's, broad-shouldered, with wind-tanned face and the clear, steady eyes of a man who spends his life out in the high hills.

His business, in part, is to rescue the victims of mountaineering accidents. When a climber falls, and survives, his rescue is difficult. He

may have broken bones and internal injuries. To move him is dangerous. Yet he has to be brought quickly to medical help down precipitous slopes which take hours to climb. If Geiger can reach him he may be in hospital within half an hour.

Geiger has rescued more than 300 victims of skiing or mountaineering accidents. And he has saved lives by carrying food and medicine to remote settlements cut off by avalanches.

Much of his work is more prosaic—supplying the mountaineering huts, scores of which are scattered through the high Alps, with food, blankets and fuel. In an hour Geiger can do a job that would take a string of mules and their drivers two days.

When he isn't on a supply trip Geiger is seldom far away from the telephone in Sion. One morning in spring the phone rang.

'Avalanche accident at Mont Cailine. Come quickly.'

Within 20 minutes Geiger was at the scene—a long steep snow slope. Half way down was the track of an avalanche—a tumbled mass of ice blocks 400 yards long, 250 wide. Six tracks entered one side of the slide. There were no corresponding tracks on the other side. Geiger circled until he found a small patch of snow level enough for landing. Searchers there told him that 12 skiers, traversing the slope, had suddenly been swept off their feet and engulfed in a thundering cascade of snow.



Eventually all 12 skiers were found; ten were alive, but five of these were injured. In successive trips Geiger took them down.

Geiger never takes risks—except when a life is at stake. When they phoned him that there had been a climbing accident high up on Monte Rosa, he looked out of the window and said he couldn't possibly fly in such weather.

"You *must* come. The man is in a bad way."

Down in the Rhône Valley the cloud ceiling was 500 feet: rain and snow. Geiger took off and flew to the entrance of the narrow valley of Zermatt leading back to Monte Rosa. It was closed in tight.

He flew this way and that until at last a blue hole opened in the ceiling. Geiger zoomed up through it.

At 16,000 feet, above an unbroken sea of cloud, he flew in wide circles, guessing at his position. Just beneath the cloud surface, he knew, were the jagged summits of the great peaks. Finally he recognized a shadow: the Weisshorn. With his position fixed, he flew to where he knew Monte Rosa must be, circled patiently until there was a brief clearing, and dived. There, by the hut, a guide held an ice axe with a handkerchief tied to it, giving him the wind direction. He made his landing.

The trip back with the injured man was a nightmare. Now he kept under the ceiling. All the way down the narrow, twisting valley he was

seldom more than 50 feet off the ground; at times it seemed as if his wing tips were brushing the granite walls on either side. He was very glad to see the airstrip at Sion.

Flying one day above the Kander Glacier, Geiger noticed a man sitting on the snow in a curiously strained position. Beside him was a black hole. Geiger landed.

The man was a guide and had been crossing the glacier with two tourists, a man and his wife. The three were roped together. Suddenly the husband and wife disappeared. Where they had walked was a round, black hole. The guide had been pulled off his feet, but, jamming his ice axe into the hard snow, he had managed to hold. So there he sat at the edge of a deep crevasse, holding the combined weight of the two, unable to pull them up.

Geiger and the guide together slowly hauled the couple to the surface, not seriously hurt.

It is often asked why Geiger's rescue operations and his regular work of supplying the huts could not be done better with a helicopter. In some cases perhaps it could. But the helicopter has a low ceiling and cannot climb among the 15,000-foot peaks. Also it cannot land on a slope. And a helicopter costs much more to operate than a Piper Cub.

Up to now Geiger has had a monopoly in his job. But he himself is trying to break it. In the Piper, with its dual controls, he is teaching his technique to others.

Facts about one of our most accurate and mysterious senses

## *How Your Nose Knows*

By Ruth and Edward Brecher

**M**Y WORD, but this tastes good!" you remark as you take your first sip of piping-hot onion soup, salted, peppered, seasoned with herbs and garnished with cheese.

You're wrong, of course. You mean that the soup *smells* good. Your sense of taste tells you only whether a substance is sweet, sour, salty or bitter. It is your sense of smell that reveals the true savour of the soup.

Try sipping onion soup while holding your nose, or when you have a cold in the head. The characteristic flavour vanishes. All that is left is a hot, somewhat salty liquid. By means of taste alone, you can barely distinguish between a food you love and one you detest.

Flavours reach the nose "through the back door": they travel from the mouth down the throat and then up again along the air passages which lead to the nasal cavities. You



"smell" when you inhale; you sense flavours when you exhale; otherwise the two processes are the same. Both depend upon your olfactory tracts—the nerve-rich surfaces forming the ceilings of your two nasal cavities.

Each olfactory area is about the size of a postage stamp and located so high in the nasal passages that, during ordinary inhaling, moderately odorous air may pass under it without arousing any sensation of smell. When you see something whose odour you wish to sample,

you sniff—and this carries the odour-laden air upwards to the olfactory tract. There is no need to sniff while you eat, though. As you chew your food, warm vapours are released from it; the act of swallowing and the related act of exhaling pump these flavour-laden vapours upwards towards the nose.

In general, the higher the temperature of a substance the more molecules are given off and the more intense is the odour. This explains why good cooks insist on serving dishes piping-hot.

In certain respects, smell is the subtlest of our senses. A scientist can, with the help of costly laboratory aids, identify one drop of a chemical mixed with a million drops of something else. But with his unaided nose the same scientist, or anyone else, can instantly identify a highly odorous mercaptan (sulphur alcohol) even though each molecule of it is diluted with billions of molecules of air.

Although much work has been done in the field, odour specialists have been unable to identify any primary smells. Every natural odour, or flavour, most experts believe, is a blend of many. In coffee chemists have identified more than 50 flavour components, and suspect that there are many more. Therefore they speak of "flavour profile," in which each component modifies your reaction to the others.

A good cook uses this flavour pro-  
instinctively. She adds spices

and herbs in quantities too small to be identified individually, yet sufficient to achieve a noticeable total effect. The goal is to make guests ask, "What did you put into this to make it so delicious?" rather than, "Mmmm . . . ginger, isn't it?"

The same sense which guides you in the selection of food also provides your enjoyment of flowers, perfumes, the odours of a garden on a moist spring day, of fresh-cut hay in the summer or burning leaves in the autumn. It can summon out of the distant past an emotionally satisfying recollection of some early scene. A whiff of a particular perfume may transport a man back to the time when he left school and met his first girl at a dance.

Why are some smells pleasant and some unpleasant? The answer seems to lie partly in the distant past of mankind and partly in our own experience. The stench of rotting matter and of excrement are almost universally detested; they are warnings of possible contamination.

Do we differ much from one another in our sense of smell? Certainly there is some variation. It is said that women have a more acute sense of smell than men, and that our sense of smell becomes dulled as we grow older—so that we are more likely to enjoy highly flavoured foods like anchovies and pickled herring late in life. However, experts who have run thousands of taste-and-smell tests tell us that they are much more impressed by the

similarity of smelling ability among people generally than by the differences.

It is widely believed that smoking and drinking alcoholic beverages dull our sense of smell. The evidence is not impressive. Professional coffee-tasters often smoke at their tasting ritual. It has also been reported that our sense of smell is most acute when we are hungriest, and loses some of its sharpness after a meal. This may be a matter of paying more attention to smells when we are hungry.

Exposure to a specific strong odour for a few minutes will dull your awareness of that particular odour; hence workers in certain factories where a foul smell is always present soon lose their sensitivity to it. But even after a whole day in a beet-sugar factory, where a highly objectionable odour is present, workers can still distinguish other smells without difficulty.

Some scientists think we are gradually losing our sense of smell. They tell stories of primitive tribesmen whose noses are sensitive enough to be used in tracking game. But it is equally likely that our sense of smell is only lying dormant, ready to be used effectively whenever we choose

to train it. A perfumer, after sniffing a flower carefully, can analyze its fragrance into numerous components and then blend appropriate substances to produce a scent barely distinguishable from the original. A wine-taster, savouring a fine wine, can sometimes tell from its bouquet not only the type of wine but also the vineyard from which it came and the year in which the grapes were grown.

The extent to which much "nosy" enjoyment can be developed is dramatically illustrated in the experiences of Helen Keller. Blind and deaf, Miss Keller was from an early age far more dependent on her sense of smell than most of us are. The late Doctor Frederick Tilney once resolved to test her sense of smell on a motor trip. Mile after mile, Miss Keller was able to identify her surroundings by smell alone. "Now we are passing through grassy fields," she said as the car skirted a golf course. "Here are trees," she added as they whizzed past a wooded grove, "and there is a house with an open fire in the hearth."

Dr. Tilney had completely missed the house. Looking back he could see it, a wisp of smoke curling from its chimney.



IT TAKES very little to capture a man's imagination—especially when the right girl is wearing it.

—Vesta Kelly in *The Saturday Evening Post*



The understanding old Negro philosopher who  
won the hearts of children everywhere



## Uncle Remus: *Storyteller* *to the World*

By Eileen and Robert Mason Pollock

**R**ECENTLY we revived our acquaintance with one of the most memorable characters ever to walk through a story-book—Uncle Remus. Born on a Georgia plantation, he has leaped the barriers of ocean and language. In England, India, Egypt, Spain, Finland and Brazil he holds an enthusiastic audience; in Norway there is a children's radio series based on his stories. His collected tales have been translated into a dozen languages, including a number of African dialects. The total number of his books is estimated to be well over a million.

We had first met Uncle Remus as children: a lean old Negro philosopher—his weather-beaten face wreathed with a fringe of white

beard—who sat outside the slave quarters and wove enchanting stories for the plantation owner's seven-year-old son. A little while ago we took a trip to Atlanta, Georgia, and as we gazed at the house where these stories were set on paper, they seemed very near again and very real.

Uncle Remus's tales turned nature into a fantastic fairyland with animals who acted and spoke like human beings. The "creeturs"



of his world had formal names. Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Sis Wolf, Mister Lion, Mister Rooster. Nor did it ever occur to us to doubt that Brer Farrypin carried an umbrella or Sis Goose wore spectacles and an apron for Uncle Remus made it all sound plausible.

Brer Rabbit, Uncle Remus's most popular character, was no ordinary bunny. Sly, mischievous, clever and always attractive, he moved lightly heartedly from one adventure to another, somehow managing to wriggle out of each dangerous situation by using his head.

Who could forget the time when Brer Rabbit found himself solidly stuck to the Tar Baby—a figure made of soft tar mixed with some turkentime—which Brer Fox, his old enemy, had rigged up to trap him? I'm gwine ter bobby cue you dis day, sho, the fox gleefully boasted.

But the impish, cheeky little rabbit slyly planted an idea in the mind of his captor. "I don't keer wat you do wid me, Brer Fox," sezee.

Reck on, Brer Fox, but don't flume me in dat brier patch.

More than a plea convinced Brer Fox that this was the ideal punishment for Brer Rabbit. The rest is history. Flung into the brier patch where he knew Brer Fox dared not venture, Brer Rabbit holler out:

Bred en bawn in a brier patch, Brer Fox—bred en bawn in a brier patch!—en wid dat he sk p out des ez lively ez a cricket in de embers.

Brer Rabbit was much on our minds as we drove out to Wren's Nest—the home of Joel Chandler Harris—who created Uncle Remus over three quarters of a century ago. To lay visitors flock to this memorial by the thousands from all over the United States and from countries as far away as Australia and Japan. Like us, they journey to find the spirit of Uncle Remus and to see mementoes of the young journalist who gave literary life to the old philosopher in the columns of the *Atlanta Constitution*.

On the library wall of Wren's Nest hangs a faded picture of Uncle George L. Hunt, a slave on a Georgia plantation called Turn-yold, where Harris was born on December 9, 1848. When work was finished young Joel would make his way down to the live quarters to listen while evened to Uncle George and the other boys spinning tales that had come to them from their fathers.

Joel drank in these traditional yarns that came to him from an explanation of why Mister Possum has no home in the tale (it was left behind by the Fox) or that when Mister Possum sat at his retreat to Peck Rabbit, defeat of Mister Lion by turning him to a pool and prodding him into attacking his own snarling reflection in the water. But there was more to the stories than mere violence; there was laughter and an earthy chuckle provoking wisdom that was to colour the

character of Uncle Remus two decades later.

When Harris was asked by the *Atlanta Constitution* to carry on a humorous feature abandoned by another writer, his mind went back to Turnwold and the stories of the slaves. Out of those memories he brought to life Uncle Remus.

Almost overnight, Harris became internationally famous. The only man who refused to acknowledge that fame was Harris himself. Always shy and modest, he was unchanged by success. When one of his small sons came to him in tears because he had heard his father called a "genius" and thought it meant something bad, Harris consoled him with a chuckle. The lad could dry his eyes, he pointed out—there was not a word of truth in the accusation!

As other newspapers began to reprint the stories, however, Americans who had known the Southern Negro only as a broad caricature in a minstrel show discovered the poetry, imagination and sensitivity which were blended into the humour of the genuine article. Before long, magazines were clamouring for Uncle Remus stories. A collection was published in book form, and throughout America readers called for more. By day Harris wrote for his newspaper; by night he turned out a constant flow of Uncle Remus tales.

Uncle Remus's tales have not only entertained myriads of readers,

but have made an important contribution to the science of folklore, for the fables told by Southern slaves in America have been discovered in similar versions in Siam, Egypt and other Arab countries and South America. Some of them appear in the mythology of American Indians, and even feature a mischievous rabbit who might be Brer Rabbit's twin. The mystery of where the fables originated has remained unsolved, but one thing is certain: Uncle Remus struck a familiar chord in his unique versions of them and is doubly loved because of it.

By the time the third volume of stories was ready for publication Harris resolved that Uncle Remus had spun his last tale. He was deluged with pleas to let the beloved old man go on recounting his delightful stories to the little boy, as he sat in his cabin weaving long strips of "wahoo" bark into horse collars or twisting and waxing shoe thread or savouring a piece of his favourite fruit cake with "reezins strowed 'mong's' it."

It was an appeal Harris could not ignore and the world expressed its appreciation. A steady stream of notables, including Theodore Roosevelt, made their way up the long walk of "Wren's Nest" to pay Harris tribute. Andrew Carnegie, visiting him in 1906, wanted to meet the man who "has given a helping hand to all the world. He's won the hearts of all children, and that's glory enough for any man."

No country in the world cares for the families of its war dead with as much generosity and love as Australia does through this extraordinary ex-Service men's organization

## Australians Keep Faith

*By James A. Michener*

"OUR WORSHIP, this boy's father served gallantly as a soldier in North Africa," an official of a juvenile court in Sydney told the magistrate, Frank Murphy.

The magistrate's face brightened. "Is the boy eligible for Legacy?" he asked.

From the back of the court stepped a man of about 40. "My name's George Norton," he said. "Legatee Norton. I request Your Worship to remand Tom Ritchie to me. Legacy will take full charge."

Magistrate Murphy turned to the freckle-faced nine-year-old who stood sullenly before him. "Tom," he said sternly, "you're getting the finest second chance a boy ever had. But if Legacy can't keep you out of trouble, I'll have to send you to an institution."

"He'll never be back in court," Legatee Norton said quietly.

Within three days Legacy, the

volunteer group of ex-Service men who care for widows and orphans of Australian fighting men, was taking the following steps to help the Ritchie family:\*

Mrs. Ritchie was given a weekly allowance to bring her family income up to the minimum required for decent living. A Legacy committee started the paper work necessary to get her a government pension. The family was moved from a sub-standard home into better quarters, with Legacy paying the cost of the removal and the first month's rent.

Meanwhile, Legatee Norton visited two shops from which Mrs. Ritchie had bought goods on the instalment plan and persuaded them to let her suspend payments for two months until the family finances were organized. Then with

\*Names of Legacy beneficiaries and "Legatees" have been changed in this article, to preserve anonymity.

Mrs. Ritchie he went over every financial and social problem faced by the widow.

Only after the Ritchie family had been firmly re-established did Norton begin to worry about nine-year-old Tom, who owed the railway £225 for malicious damage.

At this point I visited the president of Sydney Legacy, a sandy-haired giant who, like all Legatees, insists upon anonymity. When I asked about Tom Ritchie he said: "Understand first that Legacy is not a charity. Nor is it interested primarily in juvenile delinquency. We're a bunch of soldiers who by the grace of God lived through war, and we are determined that the families of our mates who did not live, or who have died since the war, shall know some security.

"As soon as we heard of young Ritchie's trouble we put Legatee Norton on to the case. After helping Mrs. Ritchie, he enrolled Tom in a gymnasium class where he'll meet boys of his own age. A psychiatrist studied the boy and found him well adjusted but badly frightened by his father's death.

"What do you suppose the committee recommended as our first action? They decided that Tom should have a new, bigger bed. And they thought a boy of his age should have at least three shillings pocket money each week. Next we sent him on a holiday to a country home, and some time next month we'll talk to him and his mother concerning ways

in which the £225 can be repaid to the railway."

When I saw Tom Ritchie he looked like any happy, well-behaved boy of nine. If he continues his good behaviour and does reasonably well at school, he can depend on Legacy for these things:

If necessary, Legacy will advise him about his education, provide vocational guidance and help him to get a job at any time. Legacy will see that he obtains the finest medical and dental care available. Legacy will take the boy on holidays, arrange for him to stay in the homes of Legacy members, provide recreation two nights a week, and keep him in contact with healthy boys of his own age. Later, no matter where in Australia Tom goes, some member will be appointed to look after him. If he shows academic promise or special aptitude for some advanced field like medicine or law, Legacy will try to get him a university scholarship. Finally, if Tom should die and leave his mother with no support, Legacy will take care of her for the rest of her life.

In short, no country in the world cares for the widows and orphans of Service men with as much generosity, thoughtfulness and love as Australia does through this extraordinary society.

In spirit, Legacy started shortly after the First World War, when Australian troops returned from France and the Near East with a new sense of brotherhood and unity.

Spontaneously, throughout the country, groups of ex-Service men sprang up, such as the Remembrance Club in Tasmania. Soon members of the Tasmanian group were meeting ex-Service men with similar ideas in Melbourne, and by 1926 Legacy, as such, was in being.

There is no central authority. Each club throughout Australia is its own boss, fully competent to handle its affairs without domination from any national body. It is severely anonymous and never seeks publicity. It acts only through committees, and funds are obtained solely from public subscription.

A leading politician told me, "It's about our only institution whose motives have never been questioned." This spotless name is protected by a tradition which prohibits any Legatee from profiting by his connection with Legacy. If a Legatee were to forget this rule, he would be quickly ousted.

An ex-Service man can work for Legacy only if he served overseas. But membership is by no means automatic, as George Norton discovered.

Norton's father was killed in the First World War, and the boy's entire education and his start in adult life were provided by Legacy. In 1939 Norton volunteered for military service and spent seven years in Africa and Europe. Upon returning, he had to work overtime to establish himself in business, but by 1954 things were going well and he

was ready to repay his debt to the organization.

He applied for membership and was told, "We will accept you only if you are prepared to give freely of your time, yourself and your love." He had to promise that he would give at least one lunch period and two nights a week to Legacy.

To avoid risks, potential members must be known to others of long standing, who have made their own assessment of the new man. Having passed this scrutiny, Norton now entered his novitiate, which consisted of watching the major committees at work. He saw how family problems are handled, how girls are helped, how truancy is combated and how elderly widows are cared for. He found to his surprise that over 60 per cent of appeals to Legacy involve no money, only advice. The most constant refrain he heard during this listening period was: "I just couldn't go on. I didn't know what to do." He was amazed at how much good the men of Legacy did simply by talking with fatherless families.

When, his indoctrination completed, Norton was given his choice of committees, he replied that he liked to work with boys. Tom Ritchie was his second job. From what I have seen of Tom's progress since Legatee Norton took over, I would say there is little likelihood that this boy will go astray. George Norton, in his quiet way, wouldn't allow it.

Sydney, like most Australian communities, is marked by signs of Legacy's compassion. There is a handsome residence turned into a home for elderly widows and there are excellent homes for orphaned boys who are learning trades.

No work of Legacy is more touching than its efforts to provide growing girls with an adviser who has a father's interest in them. One evening I met Mrs. Edith Lord, an attractive war widow with an excellent job—the last woman in Sydney, you might think, who would need Legacy's help. But she said: "When my husband died I was able to take care of everything but the most important job of all. My daughter Helen felt as if the world had ended. She was unhappy and insecure. Then I heard of Legacy and took Helen to see the committee. We've never accepted a penny, of course. But the change in Helen—talking to men of her father's age, consulting them on problems that come up—it's been the salvation of our family life."

It is little wonder that each year dozens of orphaned girls who get married ask some Legatee to give them away at the altar.

But throughout Australia, Legacy is best known for the admirable work it does with boys. Magistrate Murphy says, "When I can hand a troublesome boy over to Legacy I am happy. It means I have found the best single way to rehabilitate that boy."

Out of 14,000 children Sydney Legacy has dealt with, only 19 were ultimately committed to some kind of home by the courts. This amazing record was achieved partly because the men of Legacy look upon these youngsters as their personal responsibilities, partly because Legacy calls upon skilled and experienced members to handle difficult cases. When a Legatee goes to see a potential delinquent, he first visits the mother in her home and studies the boy's background to find what has influenced his life and attitude. I was told, "The last thing we want is enthusiastic amateurs messing in human lives. What we have found indispensable is enthusiasm based on sound knowledge."

My favourite Legatee is a school-teacher in a remote corner of the Outback. There are no widowed families there to look after, and you might think that he could properly forget his obligation to Legacy. Yet last year he collected £1,115 and sent it off to the nearest city, where Legacy committees could spend the money wisely.

He told me, "Legacy can be duplicated in any country willing to adopt its simple principles: First, a soldier who has fought for his country has a lifelong obligation to his mates who have passed on. Second, in the discharge of this duty no money should be accepted from the government. Third, the most valuable contribution, which can be made by any man, is love."

# Personal Glimpses

ETHEL MERMAN had held undisputed sway as queen of musical comedy on Broadway until the night when *South Pacific* opened and Mary Martin tried to wash Ezio Pinza right out of her hair. That night everybody knew that there was a pair of queens. Miss Merman was present on that historic occasion. As she was leaving the Majestic Theatre, she was asked, "What do you think of Mary Martin?"

"Oh, she's all right," shrugged Miss Merman, "if you like talent."

—Maurice Zolotow

DURING one of my first sessions in the U.S. Senate, Hamilton Lewis came over and sat down beside me. He was from Illinois and was the whip in the Senate at that time. "Don't start out with an inferiority complex," he told me. "For the first six months you'll wonder how you got here—and after that you'll wonder how the rest of us got here."

Harry S. Truman, *Year of Decision* (Hodder and Stoughton)

WHEN JOE LOUIS visited the offices of *Life*, in New York, office boys lined up looking for an autograph.

"You just wait," said Joe in his soft voice. "I'll bet they'll have bad pictures for me to sign."

"What do you consider a good picture of yourself?" one of the staff asked.

"Why, I like them where I'm standing up," he replied gravely.

—Jeanne Perkins Harman, *Such Is Life* (Crowell)

DURING the Royal tour of Australia in 1954 a long stream of people were being presented to the Duke of Edinburgh at a university function. When a young married couple were presented as "Mr. and Dr. Robinson," the Duke raised his eyebrows. Mr. Robinson explained that his wife was a doctor of philosophy and "very much more important than I."

To this the Duke replied, "Ah, yes, we have that trouble in my family, too."

—H. U. Willink, quoted in *The Daily Telegraph*

WHEN HERBERT SPENCER insisted that he remained a bachelor only because he was unable to find a suitable bride, friends introduced him to a woman whom they described as having not only beauty but a great mind. After spending a number of hours in her company the philosopher informed his matchmaking friends that while their candidate was undoubtedly beautiful her qualification stopped there, for "instead of having a great mind, she has a small mind in constant activity."

—Contributed by Mary Alkus

THE FAMOUS French comedian Fernandel went to a new barber. Excited at having such a prominent customer, the barber almost danced round him and could hardly do enough. Finally he finished, procured a mirror, held it behind the famous head and whispered, "Is that all right?"

Fernandel looked at him sternly.



"Almost. Just a little longer at the back, please."

—*Munich Revue*

A TALL, strapping figure with a curled shock of white hair was attacking a steak in a New York restaurant when he spotted a man chatting amiably in the corner. He dashed over, tapped the man on the back and said, "Meant to tell you this that day in '32, but had to leave. Your big mistake in that last game was to draw an extra round of trumps. That let the other guy discard his king of hearts, took him off the hook and gave him his chance to beat the slam."

Leaving the astonished journeyman bridge player, the tall man sped back to his table and his steak. To Oswald Jacoby, bridge expert, there was nothing unusual in the fact that he had paused briefly to review a bridge game of more than 20 years ago, and still remembered every card that a stranger had played!

—*Alvin Abramson in Esquire*

AFTER one of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's performances an excited woman swept backstage to conductor Serge Koussevitzky's dressing room. "Maestro!" she cried. "Maestro, you conduct so magnificently! You—you are God!"

Koussevitzky turned to the woman and, without batting an eyelid, replied humbly: "Yes, modom—and *soch* a responsibility."

—*Time*

At the turn of the century an obscure inventor and reformed motor-racing driver named Henry Ford built a new racing car called "999." He hired a little-known professional bicycle rider named Barney Oldfield to drive it for him in a motor race. The triumphant performance at the

then unheard-of speed of a mile a minute launched the careers of both men to fame and fortune. Years later Ford encountered Oldfield and generously confessed: "There's no denying it, Barney, you made me and I made you."

"That's true," replied Oldfield, "but to be quite honest about it, Henry, you must admit that I did a much better job than you did."

—*Mac Davis, Great American Sports Humour (Pocket Books)*

DURING rehearsal, actress Laurette Taylor was once told by the director, "This is your scene, Miss Taylor, and I feel you should have the centre of the stage for it."

Miss Taylor replied with that sparkling hesitancy that so often characterized her utterance, "You know, this may seem odd to you, but I have always thought that wherever I was—that was the centre of the stage."

—*Guthrie McClintic, Me and Kit (Atlantic-Little, Brown)*

I was once indebted to Colonel Edward House for a paying sitter—Bernard Baruch. As Mr. Baruch walked about my studio, looking at my sculpture, Colonel House took me aside and whispered, "A great man, Baruch spends money like a poor man." I started the Baruch bust with enthusiasm and the first sitting went very well. But during the next sitting he seemed to escape me. Baruch was conscious of my groping. When I confessed my difficulty and sighed, "I thought you were going to be easy," he looked at me with a quizzical smile. "Lots of people," he said, "thought I was going to be easy." I caught his expression just then as he spoke—and in that instant I got him.

—*Jo Davidson, Between Sitzings (Dial Press)*

*Recommended for Reading Aloud!*

# The Night the Ghost Got In

By  
*James Thurber*

THE GHOST that got into our house on the night of November 17, 1915, raised such a hullabaloo of misunderstanding that I am sorry I didn't just let

it keep on walking, and go to bed. Its advent caused my mother to throw a shoe through a window of the house next door and ended up with my grandfather shooting a policeman. I am sorry, therefore, as I have said, that I ever paid any attention to the footsteps.

They began about a quarter past

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JAMES THURBER has amply earned his reputation as a humorist of unique qualities with 21 books of prose or pictures, among them *Fables for Our Time*, *The Thirteen Clocks*, *Thurber's Dogs*.

*My Life and Hard Times*, from which this tale is taken, is considered by many to be his most durable masterpiece.

*He always half-suspected that something would "get him"*

one in the morning, a rhythmic, quick-cadenced walking round the dining-room table. My mother was asleep in one room upstairs, my brother Herman in another; Grandfather was in the attic, in the old walnut bed which once fell on my father. I had just stepped out of the bathtub and was busily rubbing myself with a towel when I heard the steps. They were the steps of a man walking rapidly round the dining-room table downstairs. The light from the bathroom shone down the back stairs, which dropped directly into the dining-room; I could see the

faint shine of plates on the plate rail; I couldn't see the table. The steps kept going round and round the table; at regular intervals a board creaked, when it was trodden upon. I supposed at first that it was my father or my brother Roy, who had gone to Indianapolis but were expected home at any time. I suspected next that it was a burglar. It did not enter my mind until later that it was a ghost.

After the walking had gone on for perhaps three minutes, I tiptoed to Herman's room. "Psst!" I hissed, in the dark, shaking him. "Awp," he said, in the low, hopeless tone of a despondent beagle—he always half suspected that something would "get him" in the night. I told him who I was. "There's something downstairs!" I said. He got up and followed me to the head of the back staircase. We listened together. There was no sound. The steps had ceased. Herman looked at me in some alarm—I had only the bath towel round my waist. He wanted to go back to bed, but I gripped his arm. "There's something down there!" I said. Instantly the steps began again, circled the dining-room table like a man running, and started up the stairs towards us, heavily, two at a time. The light still shone palely down the stairs; we saw nothing coming; we only heard the steps. Herman rushed to his room and slammed the door. I slammed shut the door at the top of the stairs and held my knee against

it. After a long minute I slowly opened it again. There was nothing there. There was no sound. None of us ever heard the ghost again.

The slamming of the doors had aroused Mother; she peered out of her room. "What on earth are you boys doing?" she demanded. Herman ventured out of his room. "Nothing," he said gruffly, but he was, in colour, a light green. "What was all that running around downstairs?" said Mother. So she had heard the steps, too! We just looked at her. "Burglars!" she shouted intuitively. I tried to quieten her by starting lightly downstairs.

"Come on, Herman," I said.

"I'll stay with Mother," he said. She's all excited."

I stepped back on to the landing.

"Don't either of you go a step," said Mother. "We'll call the police." Since the phone was downstairs, I didn't see how we were going to call the police—nor did I want the police—but Mother made one of her quick, incomparable decisions. She flung up a window of her bedroom which faced the bedroom windows of the house of a neighbour, picked up a shoe and whammed it through a pane of glass across the narrow space that separated the two houses. Glass tinkled into the bedroom occupied by a retired engraver named Bodwell, and his wife. Bodwell had been for some years in rather a bad way and was subject to mild "attacks." Most everybody we knew had *some* kind of attacks.

It was now about two o'clock of a moonless night; clouds hung black and low. Bodwell was at the window in a minute, shouting, frothing a little, shaking his fist. "We'll sell the house and go back to Peoria," we could hear Mrs. Bodwell saying. It was some time before Mother "got through" to Bodwell. "Burglars!" she shouted. "Burglars in the house!" Herman and I hadn't dared to tell her that it was not burglars but ghosts, for she was even more afraid of ghosts than of burglars. Bodwell at first thought that she meant there were burglars in his house, but finally he quietened down and called the police for us over an extension phone by his bed. After he had disappeared from the window, Mother suddenly made as if to throw another shoe, not because there was further need of it but, as she later explained, because the thrill of heaving a shoe through a window pane had enormously taken her fancy. I prevented her.

The police were on hand in a commendably short time—a Ford saloon full of them, two on motorcycles, and a patrol wagon with about eight in it and a few reporters. They began banging at our front door. Flashlights shot streaks of gleam up and down the walls, across the yard, down the walk between our house and Bodwell's. "Open up!" cried a hoarse voice. "We're men from headquarters!" I wanted to go down and let them in, since there they were; but Mother

wouldn't hear of it. "You haven't a stitch on," she pointed out. "You'd catch your death." I wound the towel round me again. Finally the cops put their shoulders to our big heavy front door with its thick bevelled glass and broke it in; I could hear a rending of wood and a splash of glass on the floor of the hall. Their lights played all over the living room and crisscrossed nervously in the dining-room, stabbed into hallways, shot up the front stairs and finally up the back. They caught me standing in my towel at the top. A heavy policeman bounded up the steps. "Who are you?" he demanded. "I live here," I said. "Well, whatsa matta, ya hot?" he asked. It was, as a matter of fact, cold; I went to my room and pulled on some trousers. On my way out, a cop stuck a gun into my ribs. "Whatta you doin' here?" he demanded. "I live here," I said.

The officer in charge reported to Mother. "No sign of nobody, lady," he said. "Musta got away. What'd he look like?"

"There were two or three of them," Mother said, "whooping and carrying on and slamming doors."

"Funny," said the cop. "All ya windows and doors was locked on the inside tight as a tick."

Downstairs we could hear the tramping of the other police. Police were all over the place—doors were yanked open; drawers were yanked open; windows were shot up and

pulled down; furniture fell with dull thumps. Half a dozen policemen emerged out of the darkness of the front hallway upstairs. They began to ransack the floor—pulled beds away from walls, tore clothes off hooks in the cupboards, pulled suitcases and boxes off shelves. One of them found an old zither that Roy had won in a billiard tournament. "Looky here, Joe," he said, strumming it with a big paw. The cop named Joe took it and turned it over. "What is it?" he asked me. "It's an old zither our guinea pig used to sleep on," I said. It was true that a pet guinea pig we once had would never sleep anywhere except on the zither, but I should never have said so. Joe and the other cop looked at me a long time. They put the zither back on a shelf.

"No sign o' nuthin'," said the cop who had first spoken to Mother. "This guy," he explained to the others, jerking a thumb at me "was nekked. The lady seems historical." They all nodded, but said nothing—just looked at me. In the small silence we all heard a creaking in the attic. Grandfather was turning over in bed. "What's 'at?" snapped Joe. Five or six cops sprang for the attic door before I could intervene or explain. I realized that it would be bad if they burst in on Grandfather unannounced, or even announced. He was going through a phase in which he believed that General Meade's men, under steady hammering by Stonewall Jackson,

were beginning to retreat and even desert.

When I got to the attic, things were pretty confused. Grandfather had evidently jumped to the conclusion that the police were deserters from Meade's army, trying to hide away in his attic. He bounded out of bed wearing a long flannel nightgown over long woollen underwear, a nightcap, and a leather jacket round his chest. The cops must have realized at once that the indignant white-haired old man belonged in the house, but they had no chance to say so. "Back, ye cowardly dogs!" roared Grandfather. "Back t' the lines, ye lily-livered cattle!" With that he fetched the officer who found the zither a flat-handed smack alongside his head that sent him sprawling. The others beat a retreat, but not fast enough; Grandfather grabbed Zither's gun from its holster and let fly. The report seemed to crack the rafters; smoke filled the attic. A cop cursed and shot his hand to his shoulder. Somehow we all finally got downstairs again and locked the door against the old gentleman. He fired once or twice more in the darkness and then went back to bed.

"That was Grandfather," I explained to Joe, out of breath. "He thinks you're deserters."

"I'll say he does," said Joe.

The cops were reluctant to leave without getting their hands on somebody besides Grandfather; the night had been distinctly a defeat

for them. Furthermore they obviously didn't like the "layout"; something looked—and I can see their viewpoint—phoney. They began to poke into things again. A reporter, a thin-faced, wispy man, came up to me. I had put on one of Mother's blouses, not being able to find anything else. The reporter looked at me with mingled suspicion and interest. "Just what is the real low-down here, Bud?" he asked. I decided to be frank with him. "We had ghosts," I said. He gazed at me a long time as if I were a slot machine into which he had, without results, dropped a nickel. Then he walked away. The cops followed him, the one Grandfather shot holding his now-bandaged arm, cursing and blaspheming. "I'm gonna get my gun back from that

old bird," said the zither-cop. "Yeh," said Joe. "You—and who else?" I told them I would bring it to the police station the next day.

"What was the matter with that policeman?" Mother asked after they had gone. "Grandfather shot him," I said. "What for?" she demanded. I told her he was a deserter. "Of all things!" said Mother. "He was such a nice-looking young man."

Grandfather was fresh as a daisy and full of jokes at breakfast next morning. We thought at first he had forgotten all about what had happened, but he hadn't. Over his third cup of coffee he glared at Herman and me. "What was the idee of all them cops tarryhootin' round the house last night?" he demanded. He had us there.

### Quotable Quotes

Natives who beat drums to drive off evil spirits are objects of scorn to motorists who blow horns to break up traffic jams.

—Mary Ellen Kelly in Cherokee, Iowa, *Courier*

Nothing breeds fatigue like inactivity.

—O. A. Battista

A politician is a person who can talk in circles while standing four-square.

—*Changing Times, The Kiplinger Magazine*

I guess the reason people say I'm easy to get on with is that I go off by myself to be horrible.

—Grace Kelly

Life hardens what is soft within us and softens what is hard.

—Dr. Joseph Fort Newton in *Everyday Religion* (Abingdon Press)

You are genuinely happy if you don't know why.

—Joseph Mayer in *The Council Voice*

A girl can have both a career and a home, if she knows how to put both of them first.

—Grace Downs, quoted by Earl Wilson, Hall Syndicate

## Hunza:

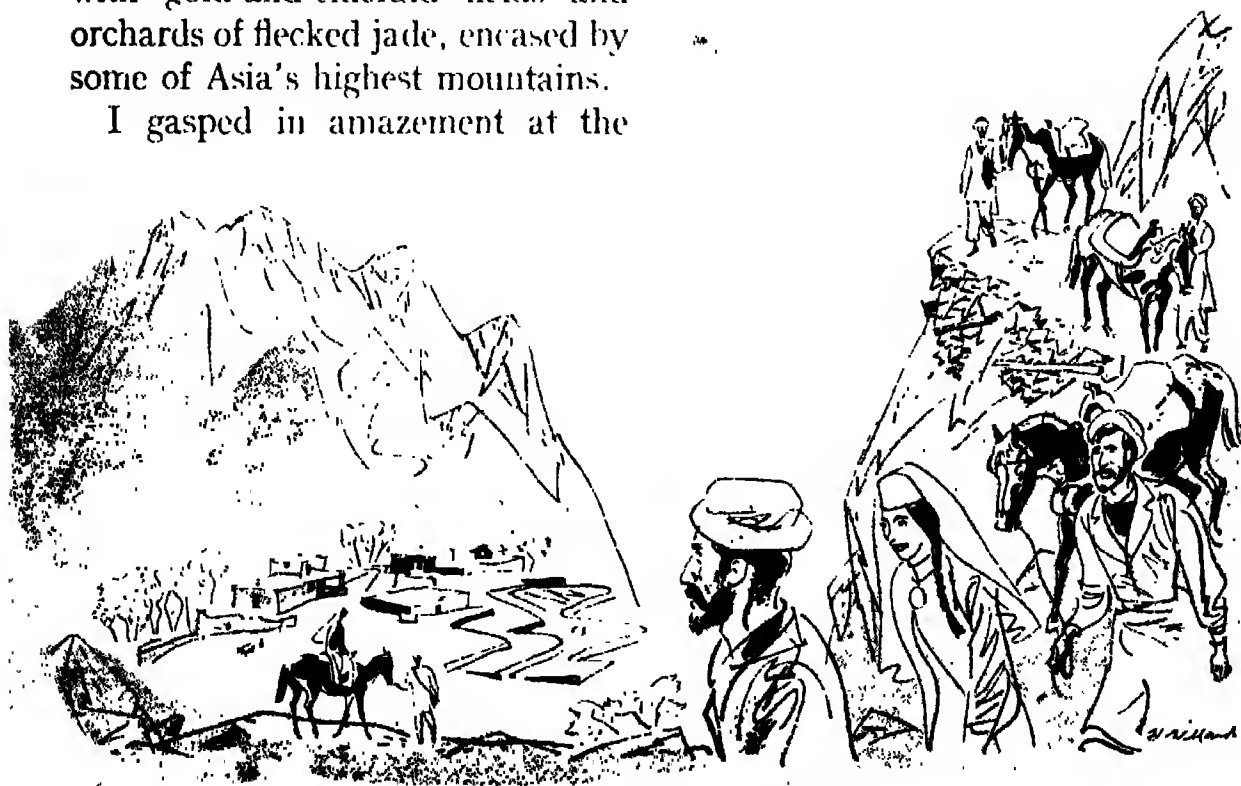
# The Happy Land of Just Enough

By Jean Bowie Shor

**W**E CAME upon it without warning, rounding a hazardous hairpin bend. That morning we had struggled over an uncharted mountain pass, and now, suddenly, half a mile below us, there appeared an incomparably beautiful valley, its river a twisting silver ribbon hung with gold-and-emerald fields and orchards of flecked jade, encased by

sight of this earthly paradise. Fabulous Hunza! In Afghanistan we had heard incredible stories of this principality. It was said to be the true Shangri-la.

I gasped in amazement at the



them had been built by the present ruler's grandfather. And while few foreigners had come to Hunza in recent years, the bungalows were always kept ready.

Across the front ran a verandah from which we could admire the incomparable view—including one which dropped 1 400 feet straight down. Hunzuktus, we were to learn, were justly proud of their spectacular country. Food was brought to us, and we were bedded down for the night.

The next day I asked whether all foreigners received such hospitable treatment. Of course came the reply. Our country is our home so a traveller come to Himza is a guest in our house.

After checking our passports Nabi Khan told us much of the valley. First about the people. They are taller than any of their neighbours and even taller than the Afghans. Their features are Caucasian rather than Mongolian, their noses straight and prominent, their deep-set dark eyes not lashed. They could be southern Europeans of exceptional physique and perhaps their ancestors were.

There is a legend Nubi told us that all Hunzabouts are descended from the soldiers of Alexander the Great who found beautiful wives in Persia. The women accompanied them while Alexander campaigned along the Oxus River. When the Greek conqueror turned south the three couples discovered this most

As we entered the valley, our first stop was the village of Misgar. Its 50 circular stone houses were clustered on both sides of a stream which flowed into the Hunza River. At the first building—a combination telephone and telegraph office—a tall, slender, handsome man greeted us warmly in English. His name was Nabi Kh— he had worked as a telegraphist under British rule in India, and he was now Misgar's chief of communications. He led us to a two-roomed bungalow perched jauntily on the edge of a chasm. We would find such a guest house in every village in Hunza, he said. Many of

JIAN ANI Erni Shor t it t illy h  
thirteenth century route f Mar P l fr a  
Venice to Peling They travelled by b u  
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Asia they trkked through th tableland  
described in this article



wonderful Hunza valley and settled in it. Scholars, while attempting to dismiss this as folklore, admit that the people of Hunza are different, and can offer no better explanation for their presence in this mid-Asian paradise.

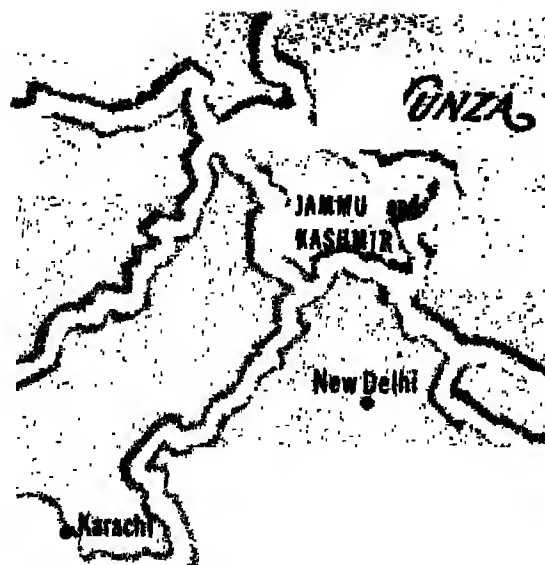
The language of Hunza, Burushaski, is not related to any other known tongue. Its origin, like that of the Hunzukuts themselves, remains for scholars a fascinating mystery. It is not a written language, and yet it is fantastically complicated by, among other things, some 30 plural forms and four genders.

"Tell us about the Mir," Franc said. "How does he govern?"

"He has no regular police," Nabi Khan said, "because there is very little crime. There are no gaols. A few years ago the Mir had a small bodyguard, but he disbanded it. Why should he have a bodyguard? He has no enemies."

Each village elects its own *arbab*, a council of elders, who govern their village and judge all local disputes. When a dispute cannot be settled locally, the headman of the *arbab* telephones the Mir. In a matter of great moment, the interested parties can petition the Mir in person. All they have to do is to walk to Baltit, the capital.

"Actually," said Nabi, "the Mir governs by telephone. There is a telephone in every important village, and once a day the headman has to call the Mir to tell him what's



going on. You should have heard our headman report on your arrival yesterday. He hasn't had news like that for years!"

The much-discussed telephone rang at that moment. Nabi answered, then handed the old-fashioned instrument to Franc. "For you, Mr. Shor."

A voice greeted Franc in perfect English: "Welcome to our country, Mr. Shor. If we had known you were coming, your bungalow would have been better prepared. Is there anything we can do for you?"

Franc assumed that the voice belonged to a British official in the Hunza service and said, "Well, from what I've heard, I believe there are some stories to be written here. One on the Mir, perhaps. I'm told he's a picturesque character and quite democratic and friendly. A picture story, perhaps. D'you think he'd mind?"

"Certainly not," said the voice on the phone "You can take all the photographs you wish We'll be glad to help "

"That sounds fine," Franc said "But can you speak for the Mir?"

"Yes," was the reply "You see I *am* the Mir ' He invited us to visit him in Baltit

DURING the next few days we rested in Misgar and studied the country's customs Money, we found, plays a very small part in the economy of Hunza Local trade is mainly by barter, and the average Hunzukur handles comparatively little money during his life time There are no banks

A man cannot buy or sell land for the land is very limited and by law it must remain in the family The only large landowner is the Mir with 320 acres Occasionally he gives an acre to a deserving subject who has failed to inherit any Or he may lease an acre or two to a promising young couple at a nominal rental which may be paid in apricots apples, meat ibex horns or services

No Hunzukur covets large profits If a flood should sweep away his home his neighbours will help him to build another Should his horse tumble into a gorge, a friend will lend him a horse until he can obtain a replacement

Education? It is free to all, largely financed by the Aga Khan, spiritual leader of the Moslem sect to which the Hunzukurts belong.

The Hunzukurts enjoy a phenomenal freedom from disease Sir Robert McCarrison, a surgeon of the Indian Medical Service who spent some time in Hunza, noted the complete absence of ulcers, dyspepsia and cancer Most authorities attribute the Hunzukurts' unusual vitality and longevity to their simple, health giving diet, and their system of agriculture under which every scrap of vegetable matter is added to animal fertilizer and returned to the soil as compost

WHEN WE started for Baltit, to accept the Mir's invitation, one of our Misgar friends told us with grave pride that the road on which we were to travel for five days was the most dangerous in the world After the trip I agreed completely It is the very terror of this road that has allowed Hunza to exist in serene isolation safe from more powerful neighbours and untouched by modern civilization

For centuries it was the main highway between Kashgar, in Sinkiang, and Kashmir Intrepid Chinese traders led pack trains laden with silks tea and porcelain into India along its frightening and incredible galleries Returning to Cathay, they brought spices, jewels, gold and ivory A successful trip could make a trader rich for life, but many lost their caravans—and life itself—in sudden landslides or the collapse of the galleries, called *rafiks*, which means "friends "

By the *rafik* the Hunzukuts have created foot-holds where nature had no such intention. The principle is simple. The road-builders move along a natural ledge on the face of a cliff, perhaps 2,000 feet above the valley. The ledge grows narrower and narrower and then disappears entirely, to reappear many feet ahead. But how is the gap to be bridged?

Usually there is a crack in the sheer cliff and into this the Hunzukuts drive a line of flat rocks. On these they lay other rocks, each successive layer alternating with a layer of branches, protruding a bit further over the abyss until a ledge perhaps 30 inches wide—but sometimes only 18—projects from the cliff. Occasionally where there is no crack, long poles are hung across the gap to form a shaky, creaky, sagging bridge.

From one gallery I looked down and saw horses splashed like over-ripe grapes on the rocks 500 feet below. When Frank mentioned this in Baltit later, the Mir said, "Oh yes. That gallery blew off in a high wind. I worried while you were coming. We've had such windy weather."

It was on this journey that we were first impressed with the stamina of the Hunza people. It is not unheard of for a Hunzukut to walk 60 miles over this mountain trail in a single day. They climb mountains of immense height with greater nonchalance than I can show in walking

up four flights of stairs. As mountain porters they are rivalled only by the Sherpas of Nepal, who made possible the conquest of Everest.

ONE MORNING we at last caught sight of Baltit. High on a mountain shoulder ahead of us was a castle, while below in the valley sprawled the town. Over the scene towered Rakapushi, the unclimbed 25,550-foot "Queen of the Snows."

Arriving at the palace, a modest building of Western architecture made of hand-hewn granite, we were greeted by the Mir. Short by Hunza standards and squarely built, he was dressed in riding breeches and a tweed jacket. His ruddy complexion, dark hair and thick moustache shone in the sunlight. His dark eyes twinkled with good will.

"You are welcome here," he said.

"We hope that you will remain for some time. We think you will like it." He had been educated at a British school in Pakistan, and his English was excellent.

He escorted us to the palace guest house, which overlooked the incomparable Hunza valley. Here we had a living room with a fireplace, a sunny dining room, a bedroom spread with Persian carpets and hung with Chinese scrolls, and a bathroom where hot water steamed in giant earthenware pitchers. Everything was solid and comfortable—but I stopped entranced in front of a huge upright piano. Other

than delivery by helicopter, I could not imagine how it had reached Baltit.

"My grandfather had the piano brought from Kashmir," the Mir explained. "Twenty men carried it over the mountains. It took ten days on the trail." Later that evening I tried a few notes. It is a pity that a piano-tuner was not carried to Hunza, too.

The Mir, young by Hunza standards—he was 38 when we met him, and had ruled eight years—is good at his job. "We are the happiest people in the world," he said to us that evening with a quiet assurance which precluded any boastfulness. "We have just enough of everything, but not enough to make anyone else want to take it away. You might call this the Happy Land of Just Enough."

Each morning the Mir meets his council of elders, none under 65, and his grand vizier, who is 98, to decide the problems of the day. Each matter is put to a vote. By his own decree, the Mir's vote normally counts no more than any other. In an emergency he can veto his council, for he is an absolute monarch. But in fact he rules almost entirely as a wise and respected mediator.

At least once a year the Mir travels the length of his land on a pony, accompanied by his wife on a mule, for a tour of inspection. While the Mir confers with local elders, the Rani visits the women to hear their needs.

Each winter the Mir is called upon to perform a mass wedding ceremony. All weddings take place on a Thursday in December chosen by the village diviners in consultation with the Mir. Hunza parents still select marriage partners for their children, but the young people can refuse their parents' choice.

"We have one custom which Westerners find unusual," said the Mir. "The bridegroom's mother spends the honeymoon with the newlyweds, acting as a guide and teacher. Marriage, we believe, is too important to be left to chance."

There are only a limited number of arable acres in Hunza, and if the Hunzukuts had as many children as other Asiatic or Oriental peoples, there would soon be serious overpopulation. But the Hunzukuts solved this problem centuries ago with a custom that incidentally limits the birth rate. When a wife becomes pregnant she leaves her husband's bed, not to return again until the baby is weaned—two years for a girl, three for a boy.

Families, therefore, are small. The family land is inherited through the male line. Women cannot inherit land, since it is felt that they cannot till the fields. They can own other property, however, and have an equal voice in family matters. The Mir's wife is one of the few women in the land who live in purdah. Her face is never seen by men other than members of her immediate family.

Doctor L. J. Picton, an authority

on nutrition has summed up the Hunzukuts in this way "These people have achieved engineering without mathematics, morality without moralizing, agriculture without chemistry, health without medicine, sufficiency without trade. In the harsh and uncompromising surroundings of Hunza they have mastered the art of life."

WILL HUNZA remain a peaceful paradise? All one can do is hope, says the Mir. He was alarmed a few years ago, he told us, when a prospector thought he had discovered a rich vein of gold near Baltit. "Fortunately," the Mir added, "the ore turned out to be worthless."

For a moment we wondered why anyone should be alarmed at the thought of gold being discovered on his land. Then we understood

"It would mean the end of Hunza and our way of life," the Mir explained. "Had the strike been genuine, some gold-hungry country would have moved in on the pretext of protecting us."

In Hunza Franc and I learned the true joy of leisure. There was nowhere to go. There were no films and no television. Yet we were never bored. We discovered the pleasures of sitting quietly on a hillside and absorbing the beauty of our surroundings.

But modern man's sojourn in earthly paradise must inevitably come to an end. The day finally arrived when we headed south on the trail towards Pakistan. As we threaded our way along the magnificent mountainsides, we wondered: Were we returning to civilization—or were we leaving it?

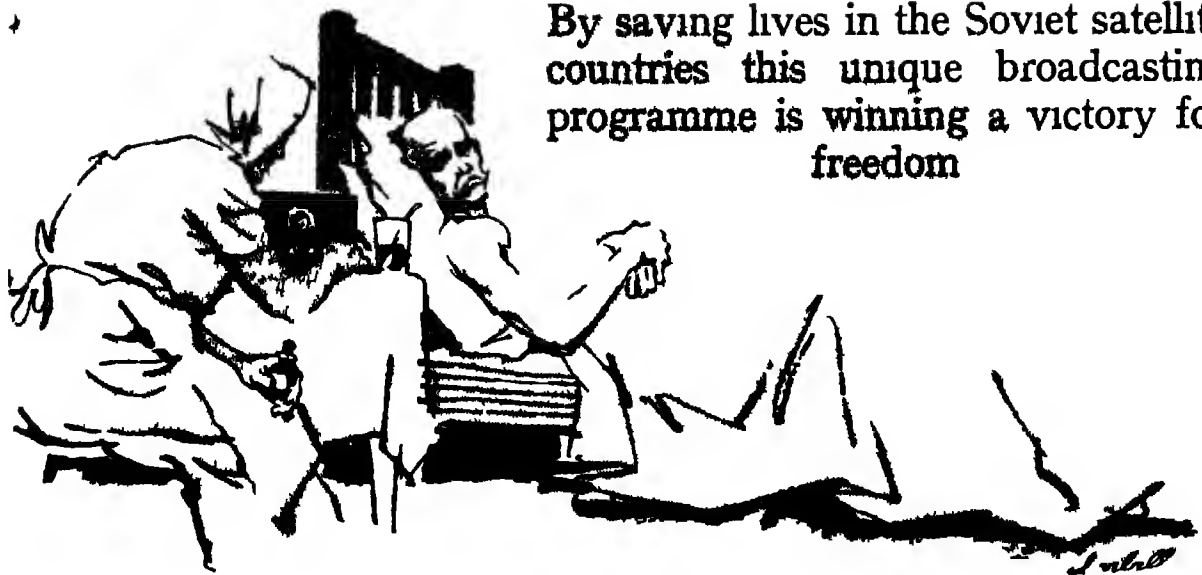


FLYING BACK to New York with Herbert Hoover after his eightieth birthday celebration at his birthplace in Iowa. I couldn't help but stare as he sat there puffing his pipe and opening congratulatory telegrams from people all over the world—including people who had hotly opposed him for years.

"You feel any bitterness?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "Reminds me of the story of the old fellow of about my own time in life who stood up in the prayer meeting when the preacher asked, 'Can anybody in this congregation honestly say he doesn't have a single enemy?' This old man said, 'I don't' and when the preacher invited him to share his secret with the rest of the people he just said, 'I outlived the dastards.'"

—Bob Considine



By saving lives in the Soviet satellite countries this unique broadcasting programme is winning a victory for freedom

## Radio Medicine

By  
J D Ratchff

## Pierces the Iron Curtain

NOT LONG ago a medical miracle unfolded before the eyes of the inhabitants of a small village in Czechoslovakia. For 20 years a woman there had been bedridden with crippling arthritis. Then a small packet of pills arrived by post. They were a new cortisone-like drug. In a few days she was up, relieved from pain and disease.

The woman was one of hundreds of beneficiaries of a unique radio programme called Radio Doctor Broadcast from Munich by Radio Free Europe, the programme carries a fresh breath of hope to millions of people cut off by the Iron Curtain from the sweeping progress of free world medicine.

This remarkable medical programme has become one of the West's most effective propaganda weapons in countries of the Communist bloc. Communists may boast of their achievements but they can't gloss over their failure to meet everyday health needs, a failure visible to millions of their captives. The grandeur of a new Moscow skyscraper is poor solace to the Bulgarian woman whose child is dying of pneumonia for want of antibiotics, and a new steel mill is of little interest to a Pole whose rising blood pressure might be curbed by a new Western medicine.

Red propagandists boast of free medical care and drugs, provided

by the state. Refugees tell a different story. Drugs freely prescribed throughout the rest of the world are unobtainable, except in the black market. It takes up to *seven days* to get a prescription for the most common remedies made up. "The smallest chemist's shop in the free world," notes a Hungarian, "has a larger supply of modern drugs than all the pharmacies in Budapest put together."

People requiring operations that are not emergency cases usually must wait at least three months, then run the risk of having the operation bungled by a "politically acceptable" doctor. Over and over again stories are told of competent doctors banished to labour camps for lack of sympathy with the régime; of unnecessary operations performed merely to give practice to inadequately trained men.

A Bulgarian gives a revealing picture of cancer clinics allotting only five minutes for an examination. A Slovak reports that when a doctor receives an emergency call on the telephone his first question is: "How old are you?" Elderly people are treated indifferently, or not at all, being told frankly that they are not worth saving.

These facts explain why Radio Doctor is one of the most widely heard of all programmes broadcast from the free world. The programme is divided into two parts. One gives technical information, to keep doctors abreast of advances in Western

medicine. The second is aimed at laymen, answering specific enquiries from people who are ill. Both are broadcast in Bulgarian, Czech, Slovak and Polish. To circumvent jamming, programmes go out on as many as nine different wavelengths simultaneously.

No one knows exactly how large a doctor audience the programme has, but immediately after a new drug is described to doctors, Radio Doctor receives a flood of letters from patients: "My doctor suggests that I write to you for the medicine described." Often doctors send along exact diagnoses and some even include prescriptions for medicines unavailable behind the Iron Curtain. Doctors who escape to the West report discussions at medical meetings of news brought to them by the programme. Says one: "Since we do not get the journals published in the West, it is our only means of keeping ourselves informed."

Whenever possible, broadcasts are pinpointed to meet immediate needs. Last summer, when Bulgaria had a raging dysentery epidemic, Communist measures were totally ineffective. A series of radio talks gave down-to-earth advice; boil water, wash hands before eating, wash all fruit, isolate the sick. Similar advice was given when polio took a serious toll in Poland last summer.

Letters pour in from listeners, despite risks incurred by their

writers, and many are remarkably critical of the Communist régime. One observes: "Disease is bad, but the worst disease of all is Communism."

Why do the Communists permit such letters to pass their tight postal control? One explanation is that to stop these letters, which mainly seek health information, would put the régime in the position of favouring sickness and suffering. A Czech doctor who escaped to the free world suggests another reason: "The information given on the programme is valuable to Red officials, too. Communists fall ill, just like other people."

Though the Communists may benefit somewhat, RFE officials are firmly convinced that the programme is of far greater value to the West for salvation. On balance, the free world is gaining a clear victory.

All the RFE diagnoses and recommendations are handled by leading medical men, mainly doctors from captive countries who were studying in the West at the time of Communist coups in their homelands and have remained there.

A Pole suffering from Paget's disease, in which bones mysteriously soften and become easily breakable, writes that nine months earlier he had broken a leg. His doctor cased the leg in plaster, then apparently forgot all about it. "Such treatment," the RFE programme advises, "represents almost criminal

negligence. You should be receiving regular X-ray treatments, plus large amounts of Vitamin D and calcium. If you are properly treated, your outlook is good."

A Slovak woman writes that her husband has come home from a forced-labour camp with tuberculosis. The family is desperate. "No work, no pay is the rule in our Communist paradise," she writes. "Your husband should be treated with a new drug," the radio advises. "Write this down, Mrs. S. The drug is a combination of streptomycin and the new anti-tuberculosis drug, isoniazid."

All programmes recognize that the medicines prescribed are probably unavailable in Soviet satellite countries—itsself a constant reminder of Communist failure. Listeners are advised to write to friends or relatives in the free world for help. If they have no one to appeal to, members of the RFE staff volunteer to provide some aid. Unfortunately, such funds are woefully inadequate.

Programme directors are aware that some of the drugs sent may be confiscated. One case was reported recently by an old lady in Prague to whom some desperately needed cortisone had been sent. At the customs office a young Communist functionary confronted her:

"This package," he said, "contains a valuable medicine from the capitalist world. We have given the matter careful consideration and



decided to keep it for a young person whose need is greater than yours. If you regain your health you haven't much longer to live any way, therefore it isn't very important to the régime whether you are healthy or not."

But in most instances the medicine *does* get through, as grateful letters prove. From Czechoslovakia came an appeal from a man with dangerously high blood pressure. Could anything be done? By airmail a consignment of Reserpine went off to him. A thankful letter came back: "I appear to be on the way to recovery." From Bulgaria came a letter from a man with a thyroid gland gone wild because of glandular overactivity; the patient was almost literally burning up. A small packet of thiouracil calmed the gland.

Last summer Communists stood powerless when a severe typhus epidemic struck Poland. Appeals for help began to pour in from RFE listeners. Workers in the RIF Polish section agreed to contribute a percentage of their salaries to buy chloromycetin, one of the most powerful weapons against typhus ever developed. Drugs were consigned to 320 people. Instead of dying in a delirium, recipients of the drug were up and about in a few days. All were vocal advocates of the wonders of free world medicine.

RFE programmes never miss an opportunity to point out deficiencies of Communist health programmes.

In Bulgaria not long ago, Minister of Health Kolaroff boasted about the declining infant mortality rate, and made the mistake of giving figures. RFE quickly pointed out that the figures were six times as high as those in Sweden. In Czechoslovakia a campaign is now under way to promote the collection of medicinal herbs. RFE dryly comments: At a time of great triumphs in free world medicine your country is returning to the therapeutic ways of witches. Repeatedly, programmes ask with telling effect: "If the Communist regime cannot cure the simplest diseases, how can it expect to accomplish the grandiose schemes it promises?"

Often on another programme when broadcasts warnings to Communists guilty of exploitation or brutality, Radio Free Europe will point an accusing finger at specific doctors. A few months ago refugees brought word that a Doctor Timor, medical officer at the wire works in Bohumin (Czechoslovakia), was attempting to curry political favour by cutting absences due to illness. He refused to give certificates of illness, no matter how ill a worker might really be. This is a warning, Limon said the radio voice. We are keeping check on your brutality. A day of reckoning will come.

Thus Radio Doctor is reaching a helping hand *through* the Iron Curtain. "Everyone listens to you," says one letter, "because you alone bring us something we can use."

# *The Best Advice I Ever Had*

By Herbert Morrison

I WAS about ten o'clock at night, on a street corner in the dimly lit Brixton district of London. In the flickering circle of light cast by a gas lamp a tall, sallow man on a soapbox harangued a small cluster of bystanders.

"I earn about the most interesting subject in the world—yourself!" he shouted in a leathery voice. "I earn how to be successful! What are you good at? Let phrenology tell you!"

In his hand he waved a chart of the human head colourfully divided into sections labelled history, mathematics, memory, and so on.

A grocer's errand boy I had no idea what phrenology was. But if the bumps on my 15-year-old noggin signified any such magnificent sounding capacities as these I wanted to know what they were.

I stepped up and held out the thin silver sixpence which I could ill afford. The phrenologist rested his fingertips on my head and explored it bump by bump.

HERBERT MORRISON has had a distinguished career in Britain as a Member of Parliament, Minister of Transport, Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, Deputy Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.



"That ridge above your eyes—that's originality. A fully rounded forehead—memory. I've seen a picture of Macaulay. He had a memory lump big as an egg."

After the reading he looked me in the eye, lowered his voice and said seriously, "You've got a good head. What do you read?"

"Bloods mostly," I said, referring to the penny thrillers sold by news vendors. "And novelettes."

"Better read trash than nothing," he said, "but you've got too good a

head for that. Why not better stuff—history, biography? Read what ever you like—but *develop the habit of serious reading*.

I was flattered that this examiner of countless heads had found something special in mine. As I walked homewards my heart beat faster. Herbert Morrison has too good a head for trash. I kept telling myself though my education had stopped with elementary school I was capable of serious reading.

Next day I took a shilling saved from my seven shillings weekly wage and bought a copy of Macaulay's *History of England*. Despite the fact that I had something in common with the author, my memory bump. I finished the book with a feeling of disappointment. It dealt with events too far in the past. Then I discovered Green's *Reading From English History*, a more modern work, and it fired my imagination. Through it I became aware for the first time of social problems, and I began to wonder how the conditions I saw around me in London could be improved.

Drunkennes, for example. Why I asked myself, did so many people drink themselves into a stupor? Who could stop them? Should we prohibit the sale of intoxicant?

Ordinarily I would have wondered idly about such questions and then dismissed them. Now, thanks to the phrenologist, I knew what to do.

At the library I started reading

temperance pamphlets. They quickly led me to social studies of the industrial revolution and the present day working class. Questions of bad housing, high rents and inadequate education took on real meaning for me. I saw my fellow men in the pubs with a new understanding.

The thrill of learning seized me—one of the great joys I had ever known. I struggled for time and a place to read. I rose in the morning an hour earlier than usual. After dressing in my heatless room above the grocer's shop, I wrapped myself in a blanket and read as much as I could before the grocer's wife called me to breakfast. My room was too cold to read in at night so I went to a coffee house down the street. There I settled myself with a book at a corner table, ordered a cup of coffee for a halfpenny and nursed it through the late evening. That way I read Ruskin, Matthew Arnold and Prince Kropotkin's *Fields, Factories and Workshops*.

Later when I became a telephone operator in a brewery, I read Herbert Spencer's *First Principles of Psychology* and Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species* while going to and from work by bus or train.

My mind teemed with ideas, and I had plenty of opportunity to test them. I spoke up at Socialist meetings, union halls and street corner discussions. I had theories as to what to do about a hundred different projects, from public health and housing, libraries and labour, to

methods of sanitary inspection and drainage, refuse collection and public baths. (I felt this last issue personally, as I had to walk two miles for my weekly scrubbing.)

Inevitably I became a member of the Labour movement. Campaigning underlined the need for more and deeper reading, to enable me to express my thoughts and defend my conclusions. I got barrages of questions from the crowds. When I was tossed a real poser, I'd parry it as best I could and that evening "swat it up" at the library. It was amazing how often the same question came up at the next meeting.

Needless to say, all this experience was invaluable preparation for my political career in the House of Commons.

I have spent some agreeable hours listening to the radio and a few watching television. I welcome the dramatic way in which much useful information is thus disseminated. But I have never heard or seen a programme which rivalled the value of an authoritative book. I shall always be grateful to my anonymous friend, the street-corner phrenologist, for the best advice I ever had: to develop the habit of serious reading.



### *Thing from the Sea*

A U.S. NAVY officer, passionately fond of underwater swimming, was anxious to pursue the sport while on holiday, but a skin rash on his face made the salt water painful. His dermatologist solved the problem: wear a full-face mask under regular diving goggles. The officer picked himself out a nice mask, close-fitting, if evilly Martian

That, no doubt, was why a sun-bathing girl on a quiet stretch of beach, woke from her doze and let out a choked scream as she saw the Thing almost leaning over her.

The officer doesn't know why he then said what he did. It was almost involuntary. "Take me," he said slowly and carefully, "to your President."

*Sports Illustrated*

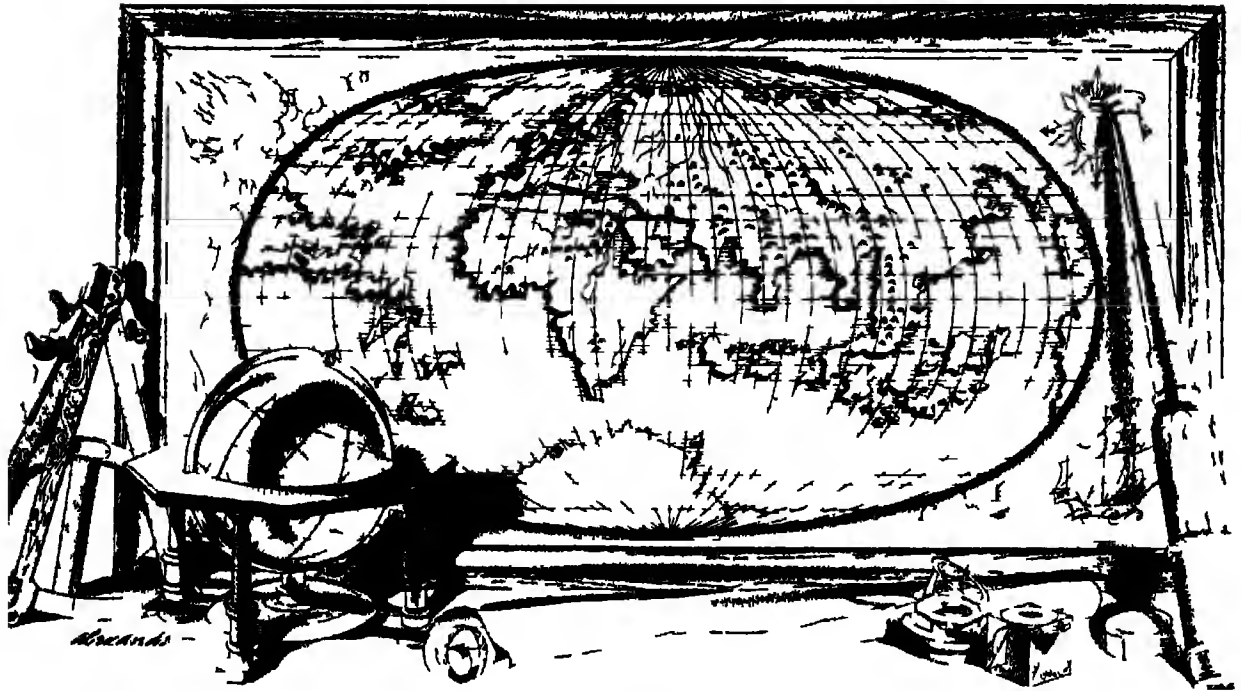
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### *Chain Reaction*

POPULAR bachelor diplomat, on being asked how he got on during a week-end as a guest in a country house:

"If the soup had been as warm as the wine, and the wine as old as the chicken, and the chicken as tender as the housemaid, and the housemaid as willing as my hostess, I should have had a wonderful time."

--Contributed by Frances Swinton



# The Romance of Maps

By  
Donald Culross Peattie

MAP is the beginning of adventure. Travels and treasure hunts, wars and explorations all open with its unrolling. Even in your armchair a map is a magic carpet, taking the mind in a flash just where you want to go.

Road maps are given away these days, but once maps were closely guarded secrets: men who revealed them might be tortured or put to death. To the privateer a captured chart could be booty richer than bullion. For, in the little known world of long ago, it could point the way to fortune. The mariners of Tyre thus had their Mediterranean trade routes to hide, the Arab sailors their sources of ginger, camphor, lacquer and silk, the Spanish their plundered New World gold, the

Journey over all the universe in a map, without expense and fatigue, without suffering in convenience.

— *Miguel de Cervantes*

Dutch their monopoly of Far Indian spices.

The charts that Columbus and Magellan made on their momentous voyages kept hidden in the archives of Seville, were so coveted that through bribery and theft most of them mysteriously vanished. When in the seventeenth century the Dutch East India Company printed 180 plates showing sailing routes to India, the Malay Straits, China and Japan (where all maps were long forbidden to any foreigner), this

*Secret Atlas* was restricted for use by the company's captains only

The Netherlands in those days boasted master cartographers like Mercator and Blaeu and Jansson one of whose exquisite works hangs on my wall today a 300 year old map of the wealthy Spice Islands adorned with pouting whales and sea serpents galleons in full sail and forests of nutmeg and clove

Today mapping is an international business a common language the world over In addition to the usual political and physical maps there are maps of the bottom of the sea and of caves for the speleologists maps for the flier and the Rambler But for you and me there is nothing like a good atlas where we can travel to all the places we may never see the ancient cities of Samarkand Istanbul and Plinon Pech the epic rivers like the Niger the Indus and the Tigris the Gold Coast the Ivory Coast the Windward and Leeward Islands—all the names that ring in the mind like music

The ancient Greeks were among the first to wonder what the world was whole looked like, and to draw pictures of it brilliantly conceiving it as a sphere Claudius Ptolemy Graeco Egyptian astronomer and geographer, completed his great atlas about 150 A D Therein he showed that Greece was *not* the centre of the world, as earlier Greeks had supposed Conquests and voyages enabled Ptolemy to map

Europe as far north as Denmark and the Shetland Isles, while to the south he could sketch a large part of Africa and to the east a large area he called India And by the camel caravans bringing silks out of the unknown Orient and by black slaves and ivory arriving from the Dark Continent these ancients guessed at lands beyond the known, and perceived that they were only little frogs round the Mediterranean puddle

In the Dark Ages much classical learning was forgotten and medieval monks who never left their cloisters drew maps of the world based on a simple minded piety Jerusalem was usually the hub East not north was put at the top, since there the Garden of Paradise was supposed to lie Because the Bible spoke of the four corners of the earth some cartographers took this to mean that the world was square or oblong and they drew it so decorating it with the grotesque monsters which they thought dwelt in those far corners

But pilgrimages the Crusades, the journey of Marco Polo to China, the voyages of the Portuguese explorers in search of a sailing route round Africa to the Indies, all pushed out the borders of the known world The first map (1500) of the new discoveries in the Western Sea was one crudely painted on ox-hide by Juan de la Cosa, a captain with Columbus In 1506 appeared the first printed map of the New

World; the single surviving copy is in the British Museum, which has one of the finest map collections in the world.

It is fascinating to watch North America grow by lining up old maps from the year 1500 onwards. Slowly the continent takes shape as a result of the explorations of Cabot and Cartier along the north-east coast, of La Salle on the Mississippi, and the Spanish in Florida, Texas and Mexico. Open on my desk is a map printed in Holland some time before 1682, picturing "Nieuw Amsterdam" (New York) as a cluster of houses at the southern tip of the island, with windmills, a church, a gibbet for pirates and pillory for Sabbath-breakers, the whole ending at a stockaded wall (Wall Street) beyond which dwelt the war-whooping Manhattoes. Offshore are pictured Indian canoes, inland are Mohican villages, and enlivening the wilderness are elk, deer, bear and beaver. It is all charmingly inaccurate.

As a matter of fact, most modern maps are inaccurate too. Because the earth is round, the only really accurate map is a globe. But, since globes are either too small to show detail or too big to be practicable, we have to spread out flat what is really round, achieving this impossible feat by a compromise called a projection. Mercator's projection, familiar to us at school and in the office, results in a distortion that increases the further one moves from

the equator, until Greenland looks larger than South America, which is really eight times as big.

Though the globe cannot be flattened accurately, a small area can be mapped with exactness. One of the most accurate maps in existence today is the Ordnance Survey Department's series of plans of urban areas in Britain, drawn to a scale of about 50 inches to the mile. The maps are so detailed that every house and garden is shown to scale. Over 13,000 of these map-sheets, out of a projected 37,000, have already been published.

An international map of the world, drawn to one scale with a single set of symbols, was first proposed by the Viennese geographer, Albrecht Penck, in 1891. The plan was for a map on such a scale that when the sheets composing it were put together they would cover a globe about 36 feet in diameter or one millionth the size of the earth. An office was opened in Britain where each nation was to send its sheets, but the two world wars each temporarily halted production. This infant giant among maps has been taken over by the United Nations.

Doctor Pe-Lou Tchang, who heads the project, reports that most countries have submitted sheets to the U.N. office, but some are inaccurate or obsolete, and it is virtually impossible to get exact information from the Iron Curtain countries. But, about half the world has been mapped accurately.

# IT'S UP TO THE PARENTS

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*A simple, logical law in Michigan holds them responsible for their children's vandalism—and it works*

By Howard Whitman

A STRIKING exception to the general bad news about juvenile delinquents in the United States comes from Michigan. In May 1953 that state passed a Parental Responsibility Act. Since then while the situation has become notably worse in many places in Michigan the tide of youthful anarchy seems at last to have turned.

Departing from the old common law custom of shielding parents from the costs of a child's acts, the new law holds parents financially responsible up to \$300 for juvenile vandalism. The results speak for themselves.

In Wayne County Juvenile Court in Detroit cases of malicious destruction of property dropped from 244 in the year before the Parental Responsibility Act to 192 in the year after (a decrease of about 20 per cent). Adjacent Lincoln Park reports a decrease in vandalism of about 50 per cent. "In the year preceding the enactment of this law we

had 69 juveniles in for vandalism; the year following the law only 30." So reports Police Chief Daniel O'Leary of Port Huron. In Battle Creek vandalism cases fell by 55 per cent and in Pontiac 41 per cent.

The Parental Responsibility Act had been sought for five years by the Probate Judges Association but the legislature passed it only when the tide of delinquency became overwhelming. Michigan like nearly every other state in the United States had experienced a disturbing change from natural, rather harmless mischief on the part of youth to such offences as setting fire to schools, slashing seats in buses and theatres and sawing park benches in half.

Michigan Senator Harold Ryan, sponsor of the act, says "I was prompted by the idea that if vandalism costs the parents money they will take a keener interest in where their children are and what they are doing."

The parents with whom I talked agreed. One of them said "It's our failure in bringing up our children and believing we're correcting it. If a man's dog wrecks somebody's property the man is responsible. Why shouldn't he be much more responsible for a child to whom he's supposed to teach the difference between right and wrong?"

A 14 year old boy in Lincoln Park stole a car last January, took it on a 175-mile joy ride into Ohio



and smashed it against a telephone pole Under the act the boy's parents were handed the bill

I visited his mother "My boy has learned his lesson," she said "He has hurt us by making me and his father spend our savings to pay the bill, and he knows it Before, it was just a prank to him Now he realizes that he destroyed something of value, and he is going to work and pay us back "

Often when young people are brought into court, the parents pay up on the spot Eugene Sharp, Presiding Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Detroit, called the law "its own enforcer " He said, "Instead of clogging our courts with litigation it has made clear to parents what their legal responsibility is, and they meet it "

In Ann Arbor two 14-year old boys broke the radio aersials off 17 parked cars, ripped out windscreen wipers and scratched the paint on the cars The boys' parents not only arranged to pay for the damage but

they made each boy work at odd jobs, after school and on Saturdays, until he had earned enough money to reimburse them

In the two years since the Parental Responsibility Act became effective, officials have noted significant improvement " Parents we formerly had trouble with are now much more co-operative," reports James Hunt, Director of Children's Services in Oakland County "Before, they let their children roam wild Now they know where their youngsters are, especially at night, and they take a more active interest in their leisure hour activities "

And there are by products Detroit Police Commissioner Edward Piggins calls the law a "deterrent which has saved thousands of dollars in damage to public and private buildings " No one can put monetary values on crimes such as thugery, beatings and stabbings, yet increased parental supervision must eventually have a deterrent effect on these forms of delinquency, too



### *First Things First*

ONE QUESTION in an examination given to Royal Australian Air Force National Service men posed this problem "What is the first thing you would do if you were piloting an aircraft and the Prime Minister fell out of the back seat?"

The answers varied a good deal "I'd swoop down and try to catch him," said one hopeful "Commit suicide " said another "Disappear, said a third

The approved solution? "Adjust flaps to compensate for reduced weight in the rear section "

—Reuters

# It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

*By Wilfred Funk*

**M**ANY of the following one syllable verbs come from Old or Middle English. First write down your own definitions of those you think you know. Then tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- |                                                                                               |                                                                                                  |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| (1) <b>wax</b> (wăx)—A to grow B bend<br>C melt D diminish                                    | (11) <b>wane</b> (wane) A to long for B<br>run from C grow less D daydream                       |
| (2) <b>harp</b> (hăhp)—A to dwell on a<br>subject tiresomely B protest C<br>claim D joke      | (12) <b>oust</b> (owst)—A to insult B con-<br>tend C eject D hurt                                |
| (3) <b>ply</b> (pli)—A to fool B offer or<br>supply persistently C agree with<br>D compliment | (13) <b>shunt</b> (shŭnt) A to oppose B<br>trip C nudge D turn aside                             |
| (4) <b>veer</b> (veər) A to stare B change<br>direction C push aside D stop                   | (14) <b>prune</b> (prune) A to supply<br>beforehand with facts B begin C<br>fill D strut         |
| (5) <b>surge</b> (surj) A to grow angry B<br>ask earnestly C scour D swell or<br>heave        | (15) <b>slack</b> (slăk)—A to trim B pil-<br>lage C contract D shake                             |
| (6) <b>quip</b> (kwîp) A to tease B make<br>a witty remark C trick D make a<br>mistake        | (16) <b>roul</b> (rowt) A to succeed B put<br>to flight C help D elude                           |
| (7) <b>balk</b> (băwk) A to thwart B in-<br>jure C anger D deceive                            | (17) <b>rile</b> (ril) A to irritate B<br>amuse C shock D twist                                  |
| (8) <b>slake</b> (slake)—A to sharpen B<br>spread C quench D loosen                           | (18) <b>prun</b> (prɛn)—A to shine B<br>flirt C smooth or dress oneself care-<br>fully D worship |
| (9) <b>cloy</b> (kloy)—A to flirt B cling<br>C satiate D sweeten                              | (19) <b>stress</b> (strɛss)—A to emphasize<br>B object C bother D overcome                       |
| (10) <b>welsh</b> (wɛlsh)—A to wince B<br>cheat C cringe D give up                            | (20) <b>prate</b> (prate) A to argue B<br>brag C parade up and down D talk<br>foolishly          |

## Answers to

### 'IT PAYS TO INFER'

#### YOUR WORD

- (1) **wax**—A To grow become as to wax eloquent Old English *axan*
- (2) **harp**—A To dwell on a subject tiresomely and tediously as He would harp on his grievances Old English *hearpan*
- (3) **ply**—B To offer or supply persistently, as food or drink as He liked to ply his guests with wine
- (4) **veer**—B To change direction shift as The wind veered to the west French *vire*
- (5) **surge**—D To swell or heave rise high and roll on as waves often used figuratively as the surging crowd Latin *surgere* to rise
- (6) **quip**—B To make a clever witty remark to jest as He loved to quip and quib Latin *quippere* to jest
- (7) **balk**—A To thwart frustrate check as to balk his opponent's move Old English *balk* to balk or baffle
- (8) **slake**—C To quench appease as slake one's thirst Old English *slacan* to refresh
- (9) **cloy**—C To satiate or surfeit as The sentimental music began to cloy
- (10) **welsh**—B To cheat over a bet Hence, in general to avoid dishonourably the payment of a debt or obligation as He was the sort of person who might welsh on a business deal
- (11) **wane**—C To grow less or diminish, to decrease as His power began to wane Old English *wanian*
- (12) **oust**—C To eject or force out to turn out from possession or occupancy as He was ousted from his position Old French *oster*
- (13) **shunt**—D To turn aside move out of the way as to shunt the coach to another track Middle English *shunten*
- (14) **prime**—A To supply beforehand with facts and information as to prime a public speaker Latin *primus* first
- (15) **slack**—D To shirk or evade one's work or obligation as He would slack at his job every time he got a chance Old English *slacian*
- (16) **rout**—B To put to flight to drive into disorderly retreat as to rout the enemy Old French *rouer*
- (17) **riek**—A To irritate vex as Her remarks seemed to riek her friends Variant of *roue*
- (18) **preen**—C To smooth or dress oneself carefully as She would preen herself for an hour before the looking glass Middle English *prenen*
- (19) **stress**—A To emphasize accent as He tried to stress the point in his speech Latin *struere* to compress
- (20) **prate**—D To talk foolishly or idly at length as Her tendency to prate about her troubles made her a bore Aln to Dutch *prat* to talk

#### Vocabulary Ratings

|               |           |
|---------------|-----------|
| 20 correct    | excellent |
| 19-17 correct | good      |
| 16-14 correct | fair      |

Easter's message of hope, interpreted by one of the  
great preachers of recent years

# BECAUSE HE ROSE

*By Peter Marshall*

WHAT IS this mysterious  
strange  
                    joyous influence which seems to  
permeate everything at this time of year  
which lingers like a sweet perfume  
                    delicate and clean  
to touch us all with its magic  
We have different ways of expressing it  
Some of us don new clothes with brighter colour  
and surely there is nothing wrong in that  
Don't the trees the same  
They deal with green lace the branches that were black  
                                    bare and ugly  
that looked like black bony finger stripped of their  
jewels in the sleet and ice of winter  
and they slip on these quickened branches the bright  
flashing gems of blossom  
Others send beautiful cards with appropriate messages to  
those whom they love because it is Easter  
Others make gifts  
Some are so touched with gratitude at this time that they love  
to remember the sick

PETER MARSHALL was the beloved English Unitarian Minister from January  
1947 until he died on January 2, 1949 at the age of 46. Here the subject  
of his wife's book, A Man Called Peter, is brought to life. Because He  
Rose is a sermon which he delivered on April 4, 1948 in the New York  
Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, D.C.

*(continued from page 1)*

They bring Easter lilies into the sickroom, so that trumpets may sound triumphant music, to give courage and hope to the explorers of pain.

Think ye, then, that behind all of this is only a myth?

Is there anything incongruous in believing that He who one day walked up to a funeral cortège coming out of the city of Nain . . .

stopped it in the street . . .

and brought back from death a widow's son,  
should bring Himself back?

Is there anything incongruous in believing that the One who brought back out of a festering grave the rotting body of Lazarus should be able to come out of the grave Himself?

If He brought others out of the tomb, He surely knew the way out . . .

And He who Himself rose from the dead . . .

can also raise us, even as He has promised.

We know more gloriously than ever . . .

with a surer certainty . . .

and a deeper joy . . .

that Jesus meant it when He said, time after time,  
"I will raise him up at the last day."

Here is Someone who knows what He is talking about.

Here is One speaking with authority

He has done it for others already

He did it for Himself . . .

He has done it . . .

He can do it again.

Because He rose, we who believe in Him shall rise also

There lies before us the thrilling, exciting prospect of life without end, going on and on, into all the eternities . . . a life of joy and peace . . .

of freedom from sin and bondage of all kinds . . .

release from pain and suffering . . .

from tears, sorrow and heartache . . .

from disappointment and all bitterness.

Because He rose from the dead, we need have no fear about our tomorrows—whatever they may hold.

"Be not afraid," He said, "only believe."

"He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he

live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die "

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so,  
I would have told you."

"If there were anything behind the curtain that should terrify  
you . . .

frighten you .

alarm you or cause you fear .

I would have told you "

"But I have been there

See, I return to tell you all is well

I have overcome the world

Therefore, fear not, for I am with thee,

even unto the end of the ages "

Man has always dreaded the unknown

He has been afraid of the dark tomorrow that lies behind the  
sable folds of the curtain that hangs between this stage of our  
life and the next

But now that Christ has risen from the dead, we need have no  
fear who trust in Him

Whatever terrors it hid

He has vanquished them in utter rout

' Be not afraid — only believe "

His calm confident reassuring voice speaks to us this Easter  
Day



*A* VETERAN NURSE It has always seemed to me a major tragedy that  
so many people go through life haunted by the fear of death—only to  
find when it comes that it is as natural as life itself. For very few are  
afraid to die when they get to the very end. In all my experience only  
one seemed to feel any terror—a woman who had done her sister a wrong  
which it was too late to right.

Something strange and beautiful happens to men and women when  
they come to the end of the road. All fear, all horror disappears. I have  
often watched a look of happy wonder dawn in their eyes when they  
realized this was true. It is all part of the goodness of nature and, I  
believe, of the illimitable goodness of God. — Quoted in *The American Magazine*

The little-known story of an American Senator who sacrificed  
friendship, position and fortune to preserve constitutional  
government in the United States

## a President

*By John Kennedy*

**I**N A LONELY grave, forgotten and unknown, lies the man who performed what one biographer has called 'the most heroic act in American history'. This 'man who saved a President' was Senator Edmund Ross of Kansas.

Edmund Ross came to the U.S. Senate in 1866, just after the Civil War. In that year President Andrew Johnson and the U.S. Congress were at each other's throats. Johnson was determined to carry out Lincoln's policies of reconciliation with the South, while the 'Radical

Republican leaders in Congress sought to administer the down-trodden Southern states as conquered provinces. Bill after bill was vetoed by the President as unconstitutional or too harsh, and for the first time in the history of the United States important measures were passed over a President's veto and became law.

Not all Johnson's vetoes were overturned, however, and the Radicals realized that one final step was necessary before they could crush their despised foe. If they could assure themselves of a solid two-thirds majority in the U.S. Senate they could impeach Johnson and dismiss him from office.

To solidify this bloc became the paramount goal. By extremely dubious methods, a pro-Johnson Senator was denied his seat. Over the President's veto, Nebraska was admitted to the Union, seating two more anti-Administration Senators.

JOHN KENNEDY was twice decorated for bravery in the Second World War and has served as U.S. Senator from Massachusetts since 1953. While convalescing just years after an operation to correct a disability as a result of his wartime injuries, he dug into the histories of a group of forgotten American heroes, politicians who had followed their conscience at the risk of destruction and disgrace. The stories he uncovered of which this is one of the most dramatic have been published in Senator Kennedy's book *Profiles in Courage*.

Then an unexpected tragedy brought fresh hopes of a new vote in Kansas. Senator Jim Lane, who had been sympathetic with Lincoln's reconstruction plans and was consequently humiliated and vilified by his Radical constituents, committed suicide.

There was no doubt as to where his successor's sympathies lay; Ross's entire career had been one of determined opposition to the South. In 1856 he had joined the flood of anti-slavery immigrants to Kansas who intended to keep it a free territory. In 1862 he had given up his newspaper work to enlist in the Union Army. Radical Republican leaders were sure that in Ross they had a solid member of that vital two thirds.

In 1867 the stage was set for the final scene. Early that year Congress enacted the Tenure of Office Bill which prevented the President from removing new office-holders, whose appointment required Senatorial confirmation, without the consent of that body. On August 5, 1867, President Johnson, convinced that his Secretary of War, Edwin Stanton, was the tool of the Radical Republicans and was seeking to become the dictator of the conquered South, asked for his resignation. Stanton arrogantly declined to resign before the next meeting of Congress. The President suspended him. On January 18, 1868, an angry Senate notified the President that it did not concur in the suspension. Johnson—

anxious to obtain a court test of the act he believed unconstitutional—again notified Stanton that he had been removed..

Stanton barricaded himself in his office. Public opinion ran heavily against the President, and the House adopted a resolution of impeachment by a tremendous vote. Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, the crippled, fanatical master of the House, warned Congress: "Let me see the recreant who would vote to let such a criminal escape. Point me to one who will dare do it and I will show you one who will dare the infamy of posterity."

The impeachment trial began on March 5 in the Senate, the Chief Justice presiding. It was one of the great trials of history. Of the 11 Articles of Impeachment, eight were based upon the removal of Stanton; the ninth related to Johnson's conversation with a general, which was said to induce violations of the U.S. Army Appropriations Act; the tenth recited that Johnson had delivered "intemperate, inflammatory and scandalous harangues against Congress"; and the eleventh was an obscure conglomeration of all the charges, designed to furnish a common ground for those who favoured conviction but were unwilling to identify themselves on basic issues.

As the trial progressed it became increasingly apparent that the impatient Republicans did not intend to give the President a fair trial. Telling evidence in the President's



favour was arbitrarily excluded. Attempted bribery and other forms of pressure were rampant. Prejudgment on the part of most Senators was brazenly announced.

Thirty-six votes were necessary for conviction. At a preliminary Republican caucus six courageous Republicans indicated that the

evidence was not, in their opinion, sufficient to convict. If the remaining 36 Republicans held, there would still be no doubt as to the outcome. But one would not announce his verdict in the poll—Edmund Ross.

The Radicals were outraged. Word spread that Ross was "shaky," and from that day on he and his fellow doubtful Republicans were spied upon, their every move secretly noted. Dire warnings threatened them with political ostracism and even assassination. The *Philadelphia Press* reported "a fearful avalanche of telegrams from every section of the country."

According to the *New York Tribune*, Edmund Ross in particular was "mercilessly dragged this way and that by both sides." With no experience in political turmoil, no reputation in the Senate, no independent income, and the most Radical state



Senator Edmund Ross

in the Union to deal with, Ross was judged to be the Republican most sensitive to criticism. His background and life were investigated from top to bottom. He was the target of every eye, his name was on every mouth and his intentions were discussed in every newspaper. His brother was of-

fered \$20,000 to reveal the Senator's intentions.

The night before the Senate was to take its first vote, Ross received a telegram from home: "Kansas has heard the evidence and demands the conviction of the President." It was signed "D. R. Anthony and 1,000 Others."

Ross replied "I do not recognize your right to demand that I vote either for or against conviction. I have taken an oath to do impartial justice according to the Constitution and laws, and trust that I shall have the courage to vote according to the dictates of my judgment."

Ten minutes before the vote was taken, Ross's Kansas colleague warned him in the presence of Thaddeus Stevens that a vote for acquittal would mean his political death.

And now the fateful hour was at hand. As Ross himself afterwards

described it: "The galleries were packed. Tickets of admission were at an enormous premium. The House had adjourned and all its members were in the Senate chamber. Every chair on the Senate floor was filled with a Senator, a cabinet officer, a member of the President's counsel or a member of the House."

It had been decided to take the first vote under the broad eleventh Article of Impeachment, which was believed to command the widest support. The voting began. A deathlike stillness enveloped the chamber.

By the time the Chief Justice reached Ross, 24 "Guilties" had been pronounced. Ten more were certain and one other practically certain. Only Ross's vote was needed to obtain the 36 necessary to convict the President. Unable to conceal the emotion in his voice, the Chief Justice put the question:

"Mr. Senator Ross, how say you?"

Every voice was still; every eye was upon the Senator from Kansas. The hopes and bitterness of decades were centred on one man.

Much later Ross wrote of this moment: "It was a tremendous responsibility. I almost literally looked down into my open grave. Friendships, position, fortune, everything that makes life desirable to an ambitious man was about to be swept away by the breath of my mouth, perhaps for ever. It is not strange that my answer was carried waveringly over the air, or that repetition

was called for by distant Senators on the opposite side of the chamber."

Then came the answer again in a voice that could not be misunderstood: "Not guilty."

A ten-day recess followed, ten turbulent days to change votes on the remaining Articles. An attempt was made to rush through bills to readmit six Southern states whose 12 Senators were guaranteed to vote for conviction. But this could not be accomplished in time. Again Ross was subjected to terrible pressure.

He received a telegram from home, informing him that "Kansas repudiates you as she does all perjurers and skunks." Professional witnesses were found by Senator Pomeroy to testify before a special House committee that Ross had indicated a willingness to change his vote for a consideration. (Unfortunately, one witness was so delighted with his exciting rôle that he also swore that Senator Pomeroy had made an offer to produce three votes for acquittal for \$40,000.) Wild rumours spread that Ross had been won over.

But when the Senate reassembled and the second and third Articles of Impeachment were read, Ross's answer came again, "Not guilty." The remainder of the roll call was unimportant, conviction had failed by a single vote.

Why did Ross, whose dislike for Johnson continued, vote "Not guilty"? He explained his motives years later in *Scribner's* and *Forum* magazines: "The independence of the

executive office was on trial. If the President had to step down a disgraced man and a political outcast, upon insufficient proofs and from partisan considerations, the office of President would be degraded, cease to be a co-ordinate branch of the Government, and ever after subordinated to the legislative will. It would practically have revolutionized our splendid political fabric into a partisan Congressional autocracy."

But the "open grave" which he had foreseen was hardly an exaggeration. A Justice of the Kansas Supreme Court telegraphed him that "the rope with which Judas Iscariot hanged himself is lost, but Jim Lane's pistol is at your service."

A Kansas newspaper screamed: "On Saturday last Edmund Ross sold himself and betrayed his constituents; stultified his own record, basely lied to his friends, shamefully violated his solemn pledge and signed the death warrant of his country's liberty. This act was done deliberately, because the traitor loved money better than he did principle, friends, honour and country."

Ross's political career was ended. His fellow Congressmen as well as citizens in the street passed him by as if he were "a leper, with averted face and every indication of hatred and disgust." When he returned to Kansas in 1871 he and his family suffered social ostracism, physical

attack and near poverty. Eventually he moved to New Mexico, where in his later years he was appointed territorial governor.

Who was Edmund Ross? Practically nobody. Not a single public law bore his name, not a single history book includes a portrait of him. His one heroic deed has been all but forgotten.

But the twisting course of human events eventually upheld the faith he expressed to his wife shortly after the trial: "Millions of men cursing me today will bless me tomorrow for having saved the country from the greatest peril through which it has ever passed."

Twenty years later the U.S. Congress repealed the Tenure of Office Act, and still later the Supreme Court held it to be unconstitutional. Just prior to Ross's death the Kansas newspapers and political leaders who had bitterly denounced him in earlier years praised his stand against legislative mob rule: "By the firmness and courage of Senator Ross," it was said, "the United States was saved from calamity. Ross was the victim of a wild flame of intolerance which swept everything before it. He did his duty knowing that it meant his political death. He acted for his conscience, regardless of what he knew must be the ruinous consequences to himself. He acted rightly."

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*Nowadays about the only thing you can't pay on the instalment plan is the instalment.*

*— Changing Times, The Kiplinger Magazine*

# Tigers in the Kitchen

*By Helen Martin*

THE POLL TAKER stood in the kitchen doorway popping questions while I prepared a pie. Your husband's occupation?

Keeper at the Bronx Zoo. I said proudly.

'Children

Three. I replied. Dacca Rappur and Ramganj.

There was a pause. Unusual name, he said.

At that moment, as though on cue, the three tiger cubs streaked into the kitchen. Detecting the stranger, they broke off their romp to stare, wailed with sound effects intended to frighten him out of his wits.

I was just leaving, said the

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poll taker. A pretty little thing, which weighs only seven tons and four feet in height. This has been my first and last sight of tigers and a variety of the animal since the fateful day in 1942 when she took the care of MacArthur, the baby lion.



poll taker and he did quickly. I often wonder what he told his wife that night.

It doesn't occur to me to think of myself as an unusual woman who brings up tigers in a flat. I know only that I have had the thrilling opportunity of being a foster mother to some of the most delightful, lovely

animals ever born in captivity.

It started when my husband, then an apparent keeper at the Bronx Zoo in New York, appeared at home one evening with MacArthur, a two-day-old lion cub whose mother had abandoned him. 'I've told the mother you'd be glad to take care of him,' I red said.

I hadn't the slightest idea how to cope with a lion cub.

Just do what you would do for a human baby, I red suggested. He

handed the bedraggled cub to me gently. Suddenly MacArthur opened his mouth and went through all the motions of a grown lion delivering a mighty roar. What came out was a tiny husky cry. I laid him in a roasting pan and weighed him on my kitchen scales. He was exactly three pounds.

Presently my kitchen was filled with nursing bottles and baby blankets. For a cot I lined a cardboard box with bath towels, placing it in a corner away from draughts. Then our problems began: MacArthur stubbornly refused the bottle.

We tried every trick we could think of, with no luck. Suddenly an idea struck me. I got up off the floor and sank into Fred's easy chair, with a pillow on my lap. When the cub was eased down into its softness, he immediately relaxed and took the bottle nipple, instinctively pushing alternately with his forepaws against my hand, just as he would to control the flow of milk from his mother.

In a few minutes, MacArthur contained three ounces of warm milk and was asleep in his box. I was ruefully nursing the first of the many scratches which I have since come to wear proudly—the badges of my success as a zoo mother.

When MacArthur returned to the zoo, after two months, I found myself hoping that another big cat would turn prima donna and provide me with another dependant. Sure enough, a few weeks later I had

my wish. And doubly—for this time Fred brought home a pair of tiger cubs.

Tigers rarely breed in captivity, and I knew I had been entrusted with a job of dramatic importance. Fred confirmed it. "Do your best, Helen. They're all holding their breath at the zoo."

With that, he hurried back to work, leaving me to start the feeding. The new cubs took eagerly to the bottle. I felt so optimistic that I opened the atlas at the map of India and started looking for names suitable for tigers. Just then Fred burst in through the door with a third tiger cub, emaciated, cold and as still as death.

"He's in a bad way," Fred mourned. Gathering the cub in my arms, I wrapped him in an electric heating pad, then struggled for six hours to get some warm milk down his throat. Shortly after dawn I heard a faint cry and felt the little tiger's front paws pushing against my hand. We'd made it!

My three tigers proved to be remarkably different in temperament. Raniganj would bite, scratch and squall unless he could have his way; Rajpur, fat and lazy, was perfectly agreeable in all matters; Dacca was a bright, mischievous female who tolerated no nonsense from her rough-and-tumble brothers.

Fred built a play pen for them, but they spent all their energy trying to climb out, or crying to be picked up. I stood it as long as I could, then

turned them loose in the kitchen.

From that point on, I got little housework done. If I went into the living room and closed the glass doors behind me, the cubs would line up behind them and cry piteously. When I went back into the kitchen, they would purr and climb into my arms.

It was fascinating to watch them rehearse their jungle strategy. With their little ears down they would stalk me when my back was turned. If I looked, it spoilt their game. When one of them gained his objective - my ankle usually - he'd nuzzle it, purr and roll over in sheer delight. As their stalking skill sharpened, two of them would divert my attention while the third stalked from the rear.

When word got round about the tigers, they at once became celebrities. Newspaper photographers haunted our flat. It may have been all this publicity that made our elderly landlady decide, at long last, that her standing rule against animal in the house had been stretched beyond letter and spirit. The tigers, she announced, had to go.

I couldn't bear the thought of dumping them, "motherless," into the Lion House, and the curator agreed to let me stay with them there until they became acclimatized to it.

The cubs promptly made themselves at home in their new cage. I set up a little tiger pantry behind the cage, with an electric hot-plate to

heat their milk. Hundreds of spectators gathered to see the famous brood, and they watched with delight while the cubs played their favourite tug-of-war game with one of my floor mats.

That evening, when the zoo had closed, the tigers sensed that I was going to leave them. Raniganj climbed into my lap and refused to be put down; Dacca and Rajpur got firm holds on my ankles.

Fred grinned. "Why don't we have supper here? I'll go out and get some food."

As Fred left, I relaxed and settled back happily. Suddenly I realized that, more than anything else, I wanted to stay here and help Fred. But *could* I be a zoo keeper, a woman in no-woman's land?

Next day, wandering round the Lion House, I found a storage room that just suited my plans. Then and there I resolved to ask the curator for it, and tell him that I wanted a permanent job. I knew I was asking for the moon.

When I explained how easily I could fix up the storeroom, however the curator smiled. He kept watching the cubs, who seemed to put on a special show for him.

"We'll see," he said.

A week went by. Then I saw men carrying crates out of the storeroom; by night it was cleared. Nobody had told me formally that the room was mine, but I knew, and immediately plunged in to make it look as much like a real nursery as possible. I

painted the ceiling pink, the walls a soft blue. For a final touch, I hung up my cubs' baby photographs—and we opened for business. I had become, by osmosis, head of the Bronx Zoo nursery, the first of its kind in the world.

I was destined to raise orang-utans, gorillas and dozens of other animals in that blue and pink room. Of them all, the most memorable, I think, was a black leopard cub christened Bagheera from Kipling's *Jungle Book*.

The little black leopard was a new challenge. Experts had warned me that this animal is a born killer, no matter how well he is treated as a cub. My little spitfire lashed out at me when I offered him the bottle, leaving my hands bleeding and sore. I didn't want to wear gloves because they cancelled my sense of touch. For days we battled over the nursing bottle. Finally, at two weeks, he decided to trust me and accepted the bottle willingly.

They say the problem child wins



the mother's heart. I don't believe any animal ever captured my heart as did this troublesome black ball of fur with the lovely blue eyes. He was cautious but not unfriendly with strangers, and if someone dropped in to see me, Bagheera would crouch at my feet, his tiny body bristling with protectiveness.

At nine months Bagheera was almost fully grown, and we led him about on a chain leash. He loved to travel in the car, stretched out on the shelf beneath the rear window, gazing keenly around him. Other drivers, stopping beside us at a red light, would stare.

Is that really . . . they'd say.

It sure is . . . I'd reply.

They'd shake their heads and drive on, still not believing it.

We frequently brought Bagheera home at night with us (by this time we had bought our landlady's house). He liked to leap to the top edge of the living room door and balance there with legs hanging down on either side, watching me get dinner ready.

One morning I took the newspaper from our letter box and put it in Bagheera's mouth. He carried it upstairs as proudly as any spaniel. We repeated the performance for six days, but on the seventh there was no newspaper delivery. That evening Bagheera waited by the letter box, refusing to budge until I fished a scrap of paper from my purse. Always after that I had to have a piece of paper handy on the day

when there was no newspaper

Babies do grow up, however, and eventually I had to agree with the zoo authorities that I'd better keep some steel wire between me and my beloved cats. It was a precaution I have always observed—except for one unforgettable time.

On coming to work one morning I noticed that the nursery cages were empty. Assuming that the tigers were on show, I entered the nursery cage and was busily scrubbing the floor when I heard the familiar purr of a tiger.

Turning my head I looked into the mischievous face of Dacca, now two years old. It was the first time I'd been in a cage with her since she was ten months old.

If I had any doubts about what was going to happen next, Dacca dissolved them with her charm. She

was delighted to see me. She began to nuzzle and lick me as she used to do, only now her tongue felt like a coarse file on my skin. After this introductory 'grooming', she rolled over and over in ecstasy. I slipped quietly out of the cage.

I'm convinced that if any of my 'children' ever hurt me, it won't be from intention, but because they don't understand that they've outgrown me. The key to success in taming wild animals, according to my 11 years' experience, is to get them as soon after birth as possible, and treat them even more gently than a human baby. Working with animals is startlingly like working with people. They make me laugh, cry, sigh and worry—but it's endlessly fascinating.

I hope Fred appears with another orphan soon.



### Young Ideas

THE TEACHER instructing the class on the months of the year had come to March. What is it, she asked, that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?

My father said a freckle faced youngster in the front row

Atlanta Constitution

SMALL BOY explaining why he didn't mind wearing glasses. They keep the boys from fighting me and the girls from kissing me.

—The Wall Street Journal

THE TWINS knelt for bedtime prayer. Little Clara prayed first concluding, Amen. Goodnight God. Now stay tuned in for Clarence.

La k K tie in Quote

LAST AUTUMN a youngster who had been to a nursery school went to real school for the first time. He came home downcast. Asked what was the matter, he said glumly, "I'm tired of being taught to play. I want to be taught to learn."

—Robert Sylvester





# The Strange Magic

## of Pope Pius X

*How can one explain the singular influence of this gentle, slender man, whose deepest yearning is only for solitude and prayer?*

By Emmet John Hughes

IN THE last Saturday of November, 1955, Pope Pius XII returned to Rome from his traditional mid-year retreat at Castel Gandolfo. During his months there, while regaining strength lost in an illness that had brought him close to death, he had striven to hoard his meagre energies by limiting public functions. The result of this self-constraint had been: 30 general audiences, totalling 200,000 people; 30 speeches; receiving the credentials of 4 new emissaries; preparation of 11 papal documents for publication; and private audiences for the Prime Minister of Ireland, the Prince of the Netherlands and the U. S. Secretary of State. Such a burden, shouldered by a 79-year-old

convalescent, suggests the key to the character of the man, and the spirit of his pontificate.

Pius XII, Bishop of Rome, Vicar of Jesus Christ and Successor to the Prince of the Apostles, is the 262nd man to occupy the oldest throne in the world. He is also, more than any of his predecessors, the Pope accessible, known to all peoples of the earth. He has clasped the hands of French peasants, American Congressmen, soccer players, sopranos, film stars, prime ministers and bicycle racers—a unique procession of the world's great and humble, from all countries and creeds.

But more remarkable than the size and variety of this host of people is their response to the

singular personality of the pale, slender man with the shining dark eyes who is Eugenio Maria Giuseppe Giovanni Pacelli.

"All the time he was looking straight at *me!*" says the soberest citizen after a papal audience, forgetting that he had been surrounded on the occasion by hundreds or thousands, many of whom had also departed with the same sense of special distinction.

The impact of the man can initially be explained by discernible qualities of appearance and manner that give his presence rare dramatic force. Delicacy and grace seem to guide the thin veined hand so strong as it grips the visitor's, so gentle as it raises him from his knees. Warmth and compassion and humour find soft, shy expression in this man. He can pause for a second in the middle of a benediction to crook a raised finger almost impishly at a friend suddenly sighted in the crowd. He can take from the hands of a pilgrim a little skull cap offered for his blessing, place it on his own head and give the pilgrim his own cap—with instant ease and dignity.

With like dignity he can receive, with solemn thanks, the gift of a model aeroplane or a gold badge making him an honorary member of a fire brigade. He can greet groups of athletes or bus conductors or motorcyclists—and strike off a few simple phrases that suddenly seem to illuminate their work or their

hobby, investing these with little values that soar higher than pleasure or reward. In short, one senses, in every word and gesture, that this is truly a man of Christian love.

The huge labour of meeting the world's peoples seems natural to a Pope who, in the years before his elevation, saw so much of the world and who has since adopted so many of its modern ways. He is the first Pope to fly in an aeroplane, the first to have visited (as a cardinal) the United States, the first to draft speeches and documents on a typewriter, the first to give a real interview to a journalist. And at Christmas, 1955, for the first time, the pontifical Mass was televised.

When Eugenio Pacelli's elevation to the papacy came in 1939, he stood out as the polished globe-trotting diplomat who spoke two ancient and six modern languages (Italian, English, German, French, Spanish and Portuguese).

Over the years Pius XII has sought—in vain—for more and more time to study and, above all, to pray. In 1939, when the cardinals of the Sacred College knelt to kiss the hand and foot of the man whom they had just named Pope, Pacelli could only murmur softly, again and again, "*Miserere mei, Deus!*" ("Pity me, Lord!"). These were words that the world would have expected from a monk, rather than the renowned statesman of the Church.

Ever more insistently, in the years since 1939, the mind of Pius XII has

turned to dwell upon his heart's concern—doctrine, devotion, liturgy. Transcending all else has been his veneration of Mary, the Mother of God. To it testify two of the most memorable acts of his pontificate: the proclamation, in 1950, of the dogma of the Assumption (the Virgin Mary's bodily ascent into heaven), and the celebration of the Marian Year in 1954 to mark the hundredth anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception (the Virgin Mary's freedom from the stain of original sin).

The Pope's desperate illness, a little over a year ago, brought him one

priceless reward—precious time at last, for solitude and prayer. And at dawn on the second day of December, 1954, as he was murmuring the words of the prayer *Anima Christi*, there appeared before him a vision of Christ. Many months later, after the crisis of his illness was followed by a return to health, the news of the vision was published by mischance. For days afterward, the Pope's face was shadowed with dismay.

It seems that nothing in his solitude of spirit, his ceaseless longing to be thoughtfully in study or tranquilly at prayer, will ever dull his impact upon the thousands whom he will continue smilingly to meet.

### *Take a Letter*

WHEN BACHELOR Governor Strom Thurmond of South Carolina proposed to Jean Crouch, who was one of his secretaries, he set a business-like precedent in employer-employee relations leading to holy wedlock. Pushing the buzzer which summoned Miss Crouch, complete with shorthand pad, he launched without warning into a letter which went:

"My darling Jean . . . Loving you as much as I do . . . I want you to be my wife . . . I did not believe anyone could so entwine herself around another's heart . . ."

Miss Crouch snapped shut her pad, walked out to her typewriter, and returned reasonably soon with the letter neatly typed for signature. Thurmond read it and looked up fondly but firmly. "I didn't say 'twine herself' " he corrected his beloved. "I said 'entwine herself.' Please attend to that."

Without changing expression, Miss Crouch departed. Hours passed. Never has a boss been left more in suspense as to how his dictation would turn out.

"I let him wait until the very end of the day," she says with a laugh at her secretarial revenge. "Then I handed him the corrected letter and typed acceptance."

—Ashley Halsey, Jr., in *The Saturday Evening Post*

# The Prisoners of Differdange

*By Edwin Muller*

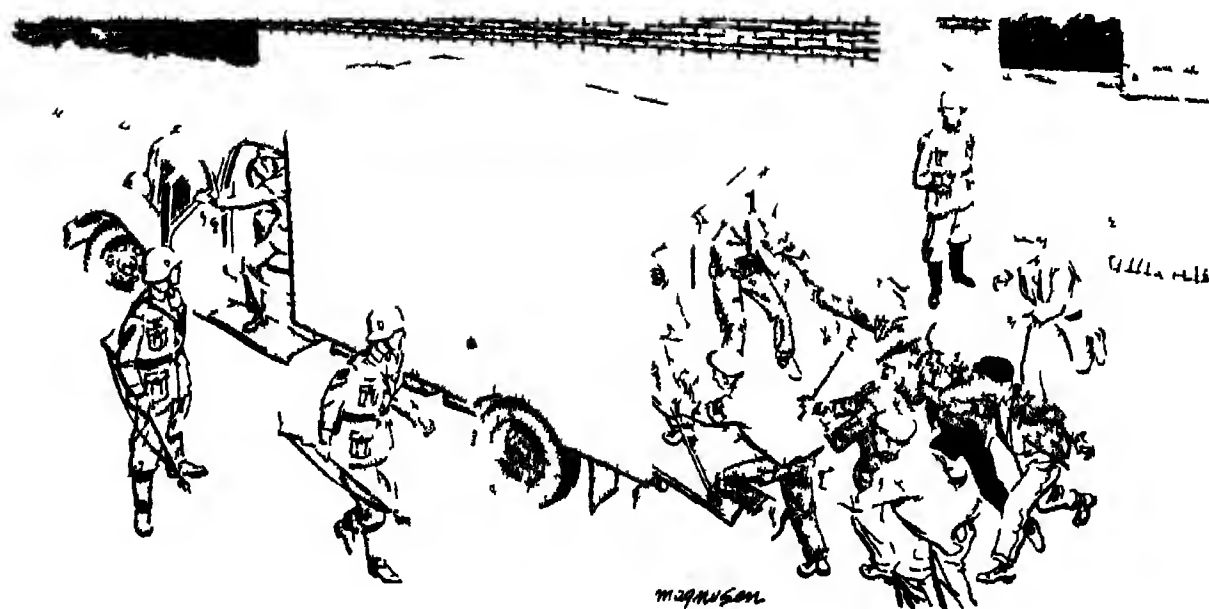
FOR 15 years certain people in the town of Differdange, Luxembourg, had been trying to find a certain German. They had a score to settle with him.

They knew his name—Johann Puzel. They knew his serial number in the German Army, and the fact that he had been a member of the Nazi Party. But until June 3, 1955, they never got hold of him.

The thing that Puzel had done—the reason why they were looking for him—happened in the spring of

1940. The war in Poland was over, the vast armies of Germany and the Western Allies faced each other along the Maginot Line, and Differdange lay between. But Luxembourg was neutral and the townsmen of Differdange hoped the German invasion would never take place.

Then it did, on May 10, they were awakened by the roar of planes. When they looked up, the sky was full of parachutes. The Germans had come. Soon the French came too. Columns of their cavalry



rode out from the Maginot Line and occupied the town

By the time the first shots were fired, the roads from Differdange were jammed with fugitives. The HADIR steelworks, which employed 4,000 of the town's 15,000 inhabitants, closed down. But one group of employees was called together—the 40-odd steelworker who also did duty as a fire brigade. They were free to go, the works manager said, but shells might hit the steel works and start fires. It was to the advantage of the town that the property be preserved. He called for volunteers.

There was a moment of silence. Then Joseph Weiler, 50, a works foreman and chief of the brigade, stepped forward.

"I will stay," he said.

Fourteen others volunteered among them Nicolas Wallers, an ambulance man of the company infirmary. Wallers's wife insisted on staying, too. Someone, she said, would have to prepare food for the men. Later three more men joined the group, bringing the total number to 18.

They settled down in the air raid shelter under the main office building. Through the thick walls they could hear the rattle of machine gun fire, the crunch of exploding shells. The battle lasted two days. Then, on the night of May 11, the French pulled out and the German paratrooper poured in, followed by tanks and artillery.

At first the Germans treated the firemen in a not-unfriendly way. There was work for them to do: cleaning up debris, burying dead animals, even putting out a few fires that broke out in houses where careless soldiers were billeted.

Then, after two weeks, there was a sudden change. On May 27 and 28 Differdange was bombarded heavily from the Maginot Line. The fire was extraordinarily accurate. With uncanny precision the shells found the German ammunition dumps and the areas where tanks and other heavy equipment were camouflaged. Great damage was done.

Late on the night of the 29th a detail of military police went to the air raid shelter and kicked the sleeping firemen awake. They searched everybody in the room, including Mrs. Wallers. With detection equipment they checked all wires and electrical outlets in the room; they tested the walls with hammers. At last they went away, but guards were posted round the factory. The firemen could no longer move about freely.

At intervals the bombardment continued. Three days later the military police came again to the steel works and ordered the firemen to assemble in the street. In double file they were marched past a place where soldiers were digging a big hole. The same horrible thought occurred to more than one of the firemen: the hole was big enough to contain 18 bodies.

Further on they were halted at a cement wall next to a small garage, and lined up. A lieutenant appeared, a hard-faced man with a duelling scar on one cheek. He walked slowly down the line, staring each one in the face. Then he spoke:

"We have established that one or more of you have sent signals to the enemy, enabling them to direct their fire. If the guilty person or persons do not confess, all of you will be shot."

The group was then locked in a garage. It was dimly lit by one barred window. The damp concrete floor was 10 by 14 feet. Mrs. Wallers clung to her husband, sobbing uncontrollably. Some of the men also began to weep; others were on their knees, praying.

Weiler spoke up in a firm voice: "Has anyone anything to say about the charge which has been made?"

Nobody had. But some began hysterically accusing others. Weiler's voice cut through the discord: "Pull yourselves together. We can get out of this only if we stick together and face the Germans like men."

The hubbub subsided. Time dragged on. At last the door opened and the lieutenant appeared. "Are the guilty ready to confess?"

Silence.

"Very well. The order of execution will be carried out in one hour."

The lieutenant beckoned to a corporal, a fair-haired, blue-eyed man of about 30. "Corporal Punzel, you will take over the custody of these

men until their execution. When the hour has passed they are to be brought out two at a time. Their grave has been dug."

The corporal saluted and the door was closed.

JOHANN PUNZEL was born in 1910 in the Bavarian town of Pressig, where his parents had a delicatessen shop. In the First World War his elder brother was killed.

Then came the 1920's, when wild inflation nearly destroyed the middle class of Germany. The Punzel family went steadily down hill. In that decade the worst off were the youth of Germany. Their lives were frustrated and despairing. No way to earn a living, nowhere to go.

Johann alternated between occasional jobs and helping with the dying delicatessen shop. In those days Hitler seemed a ray of hope to youths like Johann. He joined the Nazi Party when he was 17. He saw and heard Hitler, and was carried away by the glamour of that evil genius.

Presently he got a full-time clerical job at Party branch headquarters in Pressig. At the time war came Johann was married to a pretty, dark-haired girl. They had two babies. He was called into the army and did well. When his regiment, the 330th Infantry, marched into Differdange he was a corporal.

PUNZEL stood outside the garage door, somewhat confused in mind.

An order was an order and had to be carried out. But those people in there—the woman he could hear sobbing. He decided to pass the buck. Leaving guards posted, he hurried off to find Lieutenant Kelch, the regimental adjutant. Kelch was too busy to be bothered.

"The matter belongs in the judge advocate's office," he told Punzel. "You had better go and see them about the sentence."

Punzel went back to the prisoners. They surrounded him, clamouring that they were innocent. Joseph Weiler quietened them and told Punzel that the charge was without foundation: that none of them had had any opportunity to signal the French.

"You have searched the air raid shelter. Cannot a further search be made?"

Punzel was impressed. And then it occurred to him that the lieutenant had spoken of carrying out the sentence against these men. He had said nothing about the woman. He pulled Mrs. Weiler to her feet, led her outside and found a Wehrmacht lorry bound for Luxembourg City. He put her into it and the lorry drove away.

At the judge advocate's office Punzel asked the lieutenant in charge if the sentence could not be deferred until a further search for evidence could be made. To his surprise the officer said he would look into the matter and told him to come back in three quarters of an hour.

When Punzel returned the answer was: "No. The sentence is to be carried out unless the guilty confess. But it has been decided to reprieve the prisoners for 24 hours. However, if the French bombardment is resumed the prisoners are to be shot at once."

Punzel was more and more troubled in mind. By now he was convinced that the men were innocent. But he could do nothing to save them.

Some little things he could do. He moved the prisoners from the garage to a storeroom across the street where the floor was dry. He had food and hot coffee taken to them from a regimental canteen.

That night Punzel slept badly. He kept listening for the French bombardment—which would mean the immediate death of the prisoners. But they would die anyway next afternoon.

Next morning he went again to see the prisoners. They had nothing to say except to plead for mercy. Presently Punzel went to the judge advocate's office, not to see the lieutenant but to make sure he was away at lunch. Then the corporal went back to the storeroom, noting that there were no soldiers near except the guards, his own men. He had some words with them. They looked at him curiously.

Punzel went into the room and asked one of the prisoners if he could get a lorry at the steelworks. The man stared at him stupidly, but

finally said that he could. Punzel sent two of the guards with him.

When the lorry arrived Punzel went into the room and spoke hurriedly: "You are free, all of you. Get into the lorry quickly."

At first stunned silence, then a bedlam of laughing and sobbing. They crowded round him, tried to shake his hand, to give him their watches and money. But he shook them off.

"Be quiet. Get into the lorry and go."

Nicolas Kremer, the youngest of the firemen, asked for his name. He gave it and his serial number, 105275A. Then the lorry drove off towards Luxembourg City.

Back in his quarters Punzel shook all over as if with a chill. Now the thing he had done seemed incredible. He was sure to be found out. Perhaps his own men would report him—though several of them had congratulated him. In any case the firing squad would soon come and he would be done for.

But Punzel was lucky. Within an hour a general order came through: the 330th was to move up to the Maginot Line. In the commotion that followed, nobody thought of enquiring about the firemen of Differdange.

Nobody ever did.

PUNZEL never disobeyed another order, and he ended the war a second lieutenant. He went back to Pressig, to the dreary business of

trying to make a living for himself and his family in a beaten and despairing country. He had another go at the family delicatessen shop. It failed. He had jobs but they didn't last long.

In 1946 he was notified that he was under investigation by a Military Government court because of his former Party membership. After some thought he wrote to the Management of Mines in Differdange, telling them who he was and what he had done in the matter of the firemen. He never had an answer. But later he was notified by the court that he had been cleared.

The years went by.

THE FLEEING firemen found refuge with their families or friends and went into hiding. After the Franco-German Armistice of 1940 it seemed safe to return to Differdange. Some of the men went back to their old jobs in the steelworks, which was now under German management.

There was much speculation as to who had sent the signals to the French. The truth was never established.

Joseph Weiler died of a heart attack. So did Mrs. Wallers. Young Nic Kremer rose in the world, went into politics after the war and was elected to the Luxembourg Parliament. He was the one who concerned himself with finding Johann Punzel. But in the disorganization of beaten Germany, it proved impossible to trace a soldier through



his name and army serial number

Then Kremer heard of the letter Punzel had written to the Management of Mines. Kremer wrote to the Military Government, stating the facts of the case, but had no reply — though his letter later proved to have been helpful in getting the charge against Punzel dropped. But when he tried to locate Punzel through the Military Government he got nowhere.

After many unsuccessful attempts over a period of years Kremer at last tried writing to the police of various German cities. In the spring of 1955 the Nuremberg Police sent him Punzel's address in Pressig.

Kremer wrote to Punzel inviting him to visit Differdange for a reunion with his former prisoners. Punzel touched and incredulous at this surprising turn of events replied that he would come.

Punzel and his wife arrived at Differdange on June 3, 1955, the fifteenth anniversary of the prisoners' release. The surviving firemen had contributed to an entertainment fund, and so had the management of the steelworks.

For three weeks the Punzels lived

in a happy daze. At a big party, the first of many, a vast amount of food was set forth, toasts were drunk and a gold watch, inscribed "ALS DANK FÜR HILFE 3.6.1940" was presented amid thunderous applause. There were motor trips, more gifts, invitations for lunch and dinner.

Punzel was received by the Luxembourg Minister of Justice who thanked him in the name of the government for what he had done. One Sunday there was a special service in the principal church of Differdange. The pastor — who had spent three years in a concentration camp — preached a sermon of gratitude to Punzel and the choir sang a special hymn in his honour. Punzel broke down and wept.

Back home Punzel now has a job, with a publishing firm that looks better than any he has had. Perhaps his visit gave him the psychological boost he needed. At any rate he is contented in his work and his prospects now seem good. He hasn't needed to avail himself of the offer made by Luxembourg's Minister of Justice. "If things don't work out for you," he had said, "come back here and we'll get you a good job."



MAN whose wife had just returned from a holiday loaded down with knick knacks. "It's amazing the things women would rather have than money" (J. sept. Wool Kritch in *The American Scholar*). Woman to baffled male. "I just bought four pairs of white gloves with the money I saved by not buying a hat I couldn't afford" (Mildred Miller in *Cincinnati Enquirer*). .

BOAC's Chief Security Officer matches wits with criminals  
half a world away

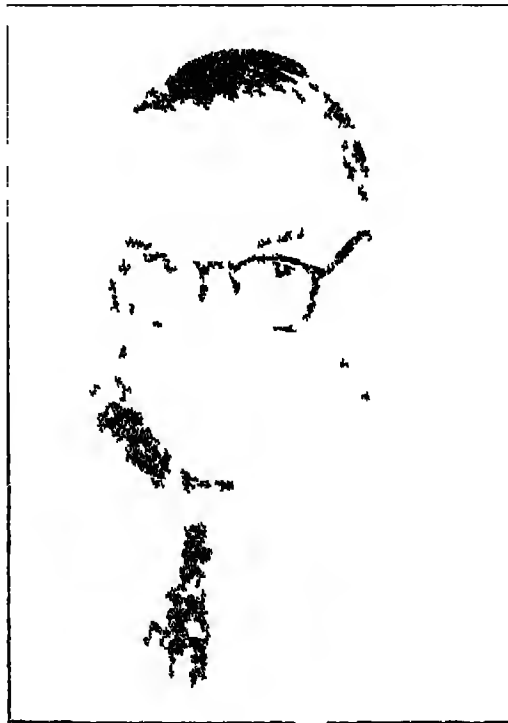
## The "Flying Fish"

### Ace Airline Detective

*By Lawrence Lader*

**B**EHIND the tall barred windows of London Airport's precious cargo warehouse in the early morning of July 29, 1948 lay nearly £240,000 worth of gold and diamonds. At exactly 1 a.m. a van drew up outside the warehouse. Eight men scurried out. They were let into the warehouse by an accomplice inside. Three guards, evidently heavily drugged, slept in their chairs. The leader of the gang seized the keys from one of the guards and headed for the vault.

At that moment he was only a few seconds away from one of the most amazing robberies of modern times



except for the fact that Donald Ish, Chief Security Officer of the British Overseas Airways Corporation had set a trap as daring as the raid itself.

Three weeks earlier a warehouse employee named Smith had reported to Ish that he had been approached by a contact man for the gang with a plan for robbing the warehouse. (The two men had been fellow prisoners of war in Germany and had kept in touch with each other.) Ish told Smith to follow the gang's instructions. Then on the appointed night, Ish and 13 Scotland Yard officers hid behind crates and desks in the warehouse. They

carried only wooden truncheons—a considerable risk if the robbers were armed.

As it turned out, the robbers carried heavy crowbars, and when the police leaped from their hiding places the battle lasted for 20 minutes. 'All I remember was the shouts and the crunch of truncheons and crowbars in that murky gloom,' Fish says. 'I was covered with blood—fortunately, none of it my own.'

When it was over, every member of the gang was laid out cold on the floor. They were subsequently sent to prison for a total of 71 years.

Fish, whose job it is to see that the precious cargoes carried by BOAC get through safely to their destinations, has been Chief Security Officer of the Corporation since 1945. Until a few years ago when a handful of other airlines added security officers, he was unique in his profession. His beat covers 76,931 miles of BOAC routes. He is constantly hopping from London to Nigeria or Australia to track down a clue. As the most mobile detective in history, he has quite appropriately become known as the 'Flying Fish.'

BOAC carries about £50 million worth of cargoes each year, much of it diamonds, gold, bullion, atomic materials such as isotopes, antibiotics and machine parts.

Guarding such valuable shipments is a difficult problem. Since the weight of an ordinary safe is prohibitive, most aircraft carry only a small precious cargo locker.

Cargoes have to pass through dozens of hands—loaders and unloaders, checkers and guards. If a cargo from London disappears en route to Australia, Fish has to search every air field on a 12,000 mile route. Yet despite these obstacles, he has built a highly effective security system.

A tall, handsome man of 58, Donald Fish presents the smart and businesslike appearance of a London stockbroker as he sits in his office at BOAC's headquarters at London Airport. But his voice, crisp and authoritative, has a tang of London's pavements for he started as a uniformed constable in the Metropolitan Police. In 1924 he was promoted to a job at New Scotland Yard. He is one of the most brilliant technicians I have ever met, says an old associate from the Yard. 'He is fantastically methodical, collecting every scrap of information, sitting back patiently until he is ready to strike.'

His memory is as phenomenal as his patience. He was casually discussing stamps one day when a friend mentioned that a certain London stamp dealer was closing his shop and moving to New York. The dealer's name haunted Fish. Back in his office, he remembered that the man had been involved in a stamp forgery case 20 years before. Customs were alerted to keep watch for the man and to search his luggage.

A few days later Fish received a telephone call—'We've got him!' The dealer had tried to smuggle out

£3,000-worth of rare stamps that had not been legally cleared.

Fish's over-all object is to stop the thief and smuggler before he can get started. This involves making certain that all precious cargo is under guard at every moment. To transport the most valuable cargoes he recently instituted a special courier service made up of trained messengers, travelling anonymously, who carry special suitcases fitted with steel linings and combination locks. Only Fish and the messenger know the combination of each lock.

In the "Bangkok case," Fish faced what he called "the cleverest job of robbery ever brought off on the airways." Regular shipments of expensive watches were disappearing on the run from London to Bangkok. The crates were checked at every stop en route. Yet when they reached their consignee they were filled with nothing but stones and rubbish, carefully weighed to duplicate the weight of the watches.

At Bangkok, Fish's men made a careful study of the crates. The thieves had cut away a panel of wood on one side of the crate with a fine saw—a panel that conformed exactly to the size of the shipping label. Then they had removed the contents, stuffed the crate with rubbish and carefully glued back the panel. "Such time-consuming work," Fish says, "convinced me that the job must have been done in Bangkok where the crates were stored overnight."

Fish put the warehouse under the personal surveillance of his assistant, Douglas Buchanan. Night after night Buchanan hid in a remote corner and waited. "It was a nasty vigil," he recalls. "The constant drip of water from the ceiling kept my nerves on edge. Every now and then I'd hear a scratching and think, 'This is it.' But it was only rats."

Finally, on the sixth night, Buchanan saw in the shadows a manhole cover rising from the floor. Then a man appeared, and Buchanan had him—a Siamese dock guard. For months he and his gang had been entering through a sewer pipe and systematically pillaging the choicest cargoes.

The highly trained and almost intuitive perceptions of a brilliant detective count most in the battle against smugglers. A few years ago, in Tokyo, Fish happened to glance at a cablegram lying on the airfield manager's desk. It was addressed to one of the staff by another staff man in London, advising him of an impending wedding reception to be given by a merchant at a leading Calcutta hotel.

Something about the cablegram stirred Fish's suspicions. Why, he wondered, should one member of the staff cable another about a Calcutta wedding? Besides, the merchant's name struck a spark. Checking, he found that no reception was scheduled at the hotel for the designated night. And, as he suspected, the merchant had once been known

as a receiver of black-market gold and jewels.

Fish ordered that a strict watch be kept on both members of the staff. A few months afterwards the police arrested an accomplice as he was taking £30,000-worth of diamonds, probably transferred from Calcutta, into New York. The next night two black-market operators were arrested near London Airport with £20,000-worth of diamonds. The group were found to have smuggled millions of pounds' worth of diamonds in five years.

The endless vigilance of Fish's agents occasionally turns up that rare clue which may lead to a new maze of international smuggling. Two years ago a Far East assistant reported an unusually large number of watches being taken out of Hong Kong and smuggled into Tokyo. One Hong Kong dealer had disposed of 130,000 in six months.

"Watches bring good money," Fish says, "but I had a feeling the men at the top were playing a much bigger game. We found dozens of passengers who travelled frequently between the two points carrying watches for them. We seized a few and discovered that the movement had been removed from each watch and the cases had then been filled with heroin.

"Then we clamped on a tight check," Fish continues, "and spotted extra-heavy shipments of dolls from Bangkok. In one out of every ten dolls there was a compartment

containing a package of heroin."

An alert shipping clerk in Hong Kong provided an additional clue to the ring's operations. He had noticed two or three faint erasures on recent manifests. Fish ordered all manifests to be checked back to their starting point. Then a strange fact came to light. Regular shipments of antibiotics from a New York chemist to a seemingly bona-fide receiver in Tokyo never reached their destination. Instead, the crates were being intercepted in Hong Kong, the antibiotics removed and smuggled into China. To cover this operation, the crates were quickly repacked with useless goods and sent on — with altered manifests — to Tokyo, where the receiver was an accomplice of the ring.

It took Fish and his assistants two years to smash this ring—the largest in the history of air transport. Police raided 15 heroin factories in the Far East and arrested 27 members of the ring in Hong Kong and Tokyo.

What Fish envisages for the future is a permanent international association of airline security officers with a world headquarters that can pool information and act on it instantly. "Think how effective it would be," Fish said recently, "if a description of the methods used by thieves operating on a particular route could be circulated through the headquarters to other airlines."

Fish's record at BOAC has proved how vitally important a security system is to an international airline.

<sup>7</sup>An affectionate portrait of impulsive,  
unpredictable Juliette Gordon Low

## I Remember Aunt Daisy

By Arthur Gordon

**E**VER since my Aunt Daisy turned up on a postage stamp I've been worried about her. Once your portrait is on a stamp I've noticed you're not a person any more you're an institution.

It's true that in 1912 Aunt Daisy founded the Girl Scouts of America a possibly stamp worthy act. It's also true that some time this year the Girl Scouts will complete their restoration of her birthplace our old house in Oglethorpe Avenue Savannah as a sort of living museum of the American Girl Scout movement. This is an equally fine thing. What

worries me is that with all these honours an increasingly visible halo will begin to encircle Daisy's memory and people will cease to know what she was actually like.

This would be a pity because she was like no one else on land or sea. I was only 14 when she died, but I can remember her as vividly as if she were still relieving our boredom by standing statuesquely on her venerable head with her skirts held firmly between her knees. By then she was already in her late 50's, a compact little woman with iron grey hair warm brown eyes a firm



mouth and a *very* determined chin. Looking back, it seems to me now that she was always either roaring with laughter, often self-directed, or foaming with indignation about some injustice to man or beast.

She was christened Juliette Gordon, but from the beginning everybody called her Daisy. She was born in Savannah on Hallowe'en, 1860, and grew up with three sisters and two brothers (my father was the youngest). She married a wealthy Englishman, William Low, and shortly afterwards was rendered deaf by a series of ear infections. Finally, as a childless widow, she met Sir Robert (later Lord) Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts, and from him drew the ideas and inspiration that led to the founding of the Girl Scouts of America.

These are the facts, but they give no idea of the colour and excitement and confusion that always surrounded Daisy. She could ride, shoot, paint and act, was a good linguist, a fair poet and a really talented sculptress. On the other hand, she couldn't spell, was vastly unpunctual (her favourite watch had only one hand) and her absent-mindedness could be fantastic. She was the only woman I ever heard of who sent out invitations for a large dance, then forgot all about it. That night she was found sitting in bed, gloomily sorting out bills and wondering if she was really hearing an orchestra downstairs. She was delighted to learn that she was.

Despite her deafness, the early years of Daisy's married life were happy ones in Victorian society. Daisy's high spirits and seething energy both pained and enchanted those whom she met in Britain. Rudyard Kipling used to recall plaintively how she snatched him away from his port and cigar one night and made him go salmon-fishing in his dinner jacket.

I can testify from my own experience that Daisy made an odd fishing companion. When I was about ten and sensitive to public opinion, she came to take care of us children while our parents were away. When she discovered that I had a small rowing boat (in which I practically lived), she insisted on going fishing with me. My contemporaries watched these expeditions spellbound, for in addition to wearing an enormous floppy hat and several thick veils, Daisy also brought along a hammer with which I was supposed to rap the fish smartly on the head as fast as they were caught "to keep them from suffering." These experiments in euthanasia were soon the talk of the river. I was mightily relieved when my parents returned and relieved Aunt Daisy of her charge.

Daisy loved all animals, regardless of size, shape or condition, and was for ever bringing home strays. Once she even appeared with a quite dead dog that she claimed was in a state of suspended animation, and tried to revive it with an electric

vibrator. One cold night she started worrying about a cow that inhabited a stable at the rear of our house. She took the spare room blankets and descending to the stable, pinned them round the astonished animal.

Although her deafness was a constant trial to her, Daisy could always joke about it. Once, listening to a speech of which she could not hear a word, she decided that the speaker wasn't getting enough encouragement. So she applauded loud and long, and only discovered later that what she was cheering was a glowing eulogy of herself.

Daisy was full of natural vitality. Once travelling in Egypt, she excused herself from a sightseeing trip, claiming that she had a headache. When the others got back, they found that Daisy, assisted by five breathless Arabs, had made a record ascent of the Great Pyramid.

She still had plenty of this sort of energy left when, in 1912, at the age of 52, she returned to Savannah armed with a Girl Guide handbook which she had brought from England, and a determination to bring Scouting, as it came to be called in the United States, to the girls of America.

At first no one took her seriously. She was deaf, she was middle-aged, she had never been involved in any large-scale public work in her life. Actually, her deafness was an asset in starting the Girl Scouts of America. When she asked people to assume this or that responsibility,

and they refused, she would thank them sweetly for accepting, and often shame them into it. Her friends, however, were used to her explosive fads that never lasted long. The family teased her unmercifully about the "Girl Scouts," and waited for her interest to fade.

But it didn't. She went from city to city, making speeches, organizing troops, choosing leaders, and rewriting handbooks—bearing all expenses herself, although by this time her funds were limited. In 1914 she sold her pearls to help pay for the rising costs. By 1916, nearly 5,000 girls were enrolled in the American Girl Scouts. Today there are two million, and more than a quarter of a million leaders.

Altogether, Daisy had 15 years of enjoying her brain child and watching it grow. Towards the end of her life, she turned the organization's direction over to others.

She died of cancer in 1927. Children are usually unaware of illness in adults, and I was no exception. One day Daisy came to lunch with us at the old house, but left before the meal was over. She turned at the dining-room door and said good-bye to me. I waved casually, but then something made me get up and follow her to the front door and give her an awkward hug. I never saw her again.

That was almost 30 years ago. But her warmth and her enthusiasm—the most endearing of all human traits—are still very much alive.



# Towards More Picturesque Speech

**'atter** The greatest hazards on the roads are those under 21 driving over 65 and those over 65 driving under 21 (Jim Reed) His snoring made it no bed of dozes for his wife (Maxine Block in *Family Circle*) She even succeeded in making the raising of her eyebrows seem like indecent exposure (Sir Beverley Baxter in *The Evening Standard*) The best place for your bathroom scales is in front of your refrigerator (Imogene Fay in *The Saturday Evening Post*)

**Deft Definitions** Night clubs where people with nothing to remember go to forget (Grove Pitterson) Honeymoon coo existence (*Town Journal*) Petition a list of people who didn't have the nerve to say "no" (*The Sign*) Blunt person one who says what he thinks without thinking (Sherrill Penny) Chaperone one who is too old to get into the game, but still tries to intercept the passes (Tennessee Ernie) Education what you have left over after you have forgotten the facts (*Memphis Transit News*)

Artist's model a girl unsuited for her work (*Phoenix Flame*)

**All About Eve** Remember when the only difficult thing about parking

a car was getting the girl to agree to it? (Randy Merriman quoted in *Milwaukee Journal*)

Two women saying good bye much adieu about nothing (*Gaston Citizen*)

If a kiss speaks volumes it is seldom a first edition (*Ohio State Sun Dial*)

No girl is ever insulted by a proposition that has a genuine ring to it (Dan Bennett)

She was born in the year of Our Lord only knows when (Ivan Paul)

If a girl doesn't try to hold her shape, no one else will either (D O Flynn)

**Sign Language** Sign in small village 'Slow—no hospital' (AP)

On the outskirts of a town "Our speed limit is 25 miles per hour with a fine of \$3 per mile for faster driving Pick out a speed you can afford (OM)

On a shop front 'It takes 13 muscles to frown and only two to smile Why strain yourself?' (N E Pique)

On a reducing salon Thinner Sanctum (*The Safe Worker*)

*Contributions giving source and date should be addressed to Picturesque Speech Editor The Reader's Digest 25 Berkeley Square London W 1 Payment at our usual rates Rejected contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned*

**ANY WIFE** with an inferiority complex can cure it by being ill in bed for a day while her husband manages the household and the children

—Eleanor Field

# THE RED RAVEN OF VIENNA

*The record of Russia's barbaric postwar  
occupation of a country that was not  
even an enemy*

By George Kent

ON OCTOBER 28, 1955, the last Russian soldier had left Austrian soil, ending ten years of extraordinarily brutal occupation. Church bells rang and orchestras in Vienna played the national anthem. But there was no dancing in the streets. The Austrians merely brushed their hands as if to say "good riddance," then settled down to cleaning up the mess their "liberators" had left behind.

The attitude of the citizens of this highly civilized country was much like that of a *grande dame* whose home has been invaded by ruffians. She had had to stand helplessly by while the Russians stole her treasures, violated her daughters and destroyed her property; but she had refused to honour them with hatred. She despised them—and will never forget what they did to her.

"We used to have a certain sympathy for Communists before the war," a member of the Austrian Government told me. "But no more.

Austria is proof that the best cure for Communism is to live with Communism."

The last Russians slunk out of Austria late at night, when the inhabitants were asleep, partly to avoid a possible outburst of vengeance, but mostly to conceal from onlookers the extent of the plunder from private homes and palaces and museums which weighted their trucks, carts and wheelbarrows. They took everything and anything. As well as such important plunder as cars, jewels, furniture and money they carried off door-knobs, lavatory bowls, water pipes, electric wire and even wallpaper if they could get it off. Locusts couldn't have done a better job.

During the ten years of their occupation the Russians took out of Austria approximately \$1,000 million's worth of money, machinery and materials—and paid not a rouble in rent for their living quarters. In the same period the United

States, also an occupying power gave to Austria almost *twice that amount* in Marshall Aid money military installations rents and troop expenditures

The Russians not only committed wholesale robbery they destroyed what they could not take away. Tragic evidence of their bestial behaviour is what they did to the lovely summer palace at Laxenburg near Vienna. Built two centuries ago by Empress Maria Theresa this palace was a shrine which Austrians visited reverently. It was a jewel of interior decoration its ceilings frescoes—each the work of a master—from which hung in room after room, great chandeliers in glass and gold tapestries celebrated paintings and gilt mirrors graced the silk covered walls. In its exquisite little theatre appeared the great theatrical troupes and ballet companies of by-gone days.

The Russians stripped the theatre and used it as their garage. The dining hall became their repair shop. Hundreds of troops sprawled in the other rooms. Getting drunk they shot holes in the ceilings and the frescoes crumbled and dropped to the floor.

Laxenburg's burgo-master took me from room to room of this lovely palace recently. There were tears in his eyes. The chandeliers the silk wall coverings the paintings tapestries carpets and furniture had all been taken. Even the lovely parquet floors were gone. One entire section

of the building had been burned to the ground the Russians, annoyed by the vermin in their straw mattresses, had decided to burn them—but they had done their burning *inside* the palace!

At Bad Voslau the Russians lived in the town's two *de luxe* hotels. When the soldiers felt cold in the winter they ripped out the wood work parquet flooring and doors and stuffed them into stoves. If a tap lost its washer they let it drip; if a drain became stopped up they let the water flood over. What they didn't destroy rotted away.

In the same town Frau Anna Pilken—a neatly dressed elderly woman of gentle breeding—showed me through her home in which Russian officers and their families had lived for ten years. The lower part of the exterior was shattered and pitted with holes the officers had panted target on the walls and used them for pistol practice.

In this room, Frau Pilken said as we walked through the drawing room—we used to have *hausmusik* every week. It was easy to imagine a warm heated-in house and the family gathered round the piano playing Schubert and Mozart. But now nothing remained—no piano, not a table, not a wire, not an electric light bulb. In the kitchen, stove pipes and sink had been ripped away. From the bathrooms, tubs, bowls and flushing systems had disappeared.

What the Russians did with their

plumbing loot no one knows. But there is a clue in a story told again and again in the former Russian Zone. These soldiers were for the most part peasants who at home lived in huts without any amenities whatever. To them a tap out of which water gushed at the twist of a knob was a mystery like a radio set. When they moved they took a tap and a length of pipe along to their new home and would stick the pipe in the wall and turn the tap expecting water to flow.

As to the lavatory bowls they just took them—believe it or not—for wash basins. One complained:

Your system is not very efficient. When I pull the chain the water splashes all over me. And a Russian woman scolded her landlord bitterly because a flush he had been cleaning in the bowl had been flushed down the drain.

Many people may not remember that Austria was not an enemy country. At Yalta the Big Four decided that she was a victim, not a partner of Hitler. But the Russians rolled into Vienna only in 1945 for of the distinction. Everything that Lordes, I would solemnly ever did to a vanquished people from Attila's Huns to Hitler's storm trooper—the Russians did to this amiable country during the first six months of occupation.

Rape became a wholesale horror. There are no figures for such things but most estimates agree that in Vienna alone some 70,000 women

and girls were violated. Those who escaped led a frightened existence hidden in attics, caves and cellars. Men who attempted to defend them were murdered. After the first half year the worst of the orgy ended, but at no time during the long Russian occupation did a woman living near the Russian headquarters venture out alone after dark.

For the number of civilians murdered by the Russians there are also no figures. Other Austrians were kidnapped and sent eastwards. In one case the Russians entered a hospital just as the man they wanted was being prepared for an emergency operation. He was dragged out of bed, bundled into a jeep and never heard of again.

In Biden headquarters of the Red Army, streets were torn up to accommodate cables for the Russian communication system and never repaired. In the Biden museum Soviet soldiers scattered pages of precious manuscripts and hacked the heads off statues. Formerly one of Austria's brightest and cleanest cities, Biden is today shabby and down at heel. The Burgomaster estimates that it will take at least three years and will cost fifteen million dollars to repair the damage.

Some of the Soviet looting was official. The Potsdam Agreement gave Russia the right to German assets in Austria. Practically all of these assets had been Austrian until the Nazis came in 1938 and should, in justice, have gone back to their

original Austrian owners. They included some 300 factories, oil fields, thousands of acres of farms and forests and hundreds of shops. The Americans, British and French gave up their right to reparations; the Russians continued to collect.

Scores of so-called "German" factories were stripped and their machinery transported to Russia. Others were operated by a Soviet alien-property custodian, their products sent to the U.S.S.R. The Russians repaired nothing, replaced nothing, so that today most of the factories are unable to compete successfully in the world market. Their production is so poor that the only place they can sell to is the East — which is precisely what the Kremlin planned as part of its scheme for making the Austrian economy dependent on Russia.

Large wooded estates, vast holdings, 3,000 to 4,000 acres in extent, have been denuded of their trees. The Russians took from one estate alone approximately a million dollars' worth of hardwoods and planted nothing.

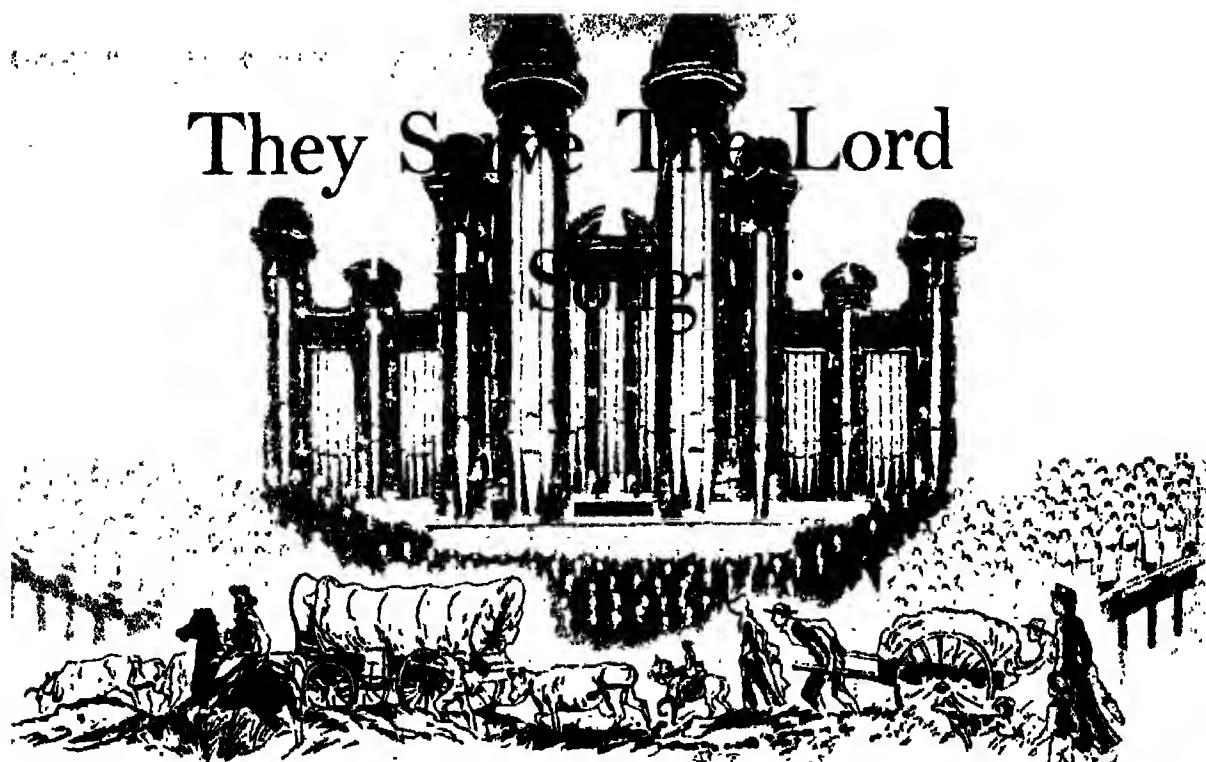
When the Russians arrived they believed they would in time be able to convert Austria to Communism and make it a satellite like Hungary. But the gentle, music-loving Austrians can be immovable. Men whose wives and daughters have been violated, whose friends have been murdered, who have lost their most precious belongings, do not "convert" easily. They expressed

their feelings in the Austria-wide elections on November 25, 1945, as the first Russian terror was drawing to a close: the Communists polled only five per cent of the votes. And even though the behaviour of the Russians improved somewhat as the years advanced, the Communist vote continued to go down. In recent elections it was only three per cent of the total.

Thoughtful people are asking now: will time heal the scars of occupation and allow Austria to fall gradually into the Russian orbit? Oskar Helmer, Austria's tough and courageous Minister of the Interior, who went into the Russian Zone once a week and lectured Austrians on the evils of Communism, has this to say:

"The Russians behaved well during the last three months of their occupation. But they fooled no one. If they had behaved like this during the ten years of their occupation, today's story might be different. As it is, Austria is safe for the West. We belong to the West ideologically, economically and culturally."

An event occurs daily in Vienna that aptly symbolizes the feeling of the Austrians today. In Schwarzenberg Square the Russians left a tank as a memorial. With the guard gone, Viennese children now slide merrily down the tank's side—and, as they slide, the menacing red star, which each year for ten years was painted afresh, is slowly but very surely disappearing.



*By Doron Antrim*

EVERY SUNDAY morning Mrs. Mary Lou Bult, of Salt Lake City, rises at 5.30 and begins a familiar routine. After getting the family's breakfast, she leaves her 12-year-old in charge of four younger children and drives to the Mormon Tabernacle, auditorium of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints, picking up her mother and sister en route. At 8.30 the three women take their places in the Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and begin the arduous rehearsal that precedes the regular Sunday morning broadcast of this world-famous and beloved choral group.

For 17 years Mrs. Bult has attended the choir's two rehearsals a week, its weekly broadcast and innumerable concerts, missing only a few

*The world-famous Mormon choir carries to all who hear it the reassuring message, "All is Well"*

meetings. Asked why she does it, she said, "I should say it's because it gives me deep satisfaction to be part of a group trying through music to tell people about the love and power of God."

It is probable that all 375 members of the choir feel the same way. In everyday life they represent 200 occupations, including doctors and truck drivers, students and housewives. In some cases entire families belong. The majority have been with the choir for several years—one member for 50 years. Another hasn't missed a meeting in 11 years.

They receive no pay for singing, but last year spent more than \$16,000 on baby-sitters and transport in order to attend the choir.

The Tabernacle Choir is 107 years old and probably the largest permanent choir in the world. At least 50 million people in the United States have heard it on Sunday mornings over the radio. Prospective sponsors have offered substantial sums to tap the enormous amount of good will that the choir's broadcasts engender. But the Mormon Church keeps it as a free will offering to listeners.

In Salt Lake City the choir attracts thousands of tourists every year. Radio fans want to see and hear it in the famous Tabernacle, which seats 7,000 people. Letters come from men and women in the armed forces, in prisons, in hospitals, people of all faith and of no faith. They invariably tell how the programme has lifted them from doubt, discouragement or despair.

"Your wonderful choir saved my life from tragedy," wrote one woman. "I hadn't slept all night through brooding about my husband, who I had reason to believe was unfaithful. When I got up on Sunday morning I just couldn't go on. Getting the car I made for the jumping off place—a high cliff. From habit, I switched on the radio. Choir music filled the air and the words shocked me into listening.

*Our God will never us forsake  
And soon we'll have this tale to tell—  
All is well—All is well*

"I pulled up by the side of the road. After the hymn someone gave a talk on forgiveness. I don't know how long I sat there. But I finally decided to go back home. That Sunday morning broadcast saved me from making a dreadful mistake. I or I won back the love of my husband. I can't ever thank you enough.

Although the Tabernacle Choir is made up of Mormons, the radio programme features hymns from the whole of Christendom's sacred music. It is an adventure in understanding, seeking not so much to turn people to any particular faith but to turn them to the higher things of life and to God. Catholic priests, Jewish rabbis and Protestant ministers have praised the broadcasts.

If there is to be a meeting of mind on religion, your programme is the beginning," wrote one. Others speak of the religious approach as being universal, non-utilitarian, as proclaiming eternal truths. The choir's many voices give it unusual power and majesty, but it also sings with a precision which has won it high praise as music. Eugene Ormandy, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra calls it "the most beautiful, most coherent and well-balanced choir I have heard anywhere."

The Mormons, whose religion teaches joy and happiness, have always been a singing people. The first Mormon pioneers who trekked across North America in 1846, eased

the way by singing and with the music of a brass band. The journey was hard, however. At one stage word reached William Clayton, an English convert, that his wife had given birth to a son. The letter bearing the news stated: "All is well" and inspired Clayton to write a hymn by that name, which was later changed to "Come, Come Ye Saints." It not only lifted the spirits of the Saints then, but throughout ensuing years has sustained and inspired countless thousands of listeners.

On July 24, 1847, Mormon leader Brigham Young came upon the treeless, desolate desert of the great Salt Lake Valley. This is the place, he said. Within a week the migrants had erected a community house with space for a large choir, which was already being organized. They called the house "the Bower."

As the log-cabin community grew, the Tabernacle was begun. Completed in 1867, this enormous building, 250 feet long, 150 feet wide, 80 feet high, is a miracle of construction even today. To attempt its dome without structural steel would seem impossible, but nothing was impossible to the Mormon pioneers. They wet and bent huge timbers and fastened them with wooden pegs and rawhide. Today the Tabernacle is as sturdy and strong as when it was built.

Next Brigham Young commissioned Joseph Ridges, an Australian convert, to build an organ. The

pipes were shaped from wood found in southern Utah and hauled 300 miles by oxen to Salt Lake City. Glue was made by boiling strips of buffalo hides in huge pots over open fires. Twelve years later the great organ was finished. It is still considered one of the outstanding examples of organ building.

The Tabernacle Choir grew with the organ, and in 1893 Director Evan Stephens conducted the choir's initial tour. He took his singing Mormons all over the United States and led them when they sang for President T. A. in the White House. Since then the choir has sung in the Hollywood Bowl at Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition, with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, and in the first production of *Cinerama*. And now it is being heard all over the world, transcribed on the *Voice of America* radio programme.

The present conductor is J. Spencer Cornwall, a former supervisor of music in Salt Lake City schools. Brother Cornwall, looking far younger than his 68 years, is a mixture of superhuman patience, diplomacy, and good humour. He knows every member by name. The singers are as sensitive to his beat as players in the finest symphony orchestra. Briefly, Brother Cornwall explains the mood or difficulties of each number. This piece exalts, he says. So must you.

In addition to conducting, Cornwall holds auditions of candidates



for the choir (there are over 100 on the waiting list), and selects its programmes from a large repertoire of some 850 pieces. His office is inundated with music from publishers who fervently hope it will be sung by the choir.

When President David McKay announced that the Church would send the entire choir to Europe as a reward for faithful service, all Salt Lake City pitched in to help raise the necessary \$800,000. Finally, in August, 1955, 600—including families and friends, who paid their own expenses—left Salt Lake City on two trains. This army from Utah almost filled the *S.S. Saxonia*, on which it sailed from Montreal, landing first at Greenock, Scotland, where they sang "Loch Lomond" on the pier.

The choir sang to full houses all over Britain, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Germany and France. Everywhere they got a royal welcome, and everywhere the critics raved over their fervour, precision and power. Mormons are dedicated to "doing good to all men," and something of their sincerity and warmth seems to have got over to

everyone who heard them in Europe.

Perhaps the most rewarding experience was the free concert the choir gave for 2,000 refugees in West Berlin. "The hopeless expression of these people began to change with the first song," said one singer. Six encores were sung after the last number. Still the audience clamoured for more. Again and again they wanted to hear "Come, Come Ye Saints—All Is Well." After three repetitions the choir could sing no more. They were all in tears.

"This was not only music," reported the *Berlin Telegraph*, "but the building of a human bridge."

Not long ago I heard the choir sing in the Tabernacle. It seemed as though I were standing on top of a hill with a strong wind blowing, blowing me and the world clean. From the powerful voice of the choir, I caught the undaunted spirit of "Come, Come Ye Saints—All Is Well," the spirit that keeps hoping when there seems no reason to hope. This is the message that all people are bound to get when they hear these lifted voices—the feeling that *All is well*.

### *Public Notice*

SIGN in Los Angeles apartment window: "SAXOPHONE FOR SALE." In adjoining apartment window: "THANK GOD." —Contributed by N. Hellman

NOTICE in the Red Lake Falls, Minnesota, *Gazette*: "St. Joseph's and Oak Grove cemeteries will be closed for the winter. Residents of the area should take due notice and govern themselves accordingly."



## Life's Like That

WE WANT the advice of our missionary—the young Korean deacon from a country church said to me.

We have a 500 pound bomb that the Americans dropped five years ago near our village. It didn't explode and they say it will make fine church bells. Can you tell us how to cut it in two?

How did you get it here? Have you unloaded it? I asked.

We brought it on the bus and they charged us two fares. We couldn't get the inside stuff out but we screwed off the end thing.

I mopped my brow. Take that thing at once to Korean Army headquarters and get it unloaded. Then get someone to cut it in two with a hacksaw.

The next day I met my young friend in the street. Did the army unload your bomb for you? I asked.

Oh, we didn't like to bother

them. He replied. We found a man who knew how to cut the bomb and we poured water on it while he sawed. They say we can sell the white pellets we found inside to fishermen to explode underwater to stun fish. It may pay all the cost. It's worked out fine.

Today at the Kaktun and Chungung churches are proudly displayed two huge white pellets of a bomb. When struck with a wooden mallet they ring as melodiously as the best church bells and summon worship per from as far as three miles.

—Jim Riv. J. B. HOLLER

I was walking in the French Alps when a travelling salesman in a little Renault offered me a lift. On those narrow winding roads two ordinary sized cars can barely pass each other and when the huge Alpine buses come roaring along all cars pull to a stop at

the side of the road. I asked whether his baby car was often forced off the road.

Don't worry, he said.

Just then we approached a sharp steep bend. My host pressed his horn button and such a bellow burst from under the hood that it seemed to shatter the little car and echoed against the mountains. When we rounded the bend a Mercedes, a timber lorry and a Citroën were huddled against the rocks like frightened beetles.

*Bonjour mes amis* my host shouted cheerfully. Turning to me he said, 'No trouble at all since I bought one of those horns they use on the 20 ton buses.' H. HAZEBROU

A COUNTRY doctor left his ancient Model T Ford in front of the village shop and on his return found several of the youths who customarily loitered there making merry at the old car's expense. As he climbed up into the well-worn driver's seat the doctor inspected the group carefully and leaned out and said, 'The car all right, boys, it's paid for. You'—and the doctor looked deliberately from one boy to another—'are not.'

J. S. M. H.

I COULD SEE that the elderly Scottish woman in our group touring the old mansions of Charleston, South Carolina, was puzzled by the Southern drawl of our guide. As a Yankee in the heart of the Confederacy I felt equally foreign and joined her translating our guide's more obscure phrases for her and adding in occasional historical footnote of my own. After a particularly eloquent lecture before the portrait of a

Confederate hero, I smiled a Yankee smile and muttered to my companion, 'These Southerners can't forget a war that was over nearly a hundred years ago!'

The Scotswoman drew herself up. 'Young man, you sound like an Englishman!' she announced in embarrassingly ringing tones. 'I know just how that guide feels. Bonnie Prince Charlie, the poor heir to the kingdoms of Scotland and England, was driven out of his rightful domain by the English in 1746, over 200 years ago, and yet Scots have neither forgotten nor forgiven. I say *Hurrah for the Confederacy!*' JANE W. HICK

MISSIONARIES are often accused of forcing native people to hide their naked loveliness under ugly Western clothes, but a member of one of the more conservative missions to the Dinka people in the Sudan told me quite another story. The Dinka, who had always gone about attired in the clothes they were born with, became too cloth-conscious as soon as they acquired enough education to earn a little money. On Sundays, instead of hitchhiking to the service, they spent the time comparing clothes. So the church elders met to consider how to deal with such preoccupation with the things of this world. Solemnly they passed a new rule: at Communion Service at least nobody could wear clothes. LAWRENCE KOBUSSE

*If written contributions may be addressed to: I feel Like That Editor, The Reader's Digest, 25 Berkeley Square, London W1. Payment will be made at the usual rates. Rejected manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.*

## Drama in Real Life

# Johnny Mercer Pays a Debt

By Joseph Phillip



**J**OHNNY MERCER'S SONGS are internationally famous. Hum a snatch from his "Blues in the Night" or "That Old Black Magic" and you'll get a smile of recognition almost anywhere in the world. While many know Johnny's songs, few are aware of the great achievement of his life. Here is that story.

Johnny's father, George Mercer, was a small purveyor who wore a high-collared frock coat no matter how hot the weather. He built up a prosperous business in Savannah, Georgia during the early part of the century by investing his clients' money in real estate loans. A man of iron-bound integrity, he was respected by everybody in town and people frequently entrusted their small but hard-earned savings to him for investment. In return the investor received a share in the G. A. Mercer Company.

George Mercer had a natural fondness and concern for all people and often sent some needy person a \$10 bill in a plain envelope that gave no clue about the sender.

My father was a religious man, Johnny explains. He lived his religion with everybody he knew. He was a gentle, humane man. I admired him. He heard music and I would remember him in the evenings as he sat in a rocking chair and sang to himself and listened to him for hours.

The first part of the Mercer family's good luck ended in 1927 when George Mercer and George's land values fell to almost nothing. Within a few weeks George Mercer was not only out of business but wound up owing 700 people over a million dollars.

The failure turned him from an eager middle-aged man into a resigned old man. It took all the

starch out of him," Johnny says. "He seemed a little lost after that."

Most of the investors didn't blame George Mercer for the losses; many even came forward with sympathy and not recrimination. But he could not reconcile the disaster with the principles that guided his life. His friends, neighbours and townspeople had entrusted their money to him. He felt he had failed them.

Feeling personally obliged to pay off the debt, he refused to go into bankruptcy. The Chatham Savings Bank, acting as liquidating agent, took over the company, while he gave all his personal assets, valued at \$73,500, to the shareholders. He was left without a penny. His reputation was unmarred, however, and a bank lent him enough money to open a private real-estate office for the support of his family.

At the time of the family disaster, 17-year-old Johnny was away at school. In answer to his mother's letter about the failure, he wrote: "The news is a severe blow, but I don't care except for Father. I only hope and pray that I can be of service to him."

Soon afterwards Johnny had to leave school for lack of funds. He was sitting with his father, who had lapsed into his own thoughts. "Don't you worry about that money," the boy said, understanding the silence. "I'll pay back those people."

"Son, you don't realize how much it is," Mr. Mercer answered softly.

"You won't ever have that amount of money."

It was hard to take Johnny seriously then. He was a shy, courteous boy, with a voice that cracked attractively and a very unbusinesslike manner. He worked in his father's office for a while, but he was really interested in acting. In 1929 he moved to New York to try to get on the stage.

The economic depression struck soon afterwards, and acting jobs were scarce. Johnny was told that an easier way to break into show business would be to write a song for a new musical soon to open. He did and the tune turned out to be one of the best in the show.

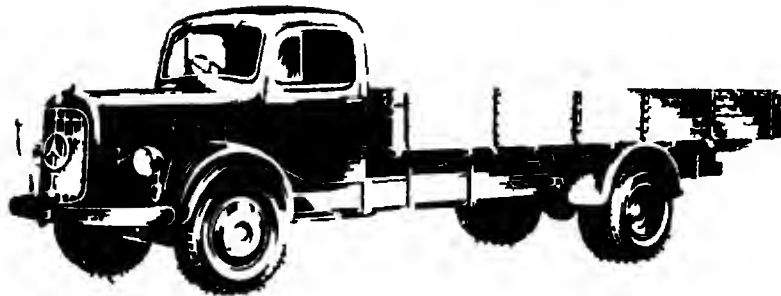
During the show's run he met and married dancer Elizabeth (Ginger) Meehan. After the musical closed, Ginger worked in a dress shop while Johnny wrote songs. On some days he'd pack a couple of sandwiches, allot himself subway fare and vainly make the rounds of the music publishers. Between small parts on the stage, he took a job as a runner on Wall Street. "You might call that the difficult period for me," he says. "But when you're 21 or 22 nothing is really tough."

The big break came in 1933 when Ginger urged him to enter a contest for unknown singers held by Paul Whiteman. Johnny won. The prize was a one-spot appearance on the Whiteman radio programme. Although Johnny hadn't much of a singing voice, he had an engaging,

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inimitable style. Whiteman liked it, and later hired him as a combination singer-master of ceremonies and writer. In the meantime he had met Hoagy Carmichael, who was having trouble with a song called 'Snowball'. Johnny latched on to one word in Hoagy's version, wrote new words round it and produced his first lyric for the Carmichael song: 'Lazybones'.

Although unable to play an instrument or read music, he went on to write lyrics that earned him an A.A. rating in the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, a sparkling category that included such names as Rodgers and Hammerstein, Cole Porter and Irving Berlin. According to Berlin, Mercer is one of the few natural song-writers who have come along in recent years. 'Blues in the Night' put Johnny at the very top of his craft, while two of his lyrics, 'Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening' and 'On the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe', won Academy Awards. Gifted with a flexible and prolific talent, Johnny turned out lyrics for many of the world's favourite songs, among them 'Accentuate the Positive', 'I'm an Old Cowhand', 'Glow Worm', 'Dearly Beloved'.

Every few years he and Ginger would go back to Savannah. Johnny would try to talk to his father about the state of the debt. It was slowly decreasing, but at each visit he saw that the failure was weighing heavier on his father.

In 1940 George Mercer died. The *Savannah Press* said in an editorial:

He was a man of deep religious faith and one who translated his beliefs into acts of mercy and charity. The community loses a man who contributed his ability to the city's advancement and his spiritual wealth to those about him.

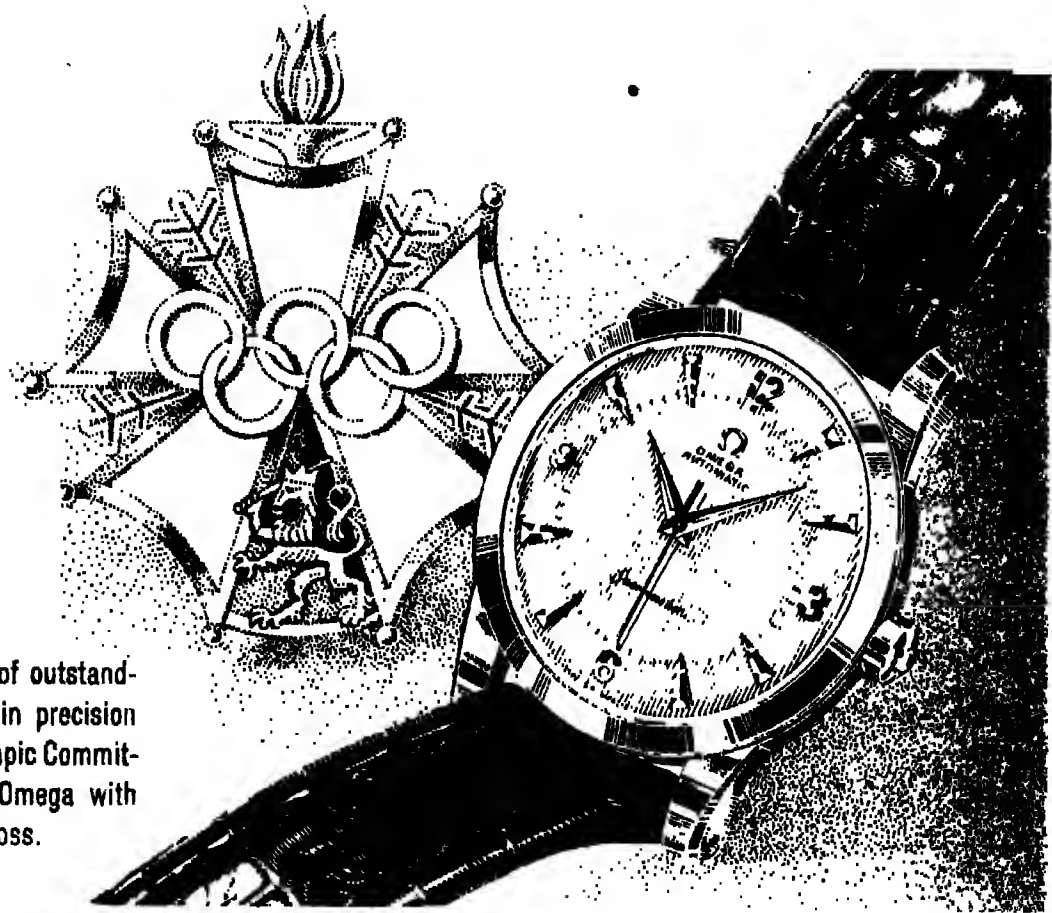
It was true, Johnny knew, but he also knew that his father had died with the pain of knowing that more than \$300,000 was still unpaid to friends, neighbours and townspeople who had trusted him.

After the funeral Johnny returned to Hollywood, where he was now living. He never talked about the debt after his father's death, but never forgot it.

Although Johnny has been a part of the entertainment business for 25 years, his name is rarely mentioned in the newspaper, and never in the gossip column. 'L.A. Live', Hollywood's standard 'ho-fis' paper, perhaps dull, hard on men and their two adopted children, Mandy, 16, and Jeff, 8, live in a comfortable, unpretentious home 50 miles south of Los Angeles, which was built for family living, not for show or entertainment. It has no dining room; everybody eats in the kitchen.

Johnny has made a good deal of money from his songs, and he is careful what he does with it. But he still isn't very businesslike. He posted the \$300,000 cheque to banker George Hunt from Chicago,

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where he'd stopped between trains one day last spring. "It was in a plain envelope without a return address," Hunt said "Inside was the personal cheque for \$300,000 and a little note that wasn't even dated "

The note read "It has been my ambition since boyhood to pay off my father's debt in this venture, and I have thought that this would be appreciated by the shareholders and would in effect clear the name of the company "

Hunt stared at the cheque for a minute, then telephoned Mrs Mercer "Miss Lillie"—he had been calling her "Miss Lillie" for 48 years—"your son Johnny just sent me a cheque for \$300,000 "

Mrs Mercer tried to talk, but tears choked her words. Hunt had to reach for a handkerchief, too, and said he'd talk to her later. Then he called Johnny and asked how he would like the bank to handle the settlement. Johnny told him to keep his name out of it simply announce that the Mercer family was closing the debt with the shareholders.

"So far as I was concerned this was strictly personal," Johnny says. "You want to see your good family name maintained. I know it would have made my father happy."

Hunt tried to keep the payment quiet, but the moment word got about that the G. A. Mercer Com-

pany was settling with shareholders in full, the newspapers insisted on knowing the source of the money. When the *Evening Press* broke the facts the people of Savannah, it seemed, gave a cheer. Mrs Mercer's telephone kept ringing for days with congratulations from friends and strangers, neighbours and townspeople stopped her in the street to shake her hand.

To the people of Savannah, Johnny's deed was more than a payment of an enormous debt. It reaffirmed the integrity of the family and it brought tears to the eyes of people who had never even met Johnny.

A Savannah businessman wrote to him "The failure of your father's business was a clean failure, and I recall that he voluntarily threw all his personal belongings even his car into the pot. You are a worthy descendant of an honourable man."

A Baptist minister in Georgia who inherited the share certificates from a relative wrote "I thought you'd like to know how the money from your generous act will be used. My eldest daughter is studying the piano and this will ensure her completion of college work."

Johnny may never return to live in Savannah. But, because of what he did, the people of his city feel that he has come home with honour.

*In Barns Green, Sussex, England, the winner of a competition to name the 'most useful domestic gadget' was a woman who named her husband.*

—CP



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Fatherhood means love, integrity, courage—and sharing these qualities with those who are dependent on them for their future

## Do Modern Fathers Fail?

By Philip Wylie

MOST MEN nowadays seem to have no time to be fathers to their children. Here and there it is true, a few real fathers still persist. And you will still find some men willing to lead Scouts and go to Boys' Club meetings and on Sunday you can usually see a few fathers out in the car with the children. But the plain fact is that the majority of men today make rotten fathers.

Not long ago I heard a friend describing how he had taken a group of teenagers on a vacation in the country. They had had a wonderful time, he said, but the odd thing was that none of the boys had ever before been taken on such a trip. My mind flooded with memories of my brothers and my father and myself camping together when I was a boy. Apparently such things aren't being done any more.

I remembered another father, a brilliant friend of mine whose son had become at 16 a delinquent. He had stolen money, a schoolgirl

was going to have a baby, and my friend's son was responsible. All this the anguished father confided to me.

How did he come to behave like that, he asked. We've done our best for him. We've given him everything.

Everything? I pointed out except you. He hardly knows you. While you were devoting all your time to making money, he was away at school. A father's job with sons is to teach them to become men. You wanted that boy to be better and too much pocket money.

We hear more and more about juvenile delinquency and poor school work. We put our children down in town and city, give them a few stern rules of conduct and then abandon them. No wonder they sometimes become wild and reckless.

To children a father is a flesh and blood sample of manhood. It is from him that a young girl derives a sense of what a man does, stands for, opposes, believes. His example

will forever determine her responses to men. Similarly, the male child even in his cot begins to apprehend from his father the early bits and parts of what he is expected to become. If father isn't there, the youthful mind will be at a loss for there will be no example upon which to act or from which to react. The absence of a father leaves a vast inner desert, a guideless anxiety. Slowly there rises in the young mind a sense of having been let down. His father makes him feel rejected simply by being too busy or too tired for active companionship.

Is this neglect necessary even for a hard working father? There are 168 hours in a week. The average man spends about 44 of them at work. Allow another 15 hours for travelling time, lunch, overtime, etc. Then set aside 56 hours, eight each night for sleep. That adds up to 115 hours, leaving Dad 53 hours for eating, relaxing, or whatever he wants to do. Surely in those 53 hours he should find time to be a father to his children.

But does he do it? By and large, no. Dad is like a guest in his own home—almost a stranger to his children. His family in most of his waking hours is a set of snapshots in his wallet. He works for these photographed people, but he doesn't truly live with them. Mother tries to teach her son to become men. But she can no more represent all that a man ought to be than a canary can teach a goldfish the joys, duties and problems of living under water.

Fatherhood means not only love, integrity, courage, knowledge and a good balance of faith and scepticism; it also means sharing those qualities day by day with the people who depend on them for their future—children, that is. Obviously Dad can't be a real father if he isn't at home—minded in the heart and spirit, as well as in body.

But Dad has left home. He won't be back until it dawns on him that the most profound satisfactions in life come from being a father first and only after that a first class person under a big noise in business.

### *Crossed References*

When Pan American Airways' first flight from San Francisco for a few hours between flight and puts them up at Casa Mito Inn, so its manager, Bill Worthen, keeps a handbook of foreign phrases in his pocket. One day he noticed a listless and Chinese pacing up and down in the lobby, obviously at a loss. Thinking he might be hungry, Worthen looked at his book and pointed to the only Chinese phrase that came close to the meaning: I am hungry.

The Chinese read it, shrugged, and handed Worthen five dollars.

HELENE S. HARRIS

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# A Man Is Waiting To Be Murdered

*By Lester Velie*

**I** AM WRITING this story in the hope of saving a man's life.

Somewhere, George E. Browne is waiting to be murdered. He has been hiding and waiting for nearly 13 years. He has probably changed his name, sweated off about seven of his former 16 stone. He may have changed his habits, perhaps his features. But he knows he cannot hide for ever. He knows the waiting is almost over.

George E. Browne is the American labour leader who joined forces with Willie Bioff, the Chicago gangster, to extort a million dollars from Hollywood in the late '30's. As boss of the stagehands' union he threatened to call out the projector operators, close down the cinemas and so cut Hollywood's jugular vein. Behind Browne and Bioff were the guns and stink bombs of "The Boys" — the Chicago Capone gang. When the film industry paid up, Browne split the loot with the gangsters.

The last time Georgie Browne saw The Boys was in a New York courtroom in 1943. He stared at them unflinchingly and put his trembling fat finger on the four chieftains of America's most dreaded crime syndicate: Charlie (Cherry Nose) Gioe, Louis (Little New York) Campagna, Phil D'Andrea, and Paul (The Waiter) Ricca.

The list of these men's crimes, in 1943, was long. But no witness had ever dared to stand up against them in court, and so they had been free to pillage and kill. Because Georgie put his finger on them, the leaders of the Capone gangs were bundled off to prison. The Boys got ten years each for extortion.

It was a historic victory over gangsterism. The U.S. Government prosecutors fervently assured Georgie Browne, his partner Willie Bioff and another witness, Alex Louis Greenberg: "We'll never forget you for this."

But the lawyers weren't the only ones who would not forget. As the Capone chiefs were led manacled from the court, Louis (Little New York) Campagna said quietly to Browne and Bioff: "Our Boys can wait a long time."

Today, for two of the three men whose evidence sent the Capones to gaol, the waiting is over. They are dead, killed by underworld vengeance. George Browne alone survives. He knows he is next.

Before the trial U. S. Government agents guarded Browne and Bioff night and day. With the Capones in prison, the two ex-partners were on their own to hide as best they could. As they parted after the trial, Browne said to Bioff: "Where are you going, Willie, and what are you going to do?"

"Going to change my name, George. But maybe even you shouldn't know more than that."

Willie Bioff assumed the name of William Nelson. He moved with his wife, Laura, to a quiet neighbourhood in Phoenix, Arizona. He bought a lorry, cultivated grapefruit instead of stink bombs, and lived modestly as a gentleman farmer.

Where Browne is hiding, no one knows — except, perhaps, the Chicago underworld. As a kept labour boss of the Capone mob, Browne had been a belligerent fellow. He was in appearance an out-sized tub of lard. He drank 50 bottles of beer a day and roaring

drunk would poke his face into some bar, brandish a gun, and squeak in his high voice: "Does anyone here think he's tougher than I am?" Now, in his hide-out, he's had to forgo the pleasure of scaring a saloonful of men. He's too scared himself.

In the early years of his hiding, Browne could still his terror with the thought: "The Boys are in the jail for ten years. As long as they remain in gaol, George Browne is safe. The Boys won't give orders to have me killed — and risk losing time off for good behaviour."

Then, one day, the dread news exploded. The Boys had been released. After serving only one third of their ten years, they were out on parole.

How could that have happened? Frightened George Browne, angry Congressman, and newspaper editors throughout the United States asked the same question. Why had the authorities turned loose a society men dedicated to destroying it?

He then suddenly appeared in Washington, a St. Louis lawyer, Paul Dillon, who knew his way about in Missouri politics. The lawyer said he represented the wife of Louis Campagna of Chicago. His first request to the Bureau of Prisons: "Move Mr. Campagna from Atlanta to Leavenworth, Kansas. It'll be less of a hardship for his wife to visit him." The Government promptly obliged, moving the

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Capone gang chiefs, Campagna and Ricca, to Leavenworth. There, old friends from Chicago could visit.

The St. Louis lawyer's second request, made soon afterwards, was for parole. This was granted to all four men, just as promptly and just as mysteriously.

A little matter of \$150,000 in unpaid taxes had to be cleared up before Campagna could be paroled. No trouble at all. As Campagna's tax lawyer said later in evidence before the Kefauver Committee, a procession of anonymous men came to his office, each tossing a bundle of treasury notes on his desk. Added together, these bundles of cash were precisely the sum needed to pay the outstanding tax. One more obstacle remained before the way was clear for the parole. The gangsters had also been indicted on charges of mail fraud. The government dropped the charges. So, in August 1947, the four Capone bosses marched out of prison.

Under the terms of the parole, the Capone gangsters were on probation for seven years. During this period they had to refrain from consorting with one another. They had to go to work, report daily to a parole officer and avoid even the suspicion of criminal activity. Otherwise, it was back to the can for them. The Boys' paroles would run out in May, 1954. Then they would be free from restraint. Browne and Bioff knew this was the time-table of their doom.

Inexorably, May 1, 1954, arrived. It was a red-letter day, for now the bloodletting could begin. First the Capones had to settle among themselves the matter of gang leadership. A few killings took care of this. In August, 1954, Charlie (Cherry Nose) Gioe was shot to death. Little New York Campagna died on his lawyer's yacht soon afterwards. (The doctors said it was from natural causes, but reports in the underworld said it was from poison.) Since Phil D'Andrea had died earlier of heart trouble, only Paul (The Waiter) Ricca remained of the four that Browne and Bioff had sent to gaol. But Ricca was what Al Capone had been, top dog of the gang.

Then on the morning of November 4, 1955, Willie Bioff kissed his wife good bye, walked out of his Phoenix, Arizona, home and climbed into his lorry. When he stepped on the starter he detonated a bomb that scattered himself and his lorry all over the quiet residential street. The neighbours were amazed to learn that the little man who had given so generously to local charities was in fact a convicted pandarer, a one-time terror of the kosher butchers' shops in Chicago—and of film magnates in Hollywood. Willie Bioff's waiting was over.

About a month later, the Capones caught up with Alex Louis Greenberg. Greenberg wasn't in hiding. Although he had given evidence



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against the extortionists in the Grand Jury hearings that preceded the trial, the Capones—while in gaol and out on parole—had let him stay on as financial adviser. He put up an alibi for them as the owner of breweries, hotels and blocks of flats. He was a man of means, and because of his financial *nous* regarded himself as indispensable to The Boys. And so he enjoyed a fine dinner in a Chicago restaurant last December 8. He walked complacently into the street—into the blazing guns of two assassins.

As I write this, soon after that killing, only George E. Browne is

left of those who sent the Capones to gaol.

So George Browne is hiding. But is he hidden?

Secrecy didn't help Willie Bioff. Brazening it out didn't help Alex Louis Greenberg. For breaking its law, "You shall not talk," the gang has carried out its own sentences.

Wherever he is, George Browne will be murdered—unless the knowledge that millions of people are *expecting* the gang to execute Browne will stay the hand of the Capones.

I am writing this story to save a man's life.



### *Classified Classics*

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Exhibition with vicious fighting bulls from Mexico, had this footnote: "Due to a Humane Society ruling, no bulls will be allowed in exhibition. A demonstration of capework only will be presented. As an added stunt two cars will crash head-on at 60 mph while drivers remain at wheel."

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*Free-wheeling 'think' panels are helping U S industry to put imagination to work*

## Brainstorming for Ideas

ASKERING HUNDRED New York Telephone Company employees gathered for an unusual business conference. They had been asked by the company to think up new ways of recruiting employees so as to end the chronic shortage of telephone operator and other workers. The employees tackled the problem by brainstorming—a technique which many firms today are finding useful in hatching ideas.

Not only for administrative problems but for new ideas, methods, new products, new ways to produce.

In a typical session, the participants scatter around a table and the problem is stated. The response is left to the participants with brainstorming. In an atmosphere of anything goes, they throw out wacky ideas, even into their heads. The theory is that one good idea will come out this way, and even outlandish ones may inspire good ideas. A shorthand typist transcribes the proceedings.

To avoid inhibitions, participants are of nearly equal rank, often below

the level of the company's usual policy making personnel. Criticism of ideas is barred. Killer phrases, such as "That won't work" or "It's been done before" are ruled out by a leader whose job it is to keep everyone in a free-wheeling mood.

The telephone company's conference was divided into round table groups of 15 people each. Within 20 minutes they produced 150 ideas for recruiting employees. The company management then evaluated the ideas. Many have been put to use. For instance, all employees were asked to carry "introduction cards" to give to friends and relatives who might be interested in working for the company. Another accepted suggestion was to send employees back to visit their schools to tap students for future telephone jobs.

Many other companies are using brainstorming for a variety of purposes. Only about six per cent of the suggestions from any one session are expected to be practical.

There's a lot of fluff in any brainstorm session but after all new ideas are hard to come by, says one businessman who has used the technique. But just as important as the idea, he adds, is the stimulation the experience gives the participant to make full use of their imagination.

The creator of brainstorming is 67 year old Alex Osborn, a co-founder of a large advertising agency. Osborn began using small groups of the agency's employees

many years ago to brainstorm such things as names for new products and sales slogans for clients. About two years ago the agency organized brainstorming as a regular service for all its clients.

They have brainstormed all sorts of problems, including such complex questions as, 'What public relations problems will public utility companies face ten years from now?'

The application of brainstorming has not been limited to sales promotion. Foremen at a footwear factory in Connecticut use brainstorm sessions to tackle such problems as how to improve shoe construction. "Most of the ideas are small," says the supervisor of employment and training at the factory, but the important benefit is the unusual interest and increased number of

ideas resulting from creative discussion."

Brainstorming even works in reverse. At one company in Chicago, two or three employees pick for discussion a product or method of operation. One man takes the position that everything about the product or method is wrong and offers a different solution. Another man has to attack the first employee's solution and offer an alternative of his own.

The works manager and two foremen brainstormed a plan to install a conveyor system for which \$200,000 had been appropriated. They worked out a different system, which has now been installed at a cost of about \$4,000. Brainstorming by saving the company \$196,000, has paid very handsome dividends.

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I CALUTE the wen and mimmen of Texas.

OUR NEIGHBOURS over in Columbia, Tennessee, largest outdoor mule market in the world, held a jackass parade yesterday, headed by the Governor.

# How to Conquer

*Most of us work off our pent up feelings by lashing out at other people. A better understanding of why this happens can spare us much unnecessary pain and trouble*

By Stuart Chast

**I**N 1948 the authorities in Seattle, Washington, feared that a race riot would break out in a dilapidated housing area. A thousand families—300 of them Negro—were jammed into temporary barracks built for war workers. Tension was in the air, rumours were rife, a stabbing was reported. The University of Washington called on for advice, rushed 25 trained interviewers to the scene.

The interviewers went from door to door, trying to discover the extent of racial hatred. They were surprised to find very little. Ninety per cent of the whites and Negroes interviewed said that they felt about the same—or more friendly—towards the other group since moving into the area. What then was troubling them?

These families were angry about the ramshackle buildings, the back-firing kitchen stoves and the terrible roads inside the property. Many were worried about a strike at a neighbouring aeroplane factory. In short, a series of frustrations from

other causes had infected the whole community and could have resulted in a race riot.

Last work by the authorities staved off this disaster. Once the true causes were discovered, buildings were repaired, new equipment installed, the roads improved. The crisis passed.

This case is a dramatic application of a challenging theory about human behaviour exhaustively demonstrated by a group of scientists at Yale University in a book, *Instigation and Aggression*,\* which has become a classic. Since reading it some years ago, I have met many of my personal problems with better understanding, and gained fresh insight into some big public questions as well.

A common result of being frustrated, the Yale University investigators have shown, is an act of aggression, sometimes violent. To be alive is to have a goal and pursue

\*By John D. Hurd, Leonard W. Doob, Neal E. Miller, O. H. Mowrer and Robert R. Sears. Oxford University Press, 1939.

it anything from cleaning the house or planning a holiday to saving money for retirement. If somebody or something gets in the way of the goal we begin to feel pent up and thwarted. Then we become angry. (1) The unattainable goal. (2) the sense of frustration. (3) aggressive action. This is the normal human sequence. If we are aware of what is going on inside us, however, we can give ourselves a good deal of unnecessary pain and trouble.

Everyone has encountered frustration on the roads. You are driving along a narrow road behind a big lorry and trailer. You're in a hurry while the lorry driver seems to be enjoying the scenery. After miles of increasing frustration you begin to hate him. Finally you tap on the glass and pass him reluctantly—without less of the frustration you're feeling. This kind of frustration can't cause thousands of accidents a year. Yet if you're told what's wrong, going on in your mind, you'd never could curb such behavior as pile-ups.

The aggressive act that frustration produces naturally takes several forms. It may be turned outward against oneself with some minor or extreme example. It may be turned directly at the person or thing causing the frustration. Or it may be transferred to another object, what the psychologist call displacement. Displacement can be directed against the dog, the furniture, the family or even total strangers.

A man rushed out of his front door one fine spring morning and punched a passer by on the nose. In court he said that he had had a quarrel with his wife. Instead of punching her he had the bad luck to punch a policeman detective.

Aggression is not always sudden and violent. It may be devious and calculated. The spreading of rumors, malicious gossip, a deliberate plot to discredit are some of the roundabout forms. In some cases frustration leads to the opposite of aggression, a complete retreat from life.

The effect of frustration and aggression is nowhere better demonstrated than in military life. Soldiers during the last war were found to be full of frustrations owing to their sudden loss of civilian liberty. They took it out verbally in complaints about their uniforms, their food, their quarters, their officers, their fellow soldiers, their own lack of freedom. Why become violent and destructive then? The answer is very simple. The frustration is not relieved.

Dr. Carl Stern, a expert on child behavior and psychology, has shown that frustrated children actually become violent. They are broken in to the customs of the tribe. A baby's first major decision is whether to holler or swallow when it discovers that the two acts cannot be done simultaneously. Children have to be taught habits of control of the bodily functions,

regular feeding, punctuality habits that are too often hammered in.

Grown ups with low boiling points says Dr. Menninger probably become so because of excessive frustrations in childhood. We can make growing up a less difficult period by giving children more love and understanding. Parents in less

civilized societies Menninger observes often do this. He quotes an American Indian, a Mohave, discussing his small son. Why should I strike him? He is small. I am big. He cannot hurt me.

Some day the social scientists of Yale University believe parents and teachers will explain the theory that children suggest ways of working off pent up feelings without hurting other people. The first thing to learn is to be aware of how frustration works. When a person acts badly instead of instantly assuming that he is a bad person, you must sit back and ask: What are his frustrations?—or more simply,

What is worrying him? When you find yourself in a villainous mood at work instead of turning the place upside down, you might ask: What is worrying me?—and remember that for three mornings in succession you had to stand in an overcrowded train.

When we do experience frustration there are several things we can do to divert aggression. First we can try to remove the cause which is getting in the way of our goal. An individual may be able to change

his foreman, even his job or his home if the frustration is a continuing one.

If this cannot be done then we can seek harmless displacements. Physical outlets are the most immediately helpful. Go out into the garden and dig like fury. Or take a long walk, punch a bag in the gym or cut down a tree. The late Richard Johnson, a great physicist once told me that he continued tennis into his 60's because he found it so helpful in working off aggressions.

As a matter I receive abusive letters as well as fan letters, and some of them leave me baffled and furious. (Some I must admit are justified.) Instead of taking it out on the family I write the entire the nastiest reply I can contrive. That makes me feel a lot better. Next morning I read it over with renewed satisfaction. Then I tear it up and throw it in the wastepaper basket. Aggression is not only hurt.

But perhaps the best way of all to discharge aggressive feelings is by useful work. If body *and* mind can be engaged so much the better.

The world is filled today with a great surplus of anger and conflict. We are far from knowing all about the source of these destructive feelings, but scientists have learnt enough to clear up quite a load of misery. Their findings can help us to reduce that load and even to utilize its energy through a better understanding of ourselves and our friends and acquaintances.



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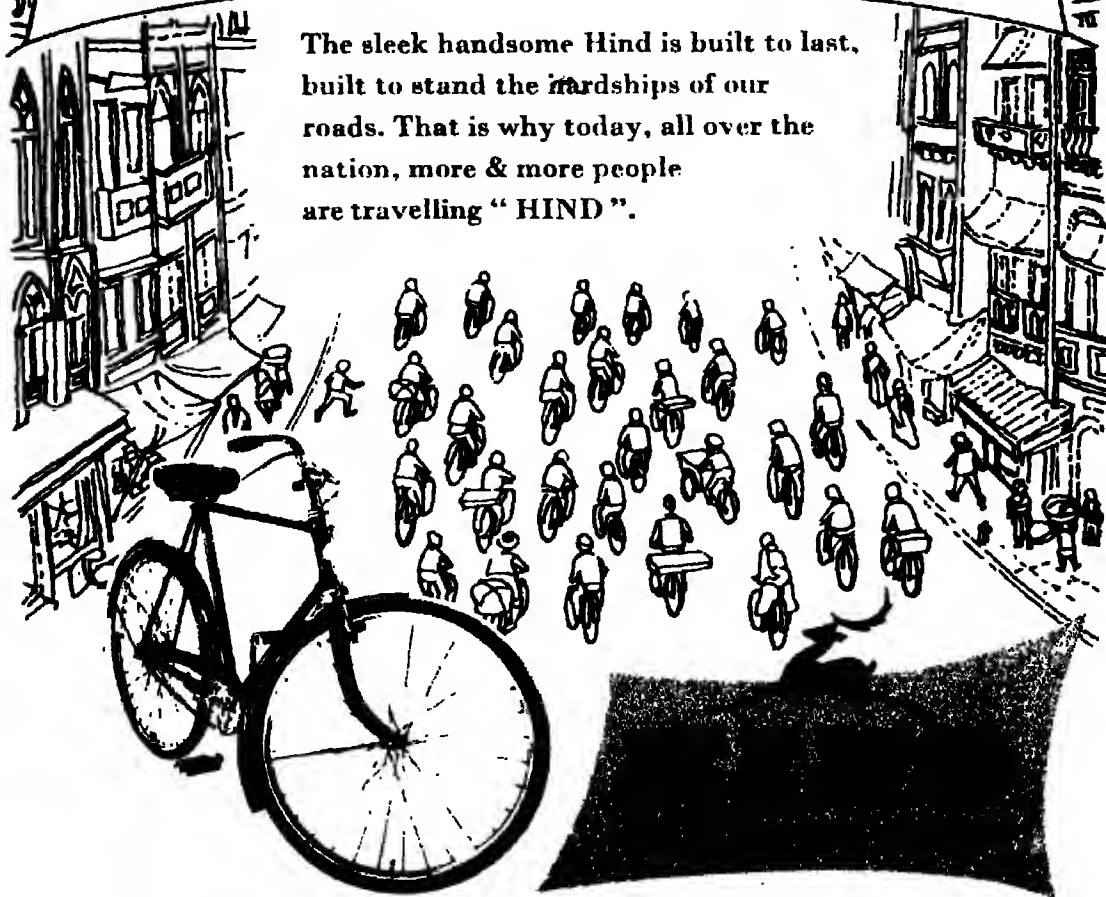
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# GUIDED MISSILES: KEY TO PEACE?

*In the hope of continued prevention of war, the United States is now spending on these weird new weapons more than went into the wartime development of the atomic bomb*

By Francis Vivian Drake

THE MOST secret item in U. S. defence today is the development of a huge ballistic missile named "Atlas," designed to cross the Atlantic in 30 minutes. It will be larger than the biggest aeroplane. Its warhead will be able to carry more destructive power than was dropped by all the air forces in the Second World War combined. It is a weapon so extraordinary that, when it was first conceived, it seemed beyond the farthest frontier of man's abilities. Yet many brilliant minds are now working to bring it to reality in scores of secret laboratories. Moreover, the giant missile is only one of a group of weapons which could be fired from aeroplanes, ships and submarines, as well as from the ground.

These missiles and their counterparts in Britain and other countries would change the face of warfare

almost beyond recognition. Their power will be so immense that equally armed opponents may never dare to resort to war. The aim of the United States is, therefore, to make sure that her missile resources are at least equal, and if possible superior, to those of her possible enemies.

To start with, the U.S. missile programme is neither a simple nor a cheap operation. America has already spent on it much more than went into the wartime development of the atomic bomb. Millions more dollars are scheduled.

The reason for this urgency is that the United States has been forced into a missile race with the Soviet Union in which *time* is of critical importance. The Communists' missile projects may be larger than America's. It is known that they are trying to perfect an equivalent of

Atlas, capable of reaching any part of the United States from launching sites in Russia. Against such a missile no defence is in sight, no restraint except fear of retribution and America's power to retaliate will of course be unequal if the Russians achieve the missile first.

What can America do to win this race? Through the first decade of the atom and hydrogen bombs U.S. atom-bombers have kept the peace. How can this principle be adapted to the Missile Age? In the beginning, the U.S. programme was a mass of duplication and wasteful inter-service competition. It lacked the tremendous single-minded drive that made possible the atomic bomb. Let us trace it from the beginning.

**How It Started.** In 1944 a group of Nazi scientists at Peenemünde, on the Baltic, perfected the V-2. It was 46 feet long, weighed 15 tons, carried a TNT warhead and was fuelled by alcohol and liquid oxygen. It had a range of about 150 miles, enough to reach from occupied Europe to London and other places in southern England. It travelled faster than sound. Only after a group of buildings had been converted into a huge crater did the noise of its flight reach the survivors.

Fortunately for Britain and the Allies, Hitler's intuition had led him to disbelieve in the V-2 project. He refused priority for its materials. Had the V-2 been available six months earlier, the Allied invasion of Normandy might have been

impossible. Had the V-2 possessed an atomic warhead, it could have ended the war in a day.

After V-E Day the Soviets were quick to seize the entire V-2 development with most of its scientists and move it deep into their homeland. For them, the race was on. America lagged behind, having little faith in long-range missiles. When the missile programmes did get into high gear, many years later, it was for a strange reason. It was discovered that in the Air Age, man's inventive power had outrun the physical powers of his body.

Each year bombers have been made to fly higher, faster, farther, and with more gadgets to deceive a defender. To outwit them, the fighter pilot has been called upon to fly higher and faster still. In a heated suit to keep him from freezing, a pressure suit to keep his intestines from bursting, a steel and glass mask to give him oxygen, he flies sightless through the night at enormous speed.

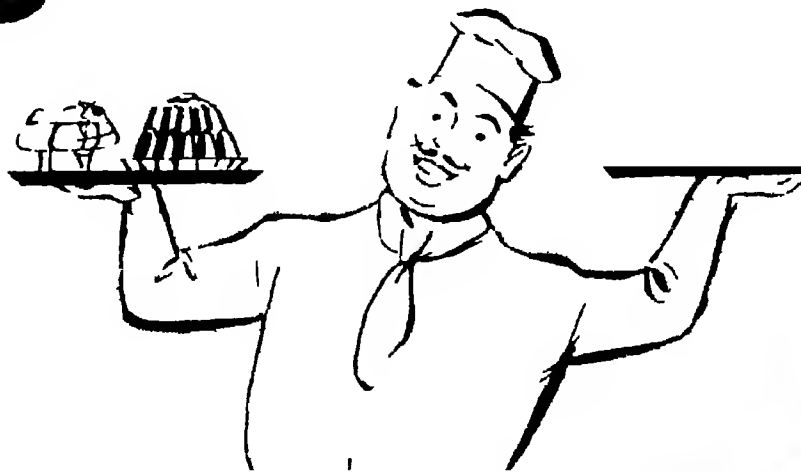
It is too fast for thought. His fighter is crammed with electronic computers to do his thinking for him. They are designed to take over the controls, find the enemy, guide the fighter into position, fire a battery of missiles, blow up the bomber and turn the fighter away in time to avoid the explosion.

Such is the theory. In practice the bomber, being much larger, is able to carry even more gadgets and more men to work them. Electronic

# Brown & Polson

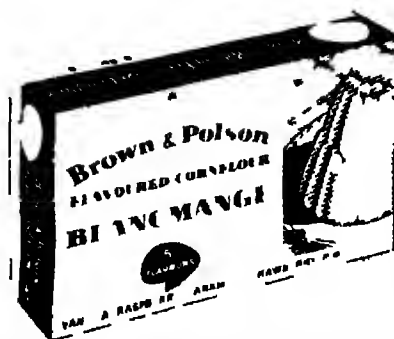
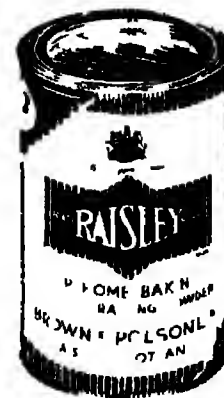
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Counter Measures — ECM for short — jam the fighter pilot's computers. He needs still more speed, more height, more gadgets — but his body and mind can't stand them. Already there are experimental planes that no man could fly in action. The limit has been reached.

Thus, as bombers improve, the defender's power of interception is falling. In the Second World War the Luftwaffe's average rate of destruction of the Allies' slow, propeller-driven bombers was about five per cent. If it were necessary to resist a sneak attack by a large number of the enormously fast jet bombers of today, even the most modern fighters might not do so well.

This fact, borne out by innumerable tests, caused each of the U.S. Services to turn to its scientists and cry: "Give us something that flies like a man, thinks like a man — only faster — and is indestructible."

The scientists came to light with a mass of wonder weapons, each adapted to fit into the Service concerned. Three types of missiles will serve as examples.

**Surface-to-Air.** The first thought was to develop something to shoot down bombers from the ground. The first American land-based missile to become operational was the U.S. Army's "Nike," named after the Greek goddess of victory. Batteries have been installed round at least ten key American cities. More batteries are planned.

Nike, like most missiles, is built in

two parts; a huge rocket "vehicle" to get the missile off the ground, and a detachable warhead. It is 25 feet long, carries 300 pounds of explosive, can go to a height of 50,000 feet, and has a slant range of something over 20 miles. Before it can be used, the enemy bomber must be accurately located by radar. Then the rocket roars aloft at 1,500 mph, carrying the warhead in its nose. At a certain altitude the rocket falls away and the warhead goes on alone, guided by the same radio beam that is tracking the bomber. When it "finds" the bomber it explodes.

There are other surface-to-air missiles, but they all suffer from one great disadvantage: they depend upon radar pinpointing precisely the course of the bomber. But bombers have ways of defeating this. They can "snow-out" radar screens, just as an electrical disturbance can snow-out a television screen. They can mix up the radar beam which guides the missile, and even defeat the fuse mechanism in its nose.

Bombers can also stay far from the target area. In an ordinary drop from, say, 40,000 feet, the bombing run is started over 30 miles from the target, and the bomb is dropped about five miles from the point of impact; but they can now release it perhaps hundreds of miles away and guide it down by remote control. The U.S. Air Force already has such a bomb, the "Rascal," which has been reported as capable of being

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"dived in" from as high as 75,000 feet at tremendous speed. Bombers can also make their final approach to the target at treetop level, where no radar, gun, missile or plane has much of a chance to touch them.

All these methods of delivering bombs make defensive measures extremely difficult. Many defensive missiles sound marvellously comforting—on paper. In practice, some of them may be intensely limited because the bomber is always *fighting back* with its own "black boxes," trying to jam the delicate electronic systems of the defence. To every measure there is usually a counter, and a counter to the counter, and so on, as this strange electronic duel is fought out at incredible speeds in fractions of a second. Nevertheless, defence methods cannot be abandoned, for increasing research may come up with a jam-proof missile which would raise bomber losses to a prohibitive figure.

**Sea-to-Surface.** Four years ago the U.S. Navy developed a submarine-borne guided missile called "Loon." In a test on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States a submarine fired the missile 100 miles. It guided it far above the "defending" Atlantic fleet and hit the target near the land. In another test, off Hawaii, a submarine guided a Loon down the entire length of another fleet, to give every ship a chance to shoot it down. None hit it.

Today a radically improved sub-

marine-borne missile named "Regulus" is said to be capable of carrying an atomic warhead 500 miles. Its consequences may be enormous. The Soviet submarine fleet is the largest in the world. It must be assumed that it includes, or will include, the atomic submarine. Presumably the Soviets will have missiles similar to America's and Britain's.

The U.S. Navy is experimenting with all its might and main with planes, blimps, carriers, submarines, underwater missiles and electronics to find a defence against this threat. Unless one is found, the only hope lies in the power of reprisal. America and Britain are also equipping an increasing number of surface ships with missile batteries, and it is likely that familiar gun turrets will be replaced by missile launchers and will far outshoot and out-detonate the biggest guns carried by the largest battleships ever built. During the Second World War, Allied battleships pounded coastal defences with thousands of shells: yet the subsequent assault landings were still bloody affairs. In the future a ship 1,000 miles away could hit an island like Iwo Jima, which cost the American troops many casualties, with a single missile so powerful that it would extinguish all life on the island.

**Surface-to-Surface.** These missiles are designed to make bombers obsolete. The first land-based type to become operational is the U.S. Air Force "Matador." Several such

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squadrons are already in Germany.

Matador is a pilotless jet aircraft capable of carrying an atomic warhead 500 miles. It requires no runway but is shot into the air by a small rocket. The rocket falls off and the winged missile goes on, driven by a standard jet engine. Its rudder and elevators are controlled by radio operators on the ground or high in the air. A barrage of such missiles could annihilate all life on a front hundreds of miles long.

But it is the longer-ranged "intercontinental" missiles that pose the greatest threat to mankind, for they can reach far behind the troops to hit the factories, cities and people. The Soviets are known to have at least one type under development. The United States has several, of which two are representative:

"Snark" is an enormous pilotless bomber powered by conventional jet engines. A mass of automatic computers takes the place of a crew. Designed for intercontinental flights at roughly the speed of sound, it requires so much space for its tests that the United States has leased from Britain the island of Ascension in the South Atlantic, 4,400 miles from the launching sites in Florida, as a target observation area.

The great question about a missile like Snark is: how is it to be guided? How would one allow for winds, storms, defending aircraft, and get it down dead on target? Several methods are possible.

Over the trackless sea, Snark may

be guided by the stars. Incredible as it sounds, its telescopes can be made to "lock on to" a group of stars and guide the missile as steadily as the most efficient navigator. To steer Snark over land, an additional device may be worked on: an electronic "eye" which peers at the ground and matches what it "sees" with a map installed before the take-off. In theory, Snark would be able to check its position by rivers, lakes and mountains, until it plunges towards its target. Its electric brain might send out ECM signals to confuse the defenders, and even be set to signal its exact position at the instant of explosion.

Atlas is the most secret and most deadly of all missiles now being developed in the United States. It is also known as the ICBM—Intercontinental Ballistics Missile. Unlike Matador, it will have no wings to support it. It will be shot out of the earth's atmosphere by a gigantic rocket. At a great altitude, at a speed probably over 5,000 mph, the rocket will fall away and Atlas will hurtle on into space, following a ballistic curve like an artillery shell.

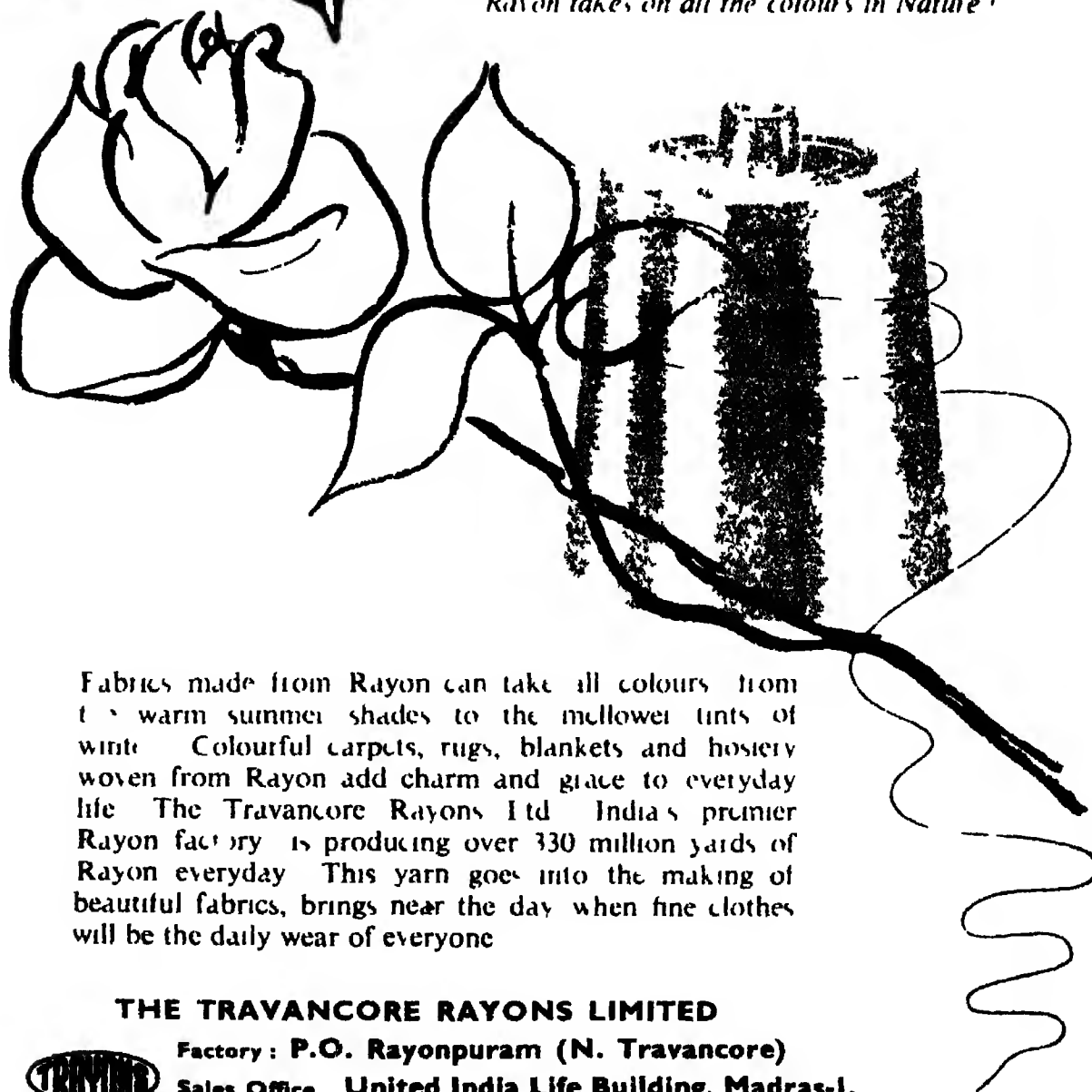
During the first part of its upward flight, ground radar can reach after it and put it dead on course. If anything goes wrong at this stage, the warhead may be destroyed in upper space. Afterwards, however, no device known can destroy the missile or change its path, for friend or enemy.

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launching it would reach the top of its curve and start down, gaining yet more speed. Within 20 minutes it could slant across an enemy frontier on the other side of the world. Within 30 minutes it could plunge with enormous speed into its target, inflicting devastation beyond the power of man to describe.

Such is the theory. The problem of making it work calls for as much ingenuity as went into the atom bomb. To take an example:

Through most of its flight, Atlas will be outside the earth's atmosphere. When it plunges back into the atmosphere, it will be travelling at more than 8,000 mph. Friction would instantly vaporize any ordinary metal, just as it vaporizes the meteorites we see as "shooting stars" on any clear night. In fact the temperature would be sufficient to vaporize diamonds. The missile would have to be kept cool for the few seconds before it explodes.

This and many more difficulties must be surmounted. The missile is not here yet. But the survival of western civilization might depend upon how soon it can be developed.

It is known that the U.S.S.R. has already trebled the range of the V-2. With hydrogen warheads, these missiles could annihilate Britain, France and the rest of western Europe. Another Soviet missile is the 103, reported to have a range of nearly 2,000 miles. Because the U.S.S.R.

succeeded in producing the atomic and hydrogen explosions far sooner than was expected, we must assume that they will be able to produce the deadliest of all weapons, the ICBM.

**What Next?** What policy offers the best chance of preventing war and saving men from mutual destruction?

The greatest requirement is for a single-minded drive towards those weapons that offer maximum retaliation against a distant aggressor—that is, the long-range missiles.

Within the past year the United States has concentrated on the weapons most likely to *prevent* war. President Eisenhower has accorded top priority to this purpose, and the Atlas project is now going ahead with the utmost speed.

Civilization has been handed very suddenly weapons capable of destroying entire countries and peoples, even the beasts and vegetation. Frightful temptations will confront men of power. To gratify them will require only the obedience of a few thousand men handling a few hundred weapons. How, then, can we best ensure continued peace?

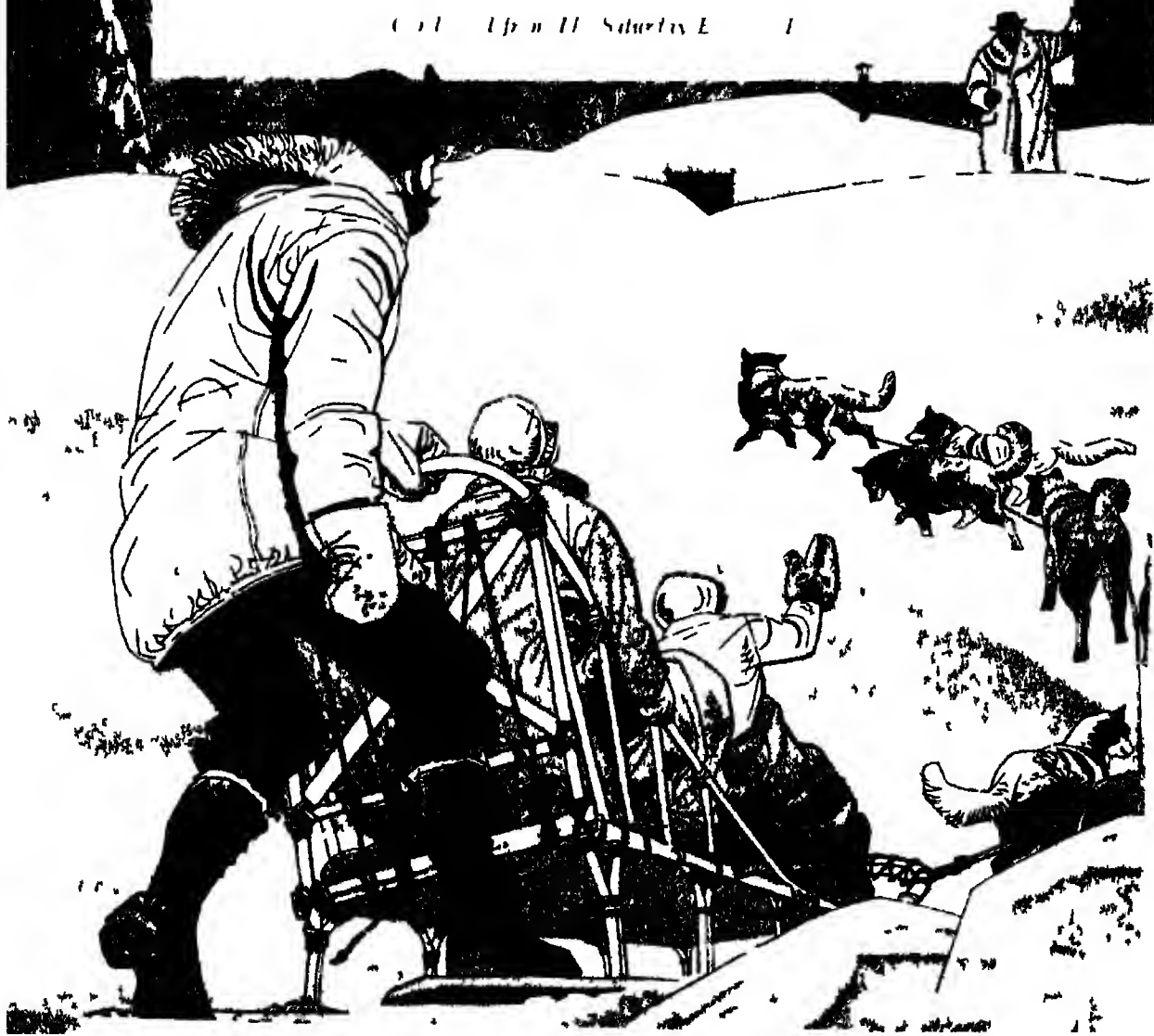
It will hardly be possible to prevent every local conflict in the world. But if we can go on gaining time from year to year, education and religion will have their chance to raise man's moral responsibility closer to his awful powers of destruction.



**SPECIAL FEATURE**

**BLONDY NELSON  
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*Call Upon The Saturday Evening Post*



## I WAS A DAUGHTER OF THE GOLD RUSH

*Romance still lingers in names like Nome, the Yukon, the Klondike — names that became famous all over the world when men surged into Alaska at the end of the last century in search of gold and adventure.*

*This, as the tough, exciting story of a Klondike Alaskan grew up. In 'I Was a Daughter of the Gold Rush' she paints an unforgettable picture of mining camps on the remote tundra of the hurling, hurly of Alaskan life, its sudden cold of the grizzled warm-hearted prospectors, the camaraderie of the companions. And through it all runs the strange and poignant story of her father, to whom wealth and security were a dream, and who is always looking for that shining vision that lay beyond the next hill.*

THE SHIP shuddered as the engines went into reverse, the anchor chain rattled out and the whistle blew a loud blast. A second later we heard what seemed to be an answering echo from below. It was the Mendenhall, in New York, howling a mournful greeting.

Mother grabbed my hand and we hurried up on deck. I was wearing my best clothes, and Mother had spent hours curling my hair. Father had wanted a boy, but if I looked pretty when he saw me, perhaps he'd be glad I was a girl.

A tugboat was coming out now with a lighter to carry the passengers ashore. The skipper leaned out of the pilothouse window, glancing at the people along the steamer's rail. His eyes stopped on me.

'They've showed up here with

everything from pig to poozie. He bellowed to our captain, but this is the future I ever see anybody bringing a baby ship to a gold rush!

My father had wanted to name me Klondike for good luck. The big camp he was at is he left in 1897 when I was born. Father's mother, with a kind of like was a name for girls, so we had to go to Klondike. Father's mother, he chose I saw the name of the gold claim in South Dakota that I was working at the time. He'd thought of naming me after the mining camp where we lived, but Mother put her foot down. And no wonder, the name of the camp was Blacktail Gulch.

I was only two weeks old when my father left us and went off to the

Klondike Mother was fresh from Sweden and terrified at the thought of being left alone in a strange country. She tried to talk Dad out of going but the fever was in his blood.

It's hard to explain my father to-day. I've tried to tell my grandchildren about him. I now have six of them but they can't understand a man who would leave his wife and baby and run off like that. Dad was a stamper and there were tens of thousands like him in those days. They would always leave a sure thing for a rumour.

He wrote me nearly during the next four years. He trucked payable ore in the Klondike and then mined the rich low the Yukon River to his first claim. Dad wrote in 1902 that he was pulling up stakes in the district for the best discovery. At Council Mother decided that the time had come to join him.

We booked our passage from Seattle in late October. The steamer rolled and pitched in the North Pacific gales and for the entire ten days of the voyage Mother stayed in her bunk, while I was making friends with the passengers. My

special friend aboard was a lady known as Toodles. She was almost as beautiful as Mother but in a different way. Her cheeks were bright pink but the colour didn't come and go like the blush in Mother's cheeks.

I asked Toodles if she too was going to Nome to meet her husband. She said that he hadn't got a husband. I said I hoped some other man was waiting for her and she said she hoped there'd be quite a number of them.

On the morning when we arrived at Nome Mother was looking her prettiest. Her black eyes flashed with excitement. She talked on and on about Dad, how he'd surely be on the beach waiting for us. Council



was only 80 miles from Nome. Dad explained and he could wait that time if he had to.

As we approached the beach in the fat-bottomed lighter we could see a number of men waiting there. Mother turned their faces for a glimpse. Different all the men had whiskers and I felt like Then the barge lifted on a swell and landed on the sand with a crash. Toodles was one of the first ladies ashore. Several men greeted her. She laughed and linked arms with one of them, and they walked away.

I looked up at Mother, standing there alone. I think she knew then that Father wasn't going to meet us. She took me by one hand and we hurried across the sand towards the wooden promenade. She wasn't going to wait there, feeling deserted and ashamed, with strangers staring at her.

Nome in 1902 was a jumble of flimsy false-fronted buildings, half of them drinking saloons. We marched to the town's largest hotel, the three-storey Golden Gate. The man at the reception counter told Mother she was in luck—a room had just been vacated by a prospector who was going Outside to join his family. Mother's lips drew tighter at that. Upstairs she began to pace the floor. I wanted to comfort her, but I didn't know what to say. Just when I thought I couldn't stand it another minute, there was a timid knock. I ran and opened the door.

A short roly-poly man was standing in the hallway. He grabbed Mother's hand, pumped it up and down, and started talking very fast. He said his name was Blueberry Pete, and he was on his way to the States, Californy or maybe Arizona, so that he could thaw out his bones. He said he must look like a damn old shovel-stiff to a beautiful lady just arriving in Alaska, but dammit, that's what he was. To cover his embarrassment, he produced a big gold nugget and gave it to me.

"Don't lose it, Klondy," he told me. "Your dad and I panned a lot

of gravel to find this big one."

Mother said quickly, "Then you know Warren?"

"Know him?" Blueberry Pete looked surprised. "He's my partner. He didn't dast leave the claim on Ophir Creek account of all them claim-jumpers, so he said to tell ya to take the first stage out of Nome and he'd be waitin' for ya. Damn, I most forgot." He reached in his pocket and pulled out a crumpled envelope. "He sent ya a letter."

Mother read the letter through and then started it all over again. Blueberry Pete mumbled, "I guess I gotta go." Impulsively, Mother kissed him on the cheek. He stared at her a moment and bolted down the hall.

That night Mother read the letter through once more before she blew out the lamp. She said Dad couldn't possibly come to meet us with those bad claim jumpers around, so we'd better start for Ophir Creek in the morning. In no time at all I would see my dad.

The next morning Mother asked the hotel receptionist when the first stage was leaving for Ophir Creek. He seemed surprised.

"Depends how soon we get a freeze up," he said. "This time of year you got to travel along the Bering Sea, and you can't start until the ice is thick enough to hold the stage. With good luck, though, you ought to hit Council in a week or ten days."

Mother collapsed suddenly on a

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bench "But we're going to Ophir Creek!"

"Stage only goes as far as Council, ma'am," the man explained. "You'll have to make it by dog team from there."

So we waited for the freeze up. Day after day Mother sat by the window, watching the snow line creeping down the distant slopes of the Sawtooth Mountains. At noon we would walk down Front Street to a crowded restaurant. Prospectors with fat gold pouches had jammed into town making for the saloons and gambling halls. The largest saloon in Nome was the Northern and once as we passed it I glimpsed a painting over the bar of a large woman who didn't seem to have any clothes on. Every time we went past the Northern I tried to come closer as the door swung to and fro. One day when Mother stopped to glance into a store window I slipped her hand and ran back. A woman was just going through the swinging doors. I recognized Toodles and followed her inside.

The room was crowded with rough looking men sitting at tables playing cards. They stared at me and laughed. A quiet man in a sombrero and chin strap asked me what I wanted. He said he was the owner, his name was Rex Rickard, and I was the youngest customer he'd ever had. I told him I was looking for my friend, Toodles. Just then she rushed up, grabbed my arm and yanked me out through

the swinging doors. She knelt beside me and hugged me, saying,

"Listen young lady, I never want to see you in there again." Mother came up and without a word to Toodles, marched me straight back to the hotel.

One Saturday night Mother took me to an amateur show. What I remember best was Mr. Bones, a young man with a blackened face dressed in a baggy jacket with oyster crackers for buttons and a necklace of spider crabs. I laughed at his jokes until tears ran down my face. Mother heard the young man had been in Council and after the show she asked him if he knew Father.

Warren Nelson? he said.

Why we came down the Yukon together. He's a real stamperder. When you see him be sure to tell him hello from Rex Beach.

Now the rivers were locked from bank to bank and all night long we could hear groaning and creaking as the ice pack moved in from the Arctic Ocean. Mother hummed to herself as she packed our bags. At last I would see my dad.

The stage covered only 14 miles the first day. There weren't any roads. After we passed Fort Davis and the six horses that pulled us wallowed up to their bellies in snow drifts. We worked our way down the coast until we reached Bluff where steep cliffs rose several hundred feet. To get round them we had to head across the frozen Bering Sea.

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We were a mile or so offshore when I heard a splintering crash. One of the passengers yelled to everyone to pile out quick; the leading horses had gone through the ice. Mother and I scrambled on to a hummock, and stared at the jagged hole in the ice. The two front horses were floundering in the sea, their heads rearing up and disappearing again.

The stage driver chopped them loose from the team but held on to their reins, tugging and yelling. Suddenly flailing hoofs struck the edge of the hole, breaking off a chunk of ice, and the driver leaped back and lost the reins. He climbed up to his seat and pulled something from under the pad.

Mother yanked me into the stage and held my head against her breast. I heard two sharp sounds like whip cracks, only louder. Pretty soon we began to move again. The passengers took turns in walking ahead, banging the ice with an axe to test it. The next time we stopped to rest the horses, I noticed that there were only four of them.

ALTOGETHER it took us ten days to reach Council. A team of shaggy dogs was tied to a post as our stage pulled up. An enormous man in a spotted reindeer lumber jacket lurched across the pavement and shouted, "Anything for Ophir Creek?" Mother grabbed his sleeve. "I'm Warren Nelson's wife."

"Thought you might be," the

man grunted. "I'm Big Hans." He lifted a jug and took a long swig. "Climb in," he said.

We were bundled in fur robes and Big Hans lent me a pair of mitts. Each mitt was made of a wolf's head, with the ears still on and green beads sewn round the slanting eyes. Big Hans stepped on to the sled runners behind us and yelled, "Mush!"

We toiled up a long hill, pausing once while Big Hans lightened the load by taking another drink. At the top of the hill the dogs began to run fast. Suddenly a flock of snow-white ptarmigan thundered into the air in front of the leader's nose. The team bolted, and the next thing I knew I was tumbling through space. I hit the bottom of a gulley and slid into a snowbank. Big Hans stumbled down the slope, swearing. I held up my arms to be lifted, but he floundered past me. I heard Mother screaming, "There she is!"

"I know where *she* is!" Big Hans snarled, pawing at the snow. "I'm looking for my jug!"

We were no sooner back in the sled than the dogs started racing again, barking and yapping. "It's smoke!" Hans yelled. "They can smell it a mile away!" I looked ahead, and there was a stove-pipe sticking out of the snow.

All of a sudden, like magic, a man came up out of the snow. He was wearing a buffalo coat that went right down to his feet, and a black Homburg hat. He grabbed Mother

and lifted her in his arms. She said, "Warren, Warren!" and he pressed her closer. I thought Mother and Dad would never stop hugging and kissing. Finally Dad put Mother down and lifted me over his head.

He smelt nice and clean, and his face was smooth, except for a moustache twisted to little points.

"Come and see your new home," he said.

He lifted up a board, parted a curtain of gunny sacks, and there was a steep tunnel leading down under the snow. Dad helped Mother to descend the six or seven steps to the cabin door, but I couldn't wait. I sat on my coat-tails and slid right past them, like Alice going down the rabbit hole into Wonderland.

Dad made Mother sit in the only chair while he cooked some frozen beans—Alaska strawberries, he called them. Mother's eyes kept roaming round the cluttered cabin. The whole room wasn't any bigger than my own little bedroom in Blaktail Gulch. The bare logs were chinked with grey reindeer moss and the only picture was a calendar with a painting of some bears robbing a tent, "Compliments of Dempsey's Saloon, Council." All the days had been crossed out with a black crayon up to today.

Dad beamed at Mother and took out a big cigar.

"Now, Warren," she said, "you know what those cigars do to your hand."

I noticed then that the fingers of

his left hand were cramped, the wrist thin and shrunken. Later Mother told me he'd been hurt playing with dynamite as a boy in Sweden.

Dad could be quite a baby about his hand. He loved to smoke big black cigars, but if he smoked too many his hand would start to swell.

That hand came to be a kind of barometer. Whenever Dad was trying to get up nerve enough to tell Mother he was leaving on a new stampede, he would puff on one cigar after another, his hand would swell and Mother would brace herself for the worst.

Soon after supper, Dad said he thought it was time for bed. He tucked me in a cot across the cabin from the double bed. I tried to explain that I always slept with my mother, but he whispered that I'd been with Mother for five long years, and didn't I think it was his turn now?

He blew out the lamp, and I felt scared and alone. I felt so sorry for myself that I started crying. Dad came over and picked me up and put me in the big bed between them, saying, "I know just how you feel." I snuggled down and went to sleep. But when I woke in the morning, I was back in my own cot again.

IN THE morning Dad carried me up the steps into daylight. Here and there, other stove-pipes like ours were sticking out of the snow. Dad pointed to the hilltop, dotted with

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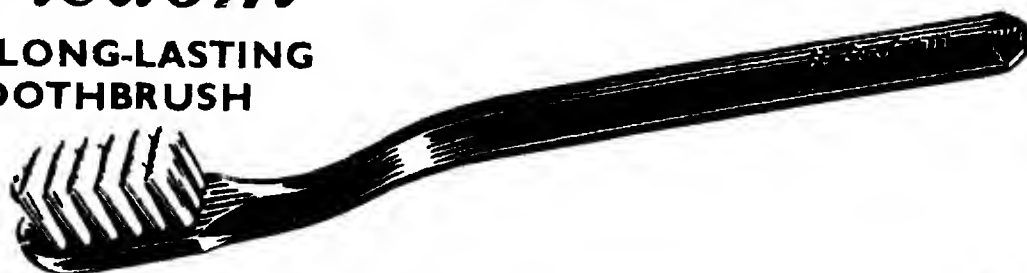
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## Wisdom

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green spruce tops, "See the Christmas trees, Klondy? Santa Claus lives on the other side of the hill. If you look hard, you can see his reindeer."

Sure enough, I could make out some tiny deer with spreading antlers. "Santa has some Lap herders taking care of them," Dad explained. Perhaps he thought I was worried about being the only child in Ophir Creek, because he added quickly, "Santa Claus will stop here even before he goes to Council or Nome. You'll be the first little girl in the whole world to look at his pack."

Word spread fast that a woman had come to live at Ophir Creek. Soon the other miners found excuses to drop in for Mother's dried apple pie or *fattigmand* biscuits. They would sit around sipping her coffee, paying compliments until her eyes danced with pleasure. Now and then I caught Dad glancing at her jealously.

Dad and the other miners spent the winter days thawing prospect holes down to bedrock. They would build a fire at the bottom of the shaft. When the frozen soil melted, they hauled it to the surface in buckets and dumped it on a heap. Since there weren't more than two or three hours of daylight, the men were glad when December 21 arrived, from now on, the days would be getting longer. But I was glad because it meant only four more days to Christmas.

I shall never forget that Christmas. The miners cut a nice spruce top, and Mother and I made decorations with popped corn and ropes of cranberries. Big Hans produced Dempsey's new calendar for 1903, showing an Oriental dancing girl clad in filmy veils. "Cut her out," Big Hans said, "stick on wings and a halo, and there's your angel for the top of the tree."

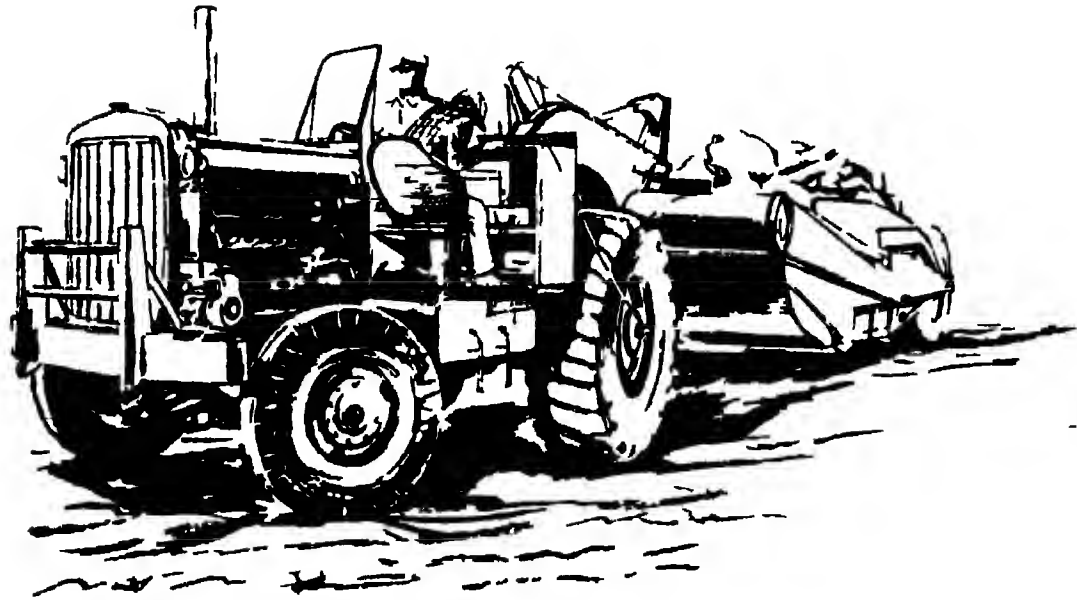
Mother thanked him politely. But after he left, she flattened a baking-powder tin and cut out a star for the top of the tree instead.

Christmas Eve had to be noon, because that was the only sun there was. It was a half mile walk up the creek to the bunkhouse. I didn't know it then, but the men had got a Lap herder to dress up as Santa Claus and drive his reindeer team right up on to the roof. They had loosened boards to make a trap-door.

We were singing Christmas carols when suddenly I heard the sound of sleigh bells in the distance. They came closer and closer, right up on to the roof, and I heard the prancing of reindeer hoofs, and then Santa Claus's voice. "Whoa, you yavils! Stand still!"

There was a thumping and scraping, and a pair of Lap reindeer boots with turned up toes came down through the ceiling, followed by stocky legs in red woollen underwear. The legs dangled and kicked, and I heard Santa yell, "Queeck, coom, somebody! Ay not get troo dis yavilish hole!"

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Several men stood on the bunk house table and pulled Santa Claus to the floor. He didn't look exactly like the pictures of him. He was wearing a stocking cap and a white drill lumber jacket; his beard was white as cotton, but it was over on one side of his face. He dumped a burlap sack in front of me and stamped to the door.

"Hey, ain't you going back up the chimney?" Big Hans yelled.

"Not by damn sight," Santa Claus said, and slammed the door.

I had prayed to Santa every night, telling him the one thing I wanted was a house for my doll. Now I watched eagerly while the miners opened the sack and dumped the presents in my lap. There were gold nuggets and nugget chains and five and ten dollar gold pieces and white ermine skins and beautiful Arctic fox furs—but no doll's house.

I tried to conceal my disappointment, but on the way home I was glum. Mother asked me what was the matter. Finally I told her. Dad jumped up and went over to the table, and I heard him hammering and cutting something.

Then he called, "Merry Christmas, Klondyke!" and I turned.

He had cut out the bottom of a maple syrup tin shaped like a house and poked holes in the painted windows, and set it over a lighted candle. The light shone through the little openings, and real smoke was curling up from the chimney where you poured the syrup out. I sat in

front of it and looked and looked. I think it was the nicest Christmas present I ever had.

•

Soon the nights were getting shorter, and on April 27 winter suddenly came to an end. All at once there was a loud commotion on the cabin roof. We scrambled out of doors. The sod was showing on our roof and a dozen ptarmigan cocks were fighting for this nesting spot.

Presently more and more bare spots showed up on the tundra, and flocks of migrating birds began dropping in. First came the sand-hill cranes, heading up from Mexico. Then the ducks—teal and widgeon and pintail—and white swans that flew with measured beat. And tagging along behind the birds came Blueberry Pete, waddling up the muddy trail from Council.

Pete had never got any further than Seattle; he said the damn place had changed since he saw it last. They had cable cars running up the hills and a new contraption called an automobile that didn't use tracks but chased you all over the street.

Nothing had changed, too, he told Dad. Everybody was scuttling out to a new discovery they called the Third Beach Mine. Dad's eyes lit up at that, and Blueberry Pete added, "They figure it's the biggest damn strike they ever hit in Alaska. Why, there's nuggets the size of boulders—"

"Let's go to the cabin," Mother



interrupted quickly 'and I'll cook a pot of coffee''

Ophir Creek was over its banks and now there was enough snow water to wash the gold ore. Dad and Pete set up their sluice boxes. Each wooden trough had slats nailed to the bottom and the water ran over these bars carrying the gravel and ore they shovelled into it. Earth and small stones were swept away and the gold settled between the bars. A pan coated with quicksilver caught the last fine dust as the muddy waste poured into Ophir Creek.

At the end of the week they scraped out the sluice boxes. That night Dad tossed a half-filled pouch on to the cabin table. Not very good Alma. Not quite 15 ounces, he said. Worth a couple of hundred dollars or so. At this rate I'll have to start looking for something better.

'Why, this is fine,' Warren Mother said. 'We can live very comfortably on a couple of hundred.'

'Pete says they're making that much in a day at Nome Third Beach Mine.'

'I don't care what Pete says,' Mother cut in sharply. 'This is enough for us to have a home.'

Dad got more and more discouraged as the weeks passed, however. The hydraulic nozzle was failing to blast out any rich pockets. Late in August Blueberry Pete shuffled into our cabin, shaved and wearing a clean shirt. He said he was signing over his share in the claim to Dad.

'I'm pulling out in the morning,' he said. 'I'm heading for the Third Beach.'

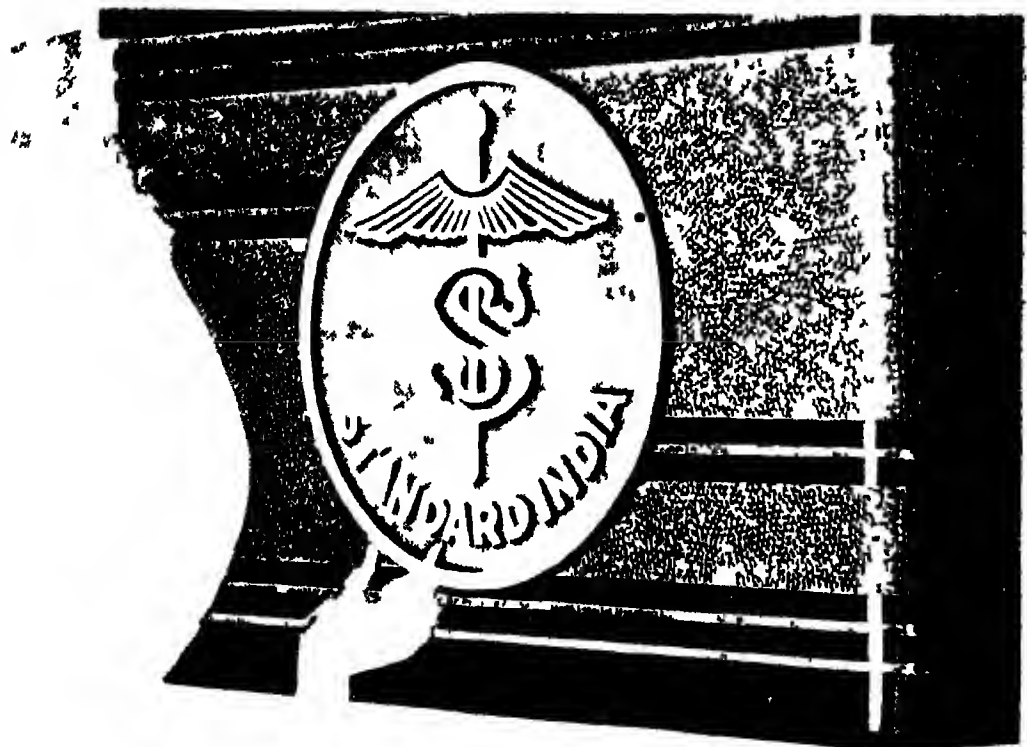
Dad smoked more and more cigars after Pete left and his hand swelled so much that Mother had to put it in a sling. At last she could stand it no longer. Have you made up your mind to pull out, too?

Dad nodded, relieved that it was out in the open now. But first I'll get you settled in Council where Klondy can go to school.

It wasn't hard to find a house in Council. Empty cabins were cropping up all over town, left by miners who had gone to Nome. We moved in to a three-roomed log house.

Once more Mother watched the snow line creep down the mountains, knowing that Dad would join the stampede when the freeze-up came. Once or twice she remarked offhand that Mr. Teshe seemed to be doing well with his shop. Had Dad ever thought of buying a little business in Council? But Dad said he planned bigger things than that for his wife and daughter. As soon as he made his pile would fly back to the States and live in a solid gold mansion. Mother would say, 'Yes, Warren, and just getting me ready for school.'

At the approach of the freeze-up the whole town of Council got ready for the annual Arctic Brotherhood Ball. It was to be a masquerade, and Dad went as the King of the Miners. He dressed the way he'd always pictured himself in his dreams, with



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paste diamonds on his fingers and an egg-sized emerald of green glass in his cravat. Mother wore her white satin wedding gown with a satin mask, and as she posed for Dad he let out his breath in a long sigh.

"Alma," he said, "you're the most beautiful woman in the world!"

We stepped into the street, and Mother gasped. The first big flakes of snow were falling. "It's here," she said. Dad took her arm and pulled her close. "I'll be leaving for Nome in the morning," he admitted. "This is our last night for a while."

At the ball Mother was stunning and she couldn't help knowing it. She seemed to be courting new dancing partners deliberately, turning her back on Father whenever he tried to cut in.

Finally at midnight there was a roll on the drums and the Grand March to choose the Queen of the Ball was announced. But Mother was nowhere to be found. Father raced frantically round the hall and I looked in the ladies' room. We were both frightened. We combed the whole town but nobody had seen her.

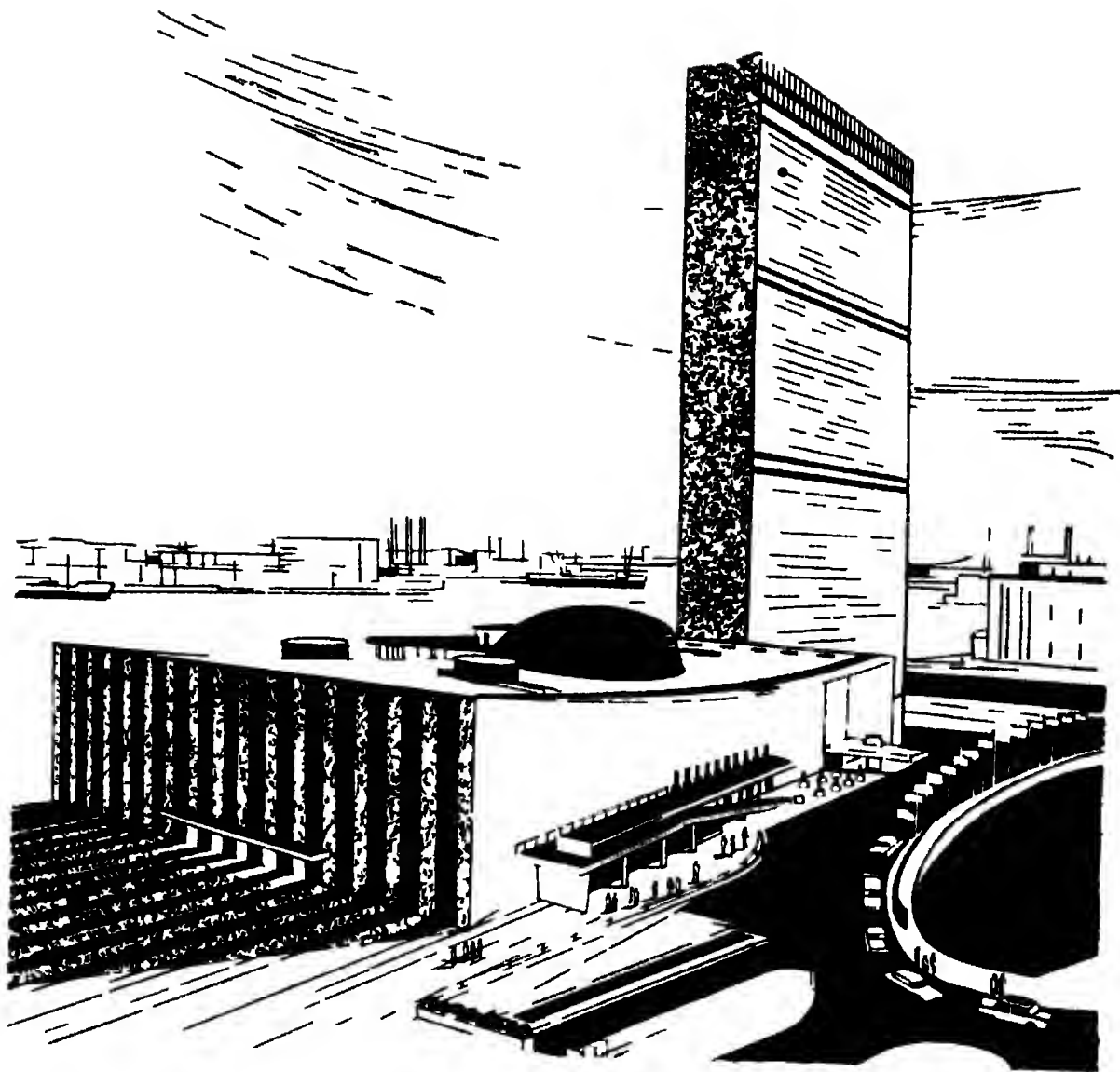
Then Dad started for home at a fast run while I sprinted to keep up. His voice echoed in the empty house, and I began to cry. Finally he opened the cupboard door. Mother was crouched inside weeping. He grabbed her in his arms, crushing her satin dress as he hugged and kissed her.

"I'm not going to Nome," he kept saying. "Listen to me, Alma." She was still sobbing hysterically. "I'm not leaving. Jorgensen's butcher's shop is for sale. I'm buying it tomorrow. I'm going to stay here with you."

He kissed her again. Her satin mask fell off. I saw that her eyes were dancing with triumph.

MY FATHER did his best to make a go of the butcher's shop. All he had to sell was smoked ham and bacon and frozen reindeer meat. But his shop was popular because he always tipped the scales in favour of the customer and tossed in extra cuts. He could never resist trying to impress people.

I was just starting my third year at school in September 1905, when Mother found out that she was going to have another baby. Dad now worked harder than ever, but everything seemed to go against him. He brought in some live sheep to attract trade and put them in a pen. Malnute dogs scattered them into the hills where wolves devoured them. He ordered a shipment of frozen turkeys from the States to supply customers at Thanksgiving, but the steamer from Seattle was delayed by storms and by the time the turkeys arrived in Council they had thawed and frozen again several times. He sold every one, and the result was very nearly a major disaster. On Thanksgiving night sickness swept the whole town. The



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doctor worked for days, nursing Dad's customers back to health. From then on, our butcher's shop was virtually boycotted.

Dad was nearly broke when the phone call came through from Nome. It was Blueberry Pete. He said he'd heard about the trouble with the damn turkeys, he guessed Dad might be short of cash, so he was sending a money order. There wasn't any hurry to pay it back, dammit; he'd hit it rich on the Third Beach; he was picking up nuggets the size of boulders.

Dad smoked one cigar after another for the next few days, and his left hand was badly swollen when the mail stage brought Pete's money order. At last Mother asked quietly, "When are you leaving for Nome, Warren?"

He bent over and kissed her. "The stage is starting back tomorrow," he said. His eyes had that faraway light. "I'll make my pile in no time at all. Then you and Klondy and the baby will never want for a single thing."

He started towards his room to pack, then turned in the doorway. "I know what to call the baby," he said. "We'll call him Ophir for good luck."

OPHIR—a boy—was born at the end of February. On the first day of March a dog team arrived in Council with a message from Dad. This time he and Pete had really struck it rich. Nome's Third Beach

Line was a fabulous strike; the ore was running three dollars to the pan. "Come to Nome on the first barge after spring break-up," Dad wrote.

We left at the end of June. After Ophir Creek and Council, Nome seemed like a magic city. And best of all, Dad was on the beach to meet us. He was dressed as the King of the Miners, but this was no masquerade. The gold chain across his waistcoat was real. Genuine diamonds flashed on his fingers. He swung his baby son proudly on to his shoulder and carried him along Front Street, calling greetings right and left. Everyone smiled and hailed him by name, and occasionally he would glance at Mother to make sure she realized the importance of being Mrs. Warren Nelson.

We halted before a whitewashed log house. "Not another one like it in Nome," he told Mother. A plate-glass window faced the Bering Sea, and up where the logs formed a peak was a diamond of stained glass. The front room was lined with green burlap. In an unheated back room Dad showed us an enormous white porcelain bath with eagle-claw feet. "Only private bathtub in town," he boasted. Unfortunately there was no place for the water to run out except on to the floor. As time went on, the bath became a dumping place for wet boots, snowshoes and dog harnesses.

Mother always said those early days in Nome were the happiest

ones of her life. Nome, in 1906, had settled into a respectable mining community of about 10,000. The brawling frontier days were over. Schools and churches had taken the place of drinking saloons and gambling halls. Theatrical troupes made the trip from Seattle to put on *East Lynne* and *The Bohemian Girl*. We even had opera.

For seven months of the year, when the ice-locked community was cut off from the rest of the world, there was an almost continual round of banquets and entertainments and fancy-dress balls. Some of the Nome women sent all the way to Paris for the latest gowns. Beneath sweeping trains they wore long woollen underwear to protect them from the bitter cold.

Everybody in Nome was prospering in those days. Gold was flowing freely and a plate of ham and eggs cost four dollars. Even the men who hung about the saloons were getting their share. The bottle-washer in the Northern Saloon polished the brass spittoons for nothing, in exchange for the privilege of panning the sawdust in front of the bar where patrons paying for drinks spilled gold dust on the floor. In the Arctic Restaurant the cook kept a pot of soup bubbling on the stove all through the winter, using the greasy wooden spoon to measure customers' dust. He raised the spoon in the soup. By the winter's end he had a comfortable stake at the bottom of the pot.

I caught the gold fever myself. Blueberry Pete made me a rocker, and I earned all my spending money that summer by shovelling gravel into the hopper, sloshing it with water and rocking away the silt while gold caught in the slots at the bottom. Even my brother, Ophir, did some panning. He was just on five.

At this time all the best-looking girls in town were entering the Floral Queen contest to name the Alaska flower. The shops sold tickets for a dollar apiece, and each ticket was a vote. I was a gangling 13-year-old, still too young to bother about dressing up to look pretty. I never dreamed of entering the contest, but one night the *Nugget* had my name on the list.

Next morning I ran into Big Hans in the street. "Some of us fellers come in from Council," he confessed, "and we figured that Warren Nelson's girl ought to be queen."

On the last night of the contest he roped in all the miners from the outlying creeks. They bought up every remaining ticket, and on June 21, 1910, the *Nugget* carried the headline: KLONDY NELSON ELECTED FLORAL QUEEN. A holiday was declared and Governor Clark came all the way from Juneau to preside at the ceremonies. He placed a crown on my head, and I stood up on shaky legs and read my proclamation. It began: "We, Klondy the First, Queen of the Seward Peninsula and adjacent islands," and went on to

rule that henceforth the forget-me-not should be the official flower of Alaska. And it is, to this day.

THE BIGGEST holiday of that summer, of course, was the Fourth of July. American flags fluttered from every window. But offshore was a Russian trading boat from Siberia, come to peddle vodka to the Eskimos. The law forbade white men to furnish liquor to them, but the Russians had no compunctions. They were drinking heavily and soon headed for the Board Wall, Nome's red-light district.

Soon I heard shouting and the running of feet. Dad grabbed his six-shooter and joined the deputy marshals and city police racing towards the Board Wall. I could hear the splintering of furniture inside the houses, the shattering of glass and feminine screams. Occasionally a Russian crashed through the wooden fence which surrounded the district. Then the remaining Russians came boiling out of the wrecked area, their black coats flapping behind them. The coastguard boys chased them all the way down to their dories. Dad said it was the best Fourth of July they'd ever seen in Nome.

The police herded the girls towards the gaol. I held my breath as I recognized Toodles, one eye blackened and almost shut.

The next morning the girls were lined up in court, woebegone and a little frightened. I worked my way through the crowd towards Toodles

and whispered, "I'm sorry." She reached out and patted my hand. Just then the judge looked down and saw us. He looked at Toodles, and then at me, and his face lost some of its sternness. Perhaps being Floral Queen gave me a royal prerogative. Anyway, the judge rapped his gavel and said, "Sentence suspended." Toodles gave me a smile I'll never forget.

THE SOLO MINE, in which Dad and Blueberry Pete were partners, was doing fabulously well, and that summer one of Dad's crews tunneled into still another rich pocket of gold. The yield was big enough to get on the front page of the *Nugget*. Dad revelled in his reputation as a big-time operator, but the old excitement was gone. He had money, success, security—and it wasn't enough. Dad was a prospector and prospectors don't look for security. They're for ever looking for something shining over the next hill.

I think Blueberry Pete felt the same thing. That August he told Dad that he was pulling out. The Solo Mine was doing fine, dammit, but lately there'd been a rumour about a new discovery and he guessed he'd have a look. Mother's face went white when Dad told her that Pete was leaving.

"That's ridiculous," she protested. "He can make all the money he ever needs right here."

"I think I know how he feels,"

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**'ANACIN'**  
 in the convenient family pack



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 every time you buy 'Anacin'  
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and similar painful conditions.

The four medicines in 'Anacin' exert synergistic or joint action on the  
 nerve centres to bring fast, safe and sure relief from pain, headache,  
 colds, fever, toothache and muscular pain.

INSIST ON **'ANACIN'** TABLETS

G-24 (A)



Dad said He took out a long cigar and bit off the end It's something in a man's blood

In July Blueberry Pete returned He came back to Nome on the first schooner out of the Arctic They had to help him out of the dory His cheeks sagged his eyes were hollow and his voice ended in a racking cough It had happened in March he told Dad he got lost in a blizzard and they found him walking in circles on the ice in Kiwalik Bay with both his lungs frosted Now he'd have to head for a hot dry climate like Arizona Just his damn luck He was on the track of the biggest find of his life over on the Arctic slope near Candle

Dad's hand started aching the day Blueberry Pete sailed for the States For a week he lay in bed groaning At last he reached for his clothes he can't stay any longer he said

I'm going to Candle

Mother didn't answer I'll arrange everything Alma Dad promised You'll have credit accounts all over town The old familiar ring was in his voice I'll make my pile and we'll all go back to the States and live in a mansion studded with diamonds

Warren Mother said there's something I haven't told you I'm going to have another baby

"That's wonderful Dad beamed 'We'll name him Solo

of men from the Solo Mine, loading the decks with expensive machinery He waved to Mother as we stood on the jetty seeing him off

Wait for me Alma! he shouted I'll be back before the baby is born

But he didn't come back Mother never saw him again I saw him only once more in my life

At first I hardly realized he was gone I was so thrilled about a trip of my own I had been taking violin lessons for some time and had given my first public recital as a soloist Mother had set her heart on sending me Outside to study Finally my passage was booked But when Mother and I went to the bank to pick up the cash for my ticket the teller was very upset

Warren drew a cheque for the whole amount to pay for his grub stake he explained apologetically

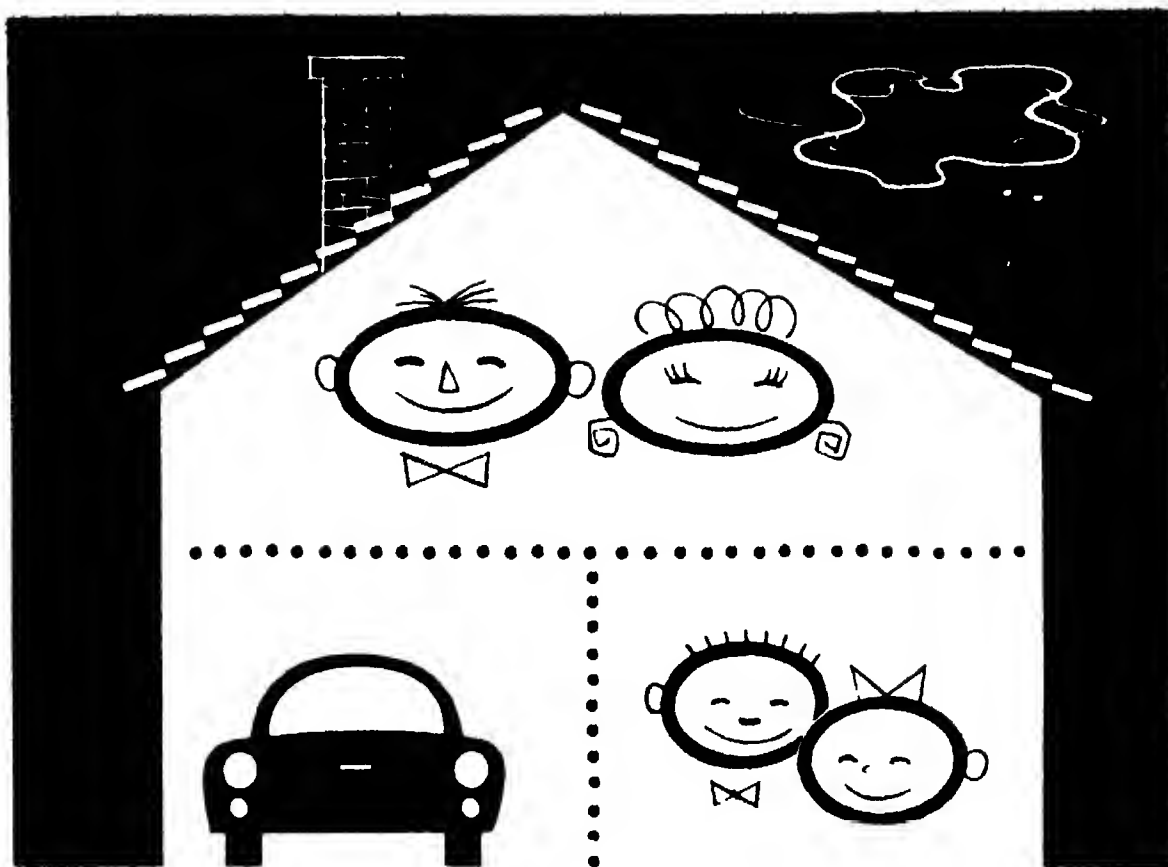
I'm sorry The accounts been closed

That Saturday I watched the steamer disappear over the horizon without me

First Mother sold the bathtub with the eagle claw feet Then she sold our piano I offered to sell my violin and that was when Big Hans brought the news Hang on to that fiddle Klondy he said Folks are fixing up a benefit concert to raise money for your steamer ticket

Nomic people were like that They all knew that Dad had taken the money for my trip Outside, and they

DAD LEFT for the Arctic in style, chartering a schooner, hiring a crew



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Excellence is the one thing that all Borg Warner products have in common. They have won world-wide

respect because they perform unfailingly. The men who distribute and sell B-W products are successful because they offer dependable values and economy.

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did something about it. The *Nugget* ran front-page stories about the benefit. There were posters in all the shop windows and Dad's lodge, the Eagles, donated decorations for the platform. My schoolmates sold tickets from door to door. Big Hans made the rounds of the saloons on the big night and herded the diggers into the Presbyterian Church. The concert was a great success.

Afterwards people came up to congratulate me. A milk-coated figure pushed her way through the crowd. She slipped a fat roll of notes into my hands. The girls all chipped in for your trip. Toodles said in a low voice and started away. But Mother held her arm. Thank you, you're a good woman, Mother said and kissed her.

For once the pink of Toodles' cheeks was a true blush.

I HESITATED to leave Mother with the baby coming, but she said she would be all right. I'll take in a couple of lodgers, she told me.

'Klondy, you must go on, you must make the violin your career. In the end I went.

The following spring in Denver I received a letter from Big Hans. The pencilled scrawl was brief. "Baby was born dead. Your mother working as cook at Big Hurrah Mine. Not feeling so good. You better come home."

I could see the change in Nome as soon as I landed. The town had already started to slump, by this

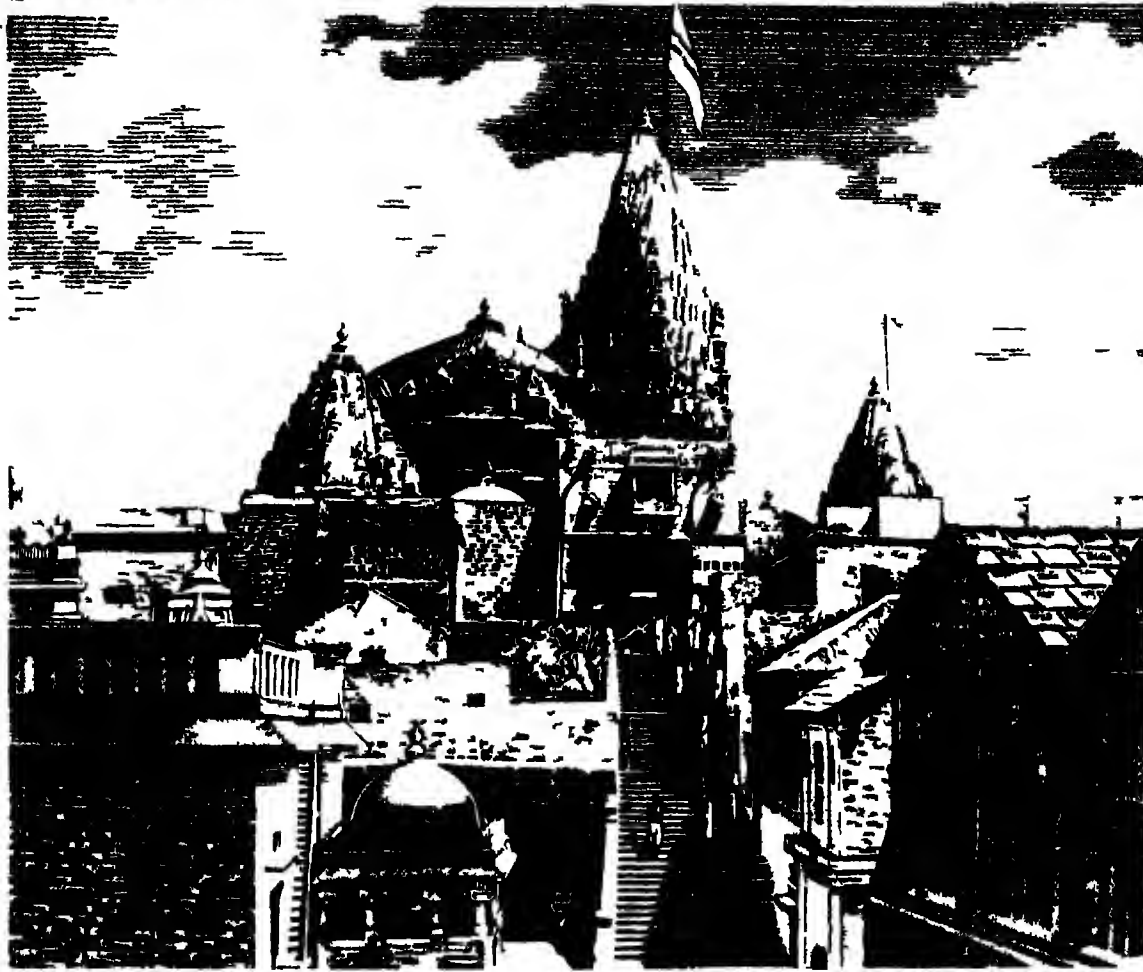
spring of 1912. Fireweed sprouted round the sagging front steps of untenanted buildings. People lounged in aimless groups on the pavements. The big syndicates were coming in. They didn't need gangs of diggers, just a few mechanics to operate the dredges. Absentee corporations were taking over and contributing little or nothing to the town's support. Most of the big money was going Outside.

The whitewashed logs of our house had begun to flake. I found our front room full of lodgers, resting their muddy boots on our white polar bear hide. Most of all I was shocked at the change that had come over Mother. Her cheeks were feverish and her lovely long hands were coarsened with work.

From now on I had little time to play my violin. I had to help Mother at home after school and earn a few dollars by hauling water during the winter. Every morning I would get up in pitch darkness, hitch my Malemute to a sled and drive down the silent streets to the Snake River. There I would chop a hole in the ice, fill a dozen five-gallon cans and haul them back to town for my customers.

Most of the Nome children had to scramble for a living. I remember a redheaded boy who delivered papers in the town. When we passed each other in the bitter-cold dawn, he would wave to me and grin. Jimmy was always cocky, always getting into scraps with bigger boys and

## Around India with Brooke Bond



### **Dwarka — The Temple of Lord Krishna .**

Across the plains of Saurashtra, thousands of pilgrims trek to the town of Dwarka to visit the temple of Lord Krishna. This temple is considered to be one of the holiest Hindu shrines in India, because legend has it that it was built in one night by supernatural agency. The main structure of the temple is 100

feet high and is surmounted by a conical spire that towers above it by another 50 feet. The interior consists of the shrine and a large hall with 60 pillars.

*Here as everywhere in India, fresh Brooke Bond Tea is made available through a unique system of fast distribution from factory to shop.*



**FRESH and GOOD**

beating them. Mother predicted he'd amount to something some day. Time proved her right. Jimmy Doolittle, the pilot and general, is now world famous.

Mother was having a hard time making ends meet. The shopkeepers offered to carry her on their books, but she was too proud to let them. However, I noticed our baskets of groceries always seemed to have extra items in them when we got them home.

A chance to repay our neighbours' generosity came when the great storm struck in the autumn of 1913. A 60 mile gale piled the Bering Sea against the shore in crashing foamers, and the water rose ten feet in a few hours. For a time it seemed that Nome was doomed. Huge lighters were torn from their moorings and hurled like battering rams against the waterfront. Franklin's Mammoth waves rushed the shops along Front Street, throwing sodden merchandise for miles. Next morning we looked out on the wreck of a city.

Our house became a sort of community centre. Homeless neighbours staggered to our doorstep, and Mother took them all in, sharing what food she had. Some had rushed from their homes clad only in underwear. Mother opened the cupboard where she kept Dad's clothes hanging neatly, and handed out the garments one by one.

Nome never really recovered from the storm. Most of the merchants

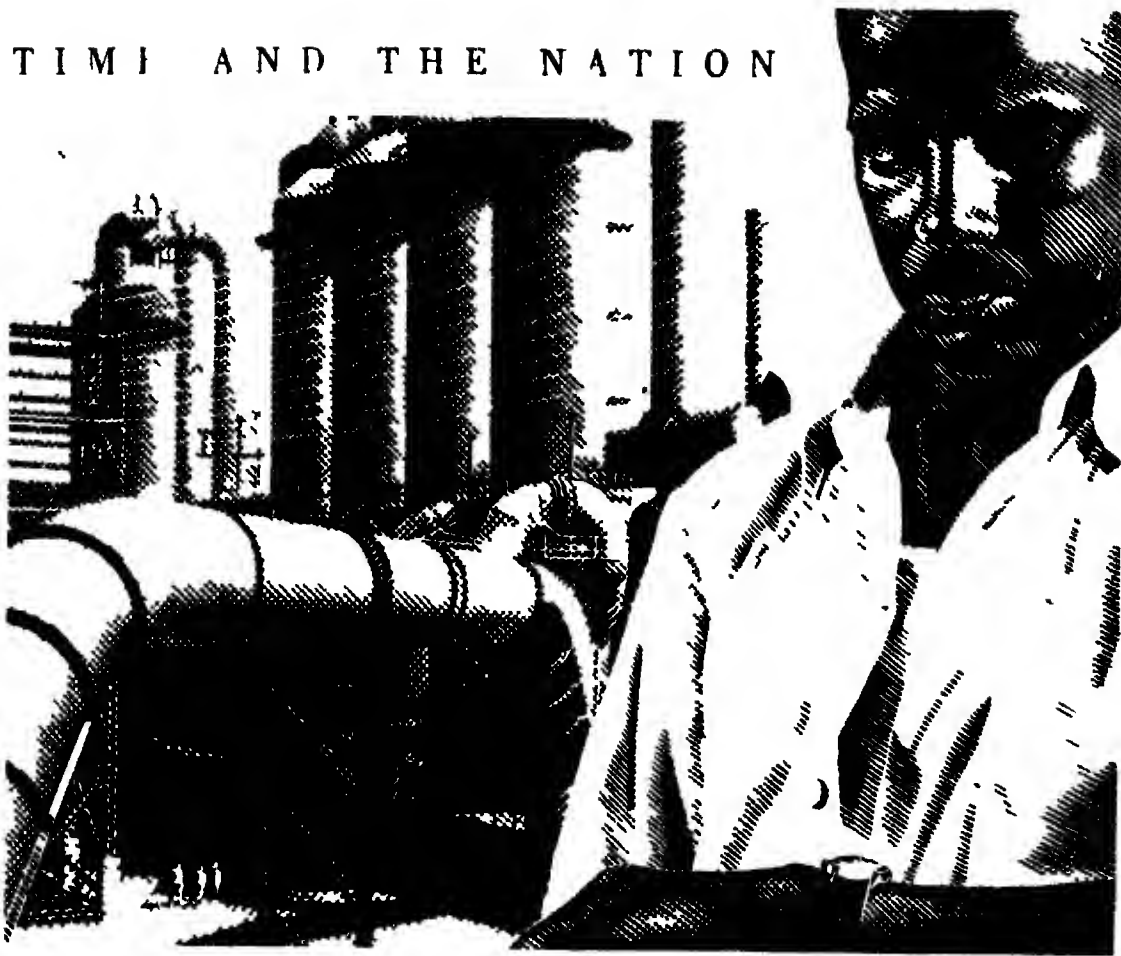
who lost their shops didn't rebuild. The winter of '15 found fewer than 1,000 people in town. Only a few stubborn old prospectors like Big Hans still hung on.

I now had a team of good dependable dogs, five Malamutes, and I dreamed of entering the Ladies Cup Races. But the rules required seven dogs to a team. I couldn't afford to buy any more dogs, but I used to look covetously at the spirited racing teams that came dashing through Nome in the winter. One team in particular caught my eye: a string of 14 grey huskies, partly wolf. They belonged to Frank Dufresne, a young deputy attached to the marshal's office. He had come to Alaska from New Hampshire, not for gold but for adventure, and he always stayed at our house when he was in Nome. He had twinkling blue eyes and a sly Yankee humour. When I mentioned the Ladies Cup Races, his face lit up.

"Why, Klondike," he said, "I've got just the seven dogs you need. I'll take your five Malamutes and call it an even swap. There's a curious pucker at the corners of his eyes that I came to know better in later years."

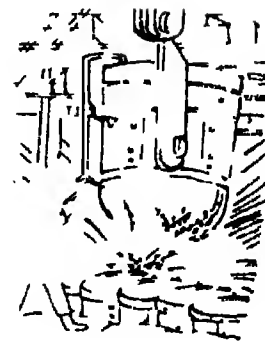
Next morning I hitched my huskies to my sled, and found out why he was so willing to swap. They were ferocious fighting devils. They piled into each other claw and fang, with bloodcurdling howls. In the middle of the commotion, I heard

TIME AND THE NATION



## ... in INDUSTRY accurate timekeeping is essential

Most of the growth of our growing country is being absorbed by the expanding and developing industry. The latter is not only to provide employment but to achieve self-efficiency and reduce the cost of production for people. In every workshop, mill or factory, accurate timekeeping is a essential factor because the success of industrial undertakings depends on rigid observance of time schedules. And it is the Swiss Jewellé-Léver Watch that sets the standard of accuracy. A watch is a NECESSITY - Not a LUXURY.



*The best value for your money is a Swiss Jewellé-Léver Watch*

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

Frank's dry New Hampshire twang behind me

"Figured you might be needing me," he chuckled. "Maybe we better go out on the trail together a few times, till you get used to 'em."

"I don't need you or anybody else," I retorted, swinging my whip and booting the dogs right and left. I was so angry that I never wanted to see him again. I'll tame these brutes myself.

It took me a month, but I managed to break them. They turned out to be wonderful dogs, strong and fast, and they brought me home a winner in the Ladies Cup Race.

I didn't see Frank Dufresne again until it was almost spring. I'm sorry I unloaded that pack of wolves on you Klondy," he apologized, his eyes puckering. "I'll make it up to you by buying the whole bunch back."

I was still angry. The only way you'd ever get this team back," I snapped, "would be to marry me!" And I turned on my heel and went into the house, slamming the door.

The thought of marrying anybody right then was farthest from my mind, but I think it was beginning to worry my mother. By now Nome was virtually a ghost town. All the young people were leaving for the States and Mother wanted me to leave too. "If I could find some way to send you Outside, Klondy—" she would say. "If only a letter would come—"

A letter did come, though it was

not the one she was hoping for. Blueberry Pote had died in Arizona, the legal notice read, and left all his money. Mother. There was a small cheque enclosed, just about enough to pay for my passage back to the States.

Mother walked to the dock with me to see me off. She seemed frail as a ghost, and I had a strange feeling that it was she who was leaving, not I. That I was seeing her off to some far land beyond the hills, beyond all loneliness. When I tried to say good bye, I could only blurt out: "Come on back to the States. Come with me right now."

"I'll never leave Nome, Klondy," she said. "Your dad asked me to wait for him. He'll be back."

Dad did come back to Nome that winter, but he was too late. Mother had passed away a few days before he arrived. Big Hans had taken care of Mother's funeral, and had then bought my brother Ophir a ticket to the States, where he joined me.

At this time I was in Seattle, studying the violin and supporting myself by playing in a cinema. Eventually I organized a five piece orchestra, and we played dinner time music at hotels around the North West. Ophir helped by getting a job as a bank messenger.

Then, at last, I had my big chance. I was offered a contract to travel East on the Orpheum Circuit. When I rushed to our flat to tell Ophir, I heard voices in the kitchen. Ophir called out, "Klondy, guess



### *Looking for an easier way?*

Getting stuff aboard or off of a ship can be a tough job if you insist on doing it the hard way. But you'll find a lot of your troubles melt away when you ship through Newport News, Virginia.

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and breakage. And you'll be surprised how friendly and cooperative everybody can be from consular representatives to stevedores. To many inland U.S. points there is also a sizable saving on railroad freight rates. Let us tell you about all the advantages of Newport News. Write for a Free Illustrated Booklet.

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NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA**  
*it's easier  
and saves dollars*



who I ran into at the bank today!"

Ophir's companion rose from the kitchen table, his blue eyes crinkling at the corners. "Till angry with me," Frank Dufresne asked.

Frank had a job with the Bureau of Biological Survey. He was to travel all over Alaska on a wildlife survey, and his reports would help to fashion the new game laws for the territory. Later he was to become the head of the Alaska Game Commission. I'll drive my own dog team, Frank said. I'll mush over a wilderness that no sled track has ever crossed before.

I could imagine the limitless white Arctic and hear the honk of geese and the roar of ptarmigan flocks. Suddenly I wanted to share in his adventure, to be part of Alaska again. My career faded in importance. Frank saw the look in my eyes.

Remember those seven huskies I unloaded for you, he asked.

Remember what you told me I'd have to do to get them back.

We were married in Seattle that October. Two days later we left for Alaska.

I saw Dad once more, in 1925, on a winter patrol down the Yukon with Frank. I regularly went along on Frank's trips as a partner, helping him mush the dogs. We stopped for the night at a roadhouse and went inside. Dad was sitting by the oil drum heater.

"Hello, Klondike," he said casually. That was all, nothing about

what had happened in all these years. His moustache was grey now and his hair just a white rim round the edge of his skull. But his eyes had the same burning look.

I'm on my way to the Klondike, he said. They say there's a new strike at Dawson, the biggest find yet.

For the first time I understood my father. In his own way he loved us all, Mother and Ophir and me, but I realized that we lived in a world that never existed for Dad. The past and the future had substance for him, but the present was a shadow.

Dad was a prospector to the day of his death. He passed away in 1935 at the Alaska Pioneers' Home in Seward. He had borrowed a rowing boat, the telegram from the superintendent said, and was starting up the beach to pump a creek when the heart attack came.

Frank and I left the roadhouse the next morning, heading down the Yukon. The red rim of the sun was pulling up over the white hills, and the air was full of frost sparkle.

As we stood on the corner of the room, I felt I could see the faces in front of me: Big Hans, Blueberry, Pete, all the others. They were all dead now, the past was dead.

Overhead I heard the faint hum of propeller blades, and a small plane dipped its fabric wing to us, one of the first aeroplanes to carry the mail in Alaska. It marked the end of an era.



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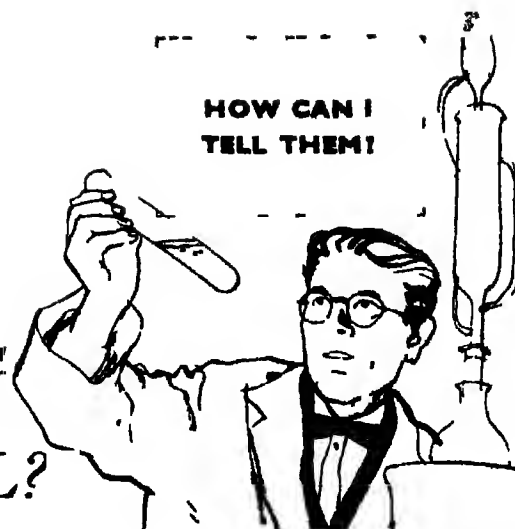
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## IS ADVERTISING SOCIALLY USEFUL?



Most of us are accustomed to thinking of advertising as a part of modern commerce. And so it is — a practical way of telling large numbers of people about the products that manufacturers have for sale.

But, more and more, governments and other organizations are realizing that the methods used in advertising to sell goods are also efficient means of spreading information.

To take just one example: in Britain, in the last century diphtheria was a common, often fatal, disease of childhood. Science then found an effective anti-toxin for treating the disease. Doctors gladly used the new remedy and drastically reduced the diphtheria death-rate.

Then it was discovered that children could be *immunized* against diphtheria, so as not to catch it at all! Evidently, if every child in the country could be immunized against it, the disease itself would soon disappear.

Here was a mammoth job! To let every mother of young children in the country know that immunization was available to save them from the risk

of diphtheria, and to *persuade* these mothers to have their children immunized.

The newspapers, of course, published the news — but they could not repeat it day after day.

Doctors and nurses could not go out and *tell* everybody. So the government turned to *advertising* to tell mothers, clearly and simply what to do, and to keep on repeating the message. The negligible number of diphtheria cases now reported each year in Britain proves that *advertising* did this job of informing and persuading supremely well.

Similar instances could be quoted from many parts of the world. Governments and other organizations are increasingly turning to advertising as a means of communication. By spreading information on health and welfare, and also on agricultural and industrial production methods, they are raising the standard of living, making healthier people who are able to produce more, and live fuller and happier lives.

And so it goes on, an endless chain of cause and effect — better living for everybody.



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BOTTLES**



from your Caltex station



Where'er  
she  
goes!

Heads turn and glances fly,  
as a beautiful lady in all the glory  
of her exotic sari walks down  
the street — it may be Bond Street,  
the Rue de la Paix or the  
Via Veneto

Air India International took her there  
She loved the luxury of a Super Constellation,  
the courteous service, the wonderful food

In London, she's going to see the National  
Gallery, St Paul's, Buckingham Palace She'll  
go to the Ballet, enjoy a revue

And on her way back to India, she'll  
spend a few days at Paris, Rome and  
Geneva — with nothing extra to pay

Wherever she goes, she'll be  
happy to see a joy to be seen

**AIR-INDIA**  *International*

# The Secret of Wisdom

By Anne Wardell

THE WISEST MAN I have ever known was an old schoolmaster, in the village where I spent my childhood. Ask him about any subject and he always had advice that was kind, calm, and profound. One day I told him how his wisdom impressed me. "Come to my cottage," he said, "I'll show you my secret."

We entered the little living room, and there, stacked from floor to ceiling, was the source of his wisdom: hundreds of books. "I've never been abroad," he said. "But with these books I have travelled the world, and talked to the greatest men."

I have often thought of that old schoolmaster. For so many of us, reading is something we love to do, yet never have enough time to enjoy. How can we, in the brief pauses of our busy lives, be sure of reading books that will truly reward us? And how can we afford to own the books we want to read?

These were the problems that the editors of The Reader's Digest solved with their Condensed Books. In each of these beautiful volumes there are five memorable books, skilfully edited, that you will love to read—at a fraction of their original cost.

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*Brother's Keeper*, Marcia Davenport's masterly tale of two brothers—handsome, wealthy, talented—who lived and died in a squalid house barricaded against the world; Augusta Walker's *The Goat Boy*, the touching story of a Chinese boy in a world threatened by war and famine; *The Young Elizabeth*, by J. and F. Letton, an absorbing account of the girl who was to become Queen of England; and *Two Soldiers* by William Faulkner—one of the most heartwarming stories ever written.

Does this sound too good to be true? The fact is that to buy these books separately would cost you over Rs. 35/-. But, published in one delightful volume, they are yours for just Rs. 9/- post free.

First, though, see for yourself—at no risk at all. Just send your name and address on a postcard to Dept. M, The Reader's Digest Association Ltd., c/o International Bookhouse Ltd., 9 Ash Lane, Mahatma Ghandi Road, Fort, Bombay 1, asking for Volume VI. It will come to you by V.P.P. with our 7-day money-back guarantee. Examine it at leisure. If you do not like the book you may return it within 7 days and your money will be refunded. But I think you will want to keep it. For here, indeed, is a wonderful new pathway to the wisdom of books!

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## AND SO HE SAW A DOCTOR

...YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO DON'T GET ADEQUATE NOURISHMENT FROM THEIR FOOD, AND SO THE ENERGY YOU USE UP EVERY DAY IS NOT COMPLETELY REPLACED I SUGGEST YOU TAKE HORLICKS IT IS A GOOD MILK-FOOD AND WILL GIVE YOU ALL THE NOURISHMENT YOU NEED

AND SO HORLICKS EVERY DAY



4

## SOME TIME LATER

MUST YOU TYPE ALL NIGHT—YOU'RE ALWAYS AT IT THESE DAYS!

JUST THIS LETTER—WON'T HAVE TIME TOMORROW



5

HARD WORK BRINGS PROMOTION AT THE OFFICE...



6

## AND A PRESENT FOR THE FAMILY

NO A RADIOGRAM S LLY!

A RADIO?

IT'S LOVELY AND HOW EXCITED THE CHILDREN ARE!

YES, IT'S BEEN WORTH ALL THE HARD WORK (THINKS) NO MORE TIREDNESS NOW—THANKS TO HORLICKS



7

## ARE YOU GETTING COMPLETE NOURISHMENT?

If your food cannot give you complete nourishment start taking Horlicks. Horlicks is a pure milk food containing the rich nourishment of full-cream cow's milk plus the nutritive extracts of wheat flour and malted barley. Horlicks can be taken either hot or cold.

# HORLICKS

*the pure milk-food with added nourishment*

HL 800A



4 lb 1 lb and  
5 lb bottles

# FOR HOT WEATHER FITNESS!



If you find the hot weather tiring, revive yourself with a glass of cooling Andrews. Just one teaspoonful in a glass of cold water makes a sparkling, refreshing drink for any thirsty moment.

Andrews is not *only* a refreshing drink. It also helps to keep your system right by settling the stomach and toning up the liver. Finally, Andrews' gentle action clears out wastes, ensuring healthful Inner Cleanliness.

Keep Andrews handy always!



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The Dunlop factory at Sahaganj, West Bengal, the largest rubber manufacturing enterprise in Asia, has added to its manufacturing range high quality braided hose for service in industry and agriculture. Made in long lengths by the lead press method, Dunlop braided hoses include types capable of withstanding very high pressures and are already in action at dam sites and mines, in fields and factories.

Dunlop hose embodies leadership in rubber research for nearly 70 years and is designed to give you maximum economy. Once again, Dunlop are bringing pressure to bear in the right places—as they have been doing since the world's first pneumatic tyre was made to contain air under pressure.

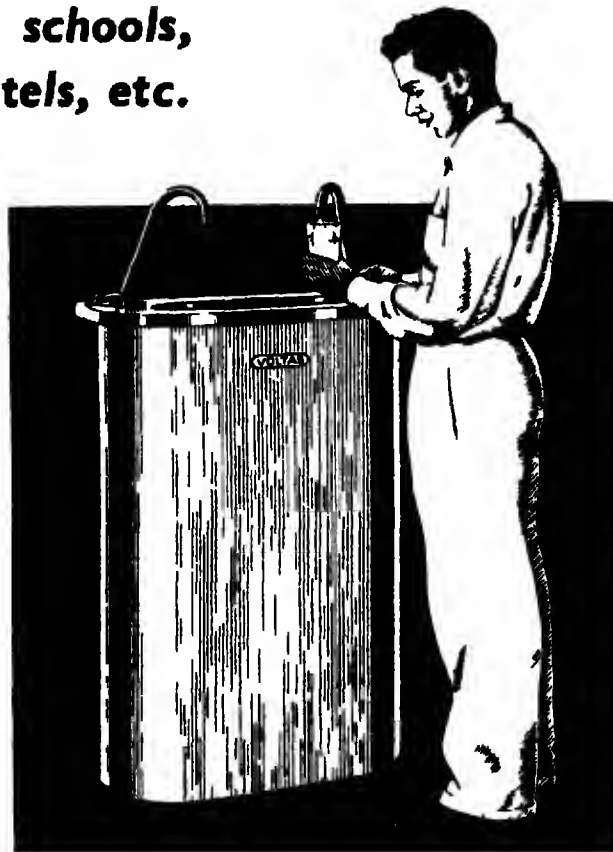
**DUNLOP** HOSE  
*for planned economy*

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A Tushar water cooler provides clean and cool drinking water to your staff or customers — quickly pays for itself in goodwill

**Instantaneous cooling** Continuous supply of instantly cooled water at the touch of a button — no unhygienic refilling or storing

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**Two models available** Model R 10 capacity 10 gallons per hour (180 cupsfuls per hour)

and Model R 40 capacity 40 gallons per hour (720 cupsfuls per hour)

**Easy to install** Needs only a water supply, a drainpipe and an electric plug point

**Economical to run** Cools to the temperature you choose then switches off automatically

Silent working — Anti-splash construction — Handsome design

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**WATER PROOFING**  
**UMBRELLA HELPS PROTECT**

The Public Buildings, Factories and  
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Western Building Calcutta



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STG/26



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foods have been  
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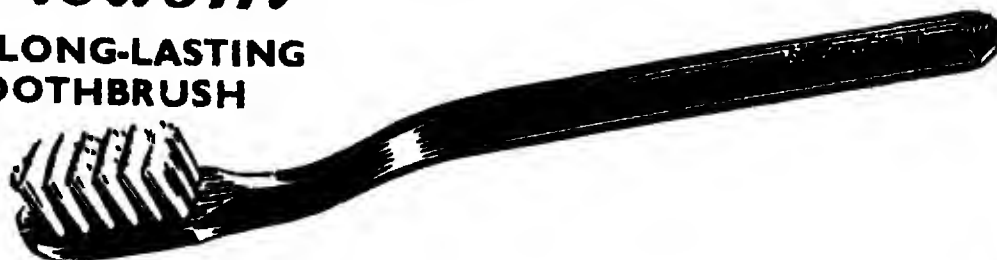


*At night clean  
your teeth just  
before going to  
bed so that they  
stay clean all  
night until first  
meal is eaten.*

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The critics came to jeer—and left cheering

## Young Menuhin's Greatest Challenge

By Robert Magidoff

IT WAS the evening of November 25, 1927. Chubby 11-year-old Yehudi Menuhin, dressed in short trousers, had just arrived for his appearance as solo violinist with the New York Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. On his way from the stage entrance to the artists' room he saw a large fire axe hanging on the wall. "What's that for?" he asked a fireman standing near by.

"To chop the heads off the soloists who don't play well," was the reply.

"And how many heads have you already cut off?" asked Yehudi.

"Oh, quite a few," said the fireman with a friendly wink.

There were those in the audience that night who expected the young Menuhin head to roll. Foremost among them were the music critics. For it had been announced that the

boy would play the Beethoven violin concerto, which the critics regarded as nothing short of sacrilege. They felt that this difficult masterpiece should not be attempted by anyone except the most mature artist, that it was impossible for a child's small hands, no matter how well trained, to execute the intricate fingering.

As a matter of fact, a simple number—the A-major Mozart—had been suggested when Yehudi first received the invitation to appear with the New York Symphony. "But I've waited so long!" young Yehudi said to his father. "I'll play the Mozart as an encore, but I must do the Beethoven first. *Please* make them let me."

"I'll do my best, Yehudi," his father said gently. He did not tell the boy that word had already come

from Fritz Busch, the famous German who was to conduct that night, that he refused even to consider the Beethoven. The conductor's reply to all arguments was, "One does not allow Jackie Coogan to play Hamlet!"

One day, however, Yehudi's managers arranged for him and his teacher Louis Persinger, to have an audition with Busch in the latter's hotel suite. The conductor displayed a studied coldness towards his young soloist. He was provoked by Yehudi's insistence on playing the

Beethoven concerto, and he happened to dislike all prodigies. He had been a prodigy himself, and shuddered at the recollection. Moreover, at this particular concert he was giving the world première of a new work by his brother Adolph, violinist and composer, and he would never forgive himself if this small boy ruined the evening.

As the audition of the Beethoven concerto was about to get under way Persinger made a move towards the piano. Busch, however, sat down at the instrument himself. Calm and purposeful, Yehudi lifted the lid of his violin case, laid back the green velvet shield and handed the violin to Persinger to be tuned (his small hands were still too weak to twist the pegs into position). Busch smiled sardonically and plunged into the final part of the orchestral introduction. Yehudi adjusted his instrument, raised the bow and released the first measure with three broken octaves so feared by violinists.

As the boy played on, Busch signalled to Persinger to replace him at the piano. The conductor retired to a corner, his whole bearing betraying excitement and unbelief. Suddenly he interrupted the music and threw his huge arms round Yehudi. "You can play anything with me, any time anywhere!" he cried. Yehudi impatiently disentangled himself and continued to play.

Busch kept him there for more than an hour, going over various

YEHUDI MENUHHIN fulfilled a long cherished desire when, at the invitation of Pandit Nehru, he first visited India in 1952. Asked what drew him to the country, he replied, "The gentle spirit and peace-loving nature of its people. Afterwards, however, when I visited India I felt almost kinship with the people there."

Again invited by the Prime Minister, he paid a second visit in 1954. On each occasion he toured the country and gave performances in many places, including Delhi, Lucknow, Calcutta, Madras and Bombay. The entire proceeds from these concerts he donated to the Prime Minister's National Relief Fund.

When the Asian Music Circle was formed in London in 1955, Menuhin became its first president. The Circle seeks to foster friendship between East and West through a greater understanding of each other's cultures. Western music, says Menuhin, stands to gain much from India and to receive inspiration from the East.

passages and practising in particular the pauses so significant in Beethoven. Later, at Yehudi's first rehearsal with the orchestra, even the completely conquered Busch was amazed to find that the boy had not overlooked a single point.

At the end of that first rehearsal, the musicians accorded Yehudi a standing ovation and Busch made an amazing announcement contrary to all accepted practice at the time: he had decided to shift the concerto soloist to the second half of the programme. No orchestra and no conductor could compete with the overpowering effect of this Yehudi's first appearance. He frankly admitted in his autobiography: "Not a creature in Carnegie Hall would have had ears for any music whatever after Yehudi had played his last bar."

Carnegie Hall was packed to the roof and charged with expectation on the evening of November 25. When Busch appeared on the stage after the interval, he was greeted warmly, but all eyes turned towards the entrance on the left from which would enter the boy whose story



had so excited the public imagination.

There was an outburst of applause when he came out, chubby and awkward in white silk blouse and black velvet shorts. Showing no trace of self-consciousness, he took his place near Busch, acknowledged the applause with a jerky nod of the head and businesslike handed his beloved Grancino to the leader to be tuned.

There was a breathless silence in the hall when the kettledrum announced the opening of the concerto, followed by the clear, lyrical voice of the woodwinds. Yehudi stood unruffled, so absorbed in the music and seemingly oblivious of his part in the performance that some people feared he would miss his entrance. But with only a few seconds to spare he adjusted the thick, black pad which dangled from his violin, placed the instrument under his chin and raised his bow. At the great singing tone that filled the hall there was a gasp, an exchange of amazed glances, a slight stirring—and then the hush of complete absorption.

It was only during the Joachim

cadenza when the soloist remained alone to face its existing technical and intellectual challenge—that the audience once more became aware of the absurd size of the violinist. Now listeners reflected on his pure intonation and sense of rhythm and marvelled at the fingering, the trills, the perfect coordination between spirit and muscle. Unable to contain their excitement and amazement at the end of the cadenza, the audience burst into applause threatening to stop the performance. Supported by Busch and the orchestra, Yehudi returned then to Beethoven with all the authority of a veteran.

It remained only for his incredibly graceful execution of the finale to complete a performance that was followed by an unforgettable ovation. People shouted and yelled, many with tears in their eyes, while the men in the orchestra rose and joined in the noise.

At this point Yehudi's extraordinary aplomb left him, and he suddenly looked like the bewildered small boy he was. Catching sight of Persinger in the wings, he dragged him on to the stage, pointing at him and applauding. Persinger finally managed to disengage himself and vanished, but still the applause went on. Finally, Yehudi had to appear in his overcoat, cap in hand, before the audience would let him go.

Even the music critics, forgetful of deadlines, had stayed on to applaud the young violinist.

Next morning Ohn Downes wrote in the *New York Times*: "I had come to the hall convinced that a child could play the violin no more effectively than a trained seal. I left with the conviction that there is no such thing as an infant prodigy, but that there is such a thing as a great artist who begins at an early age."

Time and Yehudi Menuhin have vindicated that judgment.



### *When the Rent Is Due*

ONE HUNDRED annually in the month of June forever was the rent Burien Stuart told the natives who demanded in 1722 when he leased a plot of land to the Zion Evangelical Church at Merion, Pennsylvania. The rent was never paid during the Burien's lifetime, then forgotten, but the old document was found in 1901 and payment was resumed. In 1902, 186 roses were paid in back rent.

The U. S. government distributes annually six yards of cloth to each of the more than 4,600 Indians on western New York reservations, in accordance with the Treaty of Canandaigua of 1794, in which the government promised to give a cloth bounty yearly to the Indians, who in return were to refrain from war against the settlers.

*High-voltage electricity can be a raging beast. Here's how it is tamed for domestic use*

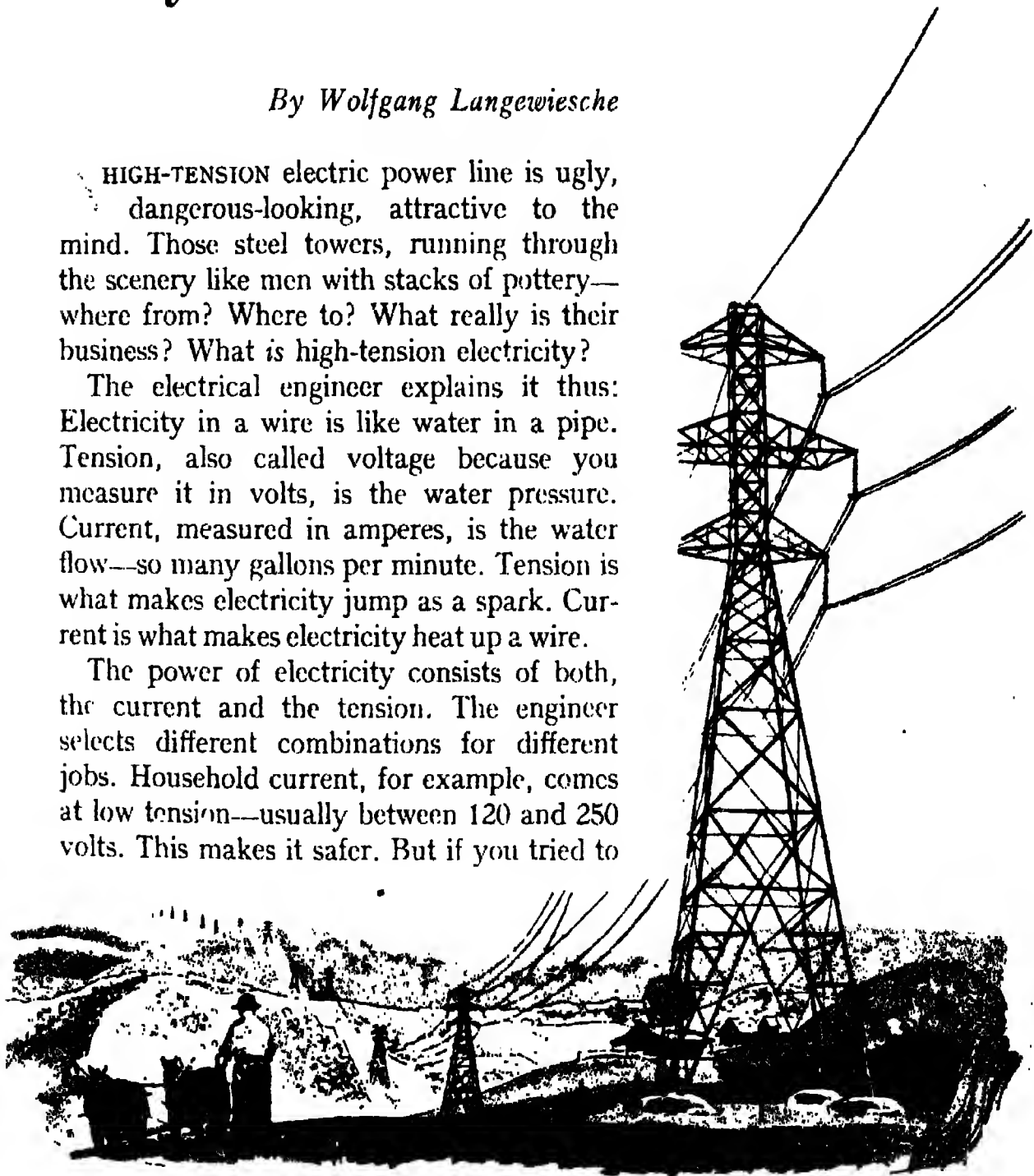
# They Deliver Power to The Home

*By Wolfgang Langewiesche*

HIGH-TENSION electric power line is ugly, dangerous-looking, attractive to the mind. Those steel towers, running through the scenery like men with stacks of pottery—where from? Where to? What really is their business? What is high-tension electricity?

The electrical engineer explains it thus: Electricity in a wire is like water in a pipe. Tension, also called voltage because you measure it in volts, is the water pressure. Current, measured in amperes, is the water flow—so many gallons per minute. Tension is what makes electricity jump as a spark. Current is what makes electricity heat up a wire.

The power of electricity consists of both, the current and the tension. The engineer selects different combinations for different jobs. Household current, for example, comes at low tension—usually between 120 and 250 volts. This makes it safer. But if you tried to



transmit a big current long-distance at low tension the transmission line would become a vast electric heater heating the great outdoors. Very little power would arrive at the other end. To keep the 'line loss' down, therefore the engineer keeps the current low, the tension right up "High" in a high-tension line is up to 330,000 volts.

At 330,000 volts, electricity is a raging beast trying to get out of a cage. It wants to jump off the wire at anything that will lead it to the ground. (The ground is the great electrical neutral, where all electric tension is relieved.) It wants to jump, for instance, at the steel towers of the power line and go into the ground through them. If you were fool enough to climb a tower, your skin would begin to prickle and your hair stand on end as the stuff began to think about jumping at *you*! This ferocious urge is what high tension electricity is—why it has such power. Offer it a path through motors and lamps on its way to the ground and the stuff will run factories and light towns.

Each mast of a high tension line is like a Christmas tree, loaded with gadgets. The insulators that the wire hangs on are nearly three yards long—that's how far the wire must be held away from the steel of the tower so that the stuff won't jump. They look like stacks of cheap pottery, but they are the best porcelain there is. They take a beating: the sun heats them, rain chills

them, winter cold shrinks them. And all the time the heavy wire hangs on them, and the electric force, too, is poking at every molecule, trying to find a way through. Cracked insulators are the main thing that power lines are patrolled for—sometimes by low flying light airplanes.

The wire itself is really a cable, almost as thick as a woman's wrist. It has a steel core for strength. Round this is wrapped jute for bulk. Round this in a spiral, run the aluminum wires that carry the current. A smaller wire runs from mast top to mast top without insulators. Lightning is invited to strike it, rather than the line itself.

Lightning used to knock out power lines for days. Or it flashed down the line into the power plants and sub stations and wrecked the machines. Now the moment a flash strikes, giant switches take the current off the line. They are operated by compressed air very fast within a fifth of a second they break the current, wait for the lightning effects to dissipate and restore service. All *you* notice is a flick of your lights.

How does a power plant make electricity? If you move a magnet past a wire, an electric impulse is set up in the wire. A generator contains coils of wire, arranged in a ring. Inside the ring a set of powerful magnets is spun by a turbine. As each magnet whips past each coil of wire, a pulse of current flows in

that coil. The coils are connected to the power line, and there you are! When an electric fan turns in your house it turns because at the same instant, miles away, a turbine turns.

And what's a turbine? Simply a farmer's windmill glorified. In a steam turbine, a hurricane of steam blows at it; in a water turbine, water flows through it.

The West Virginia-Ohio-Indiana power line starts at a gigantic power plant in the valley of the Kanawha River in the Alleghenies. I got into my little aeroplane and followed the power line towards the consumer. I thought I knew what was coming. Here the power was being transmitted; presently would come the towns, with homes and factories where it was used.

Not so at all! The high-tension power line ran for 60 miles over hill and dale and came out at another power plant on the Ohio River. There it split. I followed one branch and after 50 miles came to still another power plant. I went on, to still another power plant. Gradually I began to understand what I was seeing. Here was a whole vast *system* composed of power plants and power lines.

This one is called the AGE System (for American Gas and Electric Company). It serves a six-state region.—Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan.

A power system is like a city waterworks, with a dozen pumping

stations (power plants) keeping up the pressure (voltage), while thousands and thousands of households and factories set up a drain. The power companies have worked themselves into a position where they have to give service, or else. Even a slight sagging of power, such as sometimes makes electric lights in the home go dim, is intolerable to a textile plant, say. It makes different machines slow up differently; threads are stretched here, slackened there; the material comes out with faulty weave.

In a "system" the power plants can take over one another's loads. Here's the logic of it: A town with only one power plant needs a second plant as a stand-by. This is expensive. Five towns with five power plants, connected by power lines, still need only one stand-by plant: this makes more sense. But ten towns, connected by power lines, need no stand-by plant at all. If one plant breaks down, the other nine between them can carry the load. One hundred towns, tied into one system, still need only ten power plants—simply bigger ones. This is the most economical arrangement of all. AGE serves 2,319 towns in the United States, with many big industries, almost entirely from 12 big plants.

Further to ensure service, there is also a system-of-systems. The power lines of AGE connect up with others so that systems throughout large areas of the United States are



bound together in "power pools." In these pools, if one system falls behind the demand, electricity starts flowing in from the neighbouring systems; it's metered and it has to be paid for; but it's automatic, and it's instant.

Everybody wants electricity at the same time. The "load" starts building up at 6 a.m. and goes to a peak by 11, then eases for lunch; an afternoon peak, and then the load goes down. At night, much of the system is idle.

A power plant must be steered, so to speak, up and down this daily curve. This is where a system cashes in on being a system: all its power plants are controlled from one central spot.

The wiring diagram of a high-tension system is like a road map: main highways branch off into local roads, residential streets, private driveways. This takes more doing

than you might think. Problem: high-tension electricity is hard to handle and very dangerous: low-tension electricity won't travel far.

Solution: the transformer — a machine for changing the voltage of electric energy to suit the purpose. It's just two coils of wire, close together but not connected. As high-voltage electricity pulses through one coil, it sends out electromagnetic waves; these whip, electrically, the other coil, and make low-voltage electricity flow in it!

A transformer works only with "alternating current" (AC) — the kind that pulses backwards and forwards in the wires. The steady flowing direct current (DC) cannot be transformed so simply. That is why AC is now standard all over the world. It's this combination of ideas — AC and the transformer — that has made it possible to wire a whole country for power.

*T*HE MINISTRY of Irrigation and Power reports that with the completion of the large power projects now going forward in India, several inter-connected systems will come into being. A network of transmission lines linking the power stations of Jogindernagar, Delhi, Nangal, and the proposed station at Bhakra, will serve the whole of Punjab and PEF&SU, as well as Delhi and parts of Rajasthan. The western and central districts of the Uttar Pradesh will be served by a grid comprising the Ganga Canal system, the Sarila hydro station and the Lucknow steam power station. The eastern districts of the States will come into the future Rihand system.

The Damodar Valley Corporation will have a large network in south Bihar and West Bengal, extending to Calcutta and Kharagpur. Orissa's central power station will be the Hirakud station on the Mahanadi. Khaperkheda, Chandni, Raipur and Ballarpur stations are designed to work as one unit, though they have not yet been connected as such. These regional systems may eventually be connected to form an all-India grid, and if this happens it will be possible for power to flow from the foot of the Himalayas to Trivandrum!



## The Case of the Jolly Gaolbirds

By Tom Howard

IT STARTED in May 1946 when Fernand Billot, a minor French prison official who looks something like a Roman censor, lumbered into the little Norman town of Pont l'Évêque to take over as governor of the district prison. He ended by an unquenchable thirst. Billot couldn't quite keep his mind on prison administration. So Pont l'Évêque soon got used to seeing its new prison governor rolling from café to café in search of one more *petit Calva*.

Inside the gaol unkept prison ledgers and unopened mail piled up on Billot's desk and 50 neglected convicts were locked away indiscriminately.

*The hilarious history of an informal French prison governor and his crimes against the prisoners*

And then into this unholy disorder came a man with a white beard and a white shirt. He was an angel of rescue named René Granville. Once from the Pont l'Évêque near himself Granville was a rotund bald-headed little man with a pixie smile and a quiet efficient manner. A former accountant, journalist, *Resistance* hero, poet and philosopher, he had been sent to prison for two years for a slight affair of forgery and embezzlement.

Within one hour of his arrival

Grainville had sized up Billa's gentle, thirsting nature, slipped out of his cell block, walked into Billa's office and offered two bottles of *pastis* and his services as "prison accountant." Billa was impressed. "Shh!" he said to an open-mouthed guard. "This fellow's an intellectual. I'm going to put him in charge of the office."

Grainville's conception of his usefulness to the prison was a little grander than that. "You permit me?" he said and sitting down at Billa's desk started studying some of the documents. "Ah, I see." He adjusted his spectacles. "Now the first thing is for me to get your signature down pat so you won't have to be troubled signing these things."

Grainville practised signing while Billa watched fascinated. "Formidable!" he breathed.

Grainville's smile was modest. "Now the registers," he said briskly. "You don't happen to have a decent counterfeit in the house?"

But yes, a young criminal who had once worked in the legal archives of the police department in Lyon had quite a reputation for falsifying documents. "Send him down," said Grainville. "I may need to rough out a couple of official stamps."

Then the phone rang. Grainville picked it up. "Prison Governor Billa speaking," he said and reassured Billa with a polite whisper. "It's

just the magistrate calling from the court house. I'll handle it."

That night Billa made his usual tour of the village bars with a lightened heart. Things were at last in the hands of an expert.

They were indeed. After studying the penitentiary code briefly, Grainville tossed it in the wastepaper basket as anti-social nonsense and instituted a code of his own. His code, as he told the judge at his trial last autumn, was based on "making life a little less painful for my fellow prisoners."

First he selected as his assistants those convicts who had what he called "background," that is, a certain amount of money and a useful talent. With a butcher turned car thief running the cuisine, a bartender who had specialized in disposing of stolen goods handling the wines and liquors, and a former hotcher known as Georges the Shark (in for armed robbery) in charge of ordering such outside delicacies as well-behaved prisoners would buy, an organized abundance soon reigned in the prison stores.

All restrictions on card playing, cigarettes and liquor were discarded. A tailor pickpocket was detailed to take care of the prisoners' clothes. A telephone link with a bookmaker in Deauville accommodated the punters. Grainville then made the prison co-educational, according to later reports, by throwing open the doors between the men's and women's wings.

Almost overnight the prison of Pont l'Evêque, under its trail-blazing new guest director, took on the characteristics of a small family hotel. Certain extras cost money, of course—the lobster, the vintage wines, the morning newspaper delivered with breakfast—but everything else was on the house.

Yet even in the midst of such well-ordered luxury, the inmates showed a certain restlessness. With Billa staggering freely in and out, it was inevitable that others would get ideas. Thus Jean Manguy, a former Paris gangster, refused to order his breakfast in bed but insisted instead on traipsing across the square every morning in his sumptuous blue Japanese bathrobe to take his coffee and *croissant* in the corner café. Thus, too, a bookmaker was too tame for punters like Nova the Fence and Georges the Shark; they themselves wanted to drive over and see the horses running at the Deauville track seven miles away. And the ones who wanted to pub-crawl all night with Billa!

It was a problem to unnerve a less philosophical man than René Grainville. But Grainville's Code had the solution: put the men on their honour. And in defence of the system it must be said that, except for one case, it worked.

The lone defection was more a credit than demerit to Grainville's system. News of the little prison's comforts had spread, and criminals serving time elsewhere began to plot

to get in. A new arrival in March, 1949, was a notorious hold-up man and escape artist known as René the Cane. He had confessed to a crime in Normandy which he hadn't committed, in order to get moved from a big hermetic Paris prison to something less formal. For a month René the Cane stuck it out at Pont-l'Evêque, but then the habit of a lifetime became too strong and he decided to make a break. Not by walking out of the front door, however, which was wide open, but in the classic tradition: he sawed through the window bars and swung down on a rope, "so as not to cause any trouble for my friend the governor."

It was heart-warming, really, the way Billa's prisoners looked after his welfare. Once they went out late at night to locate their wandering governor and trundle him safely home in a wheelbarrow. Several times, when the guards were otherwise engaged, the prisoners punched the time-clocks themselves so that all would look well for the Billa administration.

Strange prison, where the prisoners weren't imprisoned, the governor didn't govern and the district inspector didn't inspect too much! Actually, the district inspector did turn up occasionally. One day he did criticize the cobwebs on the basement ceiling. Billa stammered.

"He never sees them," explained Grainville. "He's too busy watching his feet."

On another occasion the inspector told Billa he drank too much. "Yes, sir!" said Billa enthusiastically.

Also the inspector felt that the front door ought to be kept locked.

"Oh, you know, *M'sieu l'Inspecteur*," said Grainville, "they're good boys."

In time, of course, with convicts wandering round freely, the villagers began to take notice. One of the first was a lawyer who, presenting himself at the prison to confer with a convict client, was told by a guard, "Just a moment, I'll see if he's in." (He wasn't.) Why, then, during the nearly four years that this happy state of affairs went on, did nobody squeal?

The villagers didn't squeal because, as they explained later, it was none of their business; it was the business of "the magistrates." Besides, they felt sorry for Billa. "He was so *gentil*!" they told me. "He wouldn't hurt a fly." And as for Grainville, they were rather more proud of him than disapproving: he was a local boy making good.

Surprisingly, Grainville himself quite clearly made no profit from the whole affair. For all the artistry with which he embellished his fellow-prisoners' police records he at no time touched his own. And for all the time he whittled off the others' sentences, he served out his own term to the minute. The blissful satisfaction of having for so long hoodwinked the authorities was evidently reward enough for him. His only

regret seems to be that it didn't go on forever.

Why didn't it? The Ministry of Justice, understandably sensitive about the whole affair, is not too definite. But it is known that in January of 1950 Billa was fired and the prison closed down. And in 1952 Georges the Shark, drunk and talkative in a Paris bar, started bragging about beating a prison sentence in Pont-l'Évêque. A police inspector overheard him, and an investigation finally got under way.

So poor old Billa had to be tried, in October, 1955, and condemned to three years for "negligence."\* Shortly afterwards, eight of the inside gang were tried—for "falsification of government documents."

The latter trial was sheer vaudeville, with Grainville, of course, heading the bill. In his rôle as "philanthropist," as he called himself, he politely elaborated his theories of prison reform to the judge. When the judge accused him of forging Billa's signature more than 300 times, he nodded, smiled his pixie smile and explained blandly, "I have always endeavoured to give satisfaction to my employers."

The jury, seven good Normans and true, roared with laughter, and at the trial's end returned a verdict of Not Guilty. And that night the little village of Pont-l'Évêque celebrated the victory.

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\* He was recently released under an amnesty, as an ex-prisoner of war and a first offender.

# Snails Are His Business

By Curt Riess

IT BEGAN with a conversation he almost forgot.

Robert Stein, the owner of a chain of timber-yards and one of the richest men in Germany, had in 1938 sold his properties and established an equally successful timber business in Czechoslovakia. He made his home in the town of Sternberg. Although strongly opposed to Hitler, Stein, during the Second World War, employed some 2,000 prisoner-of-war "slave labourers" in his yards—in the hope that he might ease their lot. When several of his French workers asked to start gardens on his property, Stein readily agreed.

One day Herr Stein found these gardens overgrown with rank dandelion plants. Closer inspection showed that snails were everywhere.

"Your garden looks in bad shape," Stein said to a Frenchman named Duval. The Frenchman grinned. "These snails have big appetites, and they're fattening up! We're raising them to eat."

Stein shuddered,

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*Robert Stein found a fortune lying almost literally underfoot*

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and Duval looked amazed. "Don't you know how good snails are?" He added that snails *should* be eaten with a small silver fork and a vintage wine. "Only rich people eat them at home, because they're so rare."

Stein shrugged and walked away. That was the conversation.

AFTER the war the Russians came to Sternberg. Stein's sawmills were converted into a concentration camp, and Stein himself, as a German, became one of its first occupants. When, in July, 1946, he was set free and sent to a refugee camp near Lauingen, in Bavaria, he was nearly 60 and owned nothing but the ragged clothes on his back.

Before long, friends were impressed by Stein's philosophical acceptance of his new life. For he had become



Condensed from Ost-West-Kurier

a mushroom gatherer. Every day he went into the woods and returned with the pungent wild mushrooms of the district, which he sold in the village. It was a small living that he made, but it was a living.

One day Stein almost stepped on a snail. It reminded him of something. Of what? Of course, that Frenchman Duval, who said snails were a rare delicacy in France! But he had seen hundreds in these woods.

Stein borrowed an encyclopædia and read what it had to say about snails. He returned to the woods with his basket, but this time he gathered snails. Back in the room he had taken at an inn, he packed them alive, and shipped them off to Paris—to Duval.

It was something of a miracle that Duval received the snails alive, for snail packing is quite a specialized process. Duval wrote promptly to thank his former boss and reported that the snails were first class! He added that he was back in his old job as chef at a small luxury restaurant and that the restaurant would gladly pay high prices for similar consignments of snails.

Now Stein read everything about snails that he could lay his hands on, and every week he sent a consignment to France. In time he established a breeding colony on a small patch of rented land. He built wire-mesh pens, where he fed and studied his charges carefully. Meanwhile, French restaurants were forwarding fairly large payments to Stein.

One day when Fritz Odoerfer, a Lauingen banker, informed Stein that money from France had arrived for him, he expressed his curiosity about snails.

"As it happens," Stein said, "I know a great deal about snails, and I want to borrow money from you. I know the conditions snails like best, and where they prefer to lay their eggs. I know that they have to be protected from excessive heat, and that in the autumn they need a blanket of moss and an enormous amount of food in order to survive their winter hibernation. Snails have many natural enemies—hedgehogs, badgers, moles, thrushes and crows. If it were not for these enemies, snails would reproduce far faster than rabbits. The male and female mate within six to eight days after being placed together, and the female lays between 60 and 70 eggs. The young snails hatch in three weeks, and if protected grow enormously fast with comparatively low mortality.

I am convinced there's a lot of money to be made in exporting snail." Stein concluded.

Odoerfer knew that Stein was a businessman who had carried out bold plans. He listened attentively. It would mean a new industry for Lauingen—it would provide some much-needed foreign exchange for Germany.

Next day Odoerfer laid Herr Stein's proposition before his board of directors. He was so convincing

that the necessary loan was granted.

Now Stein went to Mayor Endriss of Lauringen with a surprising proposal: he wanted to rent the town's woodlands to breed snails. Mayor Endriss listened for 1,700 refugees had been added to Lauringen's population of 5,500 since the war. Perhaps a snail industry would employ a few of them. Stein was allowed to rent 12 acres of town land.

Workers now came by the hundreds: many of them unemployed former doctors, lawyers, editors, teachers, to gather snails.

Meanwhile Stein, having discovered that most parts of West Germany had woodlands where snail flourished, distributed thousands of posters and leaflets which pointed out how easy it was to gather snails and that it was not too difficult to breed them. He offered to buy all snails sent to him and to provide packing, application and any necessary permits as well.

When hopeful amateur gatherers discovered how careful they had to be

in dealing with snails, some gave up. But Stein kept inventing new ways to interest workers. He now has the incredible number of 7,500 agencies which receive snails from gatherers and breeders and transport them to collecting centres near the French border. No more than even days pass between gathering the snails and their delivery to the consumer.

By 1950 Stein was exporting snails to France, Belgium and Switzerland at the rate of 220,000 mark worth a year. By 1955 the figure had reached some 800,000 marks.

Stein is today the biggest snail farmer in the world. It is estimated that his enterprising venture has provided work for more than 40,000 people.

New British, Italian, Spanish and even Egyptian businessmen have begun to spin to Lauringen to study snail culture. The idea of eating snails no longer makes Robert Stein shudder. In fact, he rather likes them!



### • Smoked Out

THE U.S. Atomic Energy Commission wanted to test a new type of miniature A bomb without fuss and fanfare. So instead of the Nevada desert it selected the most isolated valley it could find in the Great Smoky Mountains, home of the hillbillies of the U.S. South. The day after the bomb dropped, an old mountaineer with a long beard and a rusty squirrel rifle turned up at a crossroads settlement.

'I don't know what General Lee's him to do,' he said, 'but I'm gon' to surrender.'



# Quotable Quotes

MATRIMONY is a process by which a grocer acquires an account the florist had

—Frances Rodman in *The Saturday Evening Post*

THE FELLOW who owns his own home is always just coming out of a hardware store.

—Frank McKinney Hubbard

MEN are like record players. They may play at different speeds, but are nice to have around whether they are 33, 45 or 78

Anonymous

IF WE DO NOT go out into the world and call every man our brother, there are those who will go out and call him "comrade"

—Rev. Albert Clarus

WHEN a resolute young fellow steps up to that great bully, the world, and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find that the beard comes off in his hand, that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes, quoted in *The American Treasury* edited by Clifton Fadiman (Harper)

MOST fur coats come from the male animal

Al Schacter in *The Saturday Evening Post*

WHENEVER a man encounters a woman in a mood he does not understand, he wants to know if she is tired

George Jean Nathan, quoted in *Minneapolis Tribune*

DANCING is wonderful training for girls. It's the first way they learn to guess what a man is going to do before he does it

Christie M. Kelly in *Kitty Foley* (Faber & Faber)

OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHERS called it the holy Sabbath, our grandfathers, the Sabbath, our fathers, Sunday, but today we call it the week-end

Wesleyan Methodist

Look at the record; see how pilots  
and planes are prepared for emergencies

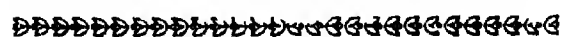


## *Don't Worry About Ocean Flying!*

By Robert Buck

VERY 18 minutes an airliner completes a crossing of the North Atlantic or Pacific Ocean. Since 1948 there have been approximately 145,000 regularly scheduled passenger flights across these vast expanses of water. How many lives have been lost through coming down in the sea during that time? On the North Atlantic route none; on the Pacific route two passengers, two crew.

"Ditchings" in transoceanic flight have been rare the world over. But



ROBERT BUCK, long a commercial airline captain, has been flying since he was 16 when he broke the junior trans-America record both ways between New York and Los Angeles. In 1936, at the age of 22, he broke the world's long distance record of 2,000 miles for light planes. During the Second World War he served with the U.S. Air Transport Command.

if one should ever be necessary, both pilots and planes are now well prepared. The average passenger probably has little idea of how much has been done—and is constantly being done—to protect him.

I am in a rubber dinghy, with the sea all round me. In the dinghy with me are the men and one woman who make up the crew of my Constellation. All are busy. The co-pilot is making fresh water from sea water with the chemical kit provided for the purpose. The radio operator, helped by the navigator, is inflating a large balloon which will carry aloft the aerial for our emergency radio. The flight engineer is making certain that our miscellaneous equipment is securely tied down. The hostess is checking the food rations and planning their allotment.



I look up for a moment. In the distance I can see Coney Island. Close by is a small coastguard boat. "That ought to do it," a coastguard shouts to me. "We'll pick you up."

This is a drill—one of the minutely detailed emergency drills that we airline crews go through at regular intervals in our effort to be ready for something we hope will never happen. Our training never ends. I have been with one airline for 19 years, and each year if I haven't been taught something new about emergency procedure I've relearned all the old.

As captain, I am charged with being certain that the members of my crew are familiar with every detail of emergency procedure and equipment. We hold a briefing at Idlewild Airport, New York, before each take-off. In the briefing room is a magnetic board—the kind you use for kitchen reminders—only larger, on which is painted in outline of the airliner's interior. On the board are many little magnets, each marked to represent a piece of emergency equipment carried by the plane: life jackets, oxygen masks, fire extinguishers, emergency radio, and so on. Members of the crew are required to put the items on the aeroplane drawing in the proper places. It shows that they know where things are if the need arises.

When the crew boards the aeroplane before the passengers, I personally look at and *touch* each piece of emergency equipment.

The big dinghies are the core of the emergency equipment for any flight made over water. Most are reversible, so that no matter which side is uppermost after inflation, you can climb in. Each carries 20 people, and there are enough to take care of all the passengers and crew, and a few more. To open a dinghy, the yellow bag which contains it is thrown into the water while a line attached to it is held tight by someone in the aircraft. When the line is pulled, the dinghy inflates, breaking out of the bag.

In the dinghy are a canopy and spray shield—recent improvements to protect passengers from the elements. The roof of the canopy can catch rainwater for drinking; in case no rain falls, each dinghy is equipped with a chemical fresh-water maker which converts sea water into something that tastes awful but is drinkable.

The dinghy contains fishing tackle to help supplement the food rations. There is a pump to keep the dinghy inflated, a repair kit in case of leaks, a baling bucket and sponge, a flashlight, a compass, a Bible, a book on navigation and the stars, shark repellent, a signal mirror, sunburn lotion, dye to put in the sea (it makes a huge area of bright colour which can be seen from a long way off), brilliant flares to pinpoint the dinghy, and a special reflector which makes it much easier for the radar of a search plane to seek you out.

All these items have been put into our dinghies after careful study of the experience of all the men who used dinghies during the Second World War. This survival equipment is one of the war's *good* by products.

In case of ditching, two emergency radios would be taken from the aeroplane. One is waterproof and will float. A kite comes with it and from the dinghy you fly the kite to take up the aerial. If there is no wind, a balloon is furnished together with a hydrogen generator to inflate it. When one end of the generator is placed in the sea, a chemical reaction between its contents and the salt water releases hydrogen which inflates the balloon. Turning a crank on the radio automatically sends SOS on two distress frequencies. This SOS can be heard at tremendous distance. People in the dinghy can take turn at cranking, giving them something to do for good or morale.

The other radio is a condensed version of a walkie-talkie. Run on a small battery, it provides for two-way conversation. This would be helpful in conducting rescue operations with a ship or aircraft.

In the aeroplane, next to each passenger's seat is an individual life jacket. Put on like an ordinary waistcoat, it is inflated automatically by pulling two knobs. It can also be blown up by mouth. Warning: Do *not* inflate until you are out of the aeroplane! If a life jacket is

inflated before, it can impede progress through a door.

Aeroplanes float, after ditching, from a very few minutes to days. The time afloat depends on the extent of damage done to the plane on ditching and how much fuel remains in the tanks. The less fuel, the more buoyant the plane. If the passenger is prepared for ditching, his chances of coming out of it well are excellent.

Panic is the thing to avoid. It takes different forms. Sometimes people rush to doors in confusion. But during a ditching near San Juan, Puerto Rico, the biggest problem was to get the passengers to leave the sinking plane. Many had to be dragged from their seats. Some were afraid of sharks, others followed the animal instinct of not wanting to abandon a place which represented momentarily security, even though it was sinking fast!

Keep calm and waiting for instructions would have saved most of the lives lost in ditchings. Tests have been made which prove this. A fuselage filled with passengers was put in water and evolutions were made unchained. It was found that with an orderly, calm procedure an aeroplane can be emptied in less than three minutes.

Suppose a pilot has an engine failure in mid-ocean. What is his procedure?

First of all, remember that all aeroplanes flying the principal ocean routes have four engines. If one engine fails, a plane can continue

on the remaining three. If another should fail, you can get home on two. The chances of double failure are remote. In 13 years of ocean flying, for example, I have had only three cases of engine failure, and on each occasion only one of the engines was involved.

Whatever happens, the pilot's first step is to send a radio message telling the story. Then things happen! The first person to receive the message notifies the various rescue authorities. If the pilot has passed mid-Atlantic going west, he will try to reach Newfoundland, where the crew of a coastguard B-17 is always standing by; within a few moments of receiving the SOS they take off and head for the aircraft in trouble. If needed, an Air Force B-29 from Stephenville, Newfoundland, which carries an ocean-going power boat strapped to its belly, can drop its rescue craft by parachute to survivors in the sea.

The nearest weather ship is alerted simultaneously. Meanwhile, a message is radioed from shore to the crippled aircraft, giving the position of all surface ships within range that might be useful to the captain.

Around him, too, are his fellow-pilots. When they hear his emergency message they immediately check their own positions and, if fuel reserves permit, the planes closest turn to fly alongside. An escorting plane can help with navigation and communication and, if a ditching should occur, can circle

until rescue or relief comes along.

With all this help, our pilot will probably reach Newfoundland or, on an eastward course, Ireland or Iceland. If he can't get that far, the chances are excellent that he can limp along until he reaches a weather ship or some other surface craft before ditching. The weather ships are specially equipped to pick you up if you come down near them.

From Gander, Newfoundland, to weather station *Charlie* is 750 miles, so you can't be farther than 375 miles from either. Going east from *Charlie* it is 580 miles to weather station *Juliett*; you can't be more than 290 miles from either. From *Juliett* to Shannon, Ireland, is 400 miles. Other weather ships are stationed from the Azores to Iceland.

These networks are valuable. In January, 1955, a Military Air Transport C-54 bound from the Azores to Bermuda had a grand piling-up of troubles: two engines cut and a fuel leak developed. It managed to stagger along, however, until it reached weather station *Echo*, about 850 miles east of Bermuda. The seas were high, waves rising to about 14 feet. In contact with the weather ship, the eight-man crew asked what their chances were. Back came the cheerful reply: "You won't even get your feet wet!" And, except for the captain and co-pilot, who had to get from the submerged nose of the aeroplane to its tail, no one did. All were rescued.

# "TEACHER"

By Helen Keller

*The story of Helen Keller's conquest of her afflictions—she became blind and deaf at the age of 19 months—has often been told. Now 75 and an inspiration to the whole world, Miss Keller records here her memories of Anne Sullivan, the beloved "Teacher" and friend who led her out of darkness*

**B**EFORE Anne Sullivan came to our house in Tuscumbia, Alabama, one or two people had indicated to my mother that I was an idiot. I can understand why. Here was a small human who, at the age of 19 months, had moved with appalling suddenness, not only from light to darkness, but to silence. My few words wilted, my mind was chained in darkness, and my growing body was governed largely by animal impulses.

It was no chance that freed my mind but the gift of a born teacher. Annie Sullivan was never the "schoolmarm" portrayed in some of the articles I have

read. She was a lively young woman whose imagination was kindled to unique dreams of moulding a deaf-blind creature to the full life of a useful, normal human being.

A sorrier situation never confronted a young woman with a noble purpose than that which faced Annie Sullivan. I recall her repeated attempts to spell words - which meant nothing - into my small hand. But at last, on April 5, 1887, about a month after her arrival, she reached my consciousness with the word "water."

It happened at the well house, where I was holding a mug under the



*Helen Keller and "Teacher," 1893*

spout. Annie pumped water into it, and when the water gushed over on to my hand she kept spelling *w-a-t-e-r* into my other hand with her fingers. Suddenly I understood. Caught up in the first joy I had known since my illness, I reached out eagerly to Annie's ever ready hand, begging for new words to identify whatever objects I touched. Spark after spark of meaning flew from hand to hand and, miraculously, affection was born. From the well house there walked two enraptured beings calling each other 'Hen' and 'Teacher'.

Those first words that I understood were like the first warm beams that start the melting of winter snow, a patch here, another there. Next came adjectives, then verbs, and the melting was more rapid. Every object I touched was transformed. Earth, air and water were quickened by Teacher's creative hand, and life tumbled upon me full of meaning.

One of Teacher's first steps was to teach me how to play. I had not laughed since I became deaf. One day she came into the room laughing merrily. She put my hand on her bright, mobile face and spelled 'laugh'. Then she tickled me into a burst of mirth that gladdened the hearts of the family. Next she guided me through the motions of romping—swinging, tumbling, hopping, skipping—singing the spelled word to each act. In a few days I was another child pursuing discoveries

through the witchery of Teacher's finger-spelling.

She kept some pigeons in a cage in her room so that when they were let out I might feel the air from their wings and know about the flight of birds and conceive the glory of wings. The pigeons would light on my head and shoulders, and I learned to feed them and understand their billing and cooing, their pecking and fluttering. That is why birds, though unseen, have always been as much a part of my world as flowers and stones.

Teacher would not let the world about me be silent. I 'heard' in my fingers the neigh of Prince, the saddle horse; the mooing of cows, the squeal of baby pigs. She brought me into sensory contact with everything that could be reached or felt: sun, light, the quivering of soap bubbles, the rustling of silk, the fury of a storm, the noises of insects, the creaking of a door, the voice of a loved one. To this day I cannot 'conn and the uses of my soul' or stir my mind to action without the memory of the quackelectric touch of Teacher's fingers upon my palm.

She disciplined me exactly as if I were a seeing and hearing child. As soon as I had enough words to distinguish between right and wrong, she put me to bed whenever I committed a misdeed. Laziness, carelessness, untidiness and self-justification were faults that she combated with ingenuity, humour and lightning sarcasm.

Without damping my joy in perpetual motion, Teacher showed me how to handle everything gently—a canary, a kitten, a rose with dew drops on its leaves, my baby sister Mildred. I was awkward and clumsy, and there is no counting the fragile bits of life that would have been injured or frightened by my roughness if it had not been for Annie Sullivan.

As I look back upon those early years I am struck by the confidence with which Teacher moved among the fires of creation. She must have pushed aside enormous obstacles to accomplish her ends.

A daughter of Irish immigrants to America, Annie Sullivan was born in squalid poverty in Feeding Hills, Massachusetts, on April 4, 1866. As far back as she could remember, she had had trouble with her eyes. Her mother died when she was eight years old, leaving three children. Her father abandoned them two years later, and Annie never learned what became of him. Her younger sister Mary was placed with relatives; Annie and her seven-year-old brother Jimmie were sent to the state almshouse at Tewksbury, Massachusetts. Jimmie died a few months later of tuberculosis. No one outside was interested in Annie; she had no friends but her fellow paupers. Finally, after four years, she managed to escape by flinging herself at a group of visiting welfare workers, crying out, "I want to go to school."

At the Perkins Institution for the Blind, Annie learned Braille and the manual alphabet. Later, an operation partially restored her sight, but she remained at Perkins for six years more, finishing up as valedictorian of her class. There she studied accounts of the work of Doctor Samuel Gridley Howe with Laura Bridgman, a deaf-blind child. So, when my father's offer came, Annie knew that Laura's was the mark to aim at; no other deaf-blind person had come near the peak upon which she stood. Nevertheless Laura, though now a woman, was still cloistered at the Perkins Institution, unable to adapt herself to any other life.

Annie was among the first to perceive the harmful nature of that immemorial stumbling block to the sightless—pity and isolation. A severely impaired person never knows his hidden strength until he is treated like a normal human being and encouraged to try to shape his own life. Annie regarded the blind as human beings endowed with rights to education, recreation and employment, and she strove to arrange my life accordingly. She never praised me unless my effort equalled the best of which normal children or adults are capable.

By the time I was 16 years old I had made up my mind to go to a university; I preferred to compete with seeing and hearing girls in the acquisition of general knowledge. As I look back, I marvel at the self-restraint with which Teacher



submitted to the difficulties of that decision of mine.

At the Gilman Preparatory School for Girls in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and later during our years at Radcliffe, she sat beside me in every class, spelling out the lecture of each teacher, and over-using her eyes to spell into my hand everything that was not in Braille. The university literature course fairly bristled with books not in raised print, and this meant "reading" me a multitude of selections.

Teacher's eyes were always a problem. "I cannot see an inch ahead," she once admitted. Hence writing was a trial. Yet she traced out in Braille all my problems in physics and algebra and pricked out geometric figures on stiff paper. An oculist she consulted at the time was shocked when he heard that she read to me five or more hours daily. "Sheer madness, Miss Sullivan," he exclaimed. Sometimes I pretended to remember passages that had slipped my mind, so that she wouldn't have to re-read them.

Teacher hungered to impart natural speech to me and, after 11 lessons with Miss Sarah Fuller, in Boston, she took up this task with characteristic single-hearted devotion. With a patience that still seems to me superhuman, she put both my hands on her face while she spoke, so that I might get all the vibrations at once from her lips, throat and pharynx. Together we repeated and repeated words or sentences until I

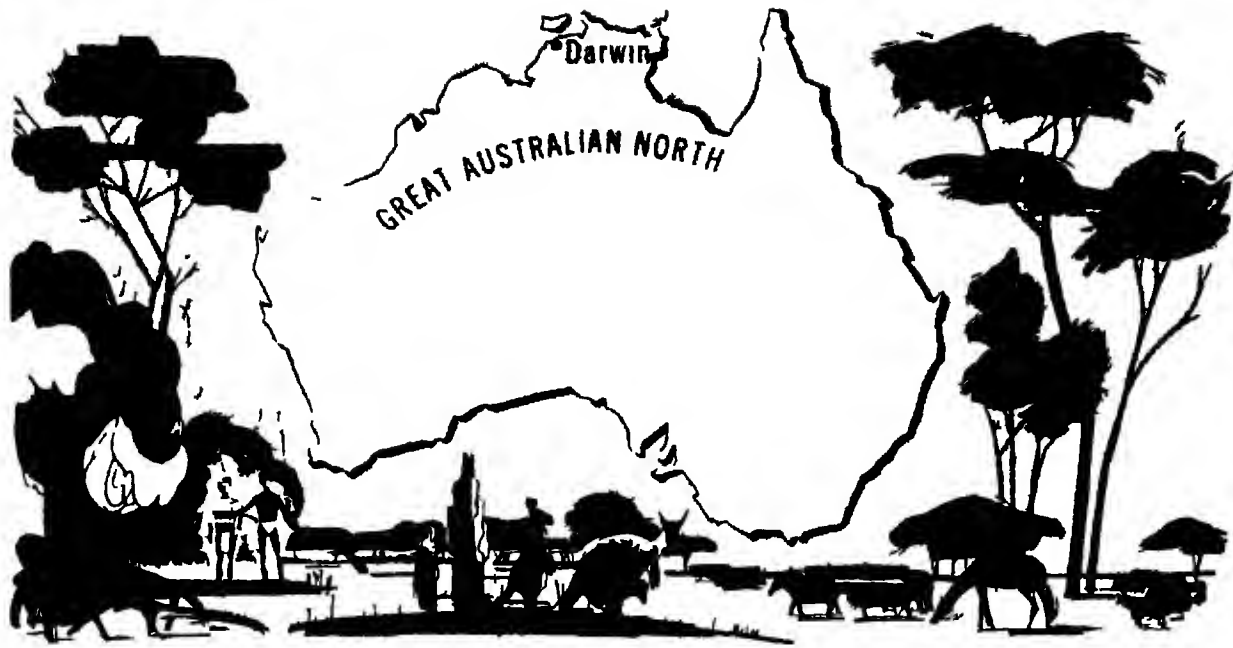
became less stiff and self-conscious.

The tragic fact is that she and Miss Fuller blundered by not developing my vocal organs first and then going on to articulation. Yet even though my speech was laboured and not pleasant to hear, I bubbled over with delight at being able to utter words that my family and a few friends could understand. To be able to speak even imperfectly has multiplied my powers of service, and to her I owe this priceless gift.

But Teacher could not curb her longing for perfection. Her poor eyes performed their weary task, day after day, to see that I shaped my lips correctly, moved my jaws as easily as possible and wore a natural expression. And so it went until the year of her last illness. Nothing I have lived through saddens me more than to have lagged so far behind her desire as teacher and artist.

There was such virtue and power of communication in Teacher's personality that after her death I was emboldened to persevere in seeking new ways to give life and yet more life to other men and women in darkness and silence. Teacher believed in me, and I resolved not to betray her faith.

"No matter what happens," she used to say, "keep on beginning. Each time you fail, start all over again, and you will grow stronger until you find that you have accomplished a purpose. Not the one you began with, perhaps, but one that you will be glad to remember."



## Today's "Wild West"

By  
James A. Michener

### —*The Great Australian North*

ANYONE who wants to know what the old Wild West was like should go to Australia. For here in the vast north country is one of the most glorious and challenging areas left on earth.

Here on the open plains you can see 40 miles to the horizon. Trees scatter upon the landscape, which is covered with rich grass. The world looks brown and silvery grey, and across it bound kangaroos. Millions of birds inhabit the sky, and along the gently drifting swales move thousands of prime cattle.

Near the centre of this powerful

*There remains nowhere in the world a pioneering existence to compare with the challenging life on Australia's vast cattle stations.*

and wonderful land lies Victoria River Downs, a cattle station that has always excited people's imagination. Once it was well over 10,000 square miles in extent; even today it contains about four million acres, and no man has ever seen all of its pastures.

At Victoria River Downs one can live a primitive pioneering existence.

that has pretty well vanished elsewhere, except in parts of Argentina. Wild horses abound, waiting to be broken. Round ups may require you to be absent from headquarters for more than a month. No one knows the number of semi wild cattle that roam Victoria River Downs. An outside expert guesses, "In these parts we generally allow 40 acres of grazing for each beast, so Victoria River Downs could have about 100,000."

The main homestead is a collection of iron roofed houses forming a village of its own, with blacksmith's forge, saddlery, bakery, radio station, garage, airport and a store with more than £112,000 worth of stock.

From the homestead 400 miles of crude roads fan out to remote secondary stations where a lone white man and about half a dozen moon-gines will control a million acres and 25,000 cattle. It is said that 20 white men and 12 windmills run Victoria River Downs. For all though the station contains two complete river systems of its own, giant windmills are required to draw water up from great depths to keep the cattle alive during the dry season.

The head man of Victoria River Downs is grizzled sharp John Quirk, who is said to know more about the cattle industry than any other man in Australia. When slaughter time comes, Quirk rounds up his cattle in herds of 1,200 and

starts them walking slowly overland on a trek sometimes requiring 120 days to cover more than 800 miles. When the animals arrive they are mostly bone, of course, but a few weeks in the rich pastures of the east restore them. On one recent trek Quirk dispatched 1,350 head and lost not one in 112 days of travel, so good are the stock hands who nurse them along the perilous trail.

There are two white women at Victoria River, the pretty postmistress who is bringing up two beautiful daughters, and John Quirk's wife, a lively veteran of the north. Upon the latter depends the social life of the homestead, and she handles it with distinction. There are parties, teas, holiday feasts, film shows, sports days, on which the aborigines excel, and a church service whenever a minister passes by.

The food is spectacular. Four times a week a bullock is slaughtered and some families eat fillet mignon at every meal, including breakfast. The store supplies the best fowls, and in the rivers men can shoot mighty ducks.

This is remote country. The policeman calls once a year to license dogs, vehicles, guns, drivers and new marriages. If a man dies on Victoria River Downs, his death is reported by radio and he is buried. A year later the policeman will check to be sure that no suspicious circumstances were involved. A

neighbour is one who lives 200 miles away, and a man working on Victoria River Downs will probably know every living human being within a radius of 300 miles. That means he knows everyone in an area of 300,000 square miles! But this might not involve many people for the north is one of the emptiest habitable areas in the world.

**Fauna:** The countryside is populated however by a multitude of fascinating animals. Always in the morning you will see mobs of kangaroos peering at you from the shade of the gum trees, their little forepaws tucked up under their chins. Then with giant bounds they vanish, their heavy tails keeping them on a steady keel.

Along the rivers crocodiles of enormous size wait to snatch cattle at the water holes. Men on the next station to Victoria River Downs have seen a bull croc rear out of the water and cut away the entire belly of a horse. Over the years many stockmen have lost their lives to the marauders.

Two quite unpredictable animals have become particular pests. One morning as I rode out from the homestead I saw a large herd of the handsomest animals I had so far glimpsed in Australia—soft brown and grey donkeys. But John Quirk, who was with me, saw nothing charming in these beasts. Some early settlers turned a few donkeys loose," he growled, "and now look at them."

The quick little beasts, once used for transport but now completely wild, roam the stations in great herds, eating the pasturage before cattle can get to it. On one station I saw the records of the drive against the donkeys: "1954—30,000 wild donkeys shot."

The second pest that ravages the north amazed me since it seemed so unlikely. One day I came upon a costly barbed wire fence that had been smashed flat as if by a giant foot. The stockman studied it and swore: "Camels! Years ago some of them were turned loose by Afghan hawkers who used them in caravans across the Australian deserts. They have gone wild."

"Rotten thing about the camel," muttered the stockman—is that when he comes to a fence he simply leans against it for maybe 15 minutes until the fence falls down. We haven't found anything that stops a camel.

The permanent pest of the north however is the white ant. It builds huge black-red mounds above the earth structures with tunnels that resemble ruined castles. I inspected several that rose 12 feet in the air and saw photographs of others three times the height of a man.

The sickly white inhabitants of these mounds can eat a house in three weeks, a piano in five days. I saw one library in which the insides of the books had been eaten away completely. These insects, which secrete a corrosive acid, have even

eaten through the lead sheathing of car batteries

White ants inhibit the settler at every turn. His wife wants a table on the verandah but the ants would eat it. A sleeping place under the trees would be nice but the ants would get it. Hence the iron clad homes. Only one thing are the ants good for: tennis. Take a truck out to the fields and load it with ants nests. Then crush the earth into powder and mix it with water. It makes a superb tennis court. On any station you are apt to find some cowhand who in the city would be a tennis champion.

**The Aborigines.** Before you have been on a station half an hour you realize that the north could not exist without the aboriginal stock hands. These jet black horsemen run the cattle, fence the pastures and provide labour to keep life going. Their wives do the housework and the children help with chores.

The black stockman is a superb horseman and often his wife is better. They go to the far reaches of the station to round up wild horses which they break into fine spirited beasts. The aborigines' loyalty to their job is high and their ability to track men or game is astounding.\*

The aborigine is one of the most primitive human beings remaining today. For example in wild majestic Arnhem Land there are tribes who live much as our ancestors

must have lived some 50 000 years ago. Some groups know only the spear and the boomerang with which their men hunt kangaroos or lizards while the women use simple sticks to dig out grubs and roots to fortify the diet.

The acute struggle for food is supposed to account for an amazing social custom which I observed at first hand. It was a blazing hot day and we were hurrying home in a truck when a handsome aboriginal man of 40 waved us down and asked if we would give him and his wife a lift to the homestead store. We told him to fetch his wife. Whereupon he produced a beautiful black-eyed little child of ten or so.

Woman belong me, he said proudly as he hoisted her into the truck. She had been pledged to him at the age of five and he was now occupied in teaching her the traits he considered most desirable in a wife so that when she reached the age of 14 she would be more or less manageable. He was following the rule of: Old man marry young girl, young man marry old woman. In such a system there could never be too many children to feed!

**The Settlers.** The settlers of the north were mighty men. One drove his original herd of cattle 4 000 miles and took three years to accomplish the feat. Many went thousands of miles on foot, found the land they wanted and then died from aboriginal spears.

But the real heroes of the north

\* See 'The Eyes Nothing Can Escape' The Reader's Digest December 1954

have been the women. Looking at any station, you can be sure that some woman has dedicated her life and courage to its success. Consider, for example, the case of one young woman who would never think of herself as a heroine.

Mrs. Violet Pendergast is a tall, good-looking housewife. When I knew her she had been living for some years at Sturt Creek, one of the smaller stations (with only a million acres), where her husband, with the aid of a cook and 18 aborigines, took care of 20,000 cattle and 2,000 horses.

She was the only white woman at the station, and her nearest neighbours lived 65 miles away over an almost impassable trail. To the south there was no station for more than a thousand miles across a mournful desert. In one two-year period Mrs. Pendergast entertained three visitors: the policeman twice and the travelling padre once. Twice a year she was able to go to the store—that is, she posted in orders that often. And when the wet season arrived, she was pinned down on her lonely station without chance of escape for five months at a time.

Looking back on those incredible years, Violet Pendergast says, "The only things that keep you going are the flying doctor and the galah session."

The flying-doctor service, of course, is one of the finest things in Australia. Each day at dawn an assistant to the doctor sits at a radio

set and makes notes on the cases as they are reported over the air from hundreds of miles away. If a case sounds desperate, the doctor hops into his aeroplane. But most cases are treated by radio. At eight in the morning the doctor studies the reports and at nine goes on the radio to prescribe. I sat with Mrs. Pendergast one morning as the doctor talked to his patients.

To one he said, "I think you should go on to a stiff course of sulpha drugs—let's say two pills every four hours, with all the water you can drink."

Each woman on the medical circuit has beside her radio set an outline of the human body, with numbered sections, and a cabinet of carefully labelled drugs. Patiently the doctor argues with a sick woman: "Now you must be more specific. Look at the chart and tell me exactly where the pain is. Use the numbers. Good. Now does it move up the chest towards the throat or down towards the stomach? Good. There is nothing to worry about."

Three times, with the help of this reassuring voice from the radio, Mrs. Pendergast has delivered babies. But her own twins were still-born.

The galah session, named after a beautiful grey-and-pink parrot that loves to yakkity-yak, is an hour set aside on the radio each morning and afternoon for the women of the lonely stations to chatter about anything that comes into their heads.

They literally gossip away their loneliness and their fears. It is astonishing how much good is accomplished in this way.

Recipes are exchanged, letters are read to old friends one has never seen, and spicy titbits of the day are hauled forth to be heard hundreds of miles away. Since all telegrams are broadcast just before the galah session, the doings of the north are public knowledge within minutes. I shall not soon forget the family telegram that came over the air not long ago: "Dear Dad. Molly got suddenly married to Hector, a fine boy. The old baby business Mum."

**The Hall's Creek Meeting:** If station life is remote and lonely most of the year, it explodes in glory each winter when the August race meetings are held in the towns and settlements. Mrs. Pendergast's eyes light with laughter when she recalls riding up to Hall's Creek from isolated Sturt Creek.

"There would be 300 whites in town, 800 aborigines. Everybody would be there from hundreds of miles around.

"Obviously no settlement could accommodate such a crowd, so each station would build branch-and-bough huts near the racecourse. We would bring in little stoves and refrigerators, and some of the loveliest nights of my life were those we spent under the stars in our leafy huts. We held a ball each night with new frocks and a band. The few girls

who were not yet married were beautiful, but the jackeroos (station hands) were too shy to talk to them.

"We brought our fastest horses for the races, and bookies from a thousand miles away would appear. For all of us let like mad, the aborigines worst of all. Sometimes we would charter a plane to fly in dry ice, and owners of drinking saloons would come 500 miles to set up shop for us. Races each day, sports for the natives, and the most food you've ever seen. It was a wild, magnificent time."

No wonder that a station man said, "Sometimes when I go to the city I look at the people and think, 'Poor folk. Never been to a Hall's Creek Meeting.'"

**The Sheep Country:** Strathdarr is a big sheep station of 130,000 acres and 30,000 of Australia's finest Merinos, those extraordinary Spanish sheep that were brought from Europe to enrich the new continent. David Archer, who runs Strathdarr, says: "God must have intended this beast for Australia. It needs rough land. If pasturage gets too rich, the Merino declines and you have to bring in cows to eat off the easy food. When the going is tough again, the Merino prospers and yields better wool than any other breed."

Life at Strathdarr is rewarding: good wages, good work and good food. Mrs. Archer says no family need fear the remoteness of such stations any more.

"I educated three children here,"

she explains. "Once a week the air-mail teachers in Brisbane sent me the lessons. In the mornings I held school, and posted my papers back to the teacher. No station mother could ever say enough good about those airmail teachers. Mostly, I believe, they're people who love children but can't discipline large classes, so they pour all their affection into their letters to children they have never seen.

"One of the happiest days for a station family comes when they are finally able to take their children into Brisbane to meet the teacher. It is very moving, I can tell you. My children had never been to school, except by post, but they did well at the university."

Life on a sheep station reaches its climax in the spring, when the shearing teams move in. The weather-beaten old cook sets up shop in his iron-roofed mess hall and begins to pour out such steaks, mutton chops, pies and cakes as would swamp an ordinary eater. But work in the shearing sheds is so boiling hot and the pace so fast that men wolf down seven meals a day: 6, morning tea, 7, breakfast 9.30, tea and sandwiches; 12, lunch; 3.30, tea and cakes; 6, mammoth supper; 9, night snacks -- sandwiches, cold meats, cakes and tea.

Excitement comes with every thunderstorm, for stray bolts of lightning, striking earth where no rain has fallen, ignite the dry grass, which soon flames into a raging bush

fire. Then the entire male population of Strathdarr piles into trucks, speeds to the scene and starts beating out the blaze.

At first I thought that stories about lightning starting grass fires were told to amuse me. But one day after lunch a savage storm ripped across the station, leaving behind three fires. Two were quickly extinguished by falling rain, but the third swept violently across a hundred acres, threatening to trap a large flock of sheep. Under the direction of canny Dave Archer, who has been fighting grass fires for 40 years, the station hands turned the blaze back upon itself and saved the sheep.

To protect his sheep the station man has to fight fires, drive away rabbits and kangaroos which monopolize the best food and kill dingoes (wild dogs). "But the Merino is worth the trouble," Archer says proudly. And it is, for from this remarkable animal many men in Australia have grown rich.

**The Aeroplane:** Today the aeroplane is rebuilding the north. Stations that have never been connected by road to anywhere now have airports that regularly receive mail, medicine and neighbours. Thus an entire segment of Australia has jumped from primitive travel on horse right into the middle of the air age. For example, some years ago Ord River Station was lost on the edge of the desert. Today three different air systems land 14 planes



a month at Bill Hamill's front door.

A dramatic demonstration of what an aeroplane can do occurs at Glenroy, a previously inaccessible station west of Ord River. Here a slaughterhouse has been built right on the airfield, so that cattle can be killed while still in their prime, chilled, hoisted into waiting aircraft and flown directly to the seaport, where ships rush the beef to England.

Such marketing avoids the long overland trek during which cattle lose their meat. The high freight charges are practical because so much poundage is saved on each bullock and, in addition, bullocks that are too weak to walk to market can now be slaughtered. Plans are under way to open new areas and new industries by this pioneering method.

But even with the aeroplane the north is a lonely place: there are never enough women to go round. The flood of immigrants from Europe since the Second World War has aggravated the difficulty. Immigrants work everywhere and are welcomed as "new Australians." At Victoria River Downs the man

who builds fences and the blacksmith are Italians. At other stations Germans and Dutchmen help to run the homesteads. But it would be embarrassing for me to repeat what hundreds of young men told me about their life. Briefly, it was this: "We work and save our money. But for what? We never see a girl." If there are areas of the world where women can't get husbands, they ought to rush to the Australian tropics.

Darwin, 900 miles from the equator, is usually thought of as the capital of the area, for here large ships can unload in a spacious harbour, while the airport is one of the busiest in the Pacific, connecting Australia with most of the major cities of the world. Today Darwin is jumping, for at Rum Jungle, to the south, large deposits of uranium have been found, and at nearby Humpty Doo rice is being grown to demonstrate that the Australian tropics, properly cultivated, could help to feed Asia.

In sum, this immense region is an unforgettable land of wealth and hospitality where the pioneering spirit still flourishes.



### *Devotion*

*W*HEN MARIE TAGLIONI, the famous ballet dancer, left Russia for the last time, her belongings were sold by auction. Her ballet slippers were purchased for 200 roubles. These shoes were then cooked, served with a special sauce and eaten at a dinner by ballet enthusiasts. —Walter Winchell

# It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

Many people misuse one or more of the 20 words in the following list. Do you know them all? First write down your own definitions, then tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **scurrilous** (sku-ri-lus) A having intent to injure B offensive C sarcastic D severe
- (2) **lout** (lowt) A professional clown B lively person C boor D booster
- (3) **enervate** (en-ur-vate) A frighten B strengthen C excite D weaken
- (4) **egregious** (e-grig-ee-uh) A outstanding B scurrilous C wicked D foolish
- (5) **travesty** (trav-es-tee) A misfortune B treachery C mistake D grotesque imitation
- (6) **subversive** (sub-ur-siv) A secret B tending to overthrow C deceptive D overhumble
- (7) **diaphanous** (di-af-uh-nus) A surprising B formless C transparent D easy to understand
- (8) **virulent** (vi-ryoo-lent) A noisy B venomous C destructive D agitated
- (9) **ingenious** (in-jen-yoo-us) A foolish B inventive C artlessly frank D shy
- (10) **detraction** (le-trak-shun) A act of evading by trickery B confusion C frenzy D slander
- (11) **meticulous** (mē-ik-yoo-lus) A unpleasant B amusing C tricky D helpful
- (12) **unwonted** (un-won-ted) A rejected B unusual C unpopular D unjustifiable
- (13) **quizzical** (kw-iz-ee-uhl) A teasing B frowning C puzzled D wrinkled
- (14) **ascetic** (a-set-ik) A honest B artistic C given to self-denial D gloomy
- (15) **truculent** (truk-yoo-lent) A blustering B powerful C massive D savage
- (16) **recalcitrant** (re-kal-ih-s-trant) A cowardly B hesitant C stubbornly rebellious D sorry
- (17) **unmitigated** (un-mit-ig-ite-ehd) A unrecognizable B not softened or lessened C being drawn out D terrible
- (18) **vitiate** (vish-ee-ate) A to make invalid B impair C vivify D disperse
- (19) **unconscionable** (un-kon-shun-uh-bul) A impossible B unscrupulous C unaware D extremely difficult
- (20) **unctuous** (ungk-tyoo-us) A apprehensive B unduly suave C sickening D perfumed

## Answers to

# "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) **scurrilous**—B. Indecently offensive; vulgar; abusive, as "scurrilous language." Latin *scurrere* "to jest."
- (2) **lout**—C. An awkward, boorish fellow; humpkin, as "He was a disagreeable lout."
- (3) **enervate**—D. To weaken; deprive of nerve; enervate, as "The climate tends to enervate me."
- (4) **egregious**—A. Outstanding; Latin *ex*, "out from" and *gregis*, "herd." Now used chiefly in an unfavorable sense, as "an egregious error."
- (5) **travesty**—D. A grotesque imitation; parody; absurd distortion. The film was a *travesty* of justice. French *travestir* "to disguise."
- (6) **subversive**—B. Tending to overthrow or cause ruin; destructive; corrupting. Latin *sub* "under" and *vertere* "to turn."
- (7) **diaphanous**—C. Transparent, as "the butterfly" (*diaphanous*); and Greek *dia* "through" and *phanos* "to show."
- (8) **virulent**—P. Venomous; poisonous; bitter, as "a virulent attack on the government's policy." Latin *venen* "poison."
- (9) **ingenuous**—C. The Latin *ingenuus* meant "inborn; natural; noble" and our word *ingenuous* still carries the meaning of "high-minded; sincere." But more commonly we use it in the sense of "artlessly frank; candid; naive."
- (10) **detraction**—D. Slander; defamation; the act of taking away from the

good name of another, as "exposed to the *detraction* of his enemies." Latin *de*-, "from" and *trahere*, "to draw."

- (11) **meticulous**—C. Finicky; careful about trivial matters, as "a *meticulous* housekeeper." Latin *meticulosus* "fearful."
- (12) **unwonted**—B. Unusual; unaccustomed, as "a voice tinged with *unwonted* sadness." Old English *unwunian*, "to be accustomed" plus *un* "not."
- (13) **quizzical**—A. Teasing; mock serious, as "His only reply was a *quizzical* glance."
- (14) **ascetic**—C. Given to or characterized by self-denial; austerity, as "the *ascetic* rigors of the monastic life." Greek *askos* "to discipline."
- (15) **truculent**—D. Savage; ferocious, as "coward by his adversary's *truculent* manner." Latin *truculentus*, "fierce."
- (16) **recalcitrant**—C. Stubbornly rebellious, as "a *recalcitrant* pupil." Latin *recalcitra* "to kick back."
- (17) **unmitigated**—B. Not softened or lessened; and as can be seen from *unmitigated* corrupta, Latin *mitis* "soft" and *ligatus* "to soften."
- (18) **vitiate**—B. To corrupt; injure the substance or quality of; pollute, as "to *vitate* the mechanism." Latin *vitare* "to fault."
- (19) **unconscionable**—B. Literally "without conscience." Hence "without scruples," as "an *unconscionable* liar."
- (20) **unctuous**—B. An *unctuous* person is over-smooth and hypocritically polite. Latin *unctuosus* "from *ungere* 'to anoint'."

## Vocabulary Rating

|                  |             |
|------------------|-------------|
| 20 correct       | exceptional |
| 19 to 17 correct | excellent   |
| 16 to 14 correct | good        |

The finding of the now famous Dead Sea scrolls—including fragments of the earliest-known version of the Bible—has led to amazing archaeological discoveries which throw new light on the origins of Christianity

## The Dramatic Finding of the Dead Sea Scrolls

*By Don Wharton*

ONE day in 1947 a thin, dark-faced Bedouin boy of 15, Muhammad ad-Dhib, went searching for a stray goat on a hillside near the northwestern corner of the Dead Sea. His eye was caught by a narrow opening in a cliff. He tossed stones into the opening and heard the clank of something hidden in

Dreaming of hidden treasure, ad-Dhib summoned a young friend, Ahmed Muhammad. The two boys squeezed through the opening and lowered themselves to the floor of a cave about six feet wide and 26 feet long. Here, among broken bits of pottery, they found several cylindrical clay jars two feet



high. Tearing off the lids, the boys extracted, instead of gold or gems, some dark, foul-smelling lumps wrapped in linen. They jerked the linen loose and stared sadly at 11 scrolls coated with a black substance resembling pitch—actually, decomposed leather.

The scrolls, from three to 24 feet long, were made of cardboard-thin strips of sheepskin sewn together. On one side were columns of a strange writing—an archaic form of Hebrew. The boys were deeply disappointed.

Actually they had made the greatest manuscript discovery of our age. And their find has set off a chain of explorations and discoveries which in nine years has turned the arid Dead Sea region into an archaeologists' paradise.

In Bethlehem the boys offered the largest of the scrolls to a dealer in antiquities for £20. The dealer turned them down, never dreaming that in a few years five of the 11 would be sold for \$250,000. In Jerusalem the boys found a dealer who helped them to get a few pounds. But there, inexplicably, the discoveries became divided into two lots: six scrolls (forming three works) were bought by Hebrew University, and five (four works) by Archbishop Samuel of the Syrian Orthodox Monastery of St. Mark. It was these latter five that later brought the staggering sum of \$250,000.

At that time an employee in the

Palestine Department of Antiquities called them "worthless."

In February, 1948, Archbishop Samuel wrapped his five scrolls in newspapers and sent them by two priests across war-torn Jerusalem to the American School of Oriental Research. The acting director, Doctor John Trever, saw that this was a book of the Old Testament (Isaiah), then began studying the strange script. The forms of the letters suggested that the scrolls went back before the time of Christ. But this was incredible! There was no known book of the Old Testament in Hebrew more than 11 centuries old, and no early manuscripts had ever been found in Palestine.

Trever promptly sent two small photographs of portions of the book of Isaiah by airmail to Dr. William Albright, a renowned archaeologist and historian at Johns Hopkins University in the United States. Albright tackled the prints with a magnifying glass. After 20 minutes he rushed excitedly into a corridor, grabbed two graduate students, pulled them into his office and showed them the prints. Then he sat down at his desk and penned a letter dating the scroll at about 100 B.C. and calling it an "absolutely incredible find," the "greatest manuscript discovery of modern times."

Some scholars disagreed; one even labelled the whole discovery a "hoax." But, slowly at first, then in rushing torrents came evidence substantiating Albright. Bedouins

and archæologists began combing the hills west of the Dead Sea. Find after find was made. Some were useful in evaluating the original discoveries; others were of sensational magnitude themselves.

Linen from the original cave was sent to Chicago, where experts at the Institute of Nuclear Studies burned it, then measured the carbon's radioactivity with a Geiger counter. The linen, they concluded, was made from flax between 167 B.C. and A.D. 233.

Additional manuscript fragments were found which indicated that the cache had been part of a considerable library. But why had it been deposited in the wilderness? The answer lay less than 600 yards from the cave, in some ruins which had been on maps for decades.

These Qumran ruins, named after a neighbouring ravine, were mistakenly assumed to be remains of an old Roman fort. Now archæologists began excavations which revealed that the ruins had been a monastery of a Jewish sect, apparently the Essenes, from about 125 B.C. to A.D. 68. Significantly, the main building contained a writing room, with remains of a long table and some inkpots, one even containing dried ink. A complete jar was found which was identical with those in adh-Dhib's cave. Clearly, the occupants of the monastery had deposited the manuscripts there. The dates on some 400 coins, plus other evidence, showed when this

happened: in A.D. 68, when the occupants, warned of the approach of Rome's Tenth Legion, concealed their valued library.

Bedouins searching round Qumran discovered a second large cave. It contained fragments of five books of the Old Testament—another momentous find! Archæologists, re-exploring the area, came upon Cave 3 a mile to the north. Its débris covered three foot-wide copper strips, inscribed and wound into tight rolls. Originally they had formed a single plaque, evidently an important one set up in the monastery. What did it say? The answer is expected this summer from the University of Manchester College of Technology, which has been charged with the task of preparing the strips, now corroded and brittle, for study.

Cave 4, discovered presently by Bedouins, was the most extraordinary of all. It was not a natural cave but a chamber hollowed out of the cliffside a few hundred yards from the monastery. From it the Bedouins dug out tens of thousands of fragments: parts of every book of the Old Testament except Esther, most of the known Apocryphal books, many new ones and various sectarian documents—altogether at least 332 works. Included were fragments which, when pieced together, formed a work older than anything from Cave 1.

Bedouins now made two more valuable finds. Five miles inland

from the Dead Sea, on top of a conical peak, they dug up pieces of the New Testament written in Greek 1,300 years ago. Then, ranging farther south in the Judaean Desert, they discovered a whole group of caves with rich material, including a 1,800-year-old Greek version of the Minor Prophets.

The end is not yet in sight, for the Bedouins are still prospecting. Also no one knows how much material is still in their hands. (The Vatican Library recently donated more than 9,375,000 lire to buy up one lot.) Moreover, it is still too soon to appraise the full significance of the discoveries: thousands of the fragments assembled at the Palestine Archaeological Museum in Jerusalem have not yet been identified.

An international team of scholars—British, American, French, German and Polish—is at work on this complex historic jigsaw puzzle. The curled, brittle, mud-caked fragments must be humidified, flattened under glass, patiently cleaned with a fine brush. Some are so black that the script can be deciphered only through infra-red photographs. Even after cleaning and reading, a single fragment can take a week of a scholar's time before it is placed in its proper position.

However, the known facts are fabulous. Before these discoveries the world had no complete book of the Old Testament in Hebrew copied earlier than A.D. 827. Now there's a complete Isaiah copied

about 100 B.C., and there are hundreds of fragments of Samuel going back to about 225 B.C., plus thousands of fragments, almost equally old, from all but one of the other Old Testament books. Before 1947 there was no commentary on an Old Testament book older than the Middle Ages. Now there's a complete commentary on Habakkuk copied before Christ.

All this means that Bible scholars have in a single bright decade acquired new and better tools for their primary job: reconstructing a more nearly original text. One scholar tells me that once the new materials are used scarcely a chapter of the Old Testament will be unchanged. The changes are slight, however, and the new material seems to confirm the essential accuracy of our present texts.

The manuscripts shed much light on the Jewish sect, apparently Essenes, which occupied the Qumran monastery at the time of Christ. We know now that it numbered about 200, required two years' initial probation and consisted mainly of celibate men. It had priests and elders, practised daily baptism and communion and believed that through a "teacher of righteousness" it had been granted a new revelation.

Our new knowledge of the Essenes has created controversy. Generally scholars agree that the manuscripts bring striking evidence of close parallels between *some* practices, beliefs and phraseology of the

Qumran sect and those of early Christians. What they dispute is the meaning of these similarities, and the weight that should be attached to some notable dissimilarities. For instance, Jesus's teachings contained none of the legalism of the Qumran sect, its glorification of the priesthood, its asceticism or secrecy.

Dr. Millar Burrows, head of Yale's Department of Near Eastern Languages and Literature, was director of the American School of Oriental Research when the scrolls were discovered. After working intimately with them for years, translating much of the material into English, he wrote: "There is no danger that our understanding of the New Testament will be so revolutionized by the Dead Sea scrolls as to require a revision of any basic article of Christian faith." Another recognized

scholar, Dr. Frank Cross, says: "No Christian need stand in dread of these texts. On the contrary, we should thank God that we can more easily become 'contemporaries of Christ' in historical understanding."

The new finds also provide the first literary documents in Aramaic, the language spoken by Christ. This will help to reveal the meaning of some of Christ's expressions which have come down to us in translations from the Greek rather than from the language in which they were spoken.

That so much could come from a discovery by a pair of Bedouin boys may strike some as ironical. It need not. Throughout the Bible, as well as worldly history, you encounter examples of simple, everyday people becoming the instruments of great purposes.



### *Cartoon Quips*

TEEN AGE girl to mother "I don't think I could stand Eloise if she weren't my best friend."

Kate Osann in *Collier's*

WIFE to worried looking husband working on income tax return "Why don't we hand it all over to the Government and let them give us what they think we need?"

Doris Matthews in *The Wall Street Journal*

WOMAN, looking at child care books, to bookshop assistant "Haven't you any that stick up for the parents?"

Franklin Folger Newspaper Features

GRIEVOUS patient with foot in a plaster cast to visitor "The doctor says I'm a natural skier—I have the kind of bones that knit fast."

Reamer Keller Chicago Tribune—New York News Syndicate

FATHER of curvaceous young thing in revealing evening dress, to mother "Aren't you afraid she'll outgrow it before the night's over?"

Monahan in *Cosmopolitan*



## President Eisenhower's Right-Hand Man

HE TIME passed swiftly that day in 1923 as the two friends sat in a hotel lobby in Concord, New Hampshire, swapping talk about their university days and about the work they were now doing. Preparing at last to leave, Richard Pearson, today a book-publishing executive, grinned and said he guessed they must have talked about nearly everything. Sherman Adams agreed. Then, as a sort of afterthought, he said in a matter-of-fact tone, "I got married today."

The startled Pearson spun about. "Where's the bride?" he cried. Replied Adams, "Outside in the car." Pearson, only half-believing, insisted that he be shown.

"Sure enough," recalls Pearson, "curled up on the front seat, fast asleep, was Rachel. She was 18."

The marriage of Rachel and Sherman Adams has continued for 32

years, and is one of unusual devotion. This is the flinty touchstone to Sherman Adams. Often inconsiderate, always demanding, possessed of the disposition of a grizzly bear with a barked shin, Adams has in him rare strengths of loyalty, integrity and selflessness that inspire the respect and confidence - and sometimes even the fierce affection—of those closest to him.

By his own dedication to work, he leads others to labour far beyond their ordinary capacities. Hard-minded and hard-muscled (5ft. 8in., 140 lbs.), he is an ideal man for his job—"the

Assistant to the President of the United States." And, as chief of the White House staff that keeps an eye on the dozens of Government departments and agencies for the President, he has immense power.

He regularly attends Cabinet meetings, is often present at the



sessions of the U.S. National Security Council and, at least twice a week, presides over the White House staff meetings, where policy is reviewed, problems are discussed and appointments made. He is in and out of the President's office half a dozen times a day.

A key Adams duty is that of smoothing out the scores of differences that must arise within any Administration. It is up to him to bring together for negotiation the department and agency chiefs who may have an interest in a specific problem. He holds over their heads the fact that if they do not arrive at a reasonable solution he will write the recommendation himself – and his is the one that goes to President Eisenhower.

Adams has the respect of most top Administration officials, but his relationships with the Congress could hardly be worse. Much of the ill will is unavoidable. Adams is a perfectly postured whipping boy for politicians who do not care to match themselves against the President's popularity. A powerful Senator who has known Adams a long while and dislikes him heartily pays a left-handed tribute: "When Adams gets a problem, he dedicates himself to it to the exclusion of everything else. Nothing else matters, not his friends, not the political niceties or even the common decencies. Nothing matters but the problem at hand."

It has always been like that with Sherman Adams.

**Early Days:** He was born on January 8, 1899, in East Dover, Vermont. His father, a descendant of the dynasty that produced Presidents John and John Quincy Adams, ran a small grocery. His mother was a strong-willed young woman from whom he got an obsessive love of music. When he was New Hampshire's governor, it was his winter-time, pre-breakfast habit to cut figure eights on the ice of a lake near his home to the music of Mozart and Chopin, piped through an amplifying system he had rigged up. Today Adams's invariable custom is to turn on his high-fidelity set the moment he gets downstairs in the morning.

Throughout high school, Adams went back during the summers to work on Vermont farms. There he developed a love of the New England outdoors. So, after he left university, he looked to the outdoors for his life's work, and got a job as clerk and scaler in a Vermont logging camp. In 1923 he was transferred to the parent firm, the Parker-Young Company, with headquarters in Lincoln, New Hampshire, and was successively made woods superintendent and general woods manager.

**Up to His Belly:** As a woods boss, Adams won success the hard way. "I guess all of us backed him at one time or another," says old woodsman Ed Gillman. "He was smart and hard to get along with, but most of us got to like him." Says Abe

Boyle. He was a cocky little devil. I mind a time he was giving an old woodsman the devil about something. So the old boy laid down his tools, picked Sherm up and threw him into a deep snowdrift, then went to the camp clerk. Sherm followed him in and said, "What the hell are you doing?" The old boy said, "I'm quitting before I get fired." The hell you are," said Adams. "Get back out there on the job."

"I'll say this for him," Boyle continues, "he'd pitch in and do anything, whether he knew anything about it or not. On river drives he'd be right out there with a pick ax, keeping the logs moving. Being a little guy, he'd be up to his belly in that cold water."

In 1922 Adams met a girl named Rachel Leon White, home from school for a holiday. He heard her say that she was quite a square dancer, one of the lesser acts at which Adams still considers himself adept. "You've got to show me," he challenged. She did. They were married the next year and settled down in Lincoln, where they still have a barned home.

For Sherman Adams, pretty much as voiced Rachel. He is frequently called "Pebble" ( deriving from his nickname "The Rock" ) has been a saving grace. When his nerves fray, she calms him; when he begins slashing all out with his sharp tongue, she takes him aside and puts him smartly in his place. While he

was governor, and frugally carrying his lunch box each day to the State House, she once put string inside his sandwich to get even for something he was fussing about.

**A Political "Huh":** Adams was practically pushed into politics. Lincoln, a one industry town of 1,500 inhabitants, was dominated by the Parker Young Company. In 1940, says Martin Brown, then Parker Young's manager, "some of the men at the mill said we ought to send a better type down to the Capitol." Brown called a meeting of company officials and next day told Adams, "Sherm, I guess we've got to send you down to Concord this fall." Replied Adams, "Huh."

After serving two terms in the legislature, the second as the house speaker, Adams went on to the U. S. House of Representatives, where he was a hard working, but undistinguished one term. In 1946 he ran for governor of New Hampshire and lost. Two years later he won and set busily about transforming the state's cumbersome administrative machinery. He succeeded and was re-elected in 1950.

On September 30, 1951, at the Governors' Conference, Adams announced that the name of General Dwight Eisenhower, whom he had never met, would be entered in the New Hampshire Presidential preliminary election. Says Adams, "I became convinced that he had the capabilities and the principles to make a really great President."

Then he adds: 'He was the fastest horse in the stable.' During the New Hampshire election Adams bore the brunt of campaigning for his absent candidate—and he is entitled to much of the credit for Ike's make or break New Hampshire victory over Senator Luff. In July, at the Republican national convention, he was named floor manager of the Eisenhower forces.

Up to that time Ike hardly knew Adams from Adam. But he was impressed by the terse, accurate battle reports sent by Adams from the floor, and a few days after he was nominated he called upon Adams to become his personal campaign manager. As the campaign progressed Eisenhower depended more and more on the counsels of Manager Adams, and when it was over wasted no time in saying to him:

'You had better come down with me to the White House. You can be there at my right hand.'

In his rented home in Washington, Back Creek Park, Adams nowadays rises even earlier than he did before the President's illness. He is at his White House desk by 7:30, phoning down to the stack of papers that never seems to diminish. The rest of the day is accurately crowded: conferences, sometimes as many as three at a time, with Adams circulating among them; a parade of visitors; dozens of phone calls; and always papers and more papers. Sometimes when the pace becomes too breakneck

Adams will put on his coat and hat and simply disappear for a couple of hours.

Returning from one of these excursions recently, Adams came racing through the White House lobby just in time to keep an appointment. Spotting the caller already waiting in the ante room, Adams motioned towards his office and said: 'In.' Inside, Adams pointed and said: 'Chair.' The visitor sat down. Hat and coat still on, Adams opened several envelopes marked 'Confidential,' summoned an assistant, handed him a paper, and ordered: 'Send this to the President.' Seems self-explanatory, but add my necessary comment: A telephone rang. Adam picked it up. That's right, he said. Yeah, let's try it. He hung up. Adams considers 'hello' and 'good-by' the sincerest waste of time. Next he left his office to talk to his secretaries in an adjoining room. He returned minus hat and coat; his site was turned to the visitor and said: 'Yeah, go ahead.'

Adams' busy, constant assistant is Fred, who drives himself. Once he is in Fred's then assistant Charles Willis Jr. called out if Adams's office to discover that two of his four typists had obviously been weeping. Startled, Adams beat a hasty retreat. What are they crying about? Adams asked. You were abrupt and rude, replied Willis. Oh no, said Adams. Oh yes, said Willis. What'll I do? asked

Adams "I think you ought to say something to them," advised Willis. Hesitantly Adams returned to the outer office, stood awkwardly a moment, then thumped each girl on the back with a cheery "Hiya, honey!" He was thoroughly bewildered when the girls began sobbing in earnest.

The members of the office staff who stick around long enough to get to know him swear by Adams.

Says Alice Smith, a former secretary on his White House staff: "He's the finest boss in Washington!"

This is the sort of confidence that Sherman Adams can inspire, both from below and from above. He has no greater admirer than the President. When the political demands for Adams's removal go up, Ike is likely to snort. The trouble with those people is they don't understand integrity.



### *Service with a Smile*

A U. S. Army Air Force major and a shiny new lieutenant flying over the United States were approaching Lake Michigan when warning came of a thunderstorm ahead. At the controls the confident lieutenant dashed off a note on his knee pad that they could easily beat the storm across the lake. The weather-wise major shook his head, signalling the lieutenant to go round the lake.

Not one to give up easily, the tub-born young pilot wrote: "Have 20 hours over water flying time. Will go across."

The major promptly scribbled back: "Have two days in the water time. Will go round."

*—D. H. Knapp in True Detective Magazine*

WE JUST heard a little story about one Captain Jones, a chap who we freely predict will go far. The divisional general on whose staff he was serving, was to make an address to a group of officers. To Jones he said:

"I'll do it the way those IV fellows do it—reading from a blackboard. Get hold of one. When the blackboard was produced, the general, accompanied by his staff, decided to have a rehearsal to test the method."

"Set the thing up there," he directed.

"Now Jones, write something on the board large enough for me to read from here."

The young captain poised the chalk for a moment, then scrawled boldly:

PROMOTED JONES. There was a moment's silence, then somebody chuckled. The general finally chuckled too, and Jones was a major within the week.

*—The Hornet*

ADMIRAL ARTHUR BURKE, U. S. Chief of Naval Operations, tells about the time during the Second World War when he received a frantic signal from another American ship saying that the flagship was shelling it. Burke signalled back: "We are stopping fire. Please excuse last four salvos which are now on their way. I hope they miss."

*—Charles Bailey in Minneapolis Tribune*

Scientific evidence that if you'll really take exercise daily you can have your cake and your figure, too

## *The One Sure Way to Reduce*

By Blake Clark



THE BATTLE against the bulge won't stay won. Studies show that many a person who diets, a year or two after reducing is back to his previous weight. Why?

Because we try to combat weight almost exclusively by diet. Forgoing exercise, millions of us in our sit-down civilization expend a little energy that we cannot eat enough to satisfy our appetites without putting on weight. We condemn ourselves to a choice between accumulating fat or going hungry.

But results of experiments by Doctor Jean Mayer at the Department of Nutrition of the Harvard School of Public Health now show that combating overweight by diet alone is fighting with one hand behind our back. Exercise, he declares, is the other fist that would enable us to deal the knockout blow.

Dr. Mayer first witnessed the effects of exercise on weight as an artillery officer with the Free French Forces during the Second World

War. As a forward observer, he raced across the desert in Tunisia and scaled fortified hills in Italy side by side with Foreign Legion men and U.S. Rangers, he also saw what trenchermen these soldiers were. But though they ate like horses, they remained lean, hard fighters, always in first-class physical condition.

Other scientists confirm Mayer's battleground observations. Nutrition experts have recommended dietary allowances that range from 2,400 calories daily for sedentary men to 6,000 or more for laborers and athletes. This admittedly wide variation, Dr. Mayer says, proves the unquestioned value of physical activity in maintaining normal weight.

Dr. Mayer's former colleague, Dr. George Mann, dramatically underlined this point at Harvard. Four medical students agreed to eat twice as much as they needed, and then to exercise enough to keep themselves from gaining weight. The students normally ate 3,000 calories daily. Dr. Mann saw to it that they had three big meals every day, and

enough sweets and chocolates in between to swell their total to 6 000

Then they swam vigorously sprinted, repeatedly played basket ball and raced on bicycles. Even gorging themselves with twice as much as they normally ate, they scarcely gained an ounce. Their complexions became ruddy, their tolerance to cold increased and unanimously they claimed to feel relaxed and healthy. Moreover, they slept better and studied more efficiently.

Scoffers at exercise continually repeat that to take off a pound of fat by exercise you must perform some prodigious feat, such as walking 36 miles or splitting wood for seven hours. Knowing that we could not possibly go through such an ordeal, we despair of getting any help from exercise. But Dr. Mayer points out we do not have to walk the 36 miles in one forced march. If we walk a mile a day, we burn up a pound of fat in 36 days.



Exercise is self-defeating, say the lazy dieters. It makes you eat more than usual and immediately gain back what you lost. Dr. Mayer's work, with both animals and humans, shows that this widely held belief is somewhat of a myth.

He and his colleagues trained a

large number of white rats to run on a motor-driven treadmill. Then the animals were separated into groups which were exercised respectively for one, two, three and up to eight hours daily. The results shed interesting light on the relationship between diet, exercise and weight.

The white rats that exercised one or two hours ate *slightly less* than those having no exercise at all. Those running two to eight hours increased their food intake accordingly and kept their same weight. After eight hours, which was all they could endure, the rats became exhausted, ate less and lost weight.

People act in precisely the same way. Dr. Mayer studied 800 industrial workers and selected a sample of 213 men representing, like the white rats, all ranges of activity, from sedentary to overworked. The light activity engineers, foremen and drivers of small electric trucks ate less and weighed less than the sedentary supervisors, clerks and shop assistants. Mill workers worked more, ate more. Dustmen, who hoisted heavy loads head high all day, ate almost twice as much as men of their same weight doing less strenuous work. Finally, a group of extremely hard pressed labourers, shovelling ton after ton of coal all day and on overtime, steadily lost weight despite a high intake. In all the 213, the only ones noticeably fat were in the inactive group.

In both rats and men of normal activity, appetite is a sensitive,

reliable mechanism, balancing incoming calories and outgoing energy. But, as Dr. Mayer's significant work shows, energy expenditure must not be too great—*nor too low*.

Dr. Mayer and collaborators selected 28 extra-heavy girls and 28 others as nearly as possible like them in age, height, position in school and every other respect except weight, which was normal. Then they found out exactly what each girl ate and made a careful schedule of her activities for every hour of the week.

They discovered that most of the obese girls actually ate a little less than those of normal weight. But the fatties were extraordinarily inactive. Most of them watched television four times as many hours per day as the others. The girls of normal weight took roughly three times as much exercise—walking, dancing and participating in competitive sports. Continuing the study for a year, Dr. Mayer noted finally that, almost without exception, every obese girl who went to a summer camp requiring her to exercise, lost weight, though her food was increased.

Why has obesity become such a problem? Dr. Mayer blames our soft way of life.

"We are the sons and daughters of the cave man. Our ancestors roamed the vast stretches of wilderness, spent days in pursuit of herds of game, crossed deserts and climbed mountains in search of a better

environment. Now millions of us go to work in trains, buses and cars, sit all day at our desks, travel home again, sit down at the dinner table, sit in a cinema or in front of our television sets—and so to bed."

The farmer who used to plod miles behind the plough now normally perches on a tractor seat. Seamen used to climb rope ladders and hoist sails; now they cruise in motor-propelled comfort. Labour-saving gadgets have left the housewife with a minimum of unavoidable exercise. We are destined to go hungry or get fat.

What can we do about it?

If you are a city-dweller, you can walk your way to normal weight. Fat creeps up on most of us by just a few calories a day. A dietary excess of only 80 calories—the amount in a slice of bread—will cause a 12-stone, chair-borne man to gain at least a stone in five years. Eighty calories are about what he would expend during a one-mile stroll. He could keep himself at a trim 12-stone by walking 15 minutes to the office in the morning and back in the afternoon instead of taking the car.

Perhaps you can exercise in an athletic club, gymnasium or YMCA. Play a daily half-hour of handball





and you ward off more than a stone of fat a year. Trot round a track for 15 minutes three times a week and burn up as much as a pound a month. Swimming dissolves away 150 to 350 calories in half an hour; cycling, as many as 300.

You can use up 300 to 700 calories an hour at a skating rink. If you need an excuse to walk, and can afford the time and money, you can play golf. Making severe exercise of it, you can work off up to 565 calories an hour. All these sports can be tapered off with age and enjoyed a long time.

If you are handy about the house, you can expend 180 calories in an hour of hammering and sawing. If you lay bricks, 330. Cutting your own firewood uses up 388 calories in an hour; painting the house, 145.

Anyone, anywhere, can do calisthenics—still the most convenient way to keep fit. Though boring to some, calisthenics bring rewards in

weight-control (as much as 200 calories in a quarter of an hour), and in suppleness and the good feeling that comes with stimulated circulation.

The average out-of-condition adult can enjoy half an hour of most sports every day without undue discomfort, Dr. Mayer points out. And 30 minutes of vigorous exercise is calorically equivalent to a heavy sirloin steak. So, he says, "You can have your cake and your figure, too, if you substitute regular exercise for regular deprivation."

One seldom reads in the obituary column that anyone has died of obesity. The menace hides behind the mortality figures for heart and kidney disease, high blood pressure and arteriosclerosis.

Insurance figures indicate that the overweight man's mortality rate exceeds the average fellow's by 50 per cent. So remember—fat is lethal.

### *The Day T.R. Couldn't Grin*

**T**HEODORE ROOSEVELT, immediately after his nomination for Vice President of the United States in 1900, wrote to his friend Leonard Wood

By the time you receive this you will have learned from the daily press that I have been forced to take the veil. Good-bye to all my ambitions! Four years of total eclipse, and then nothing remains but to become a professor of history in some third-rate university, or return to the practice of law which I despise.

Sorrowfully,  
T.R.

William Dana Orcutt, *Celebrities Off Parade* (Willett, Clark)

As I left the house to go to a luncheon party one of my husband's students from the medical school came running towards me.

"Come quickly!" he shouted.

Fearing that one of the students was in trouble I raced after him hanging on desperately to my chic hat. We dashed into the students' wing and upstairs and there in the middle of a bed a cat was having kittens. The students were all standing round solicitously and one of them appeared to have the situation well in hand.

"What do you want me to do, John?" I asked after I caught my breath.

"Why, we don't want you to do anything," he said looking surprised. "We just thought there ought to be a lady present."

(NAME WITHHOLD BY REQUEST)

THOUGH she considers herself lucky to have one at all, my friend is not entirely satisfied with her maid. When she saw an announcement in the newspaper that a two-day course in housekeeping was going to be given locally, she thought, "Ah—I'll send Mary!"

She was willing to pay the small fee involved and give her maid the time off to attend, but Mary was

noncommittal about it. A couple of days before the course was to start she mentioned it again, telling Mary that she thought it would give her ideas on how to get more work done more efficiently.

But Mary balked. "Madam," she said, "I don't think I want to go. I already know how to do more than I want to do."

JOSEPH PILLOW

A TEACHER who had been in an accident came in to see the dentist for whom I work. He had to tell her that two front teeth would have to come out. He then explained that she would have to wait six weeks after the extraction before getting her plate so that the gums could heal properly.

"I don't mind a bit," she said. "You see, I teach seven-year-olds, and most of the children in my class have front teeth missing, too."

DOROTHY BRAINARD

As the bus was filling up at the terminus an elderly gentleman got in and was about to sit down next to my friend when he asked her if she was a grandmother.

"Yes," she replied proudly. "Twice."

With that the man got up and moved towards another seat, where he asked the same question, and then

moved again. Upon receiving a negative answer from the third woman, he sat down with a sigh of relief.

"I'm a grandfather," he explained, "and if you sit next to these grandmothers you never get a word in—and I like to talk!"

MRS. HEVING TO TALK

A couple were signing the register at the hotel reception counter where I stopped to pick up my post.

"Honeymooners—the receptionist

said to me after they had left.

I asked him how he knew.

He turned the register round and pointed to the signature. It read: Mrs. and Mr. George Greeves.

JOE RYAN

*Let all contributions may be ad  
I will tell the Editor The  
I will tell the Editor The  
I will tell the Editor The  
I will tell the Editor The  
I will tell the Editor The*

### Made-to-Measure Faces

*T*HEY TOOK Westmore brothers in face dispensers to Hollywood. They analyse the features of would-be film actresses, and, if necessary, assign them better camera faces than Nature endowed them with. Among their methods: bring out a receding feature by highlighting it (use a lighter powder than the rest of the face); shade a too prominent part of the face to make it recede; change the shape of the face with a new hair style.

"If a girl doesn't screen well," explained one of the Westmores, "we do a complete start-over from the beginning. For example, we may put her hair in the middle, draw it straight back, pencil her eye out, shadow her jaw, give her a heart-shaped face, a small curved mouth, and then photograph her. Then we start all over again—give her hair a light rim and curl up the ends to form a fluffy halo, accent a flared-up nose, square off her jaw, and give her a full Joan Crawford type of mouth. The third time we do her with a different coiffure, lighten or darken her hair, vary the features again. After we have done her a fourth time with another set of features, we run off all four tests, and pick the best combinations. Haircomb from one, perhaps, nose from the second, mouth from the third, and shape of face from the fourth. Then she is photographed again with this assortment of features. If the combination is successful, she is permanently assigned that face, and a chart is made of it."

Formerly, one company would borrow another's star and cast her only to find she did not photograph as they had expected—usually because she had changed her make-up. Now, wherever she goes, the chart of her face goes with her, and the director knows she will always look the same.



## *"Your Move, Hungarian!"*

By  
Loren Laszlo

was trying hard to swallow back my anxiety, that September morning in 1946, as I stood in the dismal Keleti railway station in Budapest. Panic I knew could wreck my hopes. I was waiting prayerfully for the name of Oscar Zimmer to be called—even though I knew that this might mean my doom.

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The true identity of Loren Laszlo—and certain details surrounding his escape from Hungary—must, for obvious reasons, remain concealed. Under his right name he received special commendation from the highest Allied authorities for his intelligence activities. In the preparation of this article he had the assistance of David Savage, who has written extensively for radio and television.

Until ten days before, I had never heard of Oscar Zimmer. Then an old friend of mine—who had information about the evacuation of Austrians living in Budapest—had come to see me in secret.

One man on the list for resettlement, he said, has not replied to letters informing him about the last train taking Austrian refugees home to Vienna. He may even be dead. This man is a portrait painter named Oscar Zimmer. Would you care to risk attempting the trip to freedom under his name?

Would I? It was imperative that I flee from my country as soon as possible. During the Nazi occupation, and later as an unwilling

subject of Hungary's Communist régime, I had been an Allied intelligence agent in Budapest. But recently the Soviet trap had snapped shut on several of my close colleagues. My usefulness to my country was at an end, and I had gone into hiding.

In changing my identity from Ferenc Laszlo to Oscar Zinner no passports would be involved, since the Russians had looted and burned all documents in virtually every Budapest home. My friend spread typewritten pages of Zinner's biographical data before me.

"You are now the painter, Oscar Zinner," he said. "Sit down and learn. You must become Zinner in every action, in every thought."

He tapped the papers. "The Communist frontier guards will have a copy of this. I need not tell you how closely they check. Another copy will be held by the supervisor of your group. He does not know Zinner. But when the name is called out at the station, *wait* before replying."

"Wait?" I asked.

"There's a chance that Zinner might turn up at the last minute," he explained. "If two of you should answer, it would be embarrassing for the one who wasn't Zinner."

For the next few days I studied Oscar Zinner's life story until I knew almost as much about him as I did about myself. I could describe the house where he was born in Graz. I knew about his educational

background, his habits, likes and dislikes, even his style of painting. I could recall what critics had said of his pictures, the prices the paintings had brought and who had purchased them.

Finally, late the night before my scheduled departure, I crossed the Franz Josef Bridge and let the incriminating biographical notes, torn into shreds, flutter into the Danube.

A sudden crackle from the loud-speaker in the railway station snapped me back to the present. A rasping voice began to call out a list of names, alphabetically.

My stomach was knotted. Why did my new name have to begin with the last letter of the alphabet? I shoved my hands deep into my pockets to hide their trembling.

Finally, "Zinner — Oscar Zinner!" the voice barked.

I wanted to shout. But instead I waited, my heart pounding, my ears straining, my mind praying that there would be no answer.

"Zinner!" the voice called again, this time with annoyance.

I stepped forward. "Here!" I said timidly.

There was no challenge from the real Zinner. So far, all was well. We were separated into groups of ten and herded into compartments on the train.

Over and over again I unrolled the story in my head. "I am a portrait painter. I was born in Graz. My father was an architect. . . ."

A shrill whistle from the station

platform signalled the train to start. It didn't move. Suddenly, loud Russian-speaking voices could be heard at the end of our coach. Four Soviet officers marched past our compartment door. They stopped at the next compartment, and I heard them order the occupants out into the corridor. Then they took over the space and soon they were laughing and shouting amid much clinking of glasses. The whistle blew again and the train jerked into movement.

As we picked up speed, I wondered when I should see my country again. But I realized suddenly that sadness was out of place. I was now Oscar Zinner, going home to Vienna.

The train groaned to a halt at Kelenfold. This was check-point number one. We did not have to wait long for the Soviet inspecting officer and his interpreter. In the corridor, accompanying Russian soldiers, heavily armed, stood stolidly watching the proceedings.

The Soviet officer, a rock-faced little man, started with the woman opposite. Shuffling the flimsy biographical sheets, he barked questions in Russian which the interpreter translated into German. He came to the man sitting next to the window on my side of the compartment. I began rehearsing once again what I would say: "I am a painter. I was born in Graz. My name is . . . My name is . . ."

Sweat leapt out on my forehead, and my heart slid into my throat. A

strange mental block, caused doubtless by my nervous tension and suppressed panic, let me remember everything about the man I was pretending to be except his name!

From a misty distance I heard the sharp voices of the examiner and the interpreter as they moved to the woman beside me.

"Please, God" I prayed, "what is my name? I am a portrait painter. I was born in Graz. My name is . . ." It was no use. The name would not come.

Just then I heard the door of the next compartment slide open. There was a brief flurry of conversation in the corridor, and then a Red Army colonel poked his head into our compartment.

"*Wer spielt Schach?*" he asked gruffly in bad German "Who plays chess?"

Our examining officer turned and glared at the interruption, then stepped back respectfully under the gaze of his superior. As I was closest to the door the colonel's next question seemed to be directed at me.

"*Spielen Sie Schach?*" he asked.

I hadn't played chess for ten years, but it didn't matter. This was the breathing spell I needed. No one else in the compartment spoke.

"*Ja. Ich spiele Schach,*" I said.

The colonel gestured to me to follow him.

In the Russians' compartment were two other colonels and one much-bearded general, a fattening but still powerful giant in his

early 50's. Evidently it was he who wanted the chess game, for he muttered an acknowledgment to the officer who brought me, and gestured me to a seat opposite him.

Beside me were dozens of sandwiches and a box of sweets. On the small table under the window were glasses, vodka, Hungarian brandy and wine. The general gave me an appraising look, then pointed to the food and vodka. "*Davai*," he growled in Russian. "Go on."

I ate in tortured suspense. At any moment one of the Russians might ask my name; or worse, the examiner might intrude.

As the train started, the general produced a chessboard and began arranging the men.

"God help me," I thought. "This is the game of my life. I must make it good, and yet I can't afford to win." I had never known a Russian who didn't hate to lose. And I had never known a chess player who liked to play for long unless his opponent could make it interesting.

As we played, some of the tricks of the game slowly returned to me. The other officers watched the game in deferential silence, apparently believing that the general was a wizard at it. As a matter of fact he was quite a good player, but I was able to make him work for every advantage.

Time flew, as it does on every tense battlefield of chess, and with a start I realized that the train was slowing down at Győr, our number

two check-point. Once again my mind began to race. Now the door of the compartment slid open, and the supervisor of the Austrian group stepped in. "This man has not yet been questioned," he said firmly.

I need not have worried. Without a word the general rose, spread his huge bear's paw of a hand against the man's chest and expelled him into the corridor. Then he slammed the door and pointed again to the chessboard.

"*Davai, Magyar!*" he thundered. "Your move, Hungarian!"

Hungarian! I *was* coming from Hungary, of course, but this slip of the tongue, if it was that, set my scalp tingling. Once or twice after that I thought I caught him looking at me strangely, but each time he returned his gaze to the board.

When we finished the first game, from which the general emerged the victor, he said something to the officer who spoke German. "The general enjoys your style," the latter interpreted. "He will play another game."

Before we began again, however, the general insisted that we drink. Reckless with the warm flood of confidence that came from the vodka, I lost myself in this game and suddenly found myself on the brink of winning. We were in the last crucial moves as the train slowed for Hegyeshalom, our final check-point. Here I would win or lose—not merely a game but everything I lived for.

This time dozens of Red soldiers, rifles slung over their shoulders, grenades hanging from their belts, led the procession of interpreters and security guards. They merely glanced into our compartment and went on to the next. There the angry little group leader must have told them of the "Austrian" who was sitting with the officers, for one guard came back to investigate. He stepped smartly in at the door, saluted and spoke rapidly in Russian, at the same time pointing at me.

Once again my brain froze in fear. Surely the general would let them question me, if only to forestall any further interruptions. "I am a portrait painter and my name is . . ." I began saying to myself desperately. But I could not remember.

As the guard spoke, the general's face slowly turned purple. I had no idea what the guard was telling him, but it made him as angry as any man I'd ever seen. He looked at me, his eyes blazing. Then he carefully placed the chessboard on the small table under the window and stood up.

"This is the end for me," I thought. "To come so close . . ."

The general crossed his arm in front of his body as a man would to

draw a sword. When he brought it up in a sweeping arc, the back of his hand smashed across the guard's mouth. The man reeled backwards and struck the corridor wall.

The general slammed the door so hard that it shook our window, then returned to his seat, muttering something under his breath. He picked up the chessboard and studied the pieces.

"*Davai, Magyar!*" he said.

My heart was bursting with relief. No one would dare come in again—of that I was sure. As the train gathered speed, release from the awful tension flooded over me so that, for the first time, I smiled. The general looked up from his study of the board and smiled in return. He spoke to the young officer who said to me: "The general wonders if you would enjoy playing him again sometime in Vienna. Where can he reach you?"

Automatically I mentioned a well-known Vienna hotel. And your name . . . prodded the young officer.

Now, without the awful clutching terror, I hesitated but a moment. How could I ever have forgotten those two simple words?

A loud I said: "My name is Oscar Zinner."

YOUNGSTER writing home from boarding school: "Send food packages! All they serve here is breakfast, lunch and dinner." *The Dinner Club News*

A FATHER received a birthday parcel from his son at the university. Inside was a set of inexpensive cuff links and a matching tie pin with this note: "Dear Dad: This isn't much, but it's all you can afford." *AP*

Personal Glimpses

A young student hurrying along the streets of Edinburgh towards the University bumped his head into a tall slight figure. The stranger recovered his balance, turned round and came towards the student. After all God made me, said Robert Louis Stevenson, for it was he who had been knocked half off his feet by the young student.

Perhaps so, but He is growing rather careless, said James Burne, relieved that the stranger had not given him a whack with his stick.

Do I know you, asked Stevenson, looking at him quizzically.

No, but I wish you did, answered Burne, won by the charm of a personality none could resist.

Let's pretend I do, said Stevenson. In kitchen they made for the nearest tavern and talked for hours. It was the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

Joseph Fort Newton in *Four Days with Harpers*

RETURNING from a trip to Europe Mark Twain became annoyed as a customs official rummaged through his baggage. My good friend, the author exclaimed, you don't have to

mix up all my things. There are only clothes in there — nothing but clothes.

But the suspicious fellow kept rooting about until he hit upon something hard. He pulled out a quart of the finest quality whisky. You call this just clothes? cried the official.

Sure thing, I wain replied calmly. It is my nightcap.

Cynil Clemens quoted by Jack Estell, INS

ARTHUR BRISBANE, a famous American editor who died in 1936, was constantly irritated by the fallibility of his sports writers when it came to racing selections. Any horse was exactly as good as his heart, the editor contended, and he could easily pick the winner of any race if he were supplied in advance with an X-ray of the heart of each entry. To prove his theory, he sent a reporter to Kentucky to get the pictures of the entries in the coming Derby. The cub couldn't get the pictures, but rather than risk Brisbane's ire he hired an ancient dog to get the required number of X-rays, wrote the name of a Derby starter under each one and sent them to his boss. After carefully studying them, Brisbane confidently made his selection and wrote a column explaining his theory and naming his choice.

Brisbane was probably the only one who was not surprised when his entry won. *New York Times*

COMEDIAN Joe E. Lewis's inscription on a picture of himself in the window of a New York restaurant reads: This picture was taken when I was much older. *Walter Winchell*

An investigation by Bishop's is an insurance against swindling



They Find Out Your Past



By Irwin Ross

NOT LONG ago a dapper, middle-aged man in his 60's whom we shall call Ernest Livingston Jasper arrived in Chicago to market a new invention. Short of working capital, he set up a company and started to recruit shareholders. An affluent doctor who had put in \$10,000 became suspicious when profits failed to materialize. He phoned Bishop's Service in New York and asked for a report on Jasper.

It was a routine matter for Bishop's. In its files of four and a half million names it located Ernest Livingston Jasper. Jasper had been in and out of a dozen ventures in almost as many towns since 1926, always with a new and plausible product. A company would be formed, their shares would be issued, seldom was enough money

raised to start business, but always enough to pay Jasper's salary as president of the company and the cost of handsome office. In the end the disheartened shareholders would cut him out, he would quit quietly, leaving all the credit with Jasper's record. It was a 14-page report which reached the Chicago doctor ten days after he had requested it. He paid Bishop's \$200 and ended Jasper's latest swindle.

Bishop's Service, which operates in the United States, Canada, Britain, France, and other countries, investigates character and background primarily. If you are concerned with the good faith of a prospective business partner, employee, client or son-in-law, Bishop's will get up a detailed report covering his life from his first truancy to his latest

motoring offence. Lawyers consult Bishop's in advance of litigation to help determine strategy for a possible out-of-court settlement. Wealthy people ask about the reliability of newly created foundations with noble purposes and unknown sponsors.

Bishop's does no surveillance, it uses no "private enquiry agents," it does not tap wires. Nor is it concerned, as many agencies are, with merely determining the financial status and credit "riskability" of a man or commercial firm. It is concerned with nothing less than a man's whole life.

In the course of a year Bishop's handles some 20,000 cases, mostly in the United States, its fees ranging from \$50 to several thousand dollars. Forty full-time investigators operate out of New York headquarters, another 50 out of Los Angeles, Chicago and Houston, Texas. Bishop's has 320 part-time "reporters" in the United States, Canada, Central and South America, Britain, France, West Germany and Italy.

This network provides quick service in emergencies. One of Bishop's underwriter clients phoned one day for a report on a uranium operation in Arizona and New Mexico. The underwriters were trying to decide whether to float a share issue, and the decision had to be immediate.

Bishop's president, William Chiariello, telephoned his man in Denver, who hopped into a jeep and drove to the uranium fields. He

found the claims working. Then he hastened back to Denver, looked up the geologist who had made the original assays and learned that the ore was good. That vindicated both the proposition and the character of the miner. It had taken 24 hours and cost Bishop's client \$125 plus \$75 for the hire of the jeep and telephone calls.

Prenuptial investigations, which account for some ten per cent of Bishop's business, are perhaps the most delicate, for the suspicious parent or fiancé usually wants to avoid giving the subject any warning that he or she is being scrutinized. In a typical case, a well-to-do young lady had been engaged for a year to a handsome and ardent artist. Her affection had not stopped short of occasional financial assistance, but her fiancé kept postponing the wedding date. After the third postponement her parents persuaded her to let Bishop's do some quiet checking.

She had a fair amount of background information to give Bishop's. Her fiancé had gone to a well-known boarding school, then to Columbia University. He had been married, but had been divorced in Florida a year or two before. She knew he had a studio in New York City and lived somewhere in the suburbs, but, oddly enough, she did not know his home address.

Chiariello conducted this case himself. Columbia University had no record of the fiancé as a student, nor did the boarding school. As for

the divorce, Florida court records showed that no action had been undertaken there.

Locating the young man's home and family was a bit more difficult. Chiarello finally discovered a man with the name he was seeking in New Brunswick, New Jersey. The next step was a visit to the house to establish the suspect's identity. Chiarello, claiming to be a visitor from Texas looking for a fictitious friend, talked to the lady of the house. No, Chiarello's friend did not live here; she and her husband and child were the sole occupants. In passing, she mentioned her husband's business address in New York. This tallied with the address Chiarello had for the former studio. He had his man.

Further enquiry revealed that the studio was a sign painting shop and that the artist had been married for several years. He had told the truth about little more than his name and studio address. Motives? A little money, the excitement of a dual life.

The method of investigation used by Bishop's Service has not changed much with the years, although the extent of its operation has expanded greatly. The organization was founded in 1898 by William Bishop, an ex-telegraphist who had been a first-rate investigator for stockbrokers in Chicago. This was a period when Wall Street was infested with unscrupulous men and illicit schemes. Many dubious

characters had seats on the New York Stock Exchange, and the governors of the Exchange finally decided that it might be wise to screen applicants for membership. Bishop was engaged for the purpose.

After a year on Wall Street Bishop set up his Service, retaining his contract with the Exchange and taking on stockbrokers desirous of investigating new customers (to make sure they didn't wash on their accounts). Later he added bank.

Bishop died in 1936. The present owner of the firm is Iceland Rex Robinson—a professor of economics at New York University. In 1950 Robinson elevated Chiarello, a lawyer and top investigator since 1916, to president of the firm. Chiarello has seen the number of cases more than triple in six years. His credo is simple: "No one can completely cover his tracks. Competent investigation will reveal who you are, where you come from, what you really do."

When a client needs a fully professional check of the subject's operations, the firm's staff of 200 says, "check him out personally in the United States and be investigated at least once, whether he knows it or not, where or he takes out an insurance policy, opens a bank account or takes a loan, buys something on credit. Each of these reports will provide a number of leads. On a confidential basis, Bishop's is often given access to this information. The Service then interviews

previous employers, neighbours, hotel porters and tradesmen.

With shady businessmen, the aura of respectability is, sometimes so thick that weeks of investigation are necessary before the damaging facts are laid bare. A wealthy client was about to purchase some historical documents when he decided to get Bishop's to look into the prospective seller. At first sight the seller seemed thoroughly reliable. He headed an organization that specialized in historical research; many of the documents he had collected were on display in public buildings.

Diligent investigation pieced together a different picture. He was no scholar but a cook by trade. He had once gone to gaol for manslaughter. When he emerged, shortly before the First World War, he had converted himself into an aeronautical expert—by getting himself made a member of newly formed aviation organizations. He had been thrown out on charges of embezzlement.

Later he developed an interest in historical documents and a lucrative trade in books and manuscripts which he picked up cheaply at auctions. It was true that he headed a research organization—a paper organization which he himself had founded. It was true that some of his collections had been publicly displayed, but experts scoffed at their value. So—no sale this time.

Not long ago Chiariello got a phone call from the sales manager of a large farm-equipment company

who had been approached by an impressive gentleman with some 30 million dollars' worth of orders from a South American government. These were conditional orders, and the man needed financing to make them firm: expenses to return to South America, money to grease palms, etc. "He's shown me lots of documentary evidence that he has the orders," the sales manager said. "Is he reliable?"

Chiariello sat back and laughed. Bishop's had been following the man's trail for 30 years. Chiariello called for the file, and rattled off a few of the highlights. The man had begun his swindling career at 25, when he relieved a widow of her life savings. He had been in and out of a dozen fake charity rackets and phoney dealings in shares. Only six months before, he had stepped out of Sing Sing Prison after serving a sentence for his latest swindle.

Bishop's findings are by no means all unfavourable. Many corroborate the claims of the subject under investigation. Annually, Bishop's undertakes some 7,000 personnel investigations—often senior executives being considered for employment. Some of them exaggerate a little in their applications but more than 90 per cent are found to be solid citizens with good records.

Chiariello spends much of his time turning prospective clients away. There must be a decent reason for wanting the desired information. Idle curiosity is not enough.

The amazing volunteers who hold themselves ready for any emergency that endangers a human life

The Rescue Squads Roll On

By James Kilpatrick and Charles Hamilton

ONE NIGHT in April 1953 a woman in New Jersey U S A heard on TV the story of a young mother whose baby had been born cruelly crippled while the mother was visiting a sister in the South. Shortly after birth the child had been taken to a hospital for crippled children in Knoxville Tennessee but the mother had to return to Brooklyn New York to care for her other four children. The mother was anxious now that her eight month old daughter should be brought North for treatment nearer home but there was no money. Besides the doctor had advised against air travel and train connections were awkward. What was to be done?

The New Jersey woman knew what could be done her husband was a member of a volunteer rescue organization. At once they set in motion a chain of events that typifies the work of an inspiring movement which is now firmly established in

the United States Canada and the West Indies.

At 8 30 a m on April 11 after the child had been brought by relatives to Bristol Tennessee she was picked up by the local rescue squad and driven to a pre arranged point where she was delivered to a team from the Roanoke Virginia Lifesaving and First Aid Crew. The Roanoke crew headed north across the Blue Ridge Mountains and in the afternoon outside Falls Church Virginia met a team from the Bethesda Chevy Chase Maryland Rescue Squad. Hours later at the Delaware New Jersey line the Maryland squadmen gently transferred the baby to the ambulance of a crew from Janwood New Jersey who at 12 30 a m on April 12 delivered her at a Brooklyn hospital.

To make that 16 hour trip a dozen men had taken time off from their work as mechanics salesmen grocers assistants and so on. A dozen others had participated in

handling arrangements. They regarded the undertaking as nothing unusual—simply one more mission completed.

The story of these volunteer lifesaving crews goes back to a day in 1909 when a horrified boy watched helplessly on the bank of the Roanoke River in Virginia while two men were drowned after their canoe tipped over. Haunted by the tragedy, young Julian Wise began to dream of means by which victims of accidents might be saved from death. Nineteen years later, in 1928, his dreams took shape when he, with nine other men, organized the Roanoke Lifesaving and First Aid Crew, a group pledged to give of themselves in order that others might live.

The story of Roanoke's pioneer crew was told in *The Reader's Digest* 11 years ago. That article led to the formation of similar crews throughout the United States and in other lands. These organizations are members of the International Rescue and First Aid Association, whose president is Philip Rhynas of Toronto. International officials estimate that 850 volunteer units are now in operation, with a membership of 26,000.

Before he formed the Roanoke group, Wise had been familiar with the heroic work of volunteer beach crews and mine crews. But these were specialized units; what he wanted was a team trained and equipped for *any* emergency endangering human life. This concept has

been followed in the phenomenal growth of the movement.

How does a lifesaving crew come into being? Fifteen or 20 men band together and agree to make themselves available whenever an emergency call comes in. They pledge themselves to take first-aid training, to study problems involving broken limbs, burns, mining accidents, electrocutions, drownings, attempted suicides, epileptic attacks and childbirth. They also learn to use intricate medical equipment. Members pay the costs when fundraising does not suffice.

The Dunellen Rescue Squad, one of 297 now operating in New Jersey, is typical of many of the long-established crews. Organized in 1933, it started with nothing except determination and a secondhand ambulance. In 1936, thanks to a fundraising drive, it was able to buy a better one; in 1940, one better still. In 1941 the members completed a squad headquarters building. In 1947 they added a second ambulance. In 1952 they had built, to their specifications, a combination ambulance and rescue vehicle.

Wise's Roanoke crew will soon move into a new building, with abundant room for its array of lifesaving equipment acquired over 28 years. The crew's pride is its big rig—a powerful truck laden with 230 items of rescue equipment ranging from adhesive-tape rolls to axes, ladders, chain hoists and oxygen tanks. A radio-equipped squad car

stands ready for swift runs wherever danger calls. The squad has six boats and eight iron lungs. Three dispatchers, whose salaries are paid by a grant from the city, maintain a round-the-clock vigil.

Part of the fascination of lifesaving crews' work is the fact that members never know what kind of job the day will bring. Maternity calls are routine. Virginia squads delivered 21 babies last year. The Williamsburg Rescue Squad, called on to rush a set of premature twins to a Richmond hospital, rigged up a pair of tiny oxygen face masks for the trip and successfully transferred the infants to incubators in Richmond, 50 miles away.

Emergency transport is provided in hundreds of motor-accident and polio cases every year. For the latter, the Roanoke crew pioneered in the use of a portable iron lung operated by a portable petrol generator.

In a lake not far from Richmond, a 14-year-old boy tried a new skin-tight face mask one day. Water seeped in, and the boy choked and went down. A lifeguard brought him to shore and began artificial respiration. The boy's life appeared to be ebbing, however. Then two rescue crews whirled on to the scene with resuscitators and oxygen. Their modern equipment pulled the youngster through.

Calls involve many forms of transport. A New Jersey crew, called to rescue a man who had fallen into

an empty water-storage tank, bound him in splints and removed him by helicopter.

As crews meet new emergencies they study solutions for them. The deaths of two little girls, lost in the West Virginia mountains, led to prolonged practice by hundreds of rescue squads in the best technique for searching a large area. Deaths from snake bite led to research in a treatment involving ice and ethyl chloride. New Jersey squads regularly hear lectures by doctors on treatment of burns, poison, shock and other problems.

The example of one crew often leads to the formation of others. In a two-week period the Bucks County Crew made three 20-mile rush trips from Croydon, Pennsylvania, to Titusville, New Jersey, on drowning calls. Each time, unhappily, it was too late. After the third drowning Titusville organized its own crew.

Lifesaving crews function most effectively in small towns or in the suburbs of large ones. Big cities usually have emergency services so well organized through their police and fire brigades that volunteer units are not needed. They have, however, found a welcome place in many large industrial plants, where employers have discovered that a well-equipped rescue squad, spreading the gospel of safety, can work wonders in accident prevention. Trade unions sometimes participate: the Knoxville squad's ambulance,

for example, is the gift of the American Federation of Labour

Volunteer rescue work is dangerous and exhausting, and often frustrating and disheartening. Crew men know what it is to apply splints and tourniquets to a torn body, only to see life ebb away beneath their fingers. But they also know the joy that comes when colour returns to the cheeks of a child nearly drowned, they know the gratitude of a young woman, saved from suicide, who sends a Christmas gift to squad men months after she fought their efforts to save her.

Men of the lifesaving crews take pride in a tribute paid at the year's end by businessmen of Menominee, Michigan, to a crew formed at the nearby Ansul Chemical Company. During the year the crew had responded to 350 calls, it had aided victims of heart attacks, drowning

electrocution and motor accidents, it had trained hundreds of other people in rescue work and first aid.

The tribute read: "The Ansul Rescue Squad is not merely a group of men dedicated to helping people in trouble. The unsung work—the training of others—is perhaps more remarkable than the rescue calls for which the squad is so well known. With deep thankfulness we pay tribute to the basic goodness and godliness of 26 staunch men."

Roanoke's Julian Wise, whose interest in lifesaving goes back nearly 50 years, says: "The Reader's Digest article of 11 years ago provided the impetus for our international organization. We have had enquiries from dozens of towns and cities in other lands. Scarcely a day goes by without its proof that a good idea put into effect has a way of gaining momentum."



A PROFESSOR realized how old he was getting when he asked his young daughter what she was studying. "Oh," she replied, "all about science of up named Hitler."

Brett Calder / Saturday Review

THE YOUNG man filing out ahead of me after the matinee of *Macbeth* was an English master at a neighbouring school and I gathered from their conversation the half dozen boys and girls with him were in his class. As we reached the pavement an attractive redhead approached the young man, asked him for a match and then engaged him in conversation. His students stood in a little knot by the kerb, obviously disapproving. With a sudden air of decision the prettiest of the girls went over and interrupted the tête à tête.

"Daddy," she broke in, "the taxi's waiting." (Contributed by Jennifer Grant)

He wanted to be a cowboy—
but first he had to tame an outlaw horse.
A Reader's Digest "First Person" Award

THE DAY I MET MIDNIGHT

By Ulmont Healy

IT WAS my first day on the ranch in California's San Fernando Valley. I was 20, that spring of 1912, and I was going to learn to be a cowboy. In my brand-new outfit—blue jeans, boots, bandanna and cheap Stetson—I felt self-conscious and a bit nervous. Sitting on the top rail of the corral, I watched the loops snake out among the milling horses, as one by one the men roped their mounts and led them outside to saddle up.

A white mustang in the bunch caught my eye. He was a beauty—lovely head and neck, trim legs, deep chest and good quarters. Just my kind of horse, I thought strong and speedy. I wondered whose he was.

The sub-foreman interrupted my thoughts. "Can you ride, kid?"

George, a lanky six-footer in a high-crowned hat that made him seem even taller, had looked me over sceptically the day before when he hired me, on a trial basis, at \$30 a month and all found. Now he grinned at me reassuringly.

"Yes, some," I said.

I was careful not to make any claims. Back home on our farm in Wisconsin my father had taught us boys what he knew about handling horses. Dad made us break them in without a saddle—he said they became gentler that way. So I thought I knew horses a little. But these men were professional horsemen. Also, one of them had tipped me off the night before. "These fellows take you for a tenderfoot, kid," he said. "They'll put you on a horse that will try to throw you."

George's voice was casual. "Anything there you like, kid?"

I pointed to the white mustang. "He's a lot of horse," I said.

"Yeah," George's arm moved. The mustang whirled like a flash, but too late. The noose settled over his head, and he came in snorting. George tied a piece of quarter-inch rope round his neck and handed the other end to me.

"We call him Midnight," George said. "When you get the mud off

him, take him down to the shed and I'll fix you up with saddle and bridle and a rope."

I led Midnight outside and tied him to the rail then got a brush. I was doing pretty well at cleaning him when my brush touched his left hock. His kick was so quick that only reflex action saved me. I stepped away and looked at his head. He was looking me right in the eye and I knew he was not afraid.

You can read a horse's character from his head. Midnight had small ears and the broad forehead and wide spaced eyes that indicate intelligence. But more than anything else there was a quality of spirit that looked out at me. With a head like that I didn't think he could be vicious. But he was an outlaw—he was at war against men.

That's good enough. George said. He was sitting his horse with his rope in hand, the noose open.

I walked to Midnight's head and untied him. It was then I noticed that not a single man was mounted except George—they were all busy with their gear. They were waiting to see whether I would lead or ride the horse to the shed.

I put a half hitch on Midnight's nose and before he realized it I was on his back. We went away from there in standing leaps and suddenly the men were all in the saddle with George in the lead. Their yells were enough to scare any horse, but I managed to keep Midnight's head

up and the ride ended at the shed. I quickly slipped off his back. I wanted no more until I had a saddle on him.

I stepped to his head to remove the torturing half hitch, and as I touched it he reared, struck me in the chest and left shoulder with his front hoofs and knocked me spinning in the dust. He came after me screaming his teeth bared but I kept rolling until I was under the shed loading platform.

Then I saw the reason for George's open loop. He had that horse roped and drawn up to his saddle before I got my first full breath. He watched while I brushed off the dust.

You all right?' he asked.

Yeh.' I said. "Nice roping."

Would you rather have another horse today and top this one off some time when you feel better?

I was mad to my toes. "No. If I could ride that black hearted son of a bitch I can ride him all day. Show me a saddle and bridle. We're gonna get acquainted."

George turned to one of the cowboys. "Shorty, dig out some gear and we'll let Slim and Midnight on the way to getting acquainted."

Well! Now it was Slim's turn. Kid Shorty stepped down from his horse and passed me with a grin. I turned to grin back. He returned with a good double rigged saddle and bridle. Midnight objected throughout the proceedings but with George holding his head and Shorty helping, we got it done.

"Want me to hold him while you get set?" George asked.

My left shoulder and arm felt nearly normal. I looked at Midnight: "I don't think so," I said. "Maybe I can make him think it isn't important if I just step into the saddle."

George gave me an honest grin and turned Midnight loose.

Quietly, with the reins in my left hand I took hold of the left check strap of his bridle, put my right hand on the saddle horn, pulled him towards me, and as he started to turn I went into the saddle. Strangely enough, Midnight didn't seem to think it was important.

Then the foreman gave us orders for the day. We were to comb a certain area and bring in everything, particularly every longhorn we found. The boss had an offer from a film company for all the longhorns he could supply. There weren't many, perhaps a truck-load, but he wanted them rounded up.

So we went to work. Midnight fought his head continually, but he was sure-footed and quick. We had brought quite a few cattle down the canyons when suddenly I saw sticking up from the brush the longest pair of horns I had ever seen. As we closed in, the steer made a fast break up a knoll. Now, a longhorn can run like a deer, and my respect for Midnight went up several notches when he turned that steer and kept him going through the live oaks and the greasewood beyond.

But suddenly the steer rose up and leapt over something. We were going too fast to stop: either hit the obstacle or jump. I gave Midnight my heels and lifted the reins. That beautiful, obstinate son of Satan chose that moment to fight the bit and blundered straight into a patch of cactus that the steer had jumped over.

By the time I brought Midnight to a halt on an open sandy spot, my right knee felt as though it was on fire from the cactus spines in it. I had a notion I had ruined my horse. Luckily, I was wearing buckskin gloves and could pick the spines out of my knee; they work deeper if you move about. Then I got out of the saddle. Midnight was a mess from his nose to his heels. I knew from the pain in my leg what he must be suffering, but he stood perfectly still, looking at me with a question in his eyes that brought a lump to my throat.

Just then Joe, the foreman, rode up. He looked Midnight over carefully. "We can't get them out without tying him down," he said. "And if we do that they'll just work into him deeper until they kill him. Better take your saddle off, Slim." He drew his revolver.

"No, Joe, wait," I said. "I got him into this, I want to get him out if I can. Just stand by and let me try."

The foreman hesitated. "Okay," he said finally. "But stay out of line with his head, because the first

mean move he makes I'm going to put a bullet in him'

I reached out to Midnight's nose and picked off two strong spines driven in just above and between his nostrils. He flinched and looked startled but made no move to retaliate.

By the time I got his face and neck clean, his ears had come forward. On down I worked and he never moved a muscle though his coat was turning grey with sweat. Joe sat his horse quietly and now and then I heard a gentle cuss word.

Down to Midnight's front hoofs, back on his sides and belly, down his hind legs and he stood like a statue. I even took a huge piece of cactus out of his tail. As I finished each section I took off my gloves and ran my hands over him to make sure that I had removed all the spines. Finally I stepped round to Midnight's head and looked at Joe. He took a deep breath and put away his gun.

I'm obliged to you. I said and I meant it.

It's the damnedest thing I ever saw, said Joe. He looked at his watch, then over to where the men were moving the cattle to the corrals.

It's time for dinner. Let's go.

As we rode in he gave me something of Midnight's history. He had been a stallion in a herd of wild horses and he had never stopped fighting. This morning, Joe said, was the first time he'd seen Midnight use his front hoofs and teeth

on a man though "I expect it was that half hitch you had on his nose that made him so mad."

I reckon that was it. I replied. He just doesn't like men.

No, he don't like men and if you'd had the same treatment that he's had since he first met men you wouldn't like them either.

We watered our horses and led them under a covered tie rack where they would be in the shade.

No need to tie 'em, Joe said. They'll stand.

Joe went in to dinner while I went to the bunkhouse to get out a cactus spine that had broken off under my trousers.

When I entered the cookhouse I was greeted with a chorus of remarks about my riding and given instructions about the various parts of a saddle and bridle with explicit directions as to the purpose of the rein. Nothing was said about cactus. But Krimpy, the ranch house joker, remarked: "If you're gonna follow a steer that close in the brush, ride the steer and give your horse a rest."

They were kidding in a way that let me know I was accepted.

After dinner someone produced a bat, ball and gloves and we started a game of baseball. I was taking a lead off third base and was pleading with Krimpy, who was at bat, to bring me home when everyone stopped playing and stared at me. Suspecting a trick I clapped my foot back on third and received a

push in the back that knocked me off the base

I turned, and there was Midnight, standing quietly looking at me. He had walked out from the cool shade of the horse rack, trailing his reins.

I said very gently, "Midnight, what are you doing here?"

He came forward two steps and, putting his head against my chest, began to move it up and down slowly. My hands came up and found the soft velvety spots behind his ears. I was aware of the cowboys gathering round and soft oaths of amazement. Midnight had taken out his spite on most of them, and they could not believe their eyes.

George's chuckle broke the quiet. "Well, Slim, it sure looks like you

and Midnight got acquainted."

"Yeah," was all I could say. The lump was back in my throat again.

Joe broke it up with, "Let's go, men." Then, as they turned away, he dropped a final word. "I don't want to see any of you dabbing a rope on Midnight. He's Slim's horse from now on."

I reckon he's still my horse in whatever pasture of Paradise he roams, for he gave me the love of his wild heart as none of the many horses I've known ever could. I am an old man now, and those days are far gone. But the memory of Midnight is still as bright as the day he put his head against my chest to thank me and to say that he was sorry and wanted to be friends.



Not Guilty

A MAN charged with driving past a stop sign won a two day suspended sentence when he explained to the magistrate. There were two ladies with me which made the front seat crowded. I was too modest to reach over to change gears.

A MAN arrested for the theft of a lawn mower explained. I didn't steal it. I stumbled over it and was too lazy to walk round it. So I just pushed it on.

IN DEFENCE of his speeding a driver explained to the magistrate. I have hay fever and every time I sneezed my foot went down on the accelerator. I couldn't help myself.

THE POLICE asked a man four times convicted of picking pockets how his hand happened to be in the pocket of a man sleeping at a railway station and he answered. "I was walking about the station when I had a dizzy spell. I grabbed at a seat, but my hand slipped and went into the sleeper's pocket."

Born to great wealth, Larimer Mellon felt he wasn't "going anywhere." Now he is—having dedicated his life to the people of Haiti

By Henry La Cossitt

WILLIAM Larimer Mellon might have been one of the men who control his family's multi-million-dollar industrial empire of oil, aluminium and steel. He was to this privilege born. He is a son of the late co-founder of the Gulf Oil Corporation; he is a great-nephew of the late U.S. Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew Mellon, who developed the Aluminum Corporation of America. To almost anyone it would be wonderful to be a member of the Mellon family, with the future assured and easy. But Larimer Mellon, now 46, has willed otherwise.

(On December 11, 1954, Larry, as everybody calls him, stood on a sunny hillside in Haiti and dedicated himself and his wife to the service of God and mankind. A youthful man with prematurely

white hair and a handsome, kindly face, he is a doctor. He was making a speech at the laying of the foundation stone of the new Albert Schweitzer Hospital at Deschappelles, about 90 miles north west of Port-au-Prince. This 75-bed hospital, which cost Larry \$1,500,000 to build and of which he is in charge, will cost him about \$150,000 a year to operate. It is there to serve the hundreds of thousands of people in the valley of the Artibonite River.

These people have had only the most primitive medical facilities. They have been prey to malaria, yaws, tuberculosis and venereal disease. Malnutrition is shocking. (It is estimated that 10,000 Haitians died of starvation in 1955.) Sanitation is non-existent.

To educate these people in cleanliness and diet, Larry, with his wife and four children, moved to Haiti in the summer of 1955, before the Albert Schweitzer Hospital opened its doors. For nine months while their home was being built they

The Mellon family is one of the most prominent in the U.S.A. Perhaps its best known member was the late Andrew Mellon, for many years the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury and Ambassador in London, who was the founder and benefactor of the National Gallery in Washington

lived in a small house in malaria-ridden Saint Marc, besieged by rats and cockroaches and with few of the facilities of civilized living.

To some, what Larry Mellon has done seems unbelievable. To one, at least, it is a miracle. This is Doctor Emory Ross, for 22 years a missionary in Africa and the friend of Nobel Prize-winner Dr. Schweitzer, whose example as a medical missionary inspired Larry to become one. Dr. Ross also made a speech at the dedication of the hospital that afternoon on the hillside. He told an audience that included Haitian President Paul Magloire and other eminent people that what Larry has done is the kind of thing that profoundly changes the minds and souls of men. Dr. Ross called it "the miracle of the redirected spirit."

LARRY MELLON'S boyhood was what you might expect. The family lived in a mansion on Pittsburgh's Squirrel Hill. In summer there was the family lodge in Canada; in winter, the houseboat *Vagabondia* steaming through the Florida keys. There was an elegant 225-foot yacht for longer cruises. There were tutors, private schools and Princeton University — although Larry left Princeton at the end of his first year.

He was then 19. One of his friends says that if Larry had had to work his way through Princeton he might have finished the course. As it was, he felt ill-at ease. He was looking for

something, but didn't seem to be going anywhere.

Larry went to work in the Mellon bank and in Gulf Oil. He married, and was soon making something of a name for himself in business. Almost everyone felt that he was at last on his way to assuming his rightful place in the Mellon hierarchy. They were wrong. Six years later his marriage failed because of basic incompatibility. He was 25 when he and his wife separated.

Larry bought a ranch in Arizona, despite the misgivings of his father and mother. Nevertheless, his father later became his partner in the cattle business, and his mother came to love her visits to the nonconformist son.

Mrs. Mellon, who died in 1942, was what Larry calls "the great spiritual force in my life." Born in Scotland, the daughter of a seafaring family, she was deeply religious, gentle and modest. Larry recalls having asked her, when he was a child, what was the finest thing in all the world to be. Her reply was something he did not understand — then. She told him "A medical missionary."

When Larry decided to dedicate himself to the service of backward people, his father was at first dubious. He reflected later, however, that his son had a way of succeeding at things he really wanted to do. At the time of Larry's decision, he owned two huge ranches which he sold for approximately twice as

much as he had put into them

Larry's father might also have remembered that his son had taught himself Spanish, and had learnt Portuguese while teaching English to a Brazilian schoolmate. Larry's linguistic ability got him a job with the U.S. State Department in the Second World War and this work might have led to a distinguished diplomatic career. But to Larry this had no more appeal than a career in the Mellon offices.

In February, 1946, Larry married Gwen Rawson, whom he had met earlier in Arizona, where she had come to get a divorce. Blue-eyed and pretty, Gwen took ranch life in her stride. She could work with the stock and could even survey. She had a part in planning their handsome new home, complete with swimming pool. For Gwen, who appreciates the good things of this world more than Larry does, life was sweet indeed.

Then one day Larry said, "Gwen, I'd like to study medicine. I want to become a doctor and then a medical missionary." He handed her a copy of *Life* magazine.

In it was a story about Albert Schweitzer entitled "The Greatest Man in the World." It described his forest hospital at Lambaréné in French Equatorial Africa, and how Dr. Schweitzer, although famous as philosopher, theologian, musicologist and organist, had, in keeping with the teachings of Christ, decided to become a doctor and

dedicate his life to the people of Lambaréné. The example of a few men like himself, Dr. Schweitzer said, might inspire others to think more on matters spiritual and thus stop civilization's materialistic drive to ruin.

"The picture of an old gentleman musing on a log in the jungle," Larry says, "was a novel concept of greatness. It set me thinking."

It set Gwen thinking, too. At first she was heartsick at the idea of giving up their pleasant life. But she realized that the ranches had ceased to be a challenge to Larry. Now that he had made them a success, they had become, in a way, as meaningless as the Mellon empire had been.

Gwen thought also of the nature of her husband. He is a reserved man, but he cannot hide his love for people and for everything that lives. His eyes fill when he tells you of Lambaréné, which he and Gwen visited in 1951, and where they worked among the lepers. Larry's concern for God's creatures is such that he cannot shoot or fish because he believes so strongly in Dr. Schweitzer's principle of "reverence for life."

Thinking of these things, Gwen realized that what Larry proposed was right for him--and what was right for him was right for her. With her blessing Larry wrote to Dr. Schweitzer.

He received a nine-page reply. Dr. Schweitzer was deeply moved. "May God help and bless you in the

path you have chosen," he wrote. Then he gave some hard advice.

Do not hide from yourself the fact that the path will be difficult. One of the most serious difficulties is your age. It is harder to assimilate knowledge when one is older. But Dr. Schweitzer expressed confidence and advised Larry on what to study.

That winter Gwen and Larry went to the wilderness of eastern Peru to look for a site where the hospital they proposed to build would do the most good. They found no place they thought suitable but returned by way of New Orleans where Larry talked to the faculty at Tulane University's medical school about studying there. To a man, the faculty discouraged him. He was too old, they said, he had no pre-medical training, he wouldn't be able to get on with his classmates because of the difference in age.

What they could not know was that once Larry had made up his mind he was a formidable force. He entered Tulane in the summer of 1948. Seven years later he had received his medical degree, served his term as a houseman and completed a one-year fellowship at the famous Ochsner Clinic. Gwen meanwhile had kept pace with him by training as a medical technician.

At the end of his first year at the medical school Larry and Gwen went to Haiti to gather material for a thesis on tropical ulcer. As they drove over the country they were

not thinking of a site for the hospital. But when they saw the valley of the Artibonite they knew that was it. They acquired 100 acres.

Larry told President Magloire of Haiti about his plan and the President agreed to it in principle. Later, the agreement between the Haitian Government and the Grant Foundation (Gwen's maiden name is Grant) which Larry set up to finance the hospital was approved by Haiti's Congress.

Meanwhile Larry had seen the man he reveres above all others and had gathered strength and courage from him. When Dr. Schweitzer was in New York in 1949, he and Larry spent an afternoon walking through the streets while the great man talked of himself and of his life and belief and of what Larry might expect to encounter.

He was so absorbed," says Larry, "that I had to guide him. He did not care to see traffic lights or traffic. He wanted to talk, know and to understand everything he had done."

Even before Larry had finished his term as a houseman, he and Gwen began recruiting the staff for their hospital. They are now satisfied that they have enough doctors to carry on the hospital's immediate work.

The building is a sprawling, one-story structure of poured concrete built by Haitian labourers. Its equipment matches that of the most modern hospitals in the world and includes a dental clinic, a pathology

laboratory and air-conditioned operating theatres. Eventually, Larry hopes to attach a veterinary clinic for the donkeys, goats and other animals precious to the country people. Following old customs, they will probably bring these with them when they come for treatment.

Larry has also acquired a 100-acre farm which should make the hospital almost self-sufficient. Besides vegetables, maize and rice, the farm grows beef cattle, sheep, goats, chickens, turkeys and pigeons. There are also citrus fruits and bananas. Milk is imported in powdered form from the United States, since there are no pasteurization facilities.

Thus the Mellons begin their great adventure. There have been discouragements. Sometimes people failed to carry out agreements and caused annoying delays. Now and then politics and jealousy harassed their progress.

But there have been touching and heartwarming experiences. Haitian volunteers built the road from the nearby highway to the hospital area, and a Haitian citizen paid the cost of oiling it. President Magloire and Minister of Health Elie Villard have been steadfast in their support.

In the valley peasants bring the Mellons gifts of rock lobster, ducks, chickens, bananas and vegetables. They often appear out of the inky darkness at the edge of the lamplight and stand there, smiling and shy, offering these things. To many of

them Larry and Gwen are sources of advice and comfort on everything from domestic troubles to education.

Larry wants the people of the valley to feel that the hospital is theirs. Because of this he will ask payment for services, even if it is only one mango. "Anything will do," he says. "Just so long as they satisfy their pride in themselves." He wants the hospital to be "a place where American doctors can share their knowledge and skill with their Haitian colleagues." Some day he hopes, this will make it possible for the Haitians to take over.

Should that happen, Larry and Gwen will move on. "There are other places where we might be useful," he says. One of these, he believes, may be at the headwaters of the Amazon River in Brazil or Peru. But that is for the future, if at all. Right now there is the Albert Schweitzer Hospital.

"Hospitals," Larry said in his speech dedicating the place, "require food and medicine administered with insight and love. To this task my wife and I humbly dedicate ourselves. May the spark of 'reverence for life' continue to burn until it has consumed us with real and deep concern for every living creature."

Larry Mellon is no longer looking for something. He has found it. "If we are able to alleviate suffering and make people feel more kindly towards one another," he says, "our work is well done."

How to Farm With a Geiger Counter

By Harland Manchester

THE NUCLEAR age has opened a fascinating new toolbox for agricultural scientists. They are working in laboratories with uncanny atomic tools which promise larger crops, victories over insect pests, longer preservation of food and a dozen other achievements.

One kind of tool—marked atoms or radioactive isotopes—is rapidly rebuilding the science of plant nutrition. The isotopes are made by bombarding normal atoms with neutrons. Some of the bombarded atoms become unstable; they emit telltale radiations, running down like tiny alarm clocks until they finally change to some other element. The scientists can pass a Geiger counter over the plant and count the ticks.

Atoms of fertilizer thus rendered identifiable and fed to plants tell the scientist with a Geiger counter at



Scientists armed with "marked" atoms and gamma rays are laying bare some of agriculture's oldest mysteries

what rate the plant uses the fertilizer, how much it uses and exactly where the fertilizer goes in the plant. Indeed, these marked atoms not only tick in the fodder which they nourish but continue to do so in the cow that eats the fodder and in the milk given by the cow. You can trace them all the way through and learn important facts about the organisms involved.

It has always been a problem for the farmer to determine how much of the various plant foods his soil already contains and what deficiencies need to be supplied by fertilizers. Now the scientist can mix radioactive phosphorus, say, in a soil

sample, grow some rye grass and, by comparing the amount of radioactive and natural phosphorus taken in by the plant, give the farmer an accurate measure of his soil's phosphorus richness.

At the U S Agricultural Research Centre at Beltsville, Maryland several hundred soil samples from all over the United States are being tested with similar techniques for potassium content. An ultimate goal is a running "fertility map" of the entire country so that farmers in various areas will know how much soil nutrient they have "in the bank," and when the supply is about to run low.

Another problem is where to place fertilizer to get the best result. The peanut plant, after growing from the root, sends spike back into the soil which produce the nuts. Does the peanut get its calcium from the root or does it pick it up near the surface? No one knew until scientists at the University of Florida tried putting hot calcium at each place and found by the ticking of the Geiger counter that the nutrient was taken from the upper level.

Doctor Sterling Hendricks of Beltsville says "Fertilizers represent a large part of a farmer's financial outlay. If we can show him how to get ten per cent more crop from them, over a period of years it might make the difference between solvency and bankruptcy. But with marked atoms we are also trying to find out exactly how a plant takes

up its food and what it does with it. That will be one of the major discoveries of the century."

The effectiveness of weed killers and growth-regulators is tested by the same method—attaching marked atoms to the chemicals and tracing their progress through the plant. To find new compounds which affect the growth of plants, scientists mark innocuous molecules of various shapes with radioactive isotopes, spray the plants and find out which shapes are most easily absorbed.

In this way we find a key that fits the door of the plant, says Dr. John Mitchell of Beltsville. Then we select a chemical which has a molecule about the same shape and hide it so to speak to fit the lock.

One of the most controversial agricultural developments of recent years has been 'leaf feeding'—the spraying of soluble fertilizers on plants and fruit trees to give them the boost they need during the growing season. Now marked atoms have proved the value of this scheme. Doctors H. B. Luker and S. H. Wittwer of Michigan State University sprayed the foliage of greenhouse plants with radioactive fertilizers, then put them in a dark room and let the radioactive atoms make their own pictures on X-ray films. They found that the leaves lap up the food like blotting paper and that it spreads in a few hours from tip to root. In many cases, as much as 95 per cent of the food sprayed on the leaves is used immediately

by the plant, where under some conditions the roots take up no more than ten per cent of the same amount placed in the soil.

This method cannot supplant soil fertilization; there is a limit to the amount that can be absorbed through the leaves. But agriculturists expect a widespread use of the scheme. Strawberry, tomato, maize, potato and cucumber plants absorb fertilizers greedily through their leaves. Insecticides and fungicides can be mixed with the plant food and applied in one operation to save labour.

Russian scientists reported recently that thousands of acres of cotton in Central Europe have been sprayed with liquid fertilizers, and that sprays have increased the yield of sugar beets. They suggest that early spring crop-spraying may extend the northern boundary of their farming areas. In the western United States large areas of wheat have been sprayed with fertilizers by plane, and in Baltimore, Buffalo, Cleveland and a number of other cities, thousands of trees, choked by pavements and hard to fertilize normally, retain their vigour with regular foliar feeding. Balanced soluble plant rations are also being made for the home gardener, to perk up shrubs and lawns in dry, hot spells.

The travel and food-hunting habits of insects are being traced with radioactive isotopes. Canadian scientists have attached tiny bits of

active cobalt to crop-destroying wireworms and cutworms, buried them in the earth and with Geiger counters drawn accurate charts of their underground movements. In Georgia, thousands of houseflies "labelled" in this way have been released from farms, and their appearance later in baited fly-traps tells scientists how far they travel—information of value in DDT spraying. In Wyoming, honey-bees are marked with radioactive isotopes to trace the visiting habits of bee disease-carriers to neighbouring colonies.

Big doses of radiation are being used to sterilize or kill insects, parasites and bacteria, and the prospects are exciting. Entomologists have virtually eradicated the vicious screw-worm fly on the island of Curaçao off the north coast of South America.

This fly, common in the Gulf states and Central America, lays its eggs in scratches and wounds of cattle, pigs, sheep and goats, causing severe infection and sometimes death. Until last year it was a serious pest in Curaçao, an island of 173 square miles, so the U.S. Department of Agriculture selected it as a laboratory.

Great quantities of screw-worm egg-masses were reared into pupæ, then lowered into a lead block where slugs of radioactive cobalt bombarded and sexually sterilized the males with gamma rays. Then, week after week, thousands of sterile

males were dropped on Curaçao from low-flying planes. They mated with native females. But because the female screw-worm fly mates only once in her lifetime, these mated females could lay only sterile eggs. Within a few weeks the screw-worm population dropped towards the vanishing point. At the latest report, no more infected animals have been found on the island. Now other insects are being studied for similar treatment.

At the Fission Products Laboratory of the University of Michigan, Dr. L. E. Brownell and his co-workers have designed a sterilization cave where pork can be irradiated to kill the parasitic trichina worm. This worm often infests pigs fed on raw garbage, and causes in humans the painful, debilitating and all-too-prevalent disease, trichinosis, if infected pork is not well cooked.

Radiation can be used to kill insects in flour and grain moving by conveyor belt. Potatoes can be irradiated to kill their seed eyes so that they will not sprout in storage. (Some potatoes thus treated are still fresh and firm after 18 months.) None of these foods become radioactive themselves in the process: the gamma rays pass through, as X-rays pass through the body.

One of the most alluring goals towards which scientists have been working for years is the sterilization of perishable foods to give them indefinite "shelf life." At present, the

best results have been achieved in sterilizing bacon, pork, chicken, codfish cakes and a number of vegetables so that they will keep well outside the refrigerator. Or, using less radiation, fresh beef can be treated so that it will last five times as long as usual under normal refrigeration.

Much work remains to be done, but many scientists believe that this method of food preservation will turn out to be practicable. If they are right, it may fit handily into the atomic-power programme. At present, two major problems of the budding atomic-power industry are: how to make electricity as cheaply as it is made from coal; and how to make a profit out of the radioactive waste to defray the cost of safe ultimate disposal.

The Michigan scientists hope to kill two birds with one stone. They have designed moving-belt radiation chambers, suitable for all manner of crops and packaged foods, which could be built into the power plants themselves. Dr. Brownell calculates that a suitably located atomic plant could get a high fee for these facilities from food-processing firms. Such a dual-purpose plant, he believes, would hasten the advent of economical atomic power and, by greatly extending the range of distribution of perishable foods, would preserve for our use incalculable amounts of food which now go into the dustbin.

Kinderlift: How the American Air Force flies underprivileged children from Berlin to healthy and happy vacations

Magic Carpet for Europe's Saddest Children

By George Kent.

ALITTLE over three years ago a social worker arrived in West Berlin to tour the miserable, overcrowded districts where destitute families live. She was to report especially on the children. A case-hardened woman, used to slim conditions, she thought nothing could surprise her. But after two days there she suddenly burst into tears, murmuring, "The poor kids, the poor kids!" Writing later to an Army chaplain, she said: "Please tell me what I can do - these are the world's unhappiest children."

Until 1953 Berlin's poor children were enough to wring anyone's heart. Living with grown-ups who had been uprooted by war or had fled from Communism, they were children without childishness. Practically all of them were underweight, most of them were anæmic, unhappy and insecure.

Then, in 1953, there appeared the strangest of pædiatricians — the *Kinderlift*. Gathering up the children, the U.S. Air Force gave them

a medicine they needed more than anything else — a holiday among normal people, far from the worries of home. That first year, U.S. Air Force planes flew 1,500 children, between the ages of six and 14, to the freedom and comfort of West Germany, where hospitable German and American families put them up



THE READER'S DIGEST

for four or five weeks. Since then a total of 5,000 children have made the trip.

The *Kinderlift* has produced results just short of miraculous. The children come back heavier and healthier, their cheeks aglow, their muscles firmer. But the transformation goes deeper. For they have suddenly become children again. The oldness is gone from their faces, they giggle and take delight in childish things. For several weeks, in whole some surroundings, they have been playing with youngsters of their own age, bickering, laughing, yelling, sharing previously unknown play things.

Sometimes the change is enough to warrant recording as a medical case history—like that of the little boy who stuttered. He had no malformation of tongue or palate, he was just a miserable child. But in his new home, near Wiesbaden, he played in a garden every day and at dusk he watered the flowers, using a watering can with his name painted on it. His foster mother, an affectionate German housewife, hugged him and kissed him and told him over and over again what a fine fellow he was.

He stopped stuttering without being aware of it. And with his clear speech came self-confidence and a desire to take part in all that was going on. His own mother, listening to him when he came back, was too moved to speak.

~~Mother~~ After mother reported,

with something akin to awe, that her child was cured of the problems that had beset him. Some even complained with pride that their children, once utterly apathetic, had now become mischievous little rogues.

Only those who know the life of the destitute in West Berlin can fully appreciate how great a transformation the *Kinderlift* has wrought in the children. Home for many of them is a barracks-like building swarming with people. There is nowhere to cook family meals, no centre for family life. The atmosphere is one of desperation.

Officials of the North-West German Broadcasting Corporation, appalled at this, produced the idea that became the *Kinderlift*. "Look at the poor little devils," one of them said, "locked up in West Berlin with nowhere to play, no hope of a holiday. Many of them can't travel west by train—the Russians would seize them as hostages. What can we do to help them?"

"Why not fly them out?" another suggested. "That's it—we'll make a bridge of aeroplanes right across the Russian Zone!"

Eventually the suggestion came to the desk of Lieutenant-General William Turner, Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Air Force in Europe. During the war he ferried half a million tons of food and equipment over the Himalayas in the so-called Hump Operation. In 1949 he organized the Berlin airlift which broke



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the Russian blockade. Later, he organized the lift into Korea.

Now the 47-year-old commander plunged into preparation for the *Kinderlift* as for a major operation. Only pilots with at least 2,000 flying hours were accepted. Airmen rushed to volunteer. One man whose tour of duty in Germany had expired stayed on for two weeks because his heart was set on piloting a *Kinderlift* plane.

German Red Cross workers selected the most woebegone children they could find in West Berlin and herded them through medical examinations. Meanwhile, other workers in West Germany invited families to open their homes to the unhappy little ones. As offers poured in, the Red Cross carefully screened them.

When homes were ready for every child—last year some 2,000 were needed—Air Force buses rolled through Berlin's streets collecting the children. They were a pathetic group, in worn and mended clothing, carrying their belongings in paper bags or cardboard suitcases. Some, fearful of the adventure, were crying.

But at Tempelhof Airport, where a band was playing, eyes began to shine. Mayor Ernst Reuter made a speech. And then, hand in hand and two by two, the children climbed aboard the 14 waiting planes. A Red Cross worker distributed chewing gum and chocolate. The planes roared into the air—Peter Pan

wafting the world's saddest children to a holiday in what was to them the Never-Never Land of West Germany.

The children's letters home, touching but inarticulate, give little clue as to what the *Kinderlift* holiday really does for them. They write not of vital changes but of the small things that mean so much: "I go swimming every day. . ." "We have a car and we go for a drive in it every afternoon. . ." "My farmer has cows and horses and pigs, and at home we haven't even a cat. . ." "It is so lovely and quiet here."

But their thankful parents, seeing the results, know that the *Kinderlift* has been much more than a holiday.

"It's amazing, the difference you see in the children," said Captain Raymond Priest, in his third year as a *Kinderlift* pilot. "On the way out, they're subdued and scared. They sit as though dead. Heartbreaking in a way. But when they come back, what a change! They bounce in the seats, sit on the floor and run all over the place. They're really full of beans!"

Occasionally the children pass on to their parents some of their new-found well-being. Typical is the story of a woman whose husband had been executed as an "American spy" in East Germany and who smiled rarely, wept often, paid no attention to her appearance. Then her child, returning from a *Kinderlift* summer with an American family, brought her a manicure set

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and some cosmetics, saying, "I want to have a pretty mama."

That was the beginning. A trifle self-consciously at first, the woman began studying herself in the looking glass, applying lipstick and creams, tidying her hair and clothes. Now an attractive, cheerful woman with the past well behind her, she ascribes her transformation to her child's summer holiday.

In surrounding Communist territory the effect of the *Kinderlift* (and of an organization called The Friendly Hand which places needy non-refugee children in homes in West Germany) has been watched with intense interest. And last year a battle for the minds of German children got under way. The East Germans appropriated nearly 100 million East German marks to set up deluxe camps with swimming pools, elaborate recreation facilities and food to make the ordinary

Communist child gape with envy. Then the Reds began inviting the children of the West.

A large number went—and not just the children of parents with Communist views. It is hard for a mother and father with children in need of a holiday to refuse a free trip, even if they know that with it goes a heavy dosage of propaganda.

In turn the West Germans are demanding that their compatriots of the East permit their children to come West for a holiday. But the authorities in the Russian Zone refuse to permit their children to travel further than West Berlin. The Communists fear that they will discover the joys of life in a non-police state.

Whatever happens in the struggle for the mind of these youngsters, the *Kinderlift* remains in more ways than one a soaring experiment in human relations.

Women at Work

A 38 YEAR OLD woman lost a job when she gave her correct age on an application form. The next time she was confronted with the question she wrote in the space "I refuse to answer on the grounds that it might eliminate me."

—Contributed by Neil Davis

APPLYING for a position in the London office of an engineering firm a young woman readily filled in the first questions on the form. But when she reached "Marital Status" she paused for a moment then wrote "~~Housewife~~."

—Contributed by Ann Voss

Towards More Picturesque Speech

UMBRELLAS plodding slowly along like walking toadstools (Loretta Burrough in *The American Magazine*) Two dogs came out from the house to wag us in (John McNulty) Old fashioned radiators were clanking like ghosts rattling their chains (Margaret Millar)

Patter: He who indulges, bulges (Fleanor Rydberg in *The Saturday Evening Post*)

Many new books are either erotic neurotic or tommyrotic (John Yeung) A man finds out what is meant by a spitting image when he tries to feed cornflakes to his infant (Imogene Fey in *The Saturday Evening Post*) Two can live as cheaply as one, but it takes both of them to earn enough to do it (Frances Rodman quoted by Earl Wilson) One way to save face is to keep the lower half shut (Terent Commercial News and Bull Record) Some forgetfulness is due not to absent mindedness but to absentheartedness (Herbert Isaacs Ketterberg)

First Impressions: He always knew a good thing when he said it (Herbert Isaacs in *Quill*) He could speak for an hour without a note and without a point (Quoted by Colm O'Ceallaigh in *The Daily Telegraph*) Some couplings were loose in her train of thought (Mrs Raymond Patton)

All About Eve: The woman who arranges a match for her daughter may intend to referee it as well (Kenneth Krichbaum in *The Saturday Evening Post*)

Husband, 'If there's one thing that upsets my wife, it's people dropping in when the house looks the way it always does' (William Barker in *Denver Post*)

Whenever there is a household chore to be done, most husbands go far beyond the call of duty (Carol Gabler in *The Saturday Evening Post*) . . . A wedding ring may not be as tight as a tourniquet, but it certainly stops the wearer's circulation (*Family Circle*) Some women know their husbands' stories backwards—and tell them that way (Caroline Clark in *The Saturday Evening Post*) One reason why girls of today are such live-wires is that they wear so little insulation (South Sioux City *Star*) She has a beautiful ranch house, but she isn't much of a hand on the range (Clyde Moore in *Columbus Ohio State Journal*)

Enjoying the Signery: Sign in a hardware store 'We've got it—if we can find it' (Ollie James in *Cincinnati Enquirer*)

On one side of a highway notice board is the inscription 'Road closed—do not enter!' The other side reads 'Welcome back—stupid!' (Ollie James in *Cincinnati Enquirer*)

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*The disastrous delusion that
through Government support
"everybody can live at the ex-
pense of everyone else"*

SPENDING IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION

By Henry Hazlitt

A GENERAL delusion has taken hold of the overwhelming majority of our rulers. This delusion has been given what seems to me its most appropriate name by the economist Wilhelm Roepke: "When demanding assistance from the state," he wrote, "people forget that it is a demand upon the other citizens merely passed on through the government but believe they are making a demand upon a sort of Fourth Dimension which is supposed to be able to supply the wants of all and sundry to their hearts content without any individual person having to bear the burden."

The delusion is really very old. "The state," wrote the French economist, Frédéric Bastiat a century ago, "is the great fiction through which everyone attempts to live at the expense of everyone else." And in 1842 Macaulay

declared: "It is supposed by many that our rulers possess, somewhere or other, an inexhaustible storehouse of all the necessaries and conveniences of life and, from mere hardheartedness refuse to distribute the contents among the poor."

This delusion thrives today as never before. The tacit assumption is made that an increase in Government spending will meet more of our total needs than were met before. But this comes from overlooking the obvious fact that the Government has not a dollar to spend on anybody that it does not take from somebody else. When one section of the population says, "We demand that the Government should pay for us," it is really saying, "We demand that other people should pay for us."

The net result of this process is that, instead of meeting more of the

people's needs than otherwise, we actually meet fewer. For every additional dollar that the Government spends, the taxpayers have one dollar less to spend. The situation is worse than this. Taxation erodes the incentives to produce and earn. It penalizes success. In the end it meets fewer real needs than before. People spend the money they themselves earn on what they themselves really want. The Government

spends money not on what the rest of us want but on what our paternalistic bureaucrats think is good for us. In the process, the dollar you have paid in taxes shrinks considerably because of the excessive costs of governmental administration.

The delusion of an economic Fourth Dimension flourishes not merely through stupidity, but because there is now an enormous vested interest in keeping it alive.



The Night Niagara Falls Stopped

ON THE NIGHT of March 29, 1848 Niagara Falls stopped completely—unheralded, unassisted and unbelievably. As the rapids dwindled and the falls disappeared, silence flooded the surrounding countryside so overwhelmingly that it woke sleeping people and brought them to their doors, frightened by a phenomenon they couldn't identify. As the realization came that the falls had stopped, they snatched up clothing and ran to the river. There, the flare of torches showed stretches of mud and boulders gleaming nakedly between scattered pools of black water.

By the next afternoon spectators lined the river banks, exploring the exposed river bed and turning up ancient tomahawks and other implements of Indian warfare. A detachment of cavalry rode across the river bed, and people walked dryshod from shore to shore.

While the matter of fact looked for a scientific explanation for the phenomenon, the superstitious regarded it as an ominous portent. Night-fall found most of the churches jammed with people praying or talking in frightened voices about the end of the world. Fear began to assume the proportions of panic.

And then from up the river bed came a low growling, spreading out and reaching forward until the earth and air seemed to tremble and vibrate. In an unbroken wall of water, the torrent of Niagara surged forward to crash over the brink of the falls. Again the familiar roar filled the air, and faces that had been white and strained softened, and fingers clenched in fear relaxed.

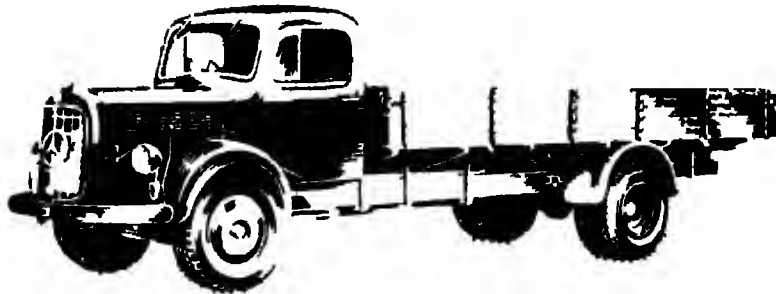
The explanation came later. During the day of March 29 a heavy wind had started the Lake Erie ice field in motion and tons of ice jammed at the river's entrance, damming the river for almost 30 hours till the ice shifted and the dam broke up.

—Edgar Smith in *Maclean's Magazine*

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Self-Starters:

ALBERI LASKER,

father of modern U S advertising



MY FIRST job after I left school in Galveston, Texas, in 1896 was as a reporter on the Galveston *Morning News*. One day

I read in our rival paper that Eugene Debs, a notorious labour agitator who was to become a Socialist candidate for the U S Presidency, was in town and staying at a certain boarding-house. The rival paper commented that he had refused to allow himself to be interviewed.

I waited until it was dark, then called on a friend of mine who managed the local telegraph office, and borrowed a complete messenger's outfit of hat, coat and receipt book. I then went to the boarding house and knocked loudly at the front door. When a man opened the door I shouted, hoping the whole house would hear me, "I have a telegram for Mr. Eugene Debs!"

The man said, "Give it to me and I'll sign for it."

I'd seen Debs's picture in the

papers and I knew this man wasn't Debs, so I said, "No, I can deliver this only to Mr. Debs."

Suddenly a door opened just off the entrance, and out stepped Mr Debs. I delivered the telegram to him, and he read the following.

I AM NOT A MESSENGER BOY I AM A YOUNG NEWSPAPER REPORTER YOU HAVE TO GIVE A FIRST INTERVIEW TO SOMEBODY WHY DON'T YOU GIVE IT TO ME? IT WILL START ME ON MY CAREER

That so amused Debs that he gave me the interview. My story in the *News* next morning scooped our rival, and I received a \$200 bonus.

American Heritage

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS,

world famous explorer



FROM EARLY boyhood when I roamed the fields and hills of our southern Wisconsin home I always intended to be a

naturalist and explorer. By the time I entered university I had taught myself taxidermy, and I managed to pay most of my way through the course by mounting birds and animals.

My ambition was to join the staff of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and just

SELF-STARTERS

before graduation in 1906 I wrote to Doctor Bumpus, the director. He replied that no position in the museum was open, that if I were in New York he would be glad to see me—but, of course, not to come unless I had other business in the city.

That was quite enough for me. A week after graduation I was on my way to New York with \$30 in my pocket and two days' luncheon in a shoebox. And, at 11 o'clock on July 6, 1906, I confronted the majestic façade of the American Museum of Natural History.

I was soon admitted to the director's office. Years later, when I myself sat in that same director's chair and young men and women came to see me, obviously frightened half to death, I remembered with a tug at my heart how I felt that day. But Dr. Bumpus couldn't have been more friendly. We talked for some

time—or rather I did, for he only sat there asking questions. At last he said, regretfully, that there wasn't a position of any kind open in the museum.

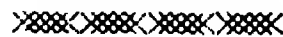
My heart dropped into my shoes. But I blurted out: "I'm not asking for a position. I just want to *work* here. You have to have someone to clean the floors. Couldn't I do that?"

"A man with a university education," he said, "usually doesn't want to clean floors."

"No," I said, "not just *any* floors. But the museum floors *are* different. I'll clean them and love it if you'll let me."

His face lighted with a smile. "If that's the way you feel about it, I'll give you a chance. You can start in the Department of Taxidermy at \$40 a month."

Beyond Adventure
(Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Little, Brown)



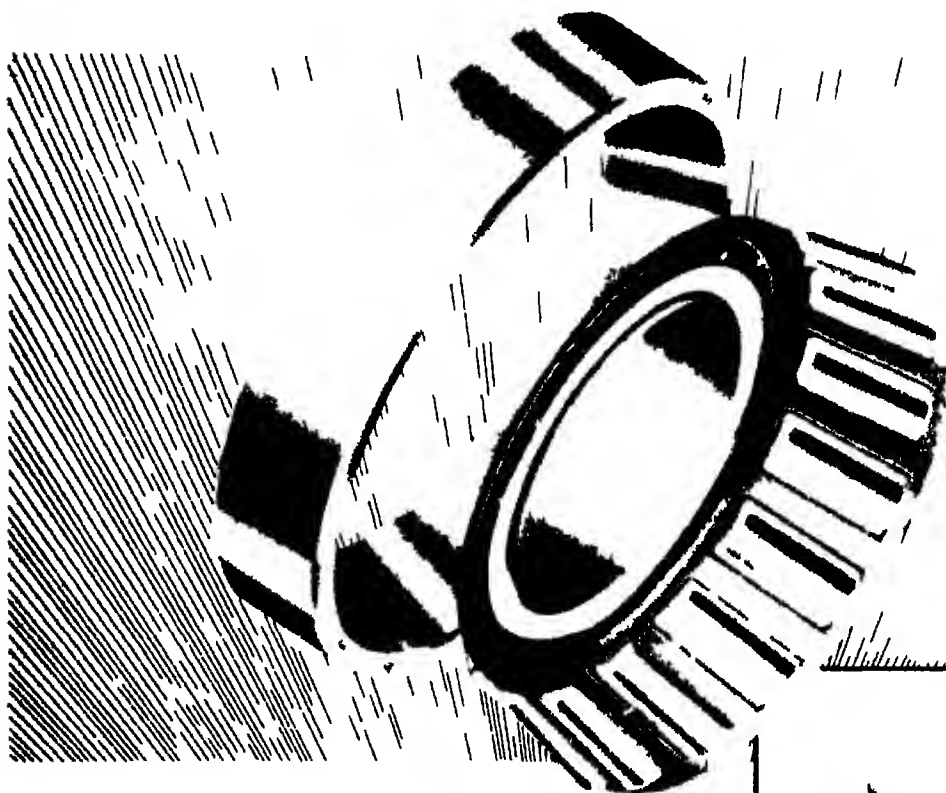
Deft Definitions

ACTOR: a guy who, if you ain't talking about him, he ain't listening (Marlon Brando, quoted in *The Observer*) . . . **PRODUCER**: a man who stands at the back of the theatre on the first night and wishes he were dead (Alfred de Liagre, quoted by Gilbert Millstein in *New York Times Magazine*) . . . **DIET**: a short period of starvation preceding a gain of five pounds (John McHenry) . . . **NEPOTISM**: putting on heirs (Robert Fitch) . . . **UNIVERSITY YEARS**: the only holiday a boy gets between his mother and his wife . . . **HOT DOG**: the only animal that feeds the hand that bites it (*Farm Journal & Country Gentleman*) . . . **MODERN PIONEER**: the mother who manages to get through a rainy Saturday with the television set out of order (Balance Sheet) . . . **TONGUE TWISTER**: a phrase that gets your tang all tonguelled up (Fred Allen, quoted by Bennett Cerf) . . . **CONFUSION** is one woman plus one right turn; **EXCITEMENT** is two women plus one secret; **BEDLAM** is three women plus one bargain; **CHAOS** is four women plus one luncheon bill (*Changing Times, The Kiplinger Magazine*).

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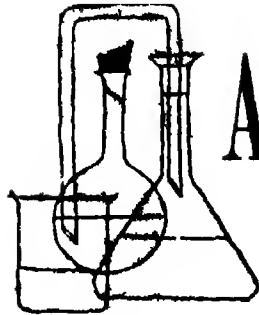
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An unusual school for unusual students—
run by an unusual man

Dr. Meister's "Beautiful School"

By William Dutton



A NEWSPAPER once spoke slightly of the ageing brick building—a relic of horseless carriage days—that houses the High School of Science in New York's Bronx. Next day this letter was in the editor's post:

No, we haven't a gorgeous gym, Mr. Editor, or magnificent grounds. But we have the best principal in the United States, the best liked teaching staff in the city, and a spirit that no school can beat. If we had to choose between Science with its broken down walls and the school with the finest building, our answer without any hesitation would be Science—here we come!

That was ten years ago. Time

has eased none of the old structure's faults. Yet last year when Principal Morris Meister announced that the school would enrol 800 new pupils, four times as many boys and girls applied for admission.

They faced one of the hardest entrance exams imposed by any secondary school. They knew that if accepted they would have to do more schoolwork than the average secondary school demands and hold their own in a student body of 2,400 which has a median Intelligence

Quotient of 137—probably the highest of any secondary school in the United States.

Throughout the United States only one boy or girl in five has an IQ of 116 or higher, and fewer than one half of one per cent exceed 150. The usual curriculum is geared to the learning pace



THE READER'S DIGEST

of IQ 104, which is the average for secondary schools. The superior student has become today's forgotten youngster.

But Doctor Meister has not forgotten him. He has given 40 years to studying above average youngsters.

"When the average is the norm," he says, "a kid of IQ 200 (we've had them up to IQ 208 at Science) can be just as much a misfit as a moron and feel far more unwanted. The too easy lessons sap incentive. Idleness breeds boredom or worse contempt for school teachers and all authority. By neglect of the gifted, he says, America is squandering a priceless potential in future leaders.

Meister joined others in persuading New York City to found the High School of Science in 1938. The plan was to limit admission to students who had shown a bent for science and capabilities for leadership. They were to be volunteers who had recommendations from their former teachers; from the lot the most promising would be selected. With high aptitude the rule, high accomplishment would become the norm.

The teachers in this school would be guides and counsellors, and no ceiling would be placed over any youngster's ambitions. Emphasis would be on the unknowns yet to be explored, on the world's needs rather than its dead past.

The experiment has been successful. Last year the school's students

won some \$580,000 in university scholarships, topping all U.S. high schools. Ninety six per cent of its graduates have successfully obtained university degrees, as compared to 14 per cent for the average high school. Furthermore, the school has exploded one fallacy after another.

Fallacy Children with exceptionally high IQ require special teachers. *Fact* At Science teachers are assigned as at any other New York City school from the common pool. But they can give their maximum; they like the boys and girls; are not held back by slow-learning pupils.

Fallacy The gifted child must be pampered. *Fact* Three high schools in turn abandoned the old building in which Science has held forth for 18 years.

Fallacy Children with high IQ are puny, bespectacled bookworms. *Fact* Students of the High School of Science are taller and healthier than the average for their ages. Despite being a year or two younger than their rivals, they compete on even terms with the athletic teams of much bigger high schools: in swimming and tennis they rank among the city's top five; in handball they've been city champions.

I asked a dozen youngsters what they see in Science that they don't see in other schools.

The students come first, ' said one boy. "We're consulted, the

teachers credit us with having sense."

"Nobody is a stuffed shirt," said another. "Any kid can get a hearing any time."

A 16-year-old girl student added, "Maybe outsiders call this place an old dump, but to us—why, it's beautiful!"

To Morris Meister, this latter tribute is gratifying, for it attests the success of an experiment which had its inspiration in his own school days in Goenitz, Poland. When Morris was small, his grandfather ran a school that was renowned for high scholarship and rigid discipline (often enforced by a strap or cane). His grandfather died and his uncle took over as schoolmaster. It was spring and the uncle opened the windows—to let the world in, he said. The kids packed books, slates and lunches, and classes were adjourned to the wooded shore of a nearby lake.

"About you is your greatest book," said his uncle.

"All nature was coming to life," Meister recalls, "and I came to life as a student. During the next two years I learned that school *can* be beautiful, and that life itself is the master textbook."

Then his father, a hatmaker, moved to New York. They lived on the Lower East Side. Up through the shabby state schools there, through City College, Columbia University, degrees, honours and several years of university teaching,

Meister dreamed of establishing a school like his uncle's that would excel in scholarship and also be a happy school. Science would dominate it, for Meister sees the sciences as tested roadways to truth in all realms of life. His aim was to send forth graduates aware that above-average ability entails above-average responsibility to find truth and put it to work.

In accordance with Dr. Meister's principle that the pupils themselves should exercise leadership, the Student Council of 65 elected members is autonomous. It administers scores of non-class activities, from the Astronomy Club to the students' non-profit retail store, and it deals with many matters of discipline.

Most of the pupils at Science come from modest homes, and they are of many creeds and races. The one over-all requirement is that every student must have a serious purpose and the aptitude and will to attain it.

Each pupil must complete a special project. The noted scientist Dr. Irving Langmuir once visited the school and was amazed by a model that a 16-year-old boy had built of the Langmuir-Lewis atom, based on a theory that was an extremely complicated one.

Another special project resulted in its author's election as a Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society of London. New York's Botanical Gardens named a bread mould "HSS" in honour of its discovery in a High School of Science class.

One evening not long ago Mariana Mandl, a pretty 16-year-old pupil, heard her father, a physician, say that outer garments made of nylon, even stockings, are prohibited in a hospital operating room. "Nylon produces static electricity," he explained, "which may cause an explosion of the anæsthetic gases."

Mariana wrote to the DuPont Company and others for facts, and learned that the U.S. Army is keenly concerned about static electricity. Before long she had a project under way: to overcome static electricity in nylon, something that chemists had been trying to do ever since nylon was invented.

When I talked with her the project was six months old. Not satisfied with the school's electroscope, by which static electricity is detected, she had built her own. By her tests it is 75 per cent more efficient than the school's instrument. She said she had succeeded in keeping nylon fabrics static-free three to five times longer than the usual commercial processes do. Her findings are now being evaluated by established laboratories.

In the life of a school, 18 years is a brief period in which to prove its

worth, but Principal Meister and his staff can now count real returns. Of 1,500 Regents college scholarships offered to New York City by the State of New York last year, Science graduates won 265, far more than any other high school. Among the thousands of contenders in the annual Science Talent Search in the United States they have won 18 major scholarships and 90 honourable mentions. A survey of 1,400 graduates who have been away from Science eight years or more shows that 70 per cent have taken post-graduate work in the scientific professions; two thirds hold honorary awards for scholarship, 25 per cent have published articles or books. Yet half of the careers have been interrupted by military service.

Recently New York City decided that its High School of Science had grown up, and plans are now being made to erect a new building on another site for an estimated seven million dollars. There is to be no change, Meister says, in the character of the student body. And the present aim will live on: "To make each class a laboratory for finding out facts, for testing ideas and for learning by doing."



THE DOCTRINE of human equality reposes on this—that there is no man really clever who has not found that he is stupid. There is no big man who has not felt small. Some men never feel small; but these are the few men who are.

— G. K. Chesterton, *A Miscellany of Men*

BOOK SECTION

DELIVER US FROM EVIL

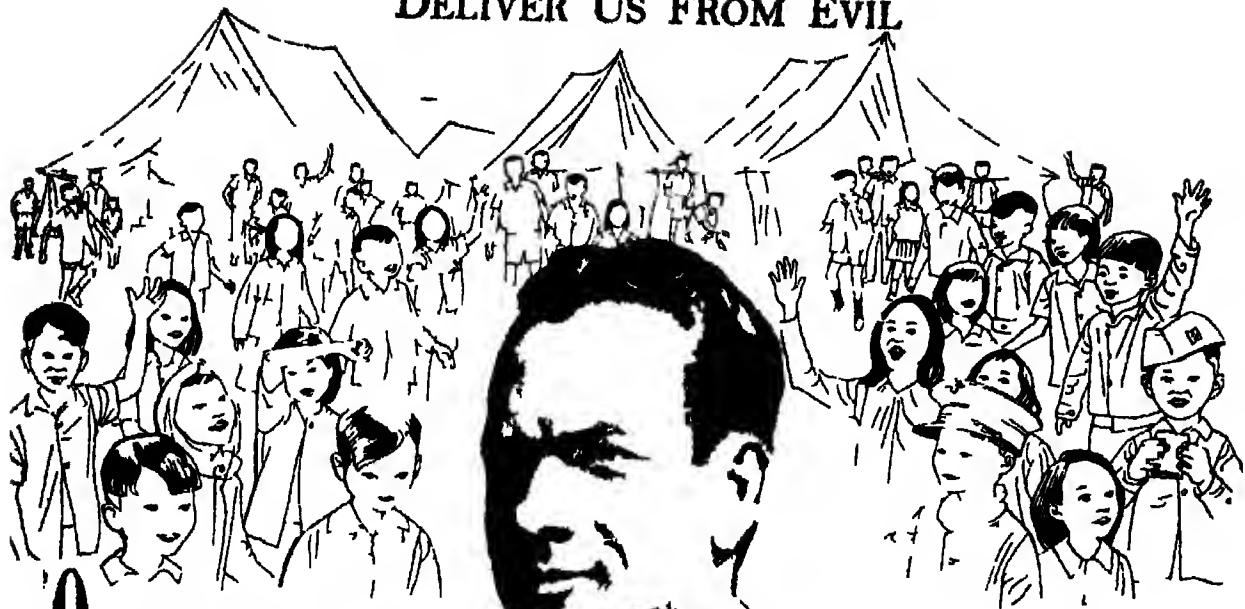
Condensed from the book

BY THOMAS DOOLEY

Lieutenant Medical Corps U.S. Navy

Deliver Us From Evil is the story of an extraordinary rescue operation in turbulent, hostile North Viet Nam. Through the tireless work of Lieutenant Tom Dooley's small U.S. Navy unit in a huge refugee camp, under arduous and challenging circumstances, thousands upon thousands of refugees were helped in their desperate march to freedom. Dooley tells his story with an engaging, unaffected simplicity that stamps the narrative with the hallmark of sincerity.

DELIVER US FROM EVIL



ONE NIGHT last spring I lay sleepless and sweltering in the dying city of Haiphong North Viet Nam asking myself the question that has taunted so many young people caught in faraway places: What the devil am I doing here?

None of the answers that came to mind seemed wholly satisfying. I was not on this weird Bamboo Curtain mission by compulsion. Each month the U S Navy offered me the chance to quit and go back on board a nice clean ship and perhaps home. Yet each month I volunteered to stay on in this nightmare for still another 30 days. Why? In my depressed mood I cursed myself for a fool.

For as long as I could remember, I had wanted to be a doctor. Now at 28, I was qualified, although still very green. Moreover, I was a U S

Navy doctor, an added distinction I had coveted since serving as a hospital orderly in the U S Navy in 1944-46. Finally I was one

young doctor who did *not* lack patients. God knows I had more cases than any doctor could possibly handle.

Out there in the makeshift refugee camp I had set up with U S Army tents were more than 12,000 wretched sick and horribly maimed Vietnamese, most of them either very young or very old. They were fleeing from the Communists of North Viet Nam, hoping to reach the doubtful security of Saigon. Before they came, more than 300,000 others had already passed through the camp. The number was to exceed the half-million mark.

I was treating diseases that most of my fellow-students would never encounter in a lifetime's practice,

performing operations which the text-books never mention. What do you do for children who have had chopsticks driven into their inner ears? For old women whose collar-bones have been shattered by rifle butts? Or for kids whose ears have been torn off with pincers?

Yes, cocky young Dooley, tipped by the professors at medical school as a future "society doctor," was at last being educated, the hard way.

At Notre Dame University the priests had tried valiantly to teach me philosophy. But out here in this Communist hellhole I had learned many more profound and practical facts about the true nature of man. I had watched tough U.S. sailors become tender nurses for sick babies and dying old women. I had seen inhuman torture and suffering elevate weak men to lofty heights of spiritual nobility. I knew now why organized godlessness can never kill the divine spark that burns within even the humblest human.

That night in Haiphong I tossed fitfully on my bunk until just before dawn. I heard Boatswain's Mate Norman Baker stumble into my tent. "Better get moving, Doc," he said. "We've got another batch - 1,000 more." From Baker's tone I could tell that the newcomers would be just like the rest: filthy, starving, diseased and maimed in God knows what manner.

Groping for a flashlight and pushing my swollen feet into a pair of muddy rope-soled shoes, I began

instinctively murmuring the Lord's Prayer as I had every morning since childhood. "but deliver us from evil." I had to pause in the darkness. Yes, O God, that is the people's prayer—to be delivered from evil! At that moment I think I sensed, however dimly, the purpose behind my being there.

"Temporary Assignment"

A brand new U.S. Navy doctor, with the rank of a lieutenant, junior grade, I was stationed at the U.S. Naval Hospital in Yokosuka, Japan when the orders which got me into it came. Early in July, 1954, I was temporarily posted to



the U S S *Montague* AKA 98, for amphibious exercises. The duty seemed likely to be so brief that I allowed a nurse in Yokosuka to drive my new convertible while I was gone, and told my room mate he could wear my best civilian suit. When I got back to Japan, 11 months later, there were 20 000 additional miles on the convertible's speedometer. As for the new suit—well, I couldn't have worn it any way, I had lost four of my former 12 stone.

For a couple of weeks the amphibious exercises had us scrambling down landing nets and storming the sweltering beaches of the Philippines. But on August 12 Task Force 90 was ordered to proceed to Haiphong, North Viet Nam, anchor in stream and await instructions.

We could only guess the nature of the job before us. Viet Nam, of course, suggested the latest tragedy in the Red engulfment of Asia—the fall of the fortress at Dien Bien Phu and the partitioning of yet another country.

The *Montague* was the first American ship to glide into the Baie d'Along. Soon other ships dropped anchor behind us. The historic "Passage to Freedom" was getting under way.

Beyond the bay lay the city of Haiphong, chief port on the Tonkin delta and then the last enclave of freedom in North Viet Nam. I stood on deck, gazing at the distant, mysterious shoreline, wondering about

our prospective human cargo.

Then I heard a shout, and saw the men pointing to a small craft heading towards us, bobbing like a little cork on the rough waters of the bay. We identified it as a French LCT. Such craft are designed to carry four or five tanks and a few dozen men, but when at last this one pulled alongside the *Montague*, I looked down with horror. Huddled there on the open decks, drenched by the sea and exposed to the cruel sun, were at least 1 000 human beings, many of them babies.

The adults had children on their backs and by the hand, and even the older children were carrying babies. Across their shoulders they carried balance poles with shallow baskets at either end. There they had their meagre belongings—clothing, rice bowls, heirlooms and, invariably, a crucifix.

With the help of a French speaking priest and the elders (whom we called mandarins) we tried to make the ship's rules known, then we herded the people aboard. As I watched them pass, I had to struggle to control the terrible nausea within me. They were filthy, scabrous or covered with open sores. Many bore the disfigurements of inhuman treatment. From a dimly remembered course in tropical medicine I was able to recognize symptoms that said I had a great deal of work ahead of me.

But what struck me most was the look of fear, terror and hostility in

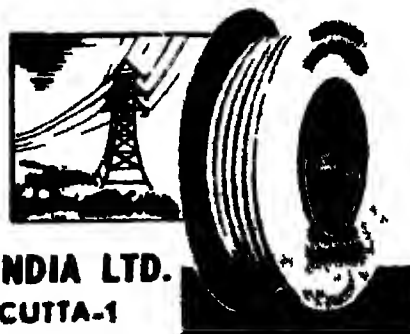


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the eyes of everyone, young and old
These people were mortally afraid
—of us!

Master-Touch of Evil

The LCF brought another load and the embarkation was complete. The 'Ready to Get Under Way' reports went to the skipper and the *Montague* headed south. I immediately organized sick parade. It ran almost continuously thereafter until we reached Saigon three days later.

Doctor Dooley now learned at first hand about diseases that had escaped him at the medical school. On the first day I isolated ten cases of smallpox. I saw yaws, leprosy, beriberi, elephantiasis, skin syphilis, and one case we mentioned only in a whisper—cholera.

In the *Montague's* sick bay I unearthed the secret behind the fear and hostility in the people's eyes. The priests and the mandarins, who had stood watching me for hours, finally told the story. These people were the victims of a master stroke of Communist evil—a foully clever propaganda barrage.

The Vietnamese in the north had been conditioned to believe that to go south was sheer folly—suicide, or even worse. They were told that the Americans—even more than the despised French—were inhuman monsters. The mandarins reached into their sleeves and drew forth the evidence—a number of leaflets that purported to describe what would happen to those refugees who

took the "Passage to Freedom."

There were never more than five or six words on a sheet, but the skilfully drawn pictures conveyed the idea perfectly. One picture showed a group of American sailors squatting round a fire cooking a Vietnamese baby on a spit. Another showed American Naval officers at the foot of a gangplank checking off Vietnamese girls for the brothels of Saigon. There was even a picture of a U.S. Navy doctor vaccinating the people with deadly germs. But the prize was a graphic drawing of an ISI type ship that carried its passengers far out to sea, then opened its giant maw and spewed them overboard.

Now the mandarins shook their heads solemnly over the enormity of these lies and apologized that the people had believed them. They promised to work diligently to correct or dispel the groundless fears.

When we reached Saigon we helped the passengers to gather up their boxes and bundles and prepare for the next stage of the journey into the unknown. They were still a sad lot, but somehow they seemed cleaner, brighter, braver than when they came aboard. Their bundles were heavier with all the extra rice, bread and flour that the sailors had purloined from the galley. And what a joy it was to see a Vietnamese mother pat a young sailor and say:

Lot Lam — Very nice

We had transported 2,061 people. There were two deaths, two burials.



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CONNAUGHT PLACE, NEW DELHI

at sea Dr Dooley had officiated at four births, mothers and babies all doing well—including one little chap who faces life burdened with the name dreamed up by his proud parents Thinh Van Montague AKA 98 Nghain

Before turning in I stood on deck congratulating myself on being a U S Navy doctor Dooley ' I said, ' you've seen and done things that are out of this world You'll never have another experience to top this one in your whole lifetime '

That's what I thought!

Dr. Dooley "Volunteers"

We returned to Haiphong picked up another load of refugees and made another and no less harrowing round trip—which was to be my last By now the anchorage in the Baie d'Along was filled with ships And one day I was invited aboard a newly arrived transport to give a sanitation briefing While on deck I heard the ship's captain yelling orders in English to a French landing craft alongside The French coxswain obviously knew no English and the situation was beautifully fouled up I speak French so I decided to go to the bridge and make myself useful

The skipper glared at me I am doctor! Can't you see I'm busy

I cleared my throat Beg pardon, sir, but—"

"But, nothing! I told you—later!"

There was fire in his eye "Captain," I said plaintively, "I speak

French Thought I might help "

"Hell's bells, why didn't you say so?" he roared "Tell that idiot to pull away and come alongside Chinese fashion "

I shouted the orders in French, and the landing craft came round smoothly with its bow to the transport's stern I got a grateful salute from the Frenchman and a gruff thank you from the skipper But as I left the bridge I noticed the calculating predatory look in his eye

That started it Word got around that young Dooley could speak French like a native Soon I was performing all sorts of extra duties that had nothing to do with the practice of medicine Then I was ordered aboard the flagship to report to Captain James Grindell Force Medical Officer of Task Force 90

Captain Grindell said he was organizing a Preventive Medicine and Sanitation unit to be based in the port city of Haiphong The place was inundated with refugees and would soon be infested with all sorts of diseases including the more exotic tropical varieties The local population would be exposed to plagues and epidemics but even more serious there was a strong likelihood of the diseases spreading to the city of Saigon in the south where we were depositing our uprooted humanity

Then Captain Grindell put his cards on the table

"Dr Dooley," he said, "I'm considering attaching you to this unit as

a medical officer and—er—well, as a sort of interpreter, let's say. You understand, of course, that this is a voluntary duty. Strictly voluntary. So make up your own mind."

When a captain who is speaking for the Admiral, says that he is "considering" a junior lieutenant for something, the lieutenant doesn't have to think too long. I volunteered.

Bright and early next morning I went aboard the flagship and met the four officers of the newly minted Preventive Medicine unit to be commanded by Captain Julius Amberson. Captain Grindell read the orders which said among other things, that we were 'to provide humanitarian care and medical attention for the refugees as they came within the orbit of our operations'. Even at the time I wondered if we weren't a rather small company for such an ambitious undertaking. But I still didn't suspect that the 'humanitarian care and medical attention' of half a million refugees would soon become my responsibility alone.

'All right gentlemen, that's it.' Captain Grindell concluded. 'Lot of luck to you.'

We picked up our light kits (how light! O Lord!) and went ashore.

Haiphong

Haiphong greeted us with heat, faded grandeur and a mélange of odours that smelt like the quintessence of all Asia. Unlike most port

cities, it presents its best aspects on the waterfront, with beautiful modern wharves and warehouses. But after you pass a block or two of gracious homes and parks, the town degenerates rapidly into bazaars, flea markets and indescribable squalor.

Normally, the population was less than 100,000. When we arrived late in August, 1954, it had been doubled, at least, by the grey tides of refugees sweeping into the city. They sprawled in the streets, gutters and alleys, and covered the parks like swarming ant heaps. Through this filth and confusion moved detachments of French sailors and Foreign Legionnaires, busily evacuating French military and civilian property from the doomed city.

We reconnoitred Haiphong's two hotels, the Paris and the Continental. One was as bad as the other, so we settled at the Continental in barnlike rooms furnished with faded upholstery and decrepit beds covered with mosquito netting. The place was infested with fighting cockroaches and rats that looked big enough to saddle.

Outside the hotel I had my first encounter with the only really engaging thing about Haiphong—the shoe-shine boys. They were filthy, ragged, amusing little beggars, and accomplished thieves, who travelled through the town in small herds and slept on the street corners at night. Somehow we became fast friends. On that first day someone swiped a

camera from my room; next morning I merely mentioned it to the shoeshine boys, and by nightfall the camera was returned, as mysteriously as it had disappeared.

While trying to shine my rough combat boots (with a dozen critics telling the shiner how the job should be done), they taught me my first phrases of Vietnamese—a simple, monosyllabic language which I soon spoke fairly well. They tried to pronounce my ridiculous name, but soon gave up. So it was the shoeshine boys who first called me *Bac Sy My* (American Navy Doctor), which henceforth was to be my Vietnamese name.

Later, when things got really rough, these ragged urchins became my dependable corps of volunteers, sleeping in the hotel corridor outside my door or fending for themselves in our camp, always ready to do my bidding as scouts, couriers and rascals of mercy. During the last days of Haiphong, one of my friends watched these eager beavers operating and named them the "little dooleys." I felt deeply honoured.

Building the Camp

Under the terms of the Geneva treaty which ended the Indo-Chinese War six weeks earlier, Viet Nam had been divided at the Seventeenth Parallel into two "temporary zones of political influence" until things could be settled by a national plebiscite which was scheduled for July, 1956. Meanwhile,

the southern half, population ten million, was to be ruled by the national government in Saigon; and the northern half, population 12 million, controlled by the Viet Minh Communists under the leadership of Ho Chi Minh.

An important clause in the cease-fire agreement provided that a crescent-shaped area round Haiphong at the mouth of the Tonkin delta was to remain an "open zone to both parties." This was to serve as a staging area for the evacuation of those people in the north who preferred exile in South Viet Nam to life under the Communists. The agreement was that these people were not only to be *allowed* but *assisted* to move south; and a mixed neutral commission, composed of representatives of Canada, Poland and India, was created to supervise the evacuation.

But this small "open zone" round Haiphong was scheduled to shrink gradually, and on specified dates, until in the middle of May, 1955, the entire area, including the city of Haiphong, would be in the hands of the Communists. Obviously, this was a tricky arrangement—just how tricky we would soon learn.

On our second day in Haiphong, Captain Amberson called me in and tossed a sheaf of notes and sketches at me. "Dooley," he said, "your job will be to build refugee camps. That's the general idea. Now get going. And don't bother me about the details."



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"Aye, aye, sir," I said. But at that moment I didn't know the difference between a refugee camp and a summer playground for girls.

There was no suitable place in Haiphong for a refugee camp, but I found a reasonably good spot about four miles from town, on the road leading to Hanoi. We rounded up a gang of coolies and had them clear the area and dig drainage ditches to keep the place from floating away in the monsoon season. Then I yelled for tents and supplies.

I committed a few prize boners—which Captain Amberson caught in time—like locating the latrine area on the windward side and putting the water purifying machinery too near the paddies the people used for other purposes. But we made amazing headway. Only a few days after we had asked for them, 150 tents were flown from Japan—250 prudently thrown in as spares.

These were U.S. Army 60-man tents, but we made each one accommodate 120 refugees. I set them up in rows of 12 with drainage ditches on all four sides of each tent. The first row I reserved for my hospital area: a tent for sick parade, a 'nursery' for newborn babies, several supply tents, and five or six tents for sick patients. I also set aside one tent for the elders or mandarins who would act as camp leaders.

Beyond the last row of tents was the latrine area—and 12,000 people can present an enormous problem of daily waste-disposal. In spite of

regular spraying and oil burning, the tents nearest the latrines quickly became uninhabitable. So I devised the system of regularly moving my hospital area forward and shifting the last row of tents to the front of the camp. In this way my camps literally 'walked' towards Haiphong. Later, as the Viet Minh perimeter closed in around us, it was always my latrine area that I surrendered to the Communists.

If medals could be awarded to machines, I would recommend the highest honours for our water-purifying equipment. We had to produce 15,000 gallons of drinking water every day and that brave little unit ran for nearly 300 days with a minimum of faltering. The water was drawn from a rice paddy, passed through a sand filter and two chemical feed tanks, and finally through a chlorination apparatus before passing into the big 3,000-gallon rubber storage tank. The refugees drank this water with obvious distaste. They much preferred the typhoid flavour of the water in the paddies.

I considered the water machinery a mechanical mystery to be admired from a distance. Whenever something went wrong I gave Boatswain's Mate Baker my jeep and a packet of cigarettes and in the voice of command I had learned from Captain Amberson, I'd say "Baker, get that damn thing fixed—and don't bother me with the details!"

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Hours later Baker would return with a couple of Legionnaires, all full of cheap brandy and smoking American cigarettes. I never knew where the Frenchmen or the spare parts came from, but the machine always became as good as new.

On Being an Eager Beaver

We processed and evacuated the refugees as quickly as we could. But new refugees kept streaming in and sometimes we had as many as 14,000. Our primary job was to de-louse, vaccinate and inoculate and to screen out those who had communicable diseases. But there was more to it than that. At the sick-parade tent I was seeing 300 or 400 people desperately in need of medical treatment every day. What was I to do? Leave them in the camp to sicken and die? Send them back behind the Bamboo Curtain?

There is a Service motto which says (approximately) that a man should keep his mouth shut, his internal system in order and *never* volunteer. Fortunately this is a rule seldom observed when things get tough. In my own case the breach is widened by an Irish temperament that makes me stick my neck out.

'Doctor,' I said to Captain Amberson, 'we've got to do something for these sick people. We can't turn back a woman and child to the Communists just because the kid has, say, smallpox. We've got to treat the disease so that the family can get aboard ship.'

He looked at me wearily, but with obvious understanding. As a doctor he agreed with me, but he just felt sorry for a young eager beaver who thought he could overcome every problem in sight.

'All right, Dooley,' he said, 'Do the best you can.'

So we stepped up sick-parade, and I even enlarged my hospital tent for surgery. My enlisted men—some like Baker without previous training as medical orderlies—learned to spot yaws at ten paces, and they washed hideous sores, changed dressings and slapped ointments as if they had been doing it all their lives.

I began treating dysentery, cholera, smallpox, typhoid, trachoma, worm infestations, fungus and rat bites. But soon I was almost floored by the surgical problems of traumatic injuries induced by fiendish torture.

For the kind of job I had undertaken I needed drugs and dressings and surgical equipment enough to stock a good-sized hospital. I had no authority to requisition the Navy for my needs, nor did the Navy in the circumstances have the authority to supply them. But there's always a way of doing things, and the Dookys have never been cursed with false pride.

With Hat in Hand

I got what I could from the IOA by the simple expedient of getting the Refugee Committee to make the



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requisition (which was the normal thing) and then turn the supplies over to me. Then we went out to the command ships and transports of Task Force 90 to practise what in the Orient is known as *cumshaw* but in plain English is called scrounging.

Perhaps we played upon the eternal curiosity of men afloat about what goes on ashore. But we had legitimate and hair-raising tales to tell about conditions they were not allowed ashore to see. The result was that each ship gave us what could be spared—a few vials of penicillin, a dozen bottles of vitamin pills, some dressings and bandages. By this means I built up a pretty good pharmacy.

But it still wasn't enough. My needs increased just as the main ships of the task force departed. That's when I stuck my neck out again, and sent Operation Hat-in-Hand back to the United States. I sat down and wrote letters to every pharmaceutical and surgical supply house that had ever sent me circulars or samples. I told them what I was up against, carefully stressing the fact that I was writing as an individual—Tom Dooley, M.D. and not as an officer of the United States Navy.

Those firms—God bless them!—never paused to investigate. They simply sent me, post haste, what I had asked. One rushed supplies of terramycin, and later sent streptomycin and penicillin. Another sent

me gallons of a liquid vitamin preparation. This was a godsend, for a few drops were enough for a dose. Pan American Airways sent 10,000 bars of soap. I wish I could name all who gave so generously.

Operation Cockroach

By October Captain Amberson had been recalled to Washington, and Lieutenant-Commander Ed Gleason, a field sanitation expert, and the other officers had finished their duties and departed. Now I was the only remaining officer, with just four enlisted men to help me: Dennis Shepard, Peter Kessey, big Ed Maugre and stout-hearted Norman Baker, who was to be with me to the bitter end.

Daily I expected new brass hats to arrive and take over, but no one came. Much later I learned what had happened. Captain Amberson had said to Rear-Admiral Lorenzo Sabin, the commander of Task Force 90. "The situation in Haiphong is pretty sticky, and the fewer men we have ashore the better. Young Dooley has the situation well in hand, and can carry on."

Sure enough, in mid-October orders came through designating me "Commander, Task Unit 90.8.6." I was pretty proud of my command until Communications advised us that, for security reasons, we would be known thereafter as Operation Cockroach!

There wasn't time to brood about this affront, however. The refugee

horde pouring into Haiphong was increasing daily, and as the perimeter tightened, the people came through weaker and more diseased, and showing greater evidence of atrocities. The cease-fire guarantee of free and unmolested passage was now clearly a farce.

Still, the refugees didn't come hailing us as their deliverers. They were fearful, suspicious and sometimes hostile. We had to win them over. Sickness and suffering forced them to seek the hospital tents, so that I was kept busy from dawn to long after dark. But it was like operating in an amphitheatre, for crowds gathered and watched every move I made. They wanted to see if I poisoned or mutilated people, as the Communists said.

Baker and I took some beatings at the hands of these misguided and hysterical people. But, remembering the importance of "face" in the Orient, we were always careful to take up where we left off.

One day a woman brought me a baby whose body was covered with ulcers. Yaw ulcers respond miraculously to penicillin. I gave this infant a shot in the buttocks and told the mother to bring it back next day.

A few hours later I heard shouts and curses and saw the woman holding the baby aloft for the people to see. Here was proof that I was an American murderer! The child had reacted to penicillin with an angry-looking—but harmless—case of hives!

The distraught mother was in no mood for explanations. She handed her baby to a bystander, grabbed a pole and called up a dozen sympathizers. When my orderlies rescued me at last, I had three broken ribs, two black eyes and a lot of miscellaneous bruises.

Next day, with the whole camp watching, I went to the woman's tent alone and unarmed. As I expected, the hives had disappeared, and the ulcers were healing nicely. The woman burst into tears and fell at my feet begging forgiveness. She remained in the camp for weeks, serving as one of my helpers at sick parade, always eager to exhibit her nice clean baby. The effect on the other refugees was worth much more than a couple of fractured ribs.

Wrath of the Godless

As the weeks passed I found myself increasingly puzzled, not only by the growing number but by the *character* of Communist atrocities. They seemed almost to have a religious significance. I was accustomed by now to patching up emasculated men, and women whose breasts had been mutilated, and even little children without fingers or hands. But more and more I was learning that these punishments were linked to the refugees' belief in God.

One night the shoeshine boys came, as they did so often, to inform me that I was needed in a little village near the Bamboo Curtain. We

drove about ten miles in the truck, and then they led me to a straw hut. Inside, by the light from a paraffin lamp, I saw an elderly couple and several children kneeling in prayer.

Then I saw a man lying on a bamboo stretcher, writhing in agony, his lips moving in silent prayer. When I pulled away the dirty blanket I found that his body was a mass of blackened flesh from the shoulders to the knees. The belly was hard and distended, and the scrotum swollen to the size of a football. I gave him a shot of morphine, and inserted a large needle in the scrotum in an attempt to draw off some of the fluid.

The old woman said the man was her brother, a Catholic priest, from a little town now within Communist territory. The Viet Minh had told him he could hold only one Mass daily, at 6 a.m. the hour when everyone had to gather in the village square for a daily lecture on the "New Life." When he persisted in saying Mass secretly at night, the Communists decided that he needed re-education.

They hung him by his feet from the rafters of the church, so that his hands barely touched the floor, and beat him with bamboo rods, concentrating on the genitalia. How long this went on he couldn't remember. But early the next morning the altar boys found him hanging there and cut him down.

They lashed together an arrangement of bamboo poles that could be carried as a litter and floated as a

raft. They hid the old priest near the river bank. Then, after dark, they swam downstream towing the raft, and carried him to his sister's hut in the still-free zone.

Miraculously, he survived the ordeal and for a time served as a chaplain of our camp.

On another gruesome day there came to my hospital tent seven little boys and an emaciated young man who was barely conscious. The children looked like ghostly apparitions. Thick pus was running from their ears. Two of them still had queer-looking things protruding from their heads, *Chopsticks!*

We pieced together the story. The young man was a schoolteacher. The Communists had caught him leading his class in the Lord's Prayer. They made him repeat it for them, line by line, and made a mockery of the words.

"Give us this day our daily bread

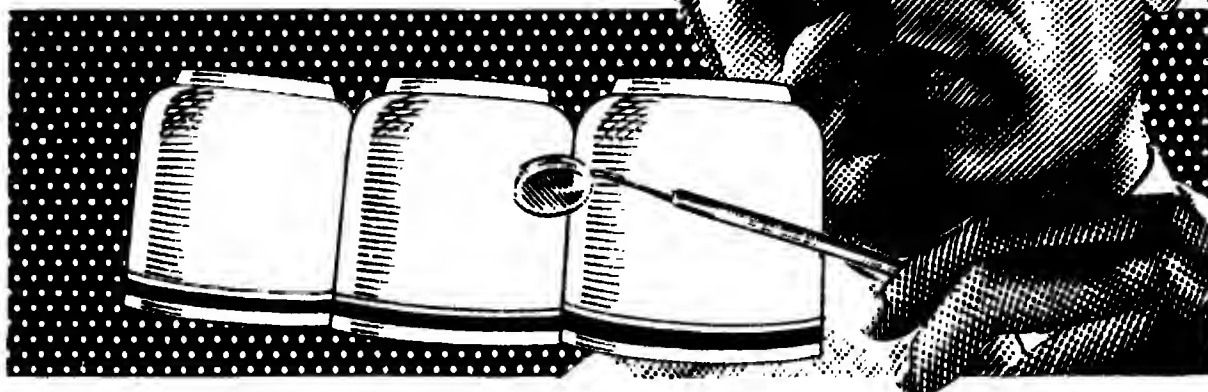
" Then they said to the children "Who gives you bread? God? No! The State!" When the lesson was ended, they led the class into the school yard and taught the pupils a different kind of lesson.

Two Viet Minh guards held a child by the arms, and another grasped his head. Then the leader rammed a chopstick deep into each ear, splitting the canal and shattering the inner ear. When all seven children had been "treated," the guards turned to the teacher. They drew out his tongue with pincers and sawed it off with a blunt bayonet.

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demonstrate a problem which is very difficult to solve. Imagine they are teeth. You can clean the fronts. You can clean the backs. But what about the spaces in between—spaces untouched by normal cleaning—where dangerous germs lurk? MACLEANS have solved this problem. All who value their teeth should read about lipoids—the ever-present danger.



MACLEANS gets at danger spots normal cleaning cannot reach

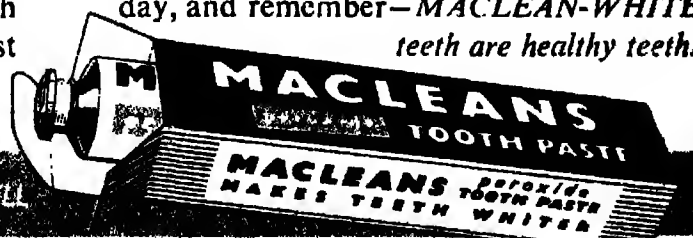
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Somehow five of the children had managed to remove the chopsticks from their heads. I had to use an anæsthetic before doing the job on the other two. There was little I could do for them but control the infection. The young teacher presented a greater problem. He had lost a great deal of blood and needed a transfusion, but I hadn't the equipment for it. I was able, however, to draw together the edges of his tongue stump and patch it up. Penicillin and the hand of God took care of the rest.

The eight survived—one young man who would never again pray aloud, and seven children who would hear the Word of God only in their hearts.

Mother of a Thousand

When my spirits were unusually low, I would get into my jeep after sundown and drive into Haiphong to the An Lac (Peace) Orphanage, where there was always laughter.

Usually there would be other guests for dinner—the French admiral, a few officers of the Foreign Legion or some Haiphong dignitary. But all observed two rules of the house: (1) you ate what was set before you, always a Vietnamese menu, which might consist of fish heads, bat-wing soup, a paste made of sparrows' eyes, or raw pork mixed in ancient fish oil; and (2) you never mentioned war or politics. The latter rule was rigidly enforced by our hostess, Madame Vu Thi Ngai—

Mother of a Thousand Children.

Madame Ngai was one of the most remarkable women I shall ever meet. She must have been in her 60's; but with her jet-black hair (dyed), fine-textured skin, wide-set black eyes and beautiful white teeth, she could easily pass as a fashionable 40. She was a big, beautifully proportioned woman, and her ample bosom seemed always to be shaking with laughter.

I became even more devoted to Madame Ngai when I learned her story. She had been a woman of great wealth, with a beautiful home and much land in Thanh Hoa, in southern Tonkin. But Thanh Hoa was one of the first towns ravaged by the Viet Minh in 1946. Madame Ngai's husband was killed, and her home partially destroyed.

She went through Thanh Hoa gathering up waifs and orphans, and brought them to her home—the nucleus of the An Lac Orphanage. When the Viet Minh came a second time, Madame Ngai gathered up her brood and fled to Nam Dinh, perhaps 50 miles away. She had only her jewellery and some blocks of gold leaf. But she bought another house in Nam Dinh for her orphans—by now she had 600!

During the next six years the An Lac Orphanage was to move five times, from town to town, always a few days ahead of the Communists, until Madame Ngai and company reached Haiphong in 1954. By this time the jewellery was gone, and the

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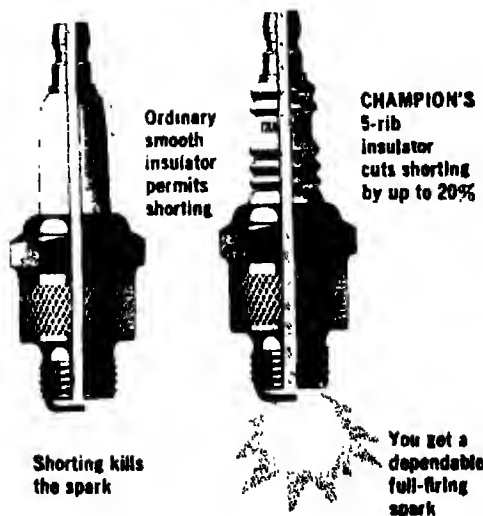
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hoard of gold leaf was perilously low, but she acquired a house big enough to accommodate her orphans. The first time I made a count in the summer of 1954, they numbered 1,089.

A Leg for Lovely Lia

After dinner, while the French men regaled their hostess with tall stories, I would take my bag and make the rounds of the An Lac Orphanage. There was enough disease and infirmity among these kids to give a man a complete course in pædiatrics, and my visits were busy ones. But there was always time for play, particularly with a favourite pal of mine, little Nguyen.

No one knew Nguyen's last name: he was an abandoned infant when Madame Ngai plucked him from a roadside, and now he was five. But tuberculosis of the spine had made him one of the most misshapen hunchbacks I've ever seen. He could barely waddle about. He couldn't sit at all and had to take his meals lying down. Most of the time he just rolled on the floor, but he was always laughing. I once took him aboard a Navy ship, and when I got him ashore I found that he had swiped three sailor caps and five cigarette lighters!

But my special love was reserved for Lia, one of the "older girls." Since she was now seven, Lia took care of the babies for Madame Ngai, and she looked like a solemn little Oriental doll as she went about her

duties in the nursery. Still, that was pretty hard work for a seven-year-old who had to get about on a rough-hewn crutch. Lia's right leg had been blown off by the land mine that killed both her parents.

When I first visited the orphanage in August, 1954, I examined Lia's stump. It was badly healed, with some raw and granulated patches. With a minor operation I got a good secondary closure. Then I asked Lia if she would work with me patiently to make the stump strong, and she said she would because she loved her *Bac Sy My*. So I taught her how to soak, stretch and exercise it daily, and by Christmas we had a good, functional stump.

Meanwhile, I had written to a surgical supply house in America describing the case and giving measurements in detail. But Lia was a growing girl, and what she needed was an adjustable limb that could grow with her. That company couldn't fill the bill and consulted another firm. Then the two of them got together and found a third company, in New Jersey, that could produce what we needed.

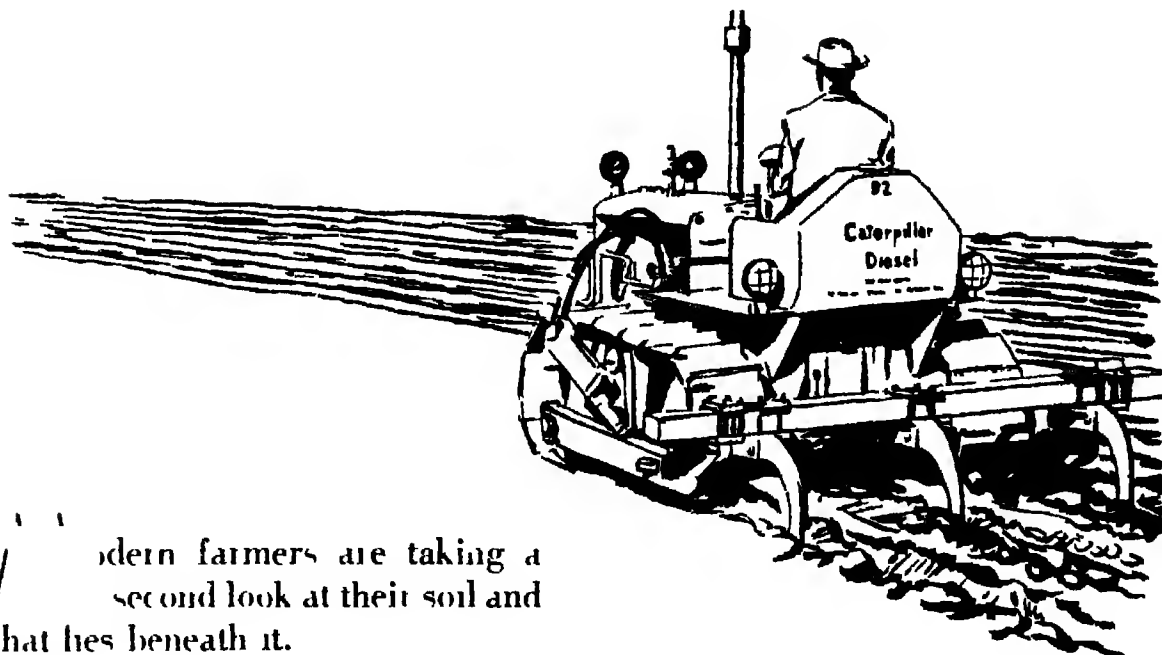
Several months later Lia's American leg arrived in Huiphong. I put it on her and, holding on to my hand, she walked for the first time. She smiled radiantly, and then burst into tears, and Madame Ngai, Boatswain's Mate Baker and I burst into tears too. Everybody was happy.

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The Assam Oil Company, for many years the pioneer of oil search in India, discovered a fresh source of oil recently at Nahorkatiya in Upper Assam. Crores of rupees have been spent in the search and many more will have to be spent on the development of this discovery.

And all the time, remember, the search for more oil is going on—for further sources of this most elusive mineral are vital for India's industrial development. All the very latest scientific methods and technical equipment, including aeromagnetometers and even helicopters, are being employed. No effort in fact is being spared to reduce India's dependence on oil purchases from abroad.

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wear long black trousers which reach to the ankles; and little Lia was probably the most modest child you could find. But for a week after she got her leg, she refused to wear any pants at all! One night I came to the orphanage late and tiptoed through the rooms to look at two sick children. I found Lia asleep on her bed still wearing the limb.

I woke her. "You must not do this, Lia," I said. "I told you how important it is for you to take care of that stump."

She looked at me with real hurt in her sleepy eyes. "When I sleep," she said, "I do not remove my Vietnamese leg. Why must I take off my American leg?"

Cosmo Invidiato, head of the company which made Lia's leg (free of charge), wrote: "From what I can read between the lines of your letter, conditions must be horrible for the people of that faraway country. It is difficult for us here to understand the sacrifices those people are making and the hardships they are undergoing constantly. Some times we fall to musing on our complete uselessness. Perhaps we should all try a little harder. . . ."

We can never repay Mr. Invidiato. But I did send him a little roll of ciné film showing Lia and her new leg. And Lia says she remembers him in her prayers each night.

The Days Get Darker

I seldom made the four-hour boat trip to the ships in the Baie d'Along

any more. With Viet Minh infiltrators itching for trouble, our launches no longer made the trip after dark; and the daylight hours were my busiest. But the lure of a hot bath and a good meal often seemed irresistible. Once I succumbed and, via my walkie-talkie, requested the command ship's helicopter.

When the skipper asked me what was up, I answered boldly, "Sir, I am in desperate need of a hot bath and a decent meal!" He merely chuckled. The whole task force knew about Dooley's bathing difficulties, having heard about the time I went aboard the flagship and was invited to luncheon by Admiral Sabin.

I was wearing my tattered khaki shirt and trousers, my hands were stained red with merthiolate, and I needed a bath. Nevertheless, with all those high-ranking officers present, the Admiral seated me at the end of the long table, directly facing him. I was obviously flattered, but he brought me up short. "Don't get any ideas, doctor," said the Admiral. "You just smell so bad I want you as far away as possible!"

Now the days were getting darker. I was racked by malaria, and had acquired some intestinal parasites that ate more than I did. I was down to skin and bones, and low in spirits. Many times I determined to take up Admiral Sabin on his monthly offer to send someone to replace me. But in my heart I knew I wanted to see this through to the end.

The atrocities were beginning to get me down and some of them I could never become inured to. One day the shoeshine boys informed me that Father Lopez at the Philippine Mission in Huiphong needed me at once. O Lord, I thought, another mutilated priest. But whatever it was I had expected. I had underestimated the fiendish imagination of godless men.

Father Lopez led me to a tiny room off the Mission courtyard. Lying on a straw mat was an old man moaning in delirium. His head was covered with foul green pus. When I washed it away, I counted eight swollen and badly infected wounds encircling his skull. In this instance Communist re-education had consisted of tying the priest's hands behind his back and driving eight nails into his skull to simulate the Crown of Thorns.

The old man had managed to drag himself to a hut where the peasant had dislodged the nails and then brought him to Huiphong. I gave him injections of tetanus toxoid and huge doses of penicillin drained the pus pockets and dressed the wounds. He made a complete recovery.

But one morning I arrived and found his straw pallet uncupied. The old priest had disappeared in the night. The note he left for Father Lopez merely said that he had to get back to his flock behind the Bamboo Curtain.

And I remember the day they

brought me a number of young boys who had escaped from the town of Bao Lac near the China border. The Communists had caught them at the perimeter but had let them pass after tearing an ear off each young head with pincers.

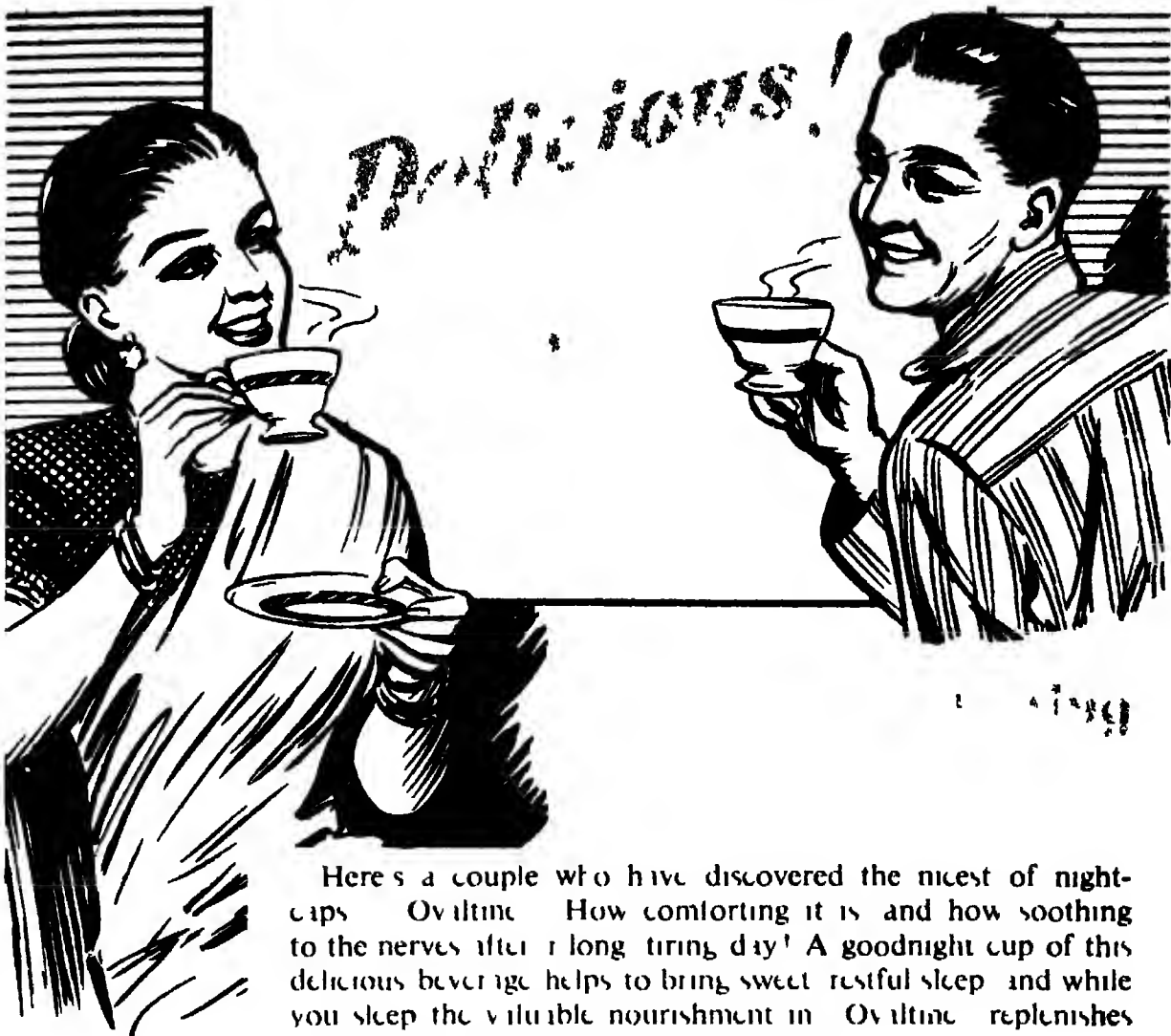
I trimmed the stumps, dissected the surface of the external canal and sutured the skin of the scalp and face. But the tension on the suture line was so great that I knew those boys would always bear hideous scars.

The horror of experiences like these might have been overwhelming, but for the fact that there just wasn't time to dwell upon them. All around us things were coming to a slow boil.

The Little Hero

One morning Captain Jerome Curran of the French Navy, who was in charge of patrolling the waters round Huiphong, called to tell me that a seaplane had just sighted several sampans apparently lashed together, floating mysteriously far out in the Baie d'Aloupe. He was going out on a landing craft. Did I want to go with him?

I joined him on the LSM and three hours later we reached the sampans. There were 14 of them and they were adrift under the blinding noon sunlight because none of the 1,000 or more people we found aboard had strength enough left to navigate.



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I 419

I clambered from sampan to sampan, examining the most miserable humans I have ever seen. There wasn't much I could do for them just then. They were all green from seasickness, cold and stiff from exposure, their feet and ankles swollen from long immersion, and skin cracked by constant salt spray and blazing sun. We took as many as we could aboard the LSM, and towed the rest back to Haiphong in the sampans.

Captain Cauvin and I found several elders and brought them to the cabin for hot tea. The mandarins told their story in a sad, weary monotone that came to life only when they mentioned the name of Mai Van Thinh, a 12-year-old lad who will always be remembered as the great hero of Cua Lo.

Cua Lo, the old men said, was a little seaside village 300 kilometres south of Haiphong. It had always been a happy place, made fairly prosperous by heavy hauls of fish and good crops from the rich, well-irrigated paddies inland. The people from Cua Lo spoke nostalgically of the French, for, under the French, life had not been so bad.

Then the Communists had taken over Cua Lo, bringing the bright promises of "Viet Minh Nationalism." The mandarins shook their heads sadly. "They gave us land reform, and it brought only famine," an old man said. "They carted away our fish, which we needed for food. They tried to teach us the 'New

Sociology,' which we found meant family denunciations, self-criticism, fear and distrust. Oh, it was very bad."

The people of Cua Lo had only one desire: escape. But the newly appointed Viet Minh commissar was determined to keep them captive, and had acquired a small garrison of Viet Minh guards.

So escape plans were made secretly and passed in whispers. Food and water were smuggled aboard the sampans bit by bit. Finally, a moonless night was set for the departure. There was only one loophole in the plan: someone would have to divert the Viet Minh guards from the waterfront while the people boarded the sampans. That was when little Mai Van Thinh volunteered.

The youngster was the sole survivor of an old Cua Lo family. His mother and father had been killed in the war. His older brother, Cham, denounced by the Viet Minh as the leader of the local Christian Youth Movement, had been tied to a tree, drenched with petrol and burned alive.

Mai offered to remain behind to divert the guards. This was a desperate gamble, but it was Cua Lo's last hope.

On the appointed evening, 1,156 people huddled in the darkness awaiting the signal. Then, on the far side of town, all hell broke loose. Fires started in widely separated places, Mai Van Thinh raced through the village, a screaming



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phantom, with the entire garrison trying to pin him down. And 1,156 men, women and children quietly boarded the sampans and slipped away into the dark. One doesn't like to think about what must have happened to Mai Van Thinh in the end.

The voyage on the open China Sea took five nights and five days. Without navigation instruments and most of the time without food or water, it was a miracle that these refugees ever reached the waters off Haiphong. But now, down in the well deck of the LSM, there were signs of life. The people were softly singing a hymn. One of the mandarins repeated the words for us: "O Lord, we love the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwells. Provide that our days may be spent in peace with Thee."

Evidence from Phat Diem

As the Communist perimeter closed in round Haiphong, there was no longer any doubt that it was being heavily policed. The only people who reached the evacuation zone were those who *escaped* into it at their peril. The less fortunate were being held captive behind the Bamboo Curtain. All this, of course, was in flagrant violation of the Geneva agreements.

The International Control Commission (known from its French title, as C IC) was supposed to see that the Geneva terms were carried out. The C IC was genuinely feared

by the Communists. While it had no enforcement powers, it could report violations to Geneva and call upon world opinion. Also, it had mobile teams that could go anywhere, freely and secretly, to investigate conditions. What, then, was wrong?

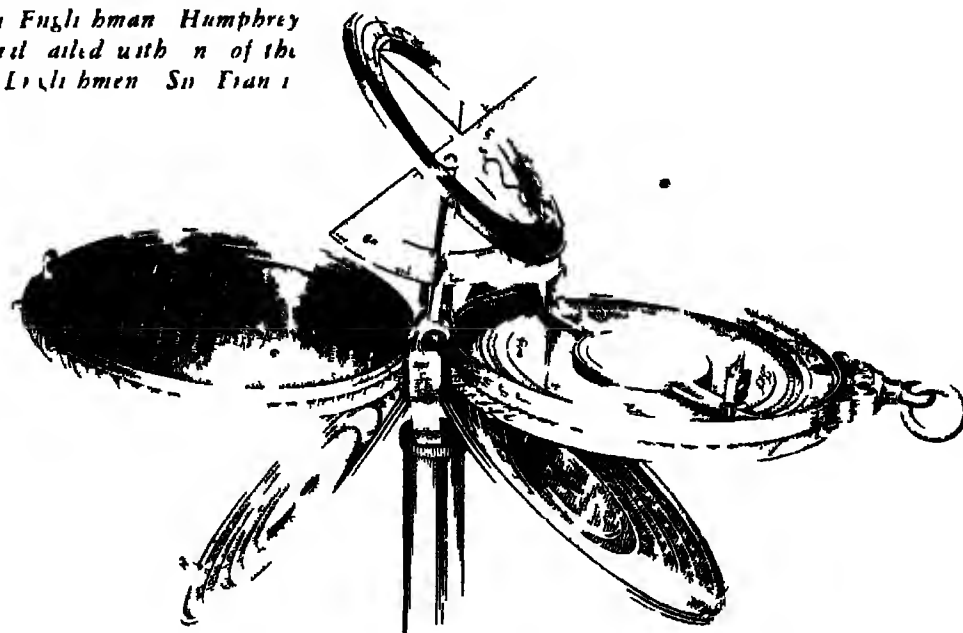
You must remember that the C IC was a "mixed neutral" commission. Canada worked valiantly, but at great disadvantage. India was painfully neutral. Poland, of course, was Communist. And the Poles were past masters of obfuscation.

Many times I sent atrocity cases before the C IC in Haiphong. After hours of wrangling, the hapless refugees would be sent back to camp. The Polish member always demanded impossible proof that the people who committed the atrocities were Communists.

For example, we knew that things were pretty bad in Thai Binh, one of the larger towns of the Ior kin. The C IC mobile team went there, secretly. But somehow a deception was contrived. The team held hearings, and the people gave testimony under the eyes of their Viet Minh masters. So C IC reported back that all was well in Thai Binh! The people were happy and prosperous, and no one had the slightest interest in the "Passage to Freedom."

Captain Cauvin planned a test case and asked our help. We chose the town of Phat Diem, about 50 miles south of Haiphong, because some of my refugees insisted that at

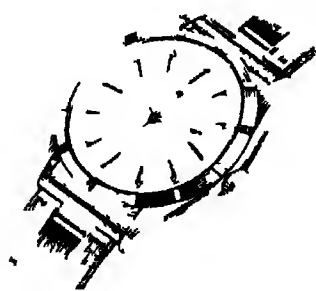
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least 30,000 people there wanted to escape and couldn't. A few of the strongest, bravest men and women agreed to go back to Phat Diem with this message: "If you want to escape, gather in the churchyard on November 1, the Feast of All Saints. The International Control Commission will visit you there. You will be able to make your declaration, and perhaps gain your freedom."

Meanwhile, Admiral Jean Marie Querville, of the French Navy, Admiral Sabin, of Task Force 90, powerful General 'Iron Mike' O'Daniel in Saigon and many French and Vietnamese dignitaries used their influence to ensure that the CIC would be on hand in Phat Diem on the appointed date. But, as always, something went wrong.

People from all over the canton flocked to the church on November 1. But the CIC team just couldn't get there. Admiral Querville offered them his helicopter although they had two planes of their own. But they couldn't leave that day, nor the next, nor the next.

In Phat Diem the Viet Minh became suspicious of this prolonged mass observance of the holy day. They ordered the people to go home, but the people refused. So the Viet Minh locked the gates, stationed guards and allowed no food or water to be passed into the churchyard.

The siege went on for three days, six, then nine! The people in the church and churchyard grew weaker, the wailing of starving children

pierced the nights. Hunger, thirst, dysentery and worse diseases cut the people down. Finally, on the tenth day, the CIC team arrived in Phat Diem.

A Canadian told me later that even the Poles were appalled by the horror and filth. The CIC took thousands of declarations, and registered a strong protest with the Viet Minh government in Hanoi. The Viet Minh relented—but how!

They set up four offices, capable of processing only a hundred people a day. The first office issued passports. The second sold (!) bus tickets to Haiphong at exorbitant prices. And so it went. Not until November 15 did the first small group leave Phat Diem. The Viet Minh chose a circuitous route to Haiphong. En route the buses 'broke down.' During the delays lecturers told the people that they were going to French and American atrocity camps.

Some of the people were transferred to sampans and taken up river to Hanoi, the Red capital, there to wait until they could be taken by truck or train to Haiphong. And more often than not they learned that their exit permits had 'expired' during these interminable delays.

By our final count, about 5,000 people from Phat Diem gained their freedom—out of 35,000 who made the attempt. Yet those 5,000 people owe a debt of gratitude to Captain Cauvin, the gallant Frenchman who

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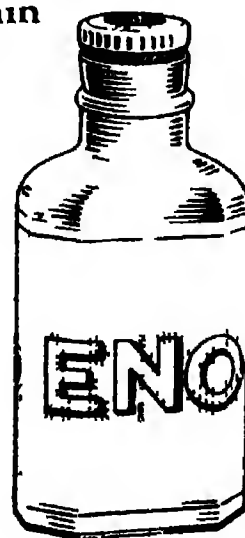
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had the courage and determination to toss the Big Lie back into Communist teeth

Goodbye, Little Dooleys

April came, and Haiphong was dying street by street. The tightening Communist perimeter had pushed us almost into the heart of the city. The French troops had left, riots were breaking out and one fear began to haunt us all: that Ho Chi Minh, the Viet Minh leader, might take Haiphong before the appointed hour. The time had come to evacuate the An Lac Orphanage.

Madame Ngai perked up perceptibly when we told her that the American Wives' Club in Saigon had assured the future of the orphanage there. Of course we fibbed a bit—for there was no assurance of anything in Saigon's future—but the American wives *had* found a building for the children, and we just had to pray that they and their friends at home would somehow make up for the resources Madame Ngai no longer possessed.

So we packed up the orphanage *in toto*—cots, beds, bedding, medicine and toys—and trucked it down to the landing. The children filed aboard the French LSM that would take them out to the U.S.S. *General Brewster*—the babies in the arms of the older girls, under the vigilant eyes of the little mother Lia and my carefree pal Nguyen, wearing his white cap cocked over one eye, in the arms of an American sailor.

Madame Ngai was leaving her beloved Tonkin for the first time, forsaking cherished roots and a way of life she would probably never see again. But hope springs eternal. "We Tonkinese are a brave and militant people," she said. "We know the day will come when our country will be liberated from the Viet Minh."

I am well, noble lady! With women such as you to keep the flame alive, no nation can die, surely there will be a new birth of freedom!

We stood there watching until the LSM was only a dot on the horizon. I have never felt so abysmally alone.

I had one more difficult task to perform. The shoeshine boys had to go. For months they had resisted every argument I put in favour of Saigon. I warned them that the Communists were just as hard on thieves as on honest men, and that life under the Viet Minh would be impossible. They only leered at me, as if to say that, after all this time, I still didn't appreciate their skill as artful dodgers.

What convinced them finally, I think, was the matter of shoes. The idea came to me in a flash one day.

Well, I said, 'you might as well throw those kits away. There'll be no more shoeshining when the Viet Minh arrive. Or do you think you can make a shine on canvas shoes?'

It was a telling argument. They looked at each other in dismay. From their frequent forays behind the Bamboo Curtain, they knew that

canvas shoes were standard equipment among the Viet Minh. They let me vaccinate them then, and one April morning Baker and I gave the little dooleys a loaf of bread each and a final delousing and watched them shoulder their shoeskin kits and sullenly file aboard the landing raft.

The Conquerors Come

The advance guard of the Viet Minh arrived on May 4 according to schedule. It was a committee of experts—480 strong! They came in brand new Russian-made Molotov trucks and were impeccably dressed in high-collared grey uniforms, pith helmets and canvas shoes.

The French-speaking leaders were extremely polite and respectful. They urged me to stay on and treat the true people of Viet Nam. I replied that my job was just about over and that I expected to be leaving soon.

They sent a delegation out to the camp and gave me a bit of dialectical materialism.

When you treat sick people in America, the leader asked, do you make an distinction between Democrats and Republicans?

Certainly not.

Very well, he said, there must be no distinction here between capitalistic dupes and the loyal people of Viet Nam.

Then the cheeky so-and-so ordered his men to divide up my pharmaceuticals and surgical supplies

half for me, and half for the "Democratic Republic" of Viet Nam. And there wasn't a thing I could do about it!

We took down the tents of our camp and moved the last of our refugees into empty buildings in the heart of Haiphong. May 12 was to be our last loading day, which would bring the total number of evacuees above 600,000. On that morning I had my last grisly experience in Haiphong.

A rickshaw driver rushed up with a teenage boy he had picked up in an alley. Viet Minh guards had seized the lad as he was crossing the line of the demilitarized zone and tamped their rifle butts on his bare feet. I had no X-ray equipment, but it was obvious that the damage was beyond repair. The feet and ankles felt like moist bags of marbles and were already gangrenous. I had only a few instruments left and a little procaine and penicillin. I did the best I could by disarticulating the ankles where they connect with the lower leg. Someone would have to do a more thorough amputation later.

That was my last surgical operation in Haiphong. We got the boy aboard a boat. Then we turned to the job of loading the landing craft with our last 3,000 refugees. They weren't really the last, of course. There were still several million behind the Bamboo Curtain who never had a chance. But we had done the best we could.

On the morning of May 18 we stood by solemnly as General René Cagny hauled down the French flag from the standard where it had flown for nearly a hundred years. Thus an era ended. Haiphong was dead, and awaiting the Red vultures. Operation Cockroach was forgotten in the shambles of Asia.

A Very Important Person

When we arrived in Saigon, Captain Harry Day, chief of the Navy section of the Military Assistance Advisory Group there, provided me with a hot tub and a tall gin-and-tonic, and gave me all the news from Task Force 90.

Then he said: "We must find you a clean uniform. You're due at the palace tomorrow morning."

Next day the Premier (now President of the Republic), Ngo Dinh Diem, decorated me with the medal of Officier de l'Ordre National de Viet Nam.

I went aboard ship and to sick bay now--this time as a patient. My monthly bout with malaria was on, and I had a temperature of 104. When I reached the hospital in Japan, my colleagues ("Where have you been, Dooley?") were less interested in my medal than in my intestinal parasites, which they said were the most interesting they'd ever seen.

The U.S. Navy awarded me the Legion of Merit, and, after I had been patched up, told me to report to Washington. When I stopped at

Pearl Harbour en route I was taken to the headquarters of Admiral Felix Stump, U.S. Commander in Chief in the Pacific, and asked to brief his staff on my experiences in Viet Nam. Although I had never seen so many brass hats assembled before, I talked for an hour. Then, at the insistence of one of the admirals, I spoke for 30 minutes more about the constructive things we might do in the remaining free areas of South-East Asia. My words may have been brash, but they came from the heart. And I knew they couldn't bust a medical officer any lower than lieutenant, junior grade!

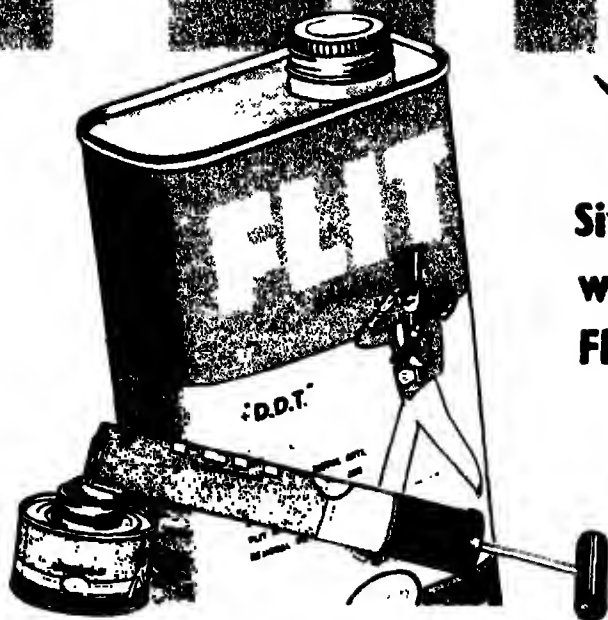
Afterwards, a very spit-and-polish young officer, Ensign Potts (I've changed his name), introduced himself as my "aide." "The Admiral has ordered VIP treatment for you while you're in Pearl Harbour, sir," he said. "I'm supposed to see that you get it."

Ensign Potts baffled me. He saluted me every time I turned round. When we got into "my" staff car, I would invite him to sit with me. "Thank you, sir," he'd say--and climb in with the driver.

Well, if I was a VIP, I would use my VIP privileges. "Mr. Potts," I said, "there's a sailor somewhere in this yard--Norman Baker. I think he's aboard the *Philippine Sea*. Have him in the lobby of the Royal Hawaiian in the morning. Don't mention my name--just 'the Admiral's orders'." Potts gave me an icy stare and said, "Aye, aye, sir."

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Next morning I was in the lobby waiting for the fun. A bewildered Baker, looking very smart in clean whites, came through the door. "Over here, sailor!" I called. He looked, and then let out a yell. "Eeyow! . . . Dooley . . . beg pardon, Doctor Tom . . . sir—you sure look like hell!" Then we forgot rank and fell on each other's necks.

We enjoyed the best the Royal Hawaiian had to offer that day, and talked for hours about what seemed like the distant past, and about the shoeshine boys and Madame Ngai and Lia and the kids. Then we raised a final glass to an undying friendship. Good old Baker!

Baker was really assigned to me as an interpreter, but he became an excellent medical orderly. Like so many of the 15,000 officers and sailors of Admiral Sabin's task force, Baker was resourceful, steadfast and never ran out of genuine compassion. Some days my Irish personality would have me wallowing in despair. Baker always pulled me back. He would do any job allotted to him, no matter how distasteful. And he would do it well. His sense of humour got him through, and frequently me too. The success of the operation owes much to that boatswain's-mate-become-medical-orderly, Norman Baker.

But Ensign Potts was getting on my nerves. We were on our way to Hickham Air Force Base to get my number for the flight home. "Mr. Potts, get in the back," I said.

"That's an order." He obeyed stiffly.

"Potts, what the hell's wrong with you—or with me?" I asked. "I get along with most people—but you baffle me. What gives?"

"May I speak frankly, sir?"

"Hell's bells, yes!"

He opened up. "Well, I can't go for this hogwash you're handing out," he said. "All this love and altruism and better understanding among people. That's not the Navy's job. We've got military responsibilities in this cockeyed world. Big responsibilities. We've got to perform our duties without sentiment. That's what we've been trained for. Love and kindness and slobbering over people is a job for preachers and old women."

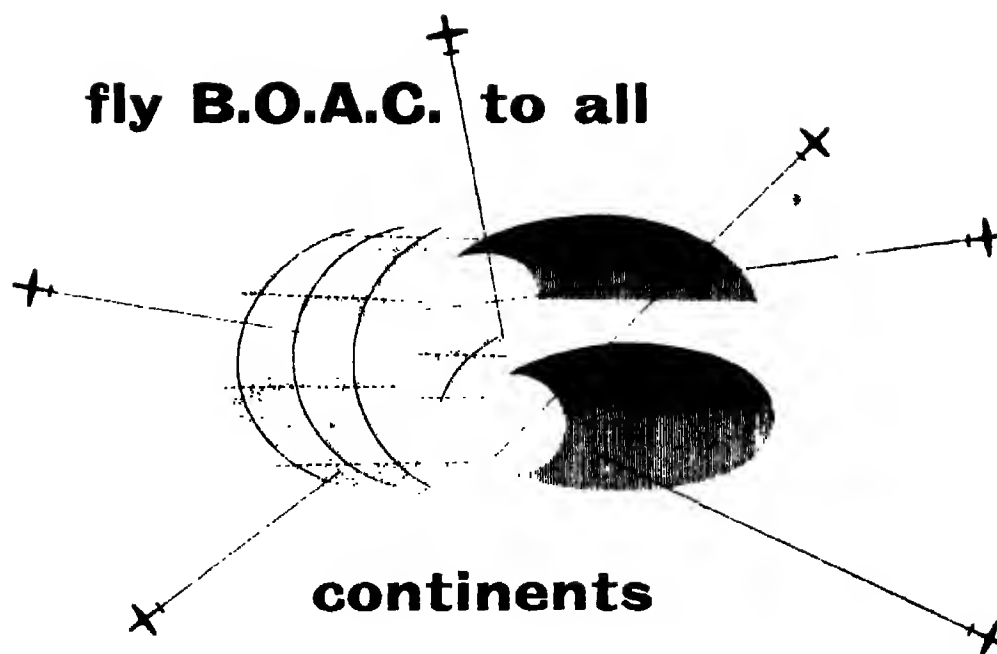
He said a lot more that made me shudder. But at least he got it off his chest. I think we both felt better.

Reunion in Hawaii

I got my flight number and was pushing my way back through the crowded airport when I heard a high-pitched voice: "*Chao Ong, Bac Sy My!*" (Hi, American Navy Doctor!) Then a pair of strong arms were around me, and a young Vietnamese was blubbing on my shoulder. About two dozen more gathered round and joined in the chorus. I noticed that they were all wearing the uniform of the Vietnamese Air Force.

"Don't you remember me, *Bac Sy My?*"





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Who could remember one from among those half-million faces? Then I noticed—the boy had no left ear! I looked at the others and recognized the hideous scars wrought by Viet Minh cruelty and my own poor ineptness.

"Of course, I remember!" I said. "You boys come from Bao Lac!" They told me that they were on their way to be trained as mechanics for the new Vietnamese Air Force.

Quite a crowd had been attracted by this highly emotional scene. This was as good a time as any to begin "briefing" my fellow citizens. So I spoke up and told the onlookers what it was all about. I told them where I had come from, a little of what I had seen, and then I satisfied their curiosity as to why some of these air cadets had only one ear apiece. When I finished I was choking back the tears—but there wasn't a dry eye in the crowd.

I turned and looked at Ensign Potts, and saw the tears running unshamedly down his cheeks. "Mr. Potts!" I said. "Pull yourself together, sir!" He came over, grinning through the tears, and wrung my hand. Ensign Potts had discovered the power of love.

I learned that the Vietnamese cadets were caught in the inevitable foul-up. They had been on the field for days with no one to look after them. Since they knew no English, they had never found the mess hall, and they were hungry. I sought out the U.S. Air Force officer in charge;

he just shrugged and told me the lads were due to leave on a flight that night. I told him I wanted to be put aboard the same plane.

"Well, now, wouldn't that be nice, lieutenant?" he sneered. "That way you could get home a bit ahead of time, eh?"

The Irish in me boiled, but it wasn't necessary. Ensign Potts moved in with all guns blazing.

"Sir, Dr. Dooley is Admiral Stump's guest, and I have the authority to speak for the Admiral," he roared. "The doctor can have anything he wants, including the Admiral's own plane. Seems to me the least the Air Force can do is put him on that lousy flight!"

And the Air Force did.

Old Dr. Dooley Speaks

The big Constellation was filled with soldiers, sailors and Marines, and—apart from the crew—I was the only officer aboard. When we were airborne, I decided to have some fun. I stood up and told the men that they were in for a lecture, and that they'd have to listen because there was no way of getting out of it at 10,000 feet. They all groaned.

I called up my 26 cadets one by one, and asked each to tell his story while I translated. My captive audience was entranced. Then I asked the cadets to sing some of their mountain songs. Tonkinese music is hauntingly beautiful, something like the ancient Hebrew liturgical chants.

The men listened with rapt attention, and afterwards sang songs for the cadets. The Vietnamese loved "Shake, Rattle and Roll" the best. Translate that!

That night, high over the Pacific, new bonds of friendship were formed which surmounted the barriers of language. When we finally came in over the Golden Gate Bridge, in San Francisco, the Americans had given up their seats at the windows to the Vietnamese and were excitedly trying to explain the sights by gestures and sign language. And at Travis Air Force Base I watched them file off the plane, each sailor and Marine with a cadet in tow.

While I was on the West Coast, I decided to visit a school in San Diego. Its senior class had sent my refugees bundles of clothes, and I wanted to thank the various people and organizations who had responded to Operation Hat-in-Hand. Of course, that senior class was gone now. But the headmaster and teachers buzzed round, and I found myself scheduled to address the assembled classes of several San Diego schools.

I looked out over that sea of young faces and felt older than Father Abraham. They were noisy children, dressed in faded blue jeans and leather jackets, some of the gals in full-blown sweaters and many of the boys with those long duckbutt haircuts. When I stepped out on the platform, wearing my uniform and

ribbons, there was a bedlam of wolf-calls, whistles and stamping feet.

They were tough, so I decided to shoot the works. I gave them the whole sordid story of the refugee camps, the Communist atrocities, the "Passage to Freedom" and the perilous future of southern Viet Nam. I talked for an hour. You could have heard a pin drop.

When I finished, they asked questions—earnest, intelligent questions that kept me on my toes. One little girl, who couldn't have been more than 13, had to come out in front in order to be heard. She took a wad of gum from her mouth before asking her question with intense seriousness.

"Dr. Dooley, what can we boys and girls *really* do to help improve the situation in South-East Asia?"

Dear little girl, put back your gum, and don't be ashamed. Your heart's in the right place. I haven't met a single person who hasn't asked something like that after hearing the facts. But it's a tough question to answer.

We all want to help, but we don't know how. I suppose we're all like Ensign Potts more or less: we need only to glimpse the truth, and then the scales fall from our eyes. Only then do we begin to realize the extent of our obligations and opportunities. We lose our inhibitions, and we're no longer afraid to speak of love, compassion, generosity. Christ said it all in His greatest commandment: "Love one another."

Does advertising raise standards of living?

IF we could go back to the past carrying our modern possessions with us, we might find that a Grecian beauty would gladly exchange an Attic vase for a radio-gram, and a Mogul emperor give a silken carpet for a refrigerator. For though beautiful objects make life rich in *any* age, there is something also to be said for the useful things that enrich it with comfort and convenience.

Modern science and industry offer the means of making life better and easier for millions of people -- implements and fertilizers that produce more food from the land, machinery that reduces human labour in manufacturing the goods we all need, rapid transport for people, for food, for merchandise. And there are all the little things that make life pleasanter -- sun-glasses and soap powders, pocket lighters and safety razors, tinned fruit and fountain pens.

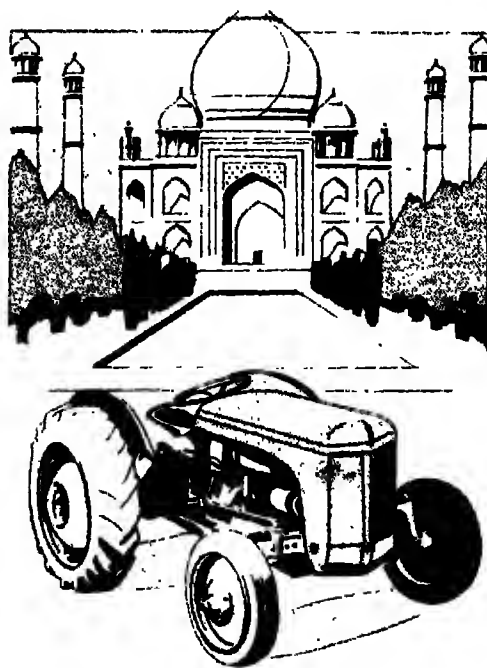
But even by modern methods, many good and useful articles cannot be produced cheaply enough to enable people to buy them, unless they are made *in quantity*, by mass production. That's

where advertising comes in. It tells everyone about these useful, desirable things ; so that more people buy them, knowing that they can trust something on which a manufacturer openly stakes his reputation ; the production cost is lowered, and prices are reduced as a result. Then still more people can afford to buy these desirable things.

People learn from advertisements about better equipment for their homes, their offices, their farms. Naturally and rightly, they want to raise their living standards. And when the demand is there, business enterprise will seek to supply

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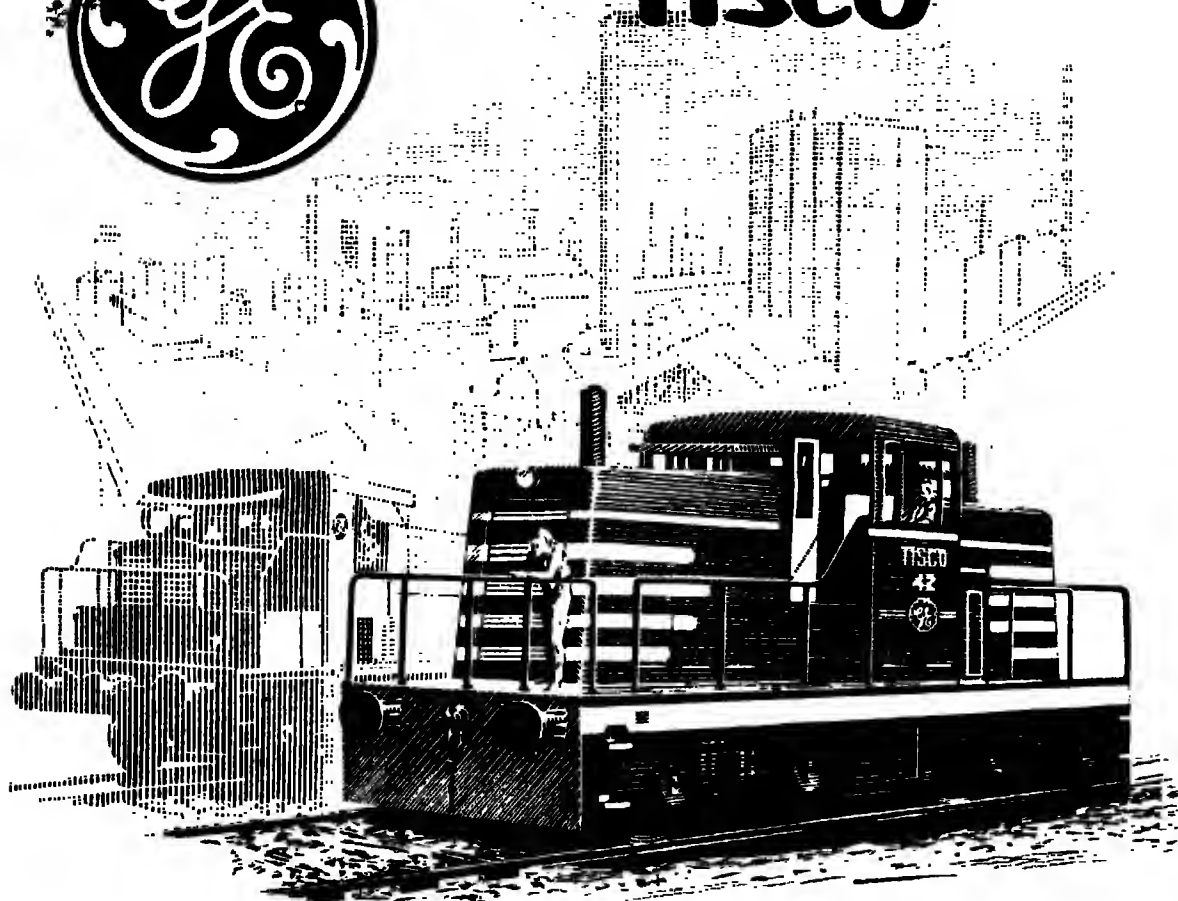
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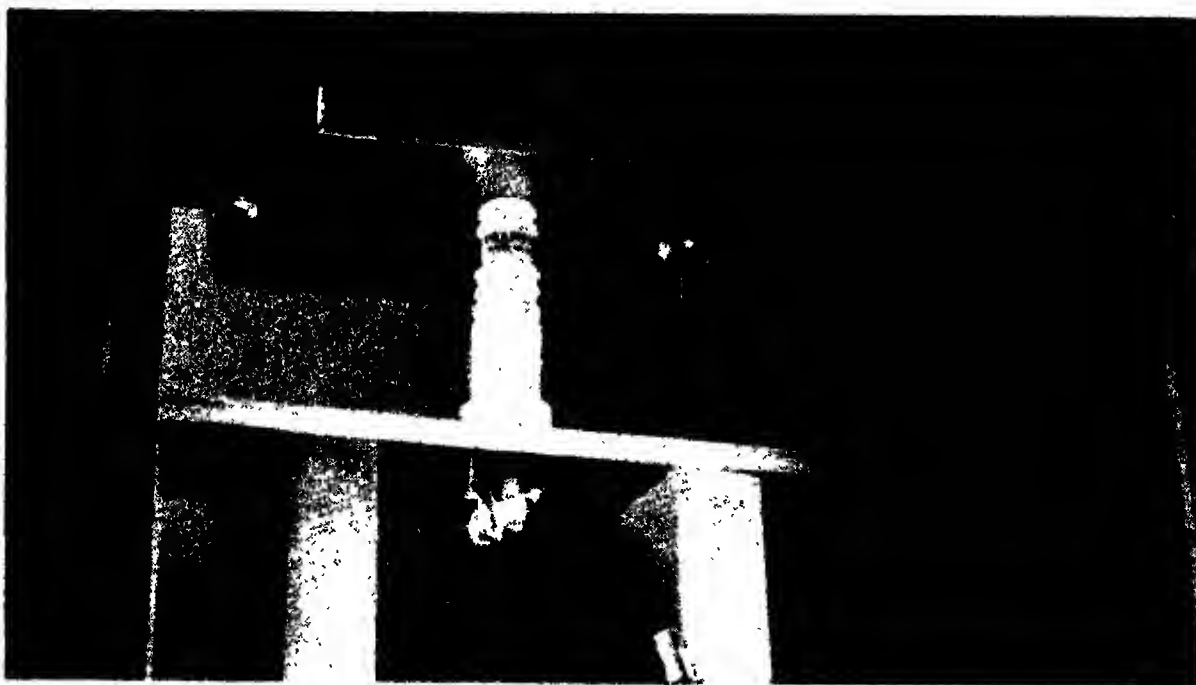


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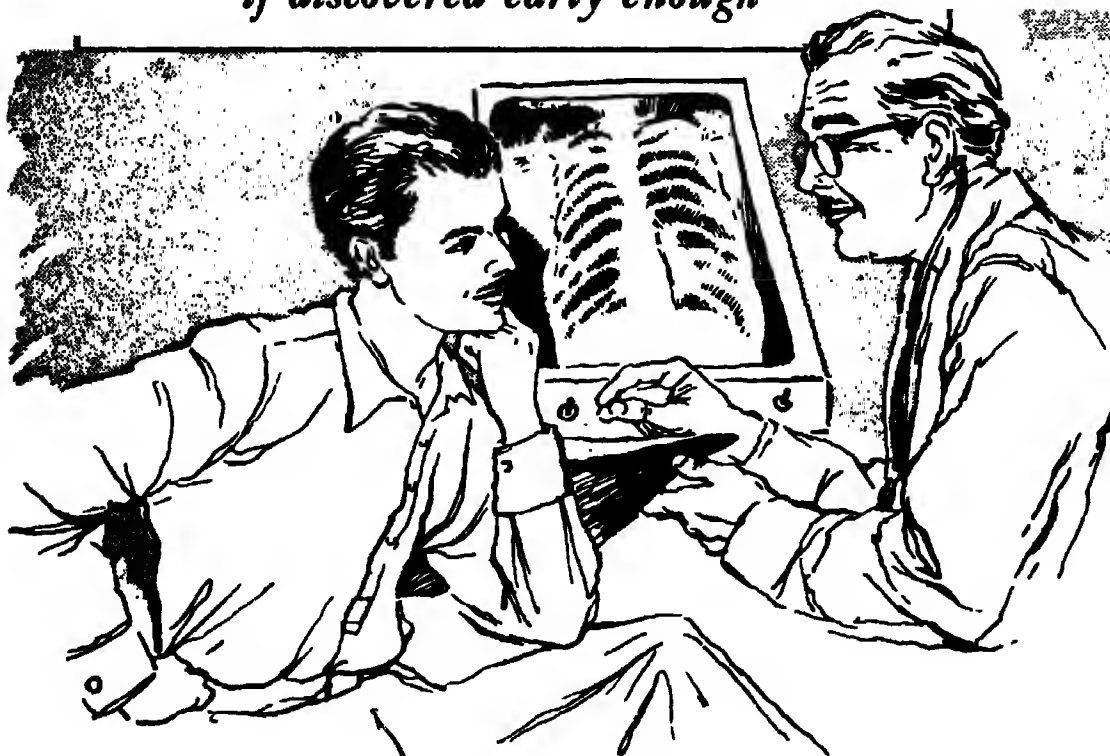
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***Tuberculosis can usually be cured
if discovered early enough***



How you can protect your family from tuberculosis

OVER 2300 years ago, Hippocrates described tuberculosis as the most prevalent fatal disease of his time.

Tuberculosis is still prevalent—over 50 million people have tuberculosis. *But today, tuberculosis can be cured—if discovered early enough.* Its most common target is the lung—and mortalities from this form of tuberculosis have declined 50%. And here's why: doctors and public health workers now have weapons to help *prevent, detect* and *combat* this disease.

To prevent: B. C. G.—a vaccine to raise resistance to tuberculosis—is believed to give three to five years of

immunity against tuberculosis.

To detect: The tuberculin test determines whether a person has ever had tuberculosis. However, this test does not differentiate between *active* and *inactive* tuberculosis infections.

Chest X-rays are even *more* important in the detection of tuberculosis. For X-rays show how much damage the infection has caused, and whether or not it is still active—*often long before outward symptoms of tuberculosis appear.* These symptoms are not obvious—like a rash. A person can have tuberculosis for *months* before suspecting something is wrong. By the time symptoms *do* appear—the disease has

usually progressed so far that it's more difficult to control. A yearly chest X-ray helps avoid this risk.

To combat: Doctors now have new drugs like streptomycin, PAS (para-amino-salicylic acid) and isonicotinic acid hydrazid which help check the spread of tuberculosis germs and localize the disease in certain cases.

Making news, too, is "wedge-resection" surgery which now enables surgeons to cut out little wedge-shaped sections of diseased tissue instead of removing a whole lung, or a great part of it.

With these medical advances, doctors can now provide better treatment for their tuberculosis patients. Today, early diagnosis and prompt treatment help many patients return to their homes and jobs with renewed health.

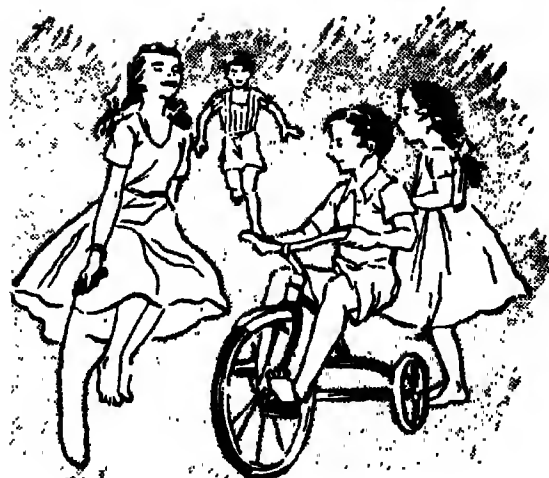
**You can help protect your family
from tuberculosis
by following simple precautions**

Beware of tuberculosis germs. Tuberculosis is not inherited but it is highly contagious. This disease tends to "run in families" because the close contacts of home life make it easy for germs to spread. The coughing and sneezing of a tuberculous person passes on germs to others. Unpasteurized or unprocessed milk; unsterilized dishes and linens used by a tuberculous person can also spread tuberculosis germs.

If any member of your family shows symptoms of tuberculosis, it is vitally important that he, and the rest of your family, visit a doctor or public health clinic right away.

Watch out for "carriers." Thousands walk around with tuberculosis *and don't know it*. Such a person is a danger to everyone around him. If you know anyone with symptoms that may indicate tuberculosis, urge him to see a doctor.

Advertisement



Have a regular medical check-up including chest X-rays. Remember, an X-ray can detect the presence of tuberculosis *before* symptoms appear. And when tuberculosis is discovered early enough—it can usually be cured.

Tuberculosis symptoms are seldom dramatic. Warning signs like these should be checked:

- a tired, run-down feeling
- chest pains and palpitation
- afternoon fever
- poor appetite, chronic indigestion
- excessive night perspiration
- steady loss of weight
- persistent cough, hoarseness

The best defence against tuberculosis is to keep your family healthy. Make sure they eat a variety of essential foods; use pasteurized milk; get adequate fresh air, sunshine, plenty of sleep and rest; have yearly medical examinations, including chest X-rays. Make an appointment with your doctor or public health clinic today.



SQUIBB

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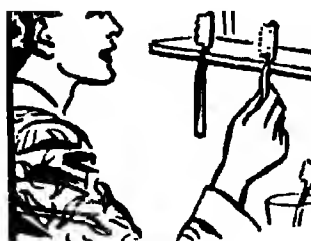
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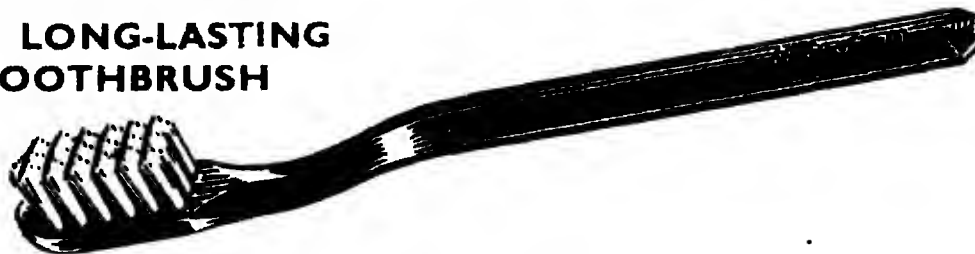
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the accuracy and sturdiness of this watch have amazed the most exacting experts. That is why the British Government has selected Omega as Official Suppliers to the British Navy, Army and Air Force.

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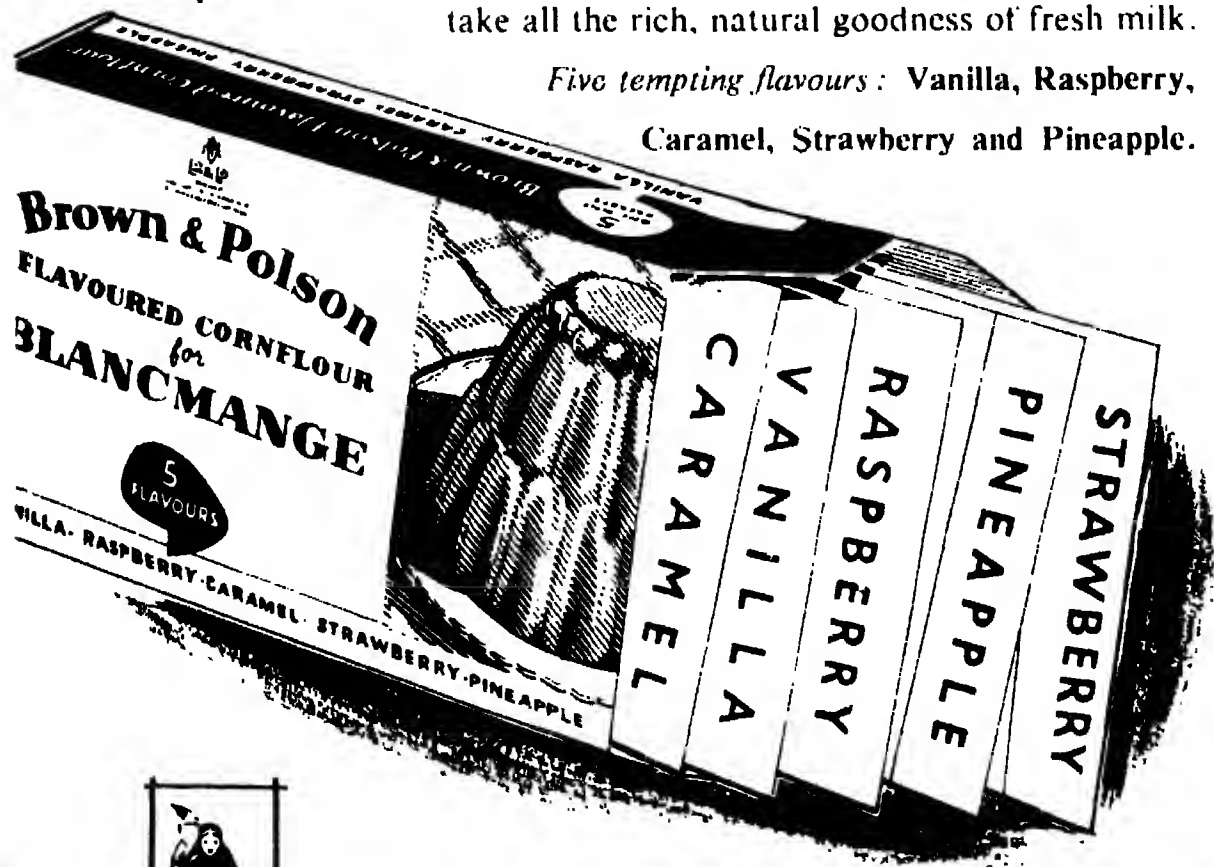


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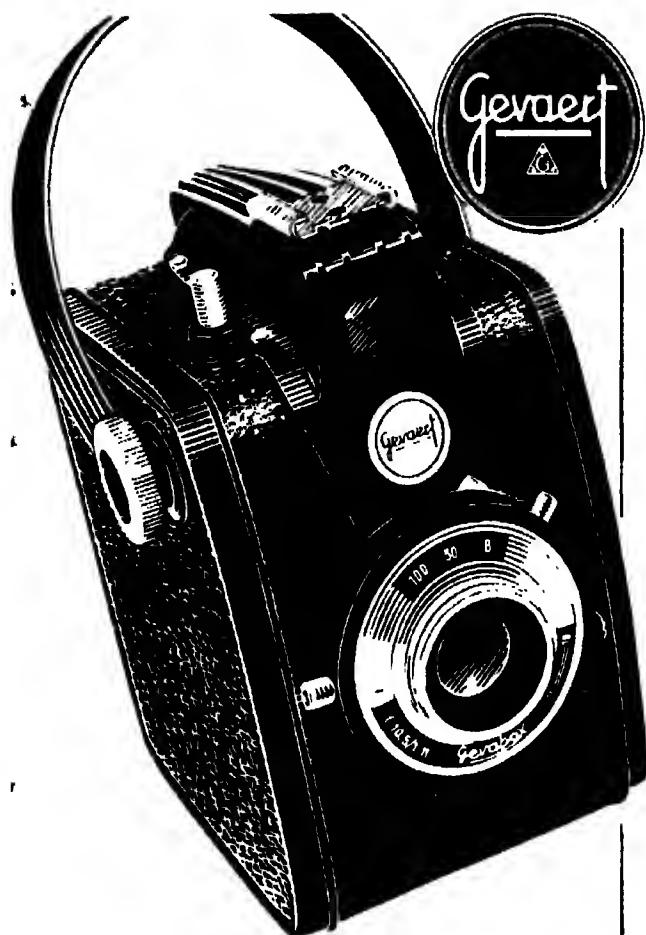
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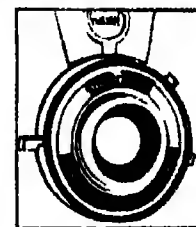
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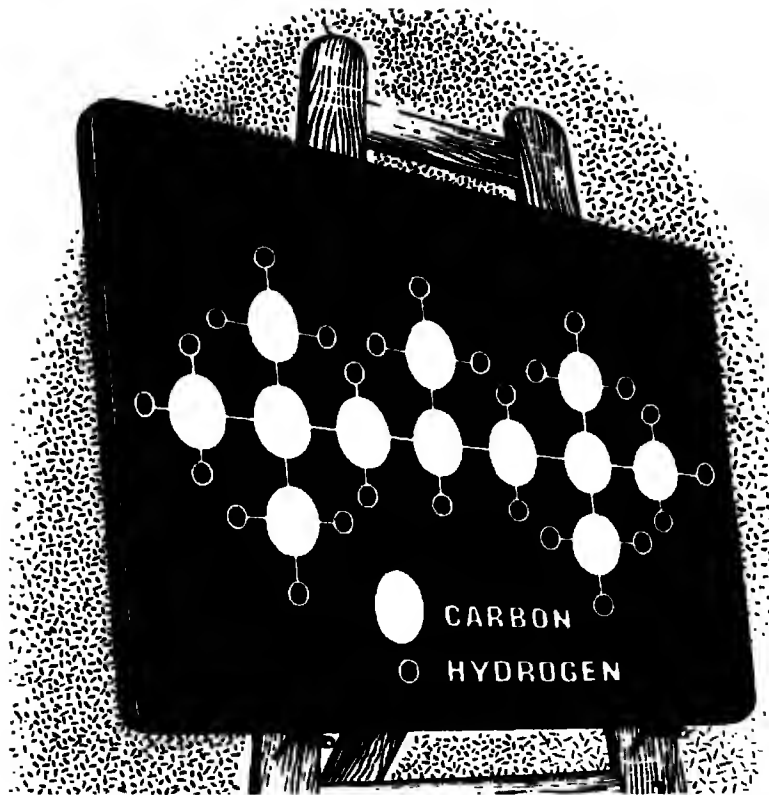
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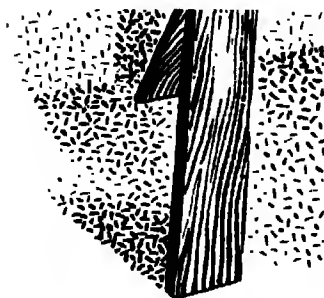
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In the Assam Oil Company, chemists, physicists and geologists are engaged all the time on research, helping to find new sources of oil, devising more efficient and more economical methods of refining oil and discovering new uses for oil.

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The Case of the Chinese Kidnapping

By Kurt Singer

THE CHINESE are not barbarians, you know," said the urbane gentleman in a mandarin gown. "The proper formalities will be observed. First the trial and then the beheading."

The words were spoken on a Monday morning in October, 1896, to a young student held captive in the Imperial Chinese Legation in London. The young man was not afraid to die. He had known that his acts in his native China were a crime under an absolutist government. But to be trapped ignobly, half a world away, was another matter. Listening to the noises of

the city outside his heavily barred window, he wondered how soon his friends, Dr. and Mrs. Cantlie, would realize that he was missing.

Dr. James Cantlie had formerly been head of the medical college in Hong Kong, where the young man had been his student. The acquaintance was renewed shortly after the student's arrival in London, and at the Cantlie home that evening there had been much to talk about. On hearing of the young man's political activities which had forced him to flee his country, Dr. Cantlie looked grave. "We don't live far from the Imperial Chinese Legation," he said. "You'd better give that place a wide berth."

The newcomer had not taken the warning too seriously. He might be wanted as a political insurgent back

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VIENNA-BORN Kurt Singer, author of 17 books, is an authority on espionage. During the war he edited a newspaper which was smuggled from Sweden into Germany, Norway and Denmark.

*Condensed from "More Spy Stories," copyright 1955 by Kurt Singer  
and published by Wilfred Funk, New York*

in China, but as a student in the great city of London he felt safe. So on a Saturday morning about a week later, on his way to visit the Cantlies, he had been unwary when a Chinese approached and with a polite smile asked what part of China he came from.

"Canton," the student replied.

"That makes us compatriots. I, too, am from Canton," said the other. As they strolled on together, chatting in Cantonese, suddenly two other Chinese joined them and at once all pretext of politeness was dropped. The young man was seized by the arms and steered round the corner to an imposing building where a door opened as though they were expected. He knew without a doubt that he was a captive in the Imperial Chinese Legation.

From a tiny window of the small third-floor room in which he was locked, all he could see were rooftops and fog. Then the door was unbolted and a tall, white-haired Englishman entered. As the prisoner later learned, he was a lawyer serving the Chinese Government. "My dear young man," he began, "you are now on Chinese territory. To all intents and purposes you are in China, under Chinese law. May I have your name?"

The exile gave his name.

The Englishman smiled. "We know better. Your name is Sun Wen. As Sun Wen, in China, you drew up a petition calling for widespread political reform and sent it

to the Emperor. You have displeased your Emperor and your government. We have been ordered to detain you, to await the Emperor's personal wishes."

After the lawyer left, carpenters installed a second lock on the captive's door, and two guards were posted to stand a 24-hour watch. That such an abduction could be carried out so smoothly on a Saturday morning in the heart of London seemed incredible.

The next morning the student had a visit from the man who had first stopped him in the street. He identified himself as Tang, a secretary of the Legation. "All arrangements have been made for your return to China," Tang said.

He seemed not at all averse to discussing the details. "A freighter of the Glen Line is waiting for you at London docks. It will sail a week from tomorrow for Canton, where your execution will take place. We shall have no trouble in pacifying you and transferring you to the ship, where you will be put in chains."

"Without a trial, I suppose," the prisoner said dryly.

It was then that the official had observed urbane, "First the trial and then the beheading."

As the days went by the young man tried to reach the outside world. He wrote notes on bits of paper and threw them out of the window, hoping that passers-by would find them. But one was spotted by the Legation

guards; wooden boards were then fastened over his windows.

He had one last chance—to appeal to the English servants who appeared daily to clean his room and bring him food. They never addressed him, but one of them, whose name was Edward Cole, had a sympathetic face. So one morning the prisoner spoke to him. "I am a refugee from China. I belong to a political party that wants good government and democratic freedom for all in China, as you have it in England. I am being held here under duress. My life is in your hands. If the proper authorities were informed of my confinement, I would be saved. Otherwise I will be sent to China and beheaded."

With the calm impersonality of the perfect servant, Cole finished sweeping the room and left. But, coming in that evening with a scuttle of coal, he pointed towards it and left. Among the coal was a scrap of paper. It read: "I am willing to take a letter to one of your friends."

With a stub of pencil, on an old visiting card, the prisoner wrote an appeal for help to Dr. Cantlie.

Cole waited until two days later, his

day off, a Saturday, to deliver it. For the Cantlies, the letter came like a thunderbolt. Unversed in kidnappings, Dr. Cantlie nonetheless knew he had to do something quickly. He decided his best course was to go to Scotland Yard. The officers there were polite, but they believed Cantlie to be a crank. They would, they assured him, report the matter to their superiors. That was as far as it went.

Cantlie had learned from Cole that the prisoner was to be shipped home on Tuesday. It was Sunday morning now, and Cantlie realized that left him only 48 hours more in which to act.

In desperation he went straight to the Foreign Office. But the duty clerk regretfully informed him that



no action could be taken on a Sunday. He would report the matter to higher authorities the next morning. This was a delicate matter involving foreign relations, diplomatic immunities and international law.

Dr. Cantlie then tried to round up some private detectives to help him, but their offices were closed. He went back to Scotland Yard and to the local police—all to no avail.

All Dr. Cantlie's efforts had failed. But he persisted. Early the next morning he engaged detectives to watch the Chinese Legation day and night, and to keep watch on every outgoing vessel bound for China. Then he went back to the Foreign Office, where he told his story again. Officials pointed out that the only evidence was the alleged prisoner's own note claiming that he had been kidnapped. If they were to take action it would be most regrettable, diplomatically speaking, if the whole thing turned out to be a hoax. The Foreign Office, however, asked Scotland Yard to investigate whether the Chinese Legation had chartered a ship.

Scotland Yard now worked fast. The answer came promptly. The Glen Line had a charter for a ship due to leave on Tuesday: to transport a mixed cargo to China—and one passenger.

On October 22 a writ of *habeas corpus* was requested on behalf of the unknown prisoner. Fortunately, as it turned out, the Old Bailey judge before whom the application

was made refused to grant it. This brought the Press into the fight. *The Globe* printed Cantlie's story—and that was the turning point.

Reporters turned up at the Chinese Legation, where the urbane Tang assured them that the story was a hoax. But the reporters warned him that if the prisoner were not released within a day thousands of Londoners would storm the Legation and free the hostage. Editorials appeared in many papers, waxing indignant at the uncivilized breach of international law by the Imperial Chinese Government. By the next day, October 23, the incident had reached the highest level; Lord Salisbury, the Foreign Secretary, issued a note of protest to the Chinese Minister demanding the immediate release of the prisoner.

Two hours later Legation guards led the prisoner downstairs into a small reception room. Waiting for him were his good friend Dr. Cantlie, Inspector Jarvis from Scotland Yard and an official from the Foreign Office. As the four men walked out of the Legation, a great cheer went up from the huge crowd which had massed.

After a visit to Scotland Yard and a happy dinner at the Cantlie home, the young Chinese wrote a letter of gratitude to every London newspaper. No editor could know that this letter was written by the man who was later to become the first president of the Republic of China.

The signature was: *Sun Yatsen*.

The amazing story of nature's built-in refrigeration plant

## *Your Body's Wonderful Cooling System*

By Ruth and Edward Brecher



**R**EFRIGERATION engineers are justly proud of the efficient air-conditioning units they have developed. But more amazing still are the cooling units which nature has built into our bodies—units so efficient that a man can survive in a 240° oven that would cook a steak placed beside him.

Summer and winter your body acts as a furnace, burning food to produce energy and heat. This creates a problem in temperature control—how to preserve a balance between heat production and heat loss, in relation to the surrounding atmosphere?

Laboratory experiments\* show that the average unclothed male, lying relaxed, maintains an effortless heat-balance as long as the external temperature stays between 82° and 88°. Dr. Eugene DuBois,

at the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology, calls this the "masculine comfort zone." When active and clothed, a man produces more heat and loses less—which explains why his comfort zone is about 70°.

Women have a somewhat wider comfort zone. Most women usually have a thicker layer of fatty insulation than men, and hence are more comfortable in cooler temperatures. And the chemical processes which convert food into heat slow down in most women as the temperature rises into the 80's, hence they remain cooler.

When the outside temperature rises above the comfort zone, remarkable changes occur in the human skin. The changes are made possible by the rich network of blood vessels embedded in and immediately under the skin. In cold weather these blood vessels are contracted and little or no blood flows through them to bring heat to the surface. But as the air becomes



warmer—or as excess heat is generated inside the body—the blood vessels open up and begin to function like the radiator on a car. Warm blood, carrying excess heat from muscles and internal organs, flows through them and is cooled.

Other changes occur. Fluids stored in your organs and tissues seep back into the blood stream, increasing the quantity of blood available for cooling. Your heart beats faster, speeding the circulation of the blood and increasing the efficiency of the blood-skin cooling system.

How does your body know when to make the necessary heating and cooling adjustments? Dr. James Hardy explains it this way: Built into your body are four separate sets of thermometer-like devices, two for measuring heat and two for cold. Two sets are embedded in your skin, where extremely sensitive nerve-endings signal changes in skin temperature as small as a thousandth of a degree. The other sets, located in your brain, react to changes in blood temperature.

Nerves from all four sets of thermometers lead to a regulatory centre near the point where your spinal cord enters the brain. Continuous temperature readings from your skin and brain come to this centre and from it emerge orders demanding changes in your rate of heat production and blood circulation.

The blood-skin system works

when the air is cooler than the skin. When the air is warmer, the body has another means of cooling itself: the evaporation of sweat, which carries off the heat. (Sweat is a scientific term for what polite people call perspiration.) Profuse sweating is a method of cooling peculiar to human beings and horses—even apes and monkeys lack it.

The Russell Sage Institute laboratory studied a boy who was born without sweat glands. Whenever the temperature rose into the 90's, he ran a fever. "He could play active games," Dr. DuBois says, "only if water was sprayed on his shirt. The resulting evaporation cooled him."

The capacity of human sweat glands is almost incredible. You can sweat as much as a quart and a half, per hour, for five or six hours, provided you drink plenty of water. How much sweat is evaporated from your skin depends in part on the relative humidity. Dry or "thirsty" air picks up the moisture from your skin rapidly, and you have little trouble keeping cool. Here a remarkable property of air serves you in good stead: the warmer the air, the more moisture it will hold. Air saturated with water vapour at 70° becomes thirsty again when warmed to 90° or 100°.

Dr. Sid Robinson and his associates at Indiana University have carefully measured the importance of relative humidity in hot weather. They found that when the air was

dry, student volunteers could perform heavy labour for six hours at a stretch at 122°. In humid air the same work quickly exhausted them if the mercury rose above 90°.

When you are working or playing out of doors in the sun during hot spells, a white jersey or tennis shirt is likely to be cooler than no shirt at all. It gets soaking wet, thus distributing the cooling evaporation, and it reflects some of the sun's light and heat away from your body. Thus the tennis player who keeps his shirt on is not only being modest and avoiding severe sunburn, he is also increasing the efficiency of his cooling system.

In temperate climates, few people sweat except during the summer months; thus their sweating mechanism becomes rusty with disuse. That is why the first few days of hot weather are the most uncomfortable. Sweat may pour from the forehead and a few other places, but this "spotty" sweating is inefficient. Later on, sweating becomes more general, and discomfort decreases proportionally.

What is the highest temperature the human body can survive? Dr. Craig Taylor and W. V. Blockley of the University of California at Los Angeles have collected examples which come close to duplicating the experiences of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego who walked in the fiery furnace. One kiln technician stated that he is often exposed for two or three minutes to a tempera-

ture of 250°; on several occasions he weathered exposures of 500°. A plastics engineer spends ten minutes out of every 30 in an oven at 200°. In their own engineering laboratories, Blockley and Taylor subjected two volunteer undergraduates to high temperatures as part of a U.S. Air Force research project. Both students stayed for more than an hour at 140° with no ill effect, and one stayed for 26 minutes at 240°. (A thick steak in an oven at 240° will be ready to eat in 26 minutes.) The students' rectal temperature never rose above 101.1°. Sweating kept them relatively cool inside.

Incidentally, the notion of a temperature of 98.4° as "normal" is a myth, conjured up by early makers of clinical thermometers. "In place of the arrow pointing to 98.4°, thermometers should be redesigned to show a broad 'normal range' from 97.2° to 99.5°," says Dr. DuBois. "Such thermometers would save worried mothers many a sleepless night, and tired doctors many an unnecessary call." (Oral temperatures averaged 1.2° lower than rectal temperatures.)

The body's last line of defence against heat is panting. While panting is a highly efficient cooling system for dogs, it is a danger signal in human beings. If you find yourself panting from heat (not exercise), lie down in the shade and cool off.

How can you help your own body to stay comfortable and healthy when the mercury soars?

(1) Drink plenty of liquids, so that you'll have plenty of moisture for sweating. Don't rely on thirst as a guide; it sometimes lags behind need. Drinks may be either cold or warm.

(2) Increase your salt intake to replace salt lost through sweating.

(3) Relax; the amount of heat you produce depends on your muscular activity.

(4) Use fans to circulate air indoors, but don't sleep with a fan aimed directly at your body. Place the fan, tilted upward, at the foot of the bed.

(5) The sweat glands of babies and small children have limited

capacity; youngsters therefore are more vulnerable to heat exhaustion. In very hot weather, if children are fretful, keep their heads moist by covering them with a wetted cap or handkerchief. (Keeping your own hair wet is a good idea, too.)

(6) Avoid too much exposure to the sun at one time; it can lead to sunstroke. (Older people and those who have been ill should be especially careful about over-exposure.) Be alert for symptoms of approaching heat prostration: dizziness, faintness, weariness and nausea. When these occur, it's time to call a halt. Get out of the sun, relax and sponge yourself with cool water.



### *Critics in the House*

"*Parsifal* is the kind of opera that starts at six o'clock," wrote music critic David Randolph, "and after it has been going three hours you look at your watch and it says 6.20."

—Quoted by Clifton Fadiman,  
*The American Treasury* (Harper)

CLIFTON FADIMAN, reviewing an autobiography: "As far as I can see the book has only one defect: poor choice of subject matter."

GEORGE KAUFMAN characterized a stage personality as "the most pain-giving director in the New York theatre."

—Bennett Cerf

CHRISTOPHER FRY, commenting on an actor's performance in one of his plays: "His pauses are no longer preg-

nant—they're practically in labour."

—Harold Clurman, quoted by Leonard Lyons

IN THE *New York Times*, TV critic Jack Gould reported: "The Kraft Television Theatre presented three thoroughly appetizing specialties last night, and no doubt viewers differed in their preferences.

"Via the facilities of Channel 4, there was offered initially a two-minute spectacle in colour in which the tomatoes and macaroni and cheese were outstanding.

"The second instalment featured cheese slices arranged like the spokes of a wagon wheel.

"For the finale there was de luxe mustard dressing.

"The play? No."

Thanks to modern logging methods, the huge timber forests of America are being conserved and replenished

## WHAT'S NEW IN THE WOODS?

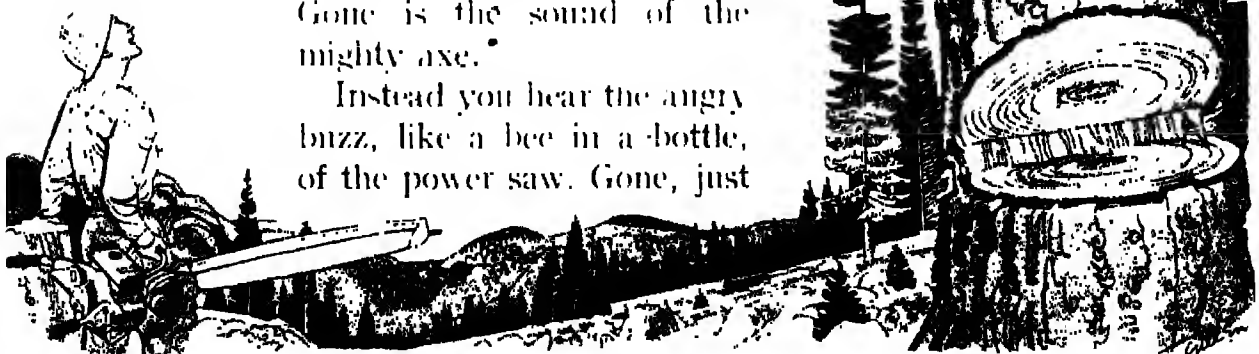
*By Wolfgang Langewiesche*

THE RICHEST stand of timber in the United States is in Washington and Oregon. On steep mountainsides that slope down towards the Pacific, grows the great Douglas fir. Only the redwood and the giant sequoia are bigger. There are millions of acres of Douglas fir in the north-western states, owned about equally by the U.S. Government and by private lumber and paper companies. They are still cutting virgin forest. And they'll still be cutting virgin forest 60 to 90 years from now!

I went into those woods to see what's new. Logging, I found, has changed in the past 30 years. The lumber camp is on its way out. The mighty lumberjack, now called a logger, lives in town with his wife, and commutes into the forest by bus. Gone is "skid row," with its saloons and dance halls where men used to blow off steam after months in the woods.

Gone is the sound of the mighty axe.

Instead you hear the angry buzz, like a bee in a bottle, of the power saw. Gone, just



about, is the glamorous art of floating logs downriver to the sawmill. Gone is the logging railway. To replace it, the logging companies have built motor roads, a whole vast system running high up the slopes where timber used to be inaccessible.

These roads are not on any maps. During much of the year they are closed to the public. To see the modern woodsmen at work, you get into a van with a logging boss and drive up those roads, right into the clouds. This forest is on the slopes of Mt. St. Helens, a smaller sister of Mt. Rainier. You don't see much per hour, except scenery studded with Christmas trees. Men work in little groups of twos and fours, a mile or ten miles apart. At first I had difficulty in spotting the men, tiny figures dwarfed by outsized trees. Then I saw the glistening of an aluminium helmet, a thin blue bit of smoke from a warming fire.

What logging has lost in brawn, I found, it's gained in brain. Anybody can fell a tree nowadays; with the power saw it doesn't need strength. All you do is cut a notch into one side—the "undercut." Then you start sawing on the other side, and presently the tree goes.

But the trick is—don't break the tree. If it's in one piece, the sawmill can get out the high-priced cuts: long beams, or vertical-grained wood for stairs, or (best of all) deck planking for ships. But if you fell the tree across a log, a ravine or

hummock, it shatters, and some of it is then only good for pulpwood. So the expert woodsman picks the right spot, and lays the tree right on it. (To show off, he will put an empty crate on the ground and smash it with a tree!) The secret of control lies in aligning the undercut exactly. It is the hinge, so to speak, that swings the tree in the right direction.

The fall of trees so tall is slow; majestic, terrible. First you hear the "holding wood" tearing, and it sounds like 500 pistols, shooting almost but not quite at once. Then the tree leans, very little at first. Up in the green ceiling your eye now picks out the victim's crown, moving sideways. Then, as it picks up speed, you hear the rush of twigs and needles through the air, becoming almost a whistle.

The tree's centre of gravity is about one third up from the ground, so the top does not merely fall; it's whiplashed down, and hits with a thundering thump that makes the forest floor quake. For a long time, things keep coming through the air—a twig, a chunk of wood, a branch—slung up again from the ground in the commotion of the crash. Then it is quiet and you experience a feeling of sorrow.

But can the harvester feel sorry for the wheat? "Harvest" is what they call this, in modern forests. They don't have a bad conscience when they cut virgin forest down. A virgin forest is, of course, full of

dying and dead trees. It grows less wood per year than a young, managed forest would. It is less resistant to disease and pests. A forest, they keep telling you, ought to be a tree farm. Industrial foresters would like to "convert" all "old growth" into tree farms immediately, and thereby increase timber growth by 60 per cent.

Loggers out there have begun to operate their forests on "sustained yield": you cut no more each year than grows each year. In this way the big sawmills and pulpmills won't run out of wood, and the communities dependent on the mills don't become ghost towns. Under a special law government-owned forest and private forest are now sometimes pooled, locally. They then work under a joint logging schedule to guarantee the wood supply. So will the virgin forest last into the next century; after that, "farmed" trees, second growth, will carry the load.

The way you cut a forest determines how it will grow back. Seedlings of some trees will grow in their parents' shade. Seedlings of other trees need full sunlight. The Douglas fir won't grow in the shade. To reproduce it, you "clear-cut"; on 100 acres or so, everything goes.

It looks horrible! The amputated stumps, the chunks of waste wood strewn all over the place, the naked soil showing. This land looks finished. But it isn't; in the end, the forest comes back.

After the tree is felled comes "bucking" — cutting it up into transportable length (40 feet is about the longest). Today you do your bucking with the chain saw, a saw-like blade five feet or so in length with a small petrol engine built into its handle. Just hold it against the wood and let it buzz and it melts right through a tree.

Logging is dangerous. The logger needs eyes in the back of his head, plus a lot of judgment, or he gets

At the Fourth World Forestry Congress, held at Dehra Dun in September, 1954, Dr. Paniabarao S. Dessmukh, the Minister of Agriculture, told delegates that in 1950 India had awakened to the dangers of denuding the country of its tree growth. The inauguration in that year of the Van Mahotsava, or Festival of Trees, had brought an enthusiastic response, and he added: "During the last five years . . . no less than 120 million trees have been planted by the people."

A comprehensive National Forest Policy was formed as part of the First Five Year Plan; and the Second Five Year Plan, effective from last April, includes proposals to increase the land under forest from 22 to 33 per cent of the country's area. About 7,000 miles of forest roads are to be constructed or improved, while ten new seasoning plants are to be established with the object of improving lesser known timbers and substituting them, where possible, for the more valuable types of wood.

hurt. Typical accident: A log lies with one end slightly off the ground. A tree falls on that end. The log flips up, flies end-over-end and kills a man who thought he was out of the danger zone. His fault; he should have seen that this might happen.

A logger often works inside a jackstraw puzzle. He pulls on log A, and this moves log B; B nudges C and starts it rolling; C rolls on him. Such dangers might be easy to see in a level factory yard, but these men work on steep slopes where the ground is often slippery with rain and half hidden by litter.

There is no foreman to watch over you and keep you safe. You are on your own. Said a logging boss, "I can pick a man I want to hire by the way he walks in the woods. One man slips and stumbles and gets branches in his face—you don't want him. He will get hurt. Another man moves easily." All loggers I saw had this in common—they moved with great agility and grace. Today the good logger wears a hard hat, aluminium; his trousers are cut off short at the calf with no turn-ups, to keep him from getting his leg caught; and shoes with spikes, for walking on a log when it's wet.

The fellers and buckers leave a mountainside strewn with logs. Next comes the "yarding." A new crew moves in to pull the logs to the road. Their tool: a sort of ski-tow that half lifts, half drags the logs by cable to a landing on the road. The logs slide more easily, and get

stuck less often, if the pull on them is upward as well as forward. To get this upward angle, loggers lop the top off a standing tree, stiffen the trunk with guy wires and string the cable over the top of this mast, called a "spar tree."

Often the man in the cab of the winch can't see the log he is to haul or the men who are hooking it on the cable. He goes by signals, longs and shorts on a whistle in his cab, which a signalman on the other end of the line toots by electrical push-button. And he also goes by judgment and feel—he can sense the tension of the cable by the way it vibrates. Asked how he avoided pulling the wrong rope, a winchman said: "How does a pianist avoid hitting the wrong key?"

At the other end, where the logs lie, the job is tough. To hitch a log to the tow cable they put a "choker" on it, a sling that is self-tightening as the strain increases. Then they scramble out of the way. The log starts moving. It is a strangely exciting sight. The cable itself you hardly see. The log seems to thrust forward under its own power.

Loggers used to pick only the choice trees and leave everything else. It was wasteful, but wood was cheap and plentiful. Now wood has become valuable; you can't afford to leave it. What the sawmill can't use, the pulpmill can. Companies now send chunk inspectors round to see that nothing usable is left on the ground.

At the roadside a giant pair of ice tongs swings the logs on to a lorry. The lorries are monsters; fully loaded they weigh up to 100 tons. They are not allowed on public roads: they would crack the surface. They are also two to four feet broader than the highway code allows. Such a monster, ten-wheeled, comes down the long inclines slowly, trailing a cloud of steam. Its brakes are watercooled; a jet of water plays on each hot brake drum and instantly boils away.

Now that the tree is on its way to the mill, you come back to these roads as the most important new thing in the woods. Apart from their usefulness to logging, they make fire-fighting much more effective: you can now often drive right up to a fire while it is still small and attack it with water, like a city fire brigade. Along one company's roads, huge tank trailers are parked here and there, full of water, ready to move into action. With the help of the logging road, fire has been pushed back to second rank among the enemies of the forest. It now does less damage than insect and fungus pests.

At the bottom end of the forest, several logging roads come together at a railway line. Here, every few minutes, a lorry comes in; a crane lifts the whole load of logs off in one parcel, and sets it down on to a bogie.

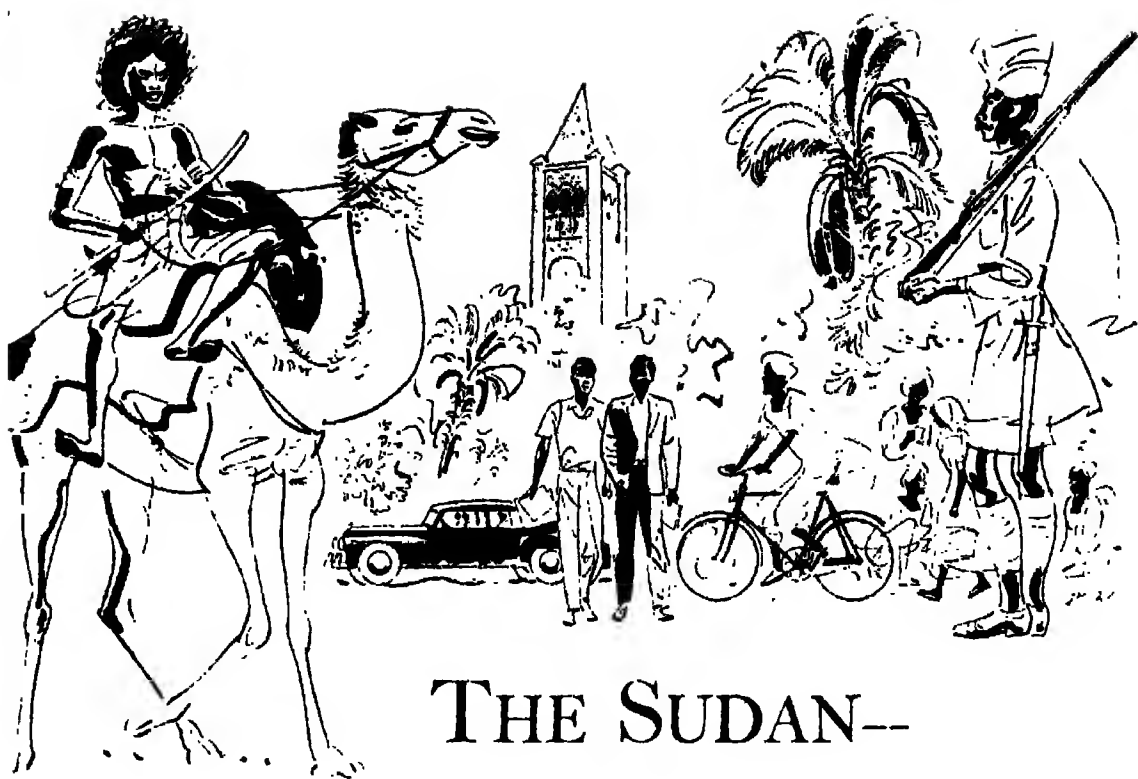
I reminded myself that each load of wood, as it came through here

on its way to the mill, was this very minute being replaced by new growth, up there in the forest. Enough wood is cut in that particular forest *every day* to build 1,000 houses. Enough wood grows back in the rest of the forest area *every day* to replace what's been cut. That is the big news from the forests: when they cut trees now, they are no longer mortgaging the future.

What is described here for the north-western area of the United States is true all over the country. Everywhere logging has come out of the exploitation stage and scientific forestry is being practised, especially by the big pulp and paper companies that depend on the wood supply for survival. For 50 years we have heard about "vanishing forests." Now the lumber companies are growing as much wood as they are cutting.

The evidence is in the trees themselves. New England is going back to forest: New Hampshire was approximately one-third covered with forest 50 years ago and is now two-thirds covered. Pennsylvania, heavily logged in the 70's, and the Great Lakes, last region to be logged under the old "cut-out-and-move" system, seemed ruined at about the turn of the century. Now the second growth has come back everywhere. Wherever trees will thrive at all the forest is on the increase. And more land will go back to timber, as more people discover that it pays to grow trees.





## THE SUDAN--

### *New Nation in Africa*

By John Gunther

**T**HE SUDAN, newest country in the world, sounds a note unlike any other I met on my trip through Africa—a note of animation, of spontaneity and confidence. The country became independent, freed from its old ties to Britain and Egypt, on January 1 of this year. It sparkles with zest to get ahead. I even heard a youthful Sudanese say, "Our country is going to be like the United States; we will try to combine here the best of both Africa and Europe. We want more," he added, "than just good roads, schools and hospitals. We want good films, too!"

Geographically, the Sudan is a kind of viaduct between Mediter-

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*A famous American author reviews the effects of Britain's tutelage in the former Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. This huge country, now independent of British and Egyptian control, is eagerly trying its wings*

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anean Africa and African Africa. It is a vast land, almost four times the size of Texas (if anything can be four times the size of Texas), and has a population of ten million. Sudan means "land of blacks," but plenty of Sudanese are not very black. Most are of mixed Arab and Negro blood superimposed

upon an older Hamitic stock.

The distinction is marked between the urban population (about two million) and the tribesmen, largely illiterate, out in the desert and equatorial jungle. The townsmen, with their brittle veneer of Western education, dislike the nomadic tribesmen and call them savages. But as a matter of fact many of these "savages" are superior to the people in the towns. They can be magnificent specimens physically and they have their own highly developed standards of conduct and honour. And they have, by and large, a happy way of life.

Some of the most famous tribes in Africa are Sudanese, like the Fuzzy-Wuzzies, so called by British soldiers because of their mops of unruly hair. There are about 820,000 Dinkas and 350,000 Nuers, elaborately cicatrized with beads of scar tissue adorning their bodies. They have little political consciousness (so far) but immense racial pride. Male Dinkas may occasionally be seen near Khartoum, although their natural habitat is far to the southwest. They are tall men who customarily, even today, go stark naked.

In its desert regions the Sudan is one of the hottest places on the world's surface. Khartoum is the only city I have ever been in where I could feel heat from the street through the soles of my shoes. Other desert lands like Egypt and Libya have unpleasant winds, but nothing

to match the *haboob* of the Sudan, which in June blows desert dust as black as an oil fire over the parched, quivering towns.

The chief line of demarcation in the country is between north and south. The northerners, numbering around seven and a half million, are largely Arabic-speaking, Moslem by religion, and strongly under Egyptian cultural influence. They belong, in a rough manner of putting it, to the world of Europe. The two and a half million southern Sudanese are mostly darker-skinned, pagan (some have become Christianized in this century), and speak their own African languages although many know pidgin Arabic or English.

No country has been more a prisoner of external forces than the Sudan. In 1820 the Egyptian despot Mohammed Ali sent his armies into the country and conquered it. Thereafter Egyptian rule, which was unimaginably rapacious, slothful and corrupt, lasted till the 1880's. About 1881 rose a corrosive prophet and warrior, the Mahdi (messiah), whose correct name was Mohammed Ahmed. He built up an army of dervishes and, in the name of Allah, fought a fierce rebellion against the Egyptians.

Forced to their knees by this inflammatory patriot, the Egyptians turned for help to the British, who from 1882 onward were in military occupation of Egypt. After prolonged vacillation the British Government sent General Charles

George ("Chinese") Gordon to safeguard British interests and to superintend Egyptian withdrawal from the Sudan. Gordon was, however, a cranky character and made his own policy. The Mahdi's forces advanced on Khartoum and, after a long siege, took it in 1885. Gordon was killed by dervish spears on the steps of the palace that is now the seat of the new government, two days before a relief expedition arrived to save him.

Thirteen years later the British took their revenge. In 1898 General Sir Horatio Kitchener (later famous as Lord Kitchener of Khartoum), commanding a mixed British and Egyptian force, wiped out the dervishes once for all at Omdurman. This was a battle in the grandest old style. The Anglo-Egyptians lost 48 killed; the dervishes lost 9,700. One of Kitchener's officers was the youthful Winston Churchill—it is somehow startling to recall that Sir Winston took part in a cavalry charge on the banks of the Nile 58 years ago.

In 1899 joint Anglo-Egyptian rule was set up over the Sudan. This lasted until the early 1950's. But though Egypt had theoretically equal status, the British in effect ran the country and under British rule it was practically a closed area. Even today there are only four towns—in a territory as big as all western Europe—with hotels for Europeans: Khartoum, Wadi Halfa, Port Sudan and Juba.

The trip from Cairo to Khartoum, unless you travel by air, is composed of three stages. The celebrated "white train" (really a dirty cream colour) with its modern sleeping-cars scuffles out of Cairo in the evening and, following the Nile, reaches Luxor, with its majestic and melancholy ruins, early the next day. Here you may watch snake charmers seduce cobras out of hidden niches in the rocks. Then you proceed by train to Shallal, near the Aswan Dam, and board a blunt-nosed scow.

Beyond Aswan the Nile broadens out to become a pellucid lake. Across it is Wadi Halfa. You have left Egypt and entered the Sudan. At Wadi Halfa you board a train again. The run to Khartoum takes 27 hours, first across the desert, then along the Nile. The desert stations have no names, only numbers, and stand 50 miles apart. The most famous stop is No. 6 because it is the only one that has water.

Khartoum—the name means "Elephant's Trunk"—is pivotal to the future of Africa. It is actually three cities—Khartoum itself (population 79,000), largely British and (formerly) governmental; Khartoum North (41,000), an industrial suburb; and Omdurman (128,000), across the river, which is the Arab town.

The city was rebuilt by Kitchener in 1899, after its destruction by the Mahdi, and laid out in the shape of a Union Jack. This served a good

tactical purpose—machine guns could easily command the long slanting streets with their numerous intersections—but it makes for a traffic problem now. Street signs are in scarlet, and the English name is above the Arabic, instead of vice versa as in Egypt. Some streets have signs in a third language—Greek.

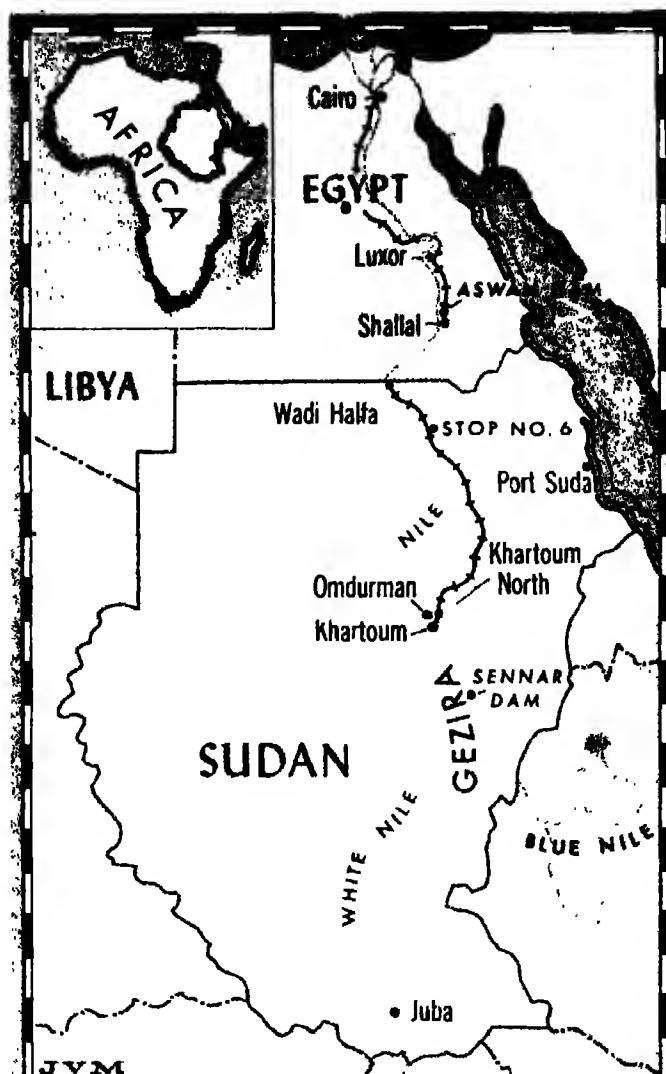
During the Second World War Khartoum was an important stop in the aerial route across Africa. Few people will remember it with relish. It has no sewage system. A few Balkanesque night clubs exist drearily, employing girls of assorted nationalities. For most of them it is the end of the line.

But Khartoum is not entirely bleak. It is the seat of University College, an amalgamation of the Kitchener School of Medicine and one of the most celebrated of all institutions of learning in Africa, Gordon Memorial College. It gives degrees recognized by the University of London. Recently the United Kingdom gave its endowment fund one million pounds in recognition of the Sudanese help in the war.

Here, under British tutelage, the élite of Sudanese youths have for more than a generation received higher education. Without the University College no Sudanese Government would be possible. Ironically, practically all graduates

become flaming nationalists. Egypt's General Naguib is a graduate, as are countless Sudanese men of affairs. By fostering an institution of this kind, Britain planted the seeds of her own doom in the Sudan. But she went ahead regardless.

From Khartoum we drove to the Gezira, which is a narrow triangle between the White Nile and Blue Nile where one million desolate acres have been made to burst with flower and seed. The Gezira enterprise, a scheme to grow long-staple



cotton and other crops by means of irrigation, has 20,000 tenant farmers, and is the best-run and most-productive project of its kind in Africa. It dates from the opening of the Sennar Dam in 1925 and the original capital came from the United Kingdom. It is now nationalized; 40 per cent of the profits go to the Sudanese Government (a substantial share of the country's public revenue), 40 per cent to the tenant farmers, and the rest to the Gezira Board.

For 54 years British administration gave the Sudan education, justice, public order and almost complete political tranquillity, with opportunity for development, even during periods of the most effervescent crisis. There was never a revolt not even disaffection to a military extent. (For this one must pay tribute to the good qualities of the Sudanese as well.) After the Second World War only one British battalion—say 800 men—was stationed in the Sudan, and the Sudanese Defence Force (about 4,500 strong) seldom had more than 30 British officers. All this in a territory that could easily have exploded into

chaos, if administration had ever been arbitrary, selfish or unwise.

Truly, the British have reason to be proud of themselves in the Sudan. They decided to withdraw—peaceably and with honour—when it was clear that the Sudanese, in the full grip of their own nationalist evolution and constantly stimulated by Egypt, would not accept the white man's tutelage or leadership any longer. The British had no choice but to get out, and the Sudanese began creating their own administration. Several individual Britons have stayed on—but as servants, not masters. Recently, because of the acute shortage of officials and trained manpower, the Sudanese have hired Indian technicians—surveyors, educationalists, census officers, railway engineers, entomologists. But the men who run the government are Sudanese. This new nation, having tasted the heady excitement of freedom, does not intend to surrender it to anybody.

On February 7, the Sudan applied for membership of the United Nations, and her admission was approved unanimously by the Security Council.

### *Pointed Remarks*

A few helpful tips for anyone who wants to catch a porcupine were offered recently by the Lands and Forests Department of Ontario, Canada, in a bulletin reading in part as follows:

"The best way to effect his capture is to wait until he's in the open. Then, watching for his slapping tail, rush in quickly and pop a large washtub over him." The bulletin adds: "Thus you have something to sit on while you figure out the next move."

—Awake!

"It is amazing how the habit of searching out the best in others enlarges our own souls."

# The Art of Understanding Other People

By Clarence Hall

ONE OF THE richest hours of my life was spent recently in the company of a woman who had just turned 80. Though she had been buffeted by what seemed more than her share of ill fortune, Miss Emily had created more happiness for herself and her neighbours than anyone else I've known. For years her humble home was a refuge for the troubled in heart. I asked the secret of her serenity and she replied: "I found it when I overcame the bad habit of judging others."

There is no other quirk of human nature so common or so malicious. All of us at one time or another have been guilty of this cruelty. And many of us have been the butt of it.

A prominent minister says, "I have heard people confess to breaking every one of the Ten Commandments except the ninth: 'Thou shalt

not bear false witness against thy neighbour.' Yet this is the one we all break most often."

What irreparable damage has been done to innocent people by thoughtless indulgence in this vice!

When a man asked Mohammed how he might make amends for falsely accusing a friend, he was told to place a goose feather on each doorstep in the village. The next day Mohammed said, "Now go and collect the feathers."

The man protested, "That's impossible—a wind blew all night, and the feathers are scattered beyond recall."

"Exactly," said Mohammed, "and so it is with the reckless words you spoke against your neighbour."

A minor poet wrote: "Stubbornness we deprecate, but firmness we condone; the former is our neighbour's trait, the latter is our own."

Why do we garnish our own traits but tarnish the other fellow's?

The impulse to blame others is a defensive measure so ingrained in our nature that psychologists say that if you want to find a man's weak points, note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others.

A woman who was forever complaining about the untidiness of her neighbour gleefully drew a friend to her window and said, "Look at those clothes on the line, grey and streaked!" The friend replied gently, "If you'll look more closely you'll see that it's your windows, not her clothes, that are dirty."

Lack of compassion in judging others arises from not knowing what lies behind a condemned one's actions. We need to hold in our hearts the Chinese proverb: "Be not disturbed at being misunderstood; be disturbed rather at not being understanding." In our everyday relations with others we constantly risk blackening someone's reputation by failing to look beneath the surface with the eye of compassion.

"A lovely widow with three children moved into our village," a friend told me, "and in a few weeks she was the most talked-about woman in the place. She was too pretty. . . . several men had been seen visiting her. . . . she was a poor housekeeper . . . . her children roamed the streets and ate at other people's houses. . . . she was lazy and spent most of her time lying on the sofa, reading.

"One morning our pretty neighbour collapsed in the post office, and the truth soon came out. She was suffering from an incurable disease and couldn't do her housework. She sent the children away when drugs could not control her pain. 'I wanted them to think of me as always happy and gay,' she said. 'I wanted to pass away alone so that they would never know.'

"The men visitors were her old family doctor, the lawyer who looked after her estate, and her husband's brother.

"The village was kind to her for the remaining months of her life, but the gossips never forgave themselves."

We can halt hasty judgment in its tracks by asking ourselves: might I not be as bad, or worse, if I'd been faced with that person's troubles and temptations? The habit of judging others tends to reveal about us that unattractive character flaw, self-righteousness. Our very attitude seems to say: I *must* be good, look at all the bad I'm finding in others. Christ's classic rebuke to self-appointed judges was, "Let him who is without sin among you be the first to throw a stone." I heard of a businessman who keeps on his desk a stone with the word "First" lettered on it—a strong reminder.

A recent census of opinion among clergymen brought out four simple rules for overcoming the habit of judging others.

First: Be sure you know all the facts, so that your evidence is not merely circumstantial.

We share the responsibility of wrong judgments by listening to them. "Whenever I hear a sensational story at someone's expense," says R. V. C. Bodley in his book *In Search of Serenity*, "I try to gauge the mentality and motives of the raconteur, and either discard everything that has been said or try to discover what started the yarn." Do this yourself before hastily judging the subject of gossip.

Second: Remember that, however certain another's guilt may seem, there may be extenuating circumstances. Years ago the Sioux Indians had an impressive ritual. A brave who was about to set forth to visit other tribes would raise his hands towards the sky and pray: "Great Spirit, help me never to judge another until I have walked two weeks in his moccasins!"

Third: Give your habit of judging others a "reverse twist" by focusing on the graces of people, not their faults. Dr. Walter Moore

tells of a lecturer who began his addresses by taping a square of white paper on the blackboard. Then he made a tiny black spot in the centre. Asked what they saw, all present replied, "A black dot." The speaker said, "Don't any of you see a large square of white?"

Develop the habit of seeing the good in people. Comment on it. Practise the art of good gossip. It is amazing how this habit of searching out the best in others enlarges our own souls. Look in your mirror when you are inclined to pronounce harsh judgment on another and see how crabbed you look. Then speak well of someone, and watch kindness flood your face.

Fourth: Leave all judgments of others' sins to God. Arrogating to ourselves the functions of the Deity is as presumptuous as it is irreverent. Bishop Fulton Sheen, famous in America for his radio and television sermons, says: "The separation of people into sheep and goats will take place only on the Last Day. Until then we are forbidden to make the classification."

### *All the News . . .*

FROM THE *Tacoma News Tribune*: "Members of the Lions Club stretched and strained last Thursday as Swan Johnson, local physical therapist, demonstrated deep-breathing exercises during the club meeting. There will be no meeting next week."

FROM THE *Greenwich Village, New York, Villager*: "Harper Holt entertained friends from Washington at his New Fane, Vermont, farm. Following a shooting expedition for pheasant and quail, Mr. Holt and his guests enjoyed a roast ham dinner."



# Humour in Uniform

A VERY YOUNG soldier and his bride-to-be came to our church to be married. When my husband concluded the ceremony, instead of kissing each other, the couple just stood shyly.

"You may salute your bride now," my husband said. "The ceremony's over."

To our amazement, the soldier turned and gave a very proper military salute—which the startled bride returned.

—MILDRED BEALL

OUR FINANCES were really strained by the arrival of our fourth child. So when I discovered The Reader's Digest was offering cash prizes for "Humour in Uniform," I began urging my husband to think of some anecdote from his war years. But I was completely unsuccessful. "Come now," I finally said, "surely you can

think of *something* short and funny in the Air Force!"

"Well," he remarked dryly, "there was the C.O." —DOROTHY STOTT

DURING A recent campaign against careless driving at a large Naval base, a soldier private stopped a jeep for exceeding the speed limit and politely requested the driver, a Navy commander, for his driving licence. The soldier proceeded to take down details of the offence. "Do you know," the commander roared, "who I am? I'm the commander of the naval base and I'm on my way to play golf with your commanding officer. This will undoubtedly make me late."

"I'm sorry, sir," the soldier replied, "but I'm writing as fast as I can."

—HARRY BULLOCK

WHILE IN a military hospital at Regensburg, Germany, I was in the same ward as a Private Smith. He was continually firing questions at anyone within range. One morning he asked the doctor one too many.

"In civilian life, were most of your cases accidents, sir?"

"I don't know," replied the surgeon.

"How is it that you don't know?" Smith persisted.

"Private Smith," said the captain as he walked away, "I was an obstetrician."

JOSEPH KROTEC, M.D.

*Readers are invited to send their own contributions to this feature. Stories accepted for publication will be paid for at our usual rates. Contributions, of not more than 300 words, should be typewritten, and cannot be acknowledged or returned. Address: "Humour in Uniform" Editor, The Reader's Digest, 25 Berkeley Square, London, W.1.*

After a generation of research and planning, the telephone companies of three nations lay a storm-proof line under 2,500 miles of ocean

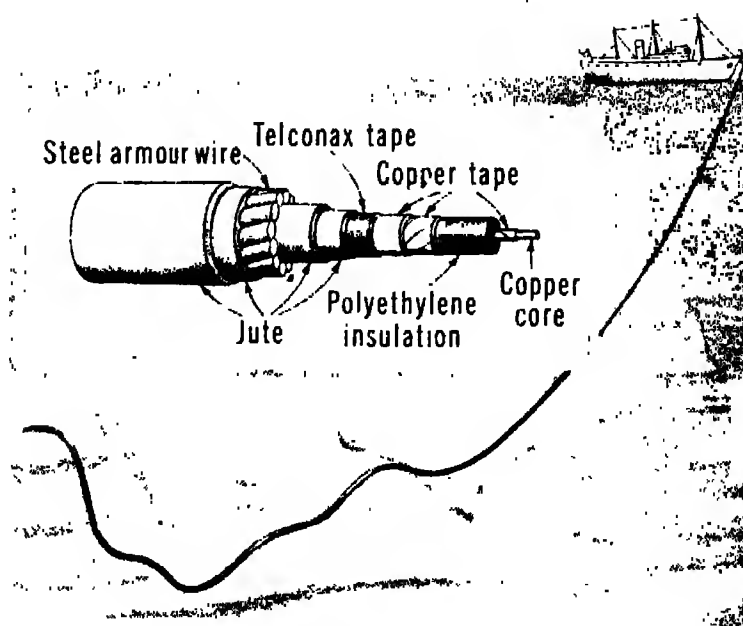
## — VOICES UNDER THE ATLANTIC—

By Frank Taylor

ONE DAY next autumn, a tenacious American Telephone & Telegraph executive, William Glasgow Thompson, will pick up the phone in his New York office and call London. In as little time as it takes him to get his suburban home he will have his number in the British Isles—via a newly completed transatlantic telephone cable, one of today's outstanding electronic and engineering triumphs.

This 2,500-mile underseas cable is the realization of a 30-year dream: Thompson started working on it in 1928. For telephone users it means sure-fire connections across the Atlantic at *any time*, regardless of magnetic disturbances, storms or jamming.

The cable—really twin cables, one eastbound and one westbound—cost 40 million dollars and will



handle 36 conversations simultaneously; it is expected to carry 1,200 a day. It is such a precise piece of construction that communications engineers speak of it almost with awe. Woven into it at 46-mile intervals are 102 Lilliputian booster stations, known as repeaters, each capable of amplifying telephonic voices a millionfold to compensate for loss of volume in transit. At the heart of each of these repeaters are three marvellous electronic tubes tough enough to withstand constant use for 20 years.

One big problem was to fit the tubes and some 60 other components of each booster inside a flexible housing without creating more than a slight bulge in the cable, so that it wouldn't jam as it was paid out over the drums of the cable-laying ship.

By 1950 the engineering team had the answer: the components of the booster unit were encased in an eight-foot-long sausage-like string of loosely coupled lucite cartridges an inch in diameter. The string was fitted into a shield of overlapping armour-steel rings stout enough to withstand the 6,800-pounds-per-square-inch pressure at the depths of the Atlantic. Then the whole thing was encased in copper, spliced into the cable and protected by armour-steel wire and impregnated jute.

With all this armour, the repeater was barely 2.8 inches in diameter, and so flexible that the unit would bend round the seven-foot drum used by the cable ship. This flexibility is all-important, for once the ship starts paying out cable it dares not stop, or the cable suspended between ship and sea bed may kink or snap.

The cable itself has a solid one-eighth-inch copper core. Thin strands of copper tape are wound round this and covered with polyethylene insulation, which is in turn wrapped with more copper tape and sheathing to keep out marine borers. Then comes a layer of jute, in which are embedded strands of armour

wire capable of withstanding a 26,000-pound pull. Paradoxically, the cable has to be armoured twice as heavily for use on the continental shelf and near each shore, where trawlers, anchors and icebergs are a greater threat than mid-ocean hazards.

In August, 1952, Thompson and George Best, vice-president of American Telephone and Telegraph, headed for London to make a deal with British experts who had been working on undersea telephone cable and had laid cables to Norway, Holland and France. Britain had also built the world's largest cable-laying ship, the 8,000-ton *Monarch*, whose four huge wells could handle 1,600 miles of the new phone cable—enough to stretch from the continental shelf off Newfoundland to a submarine plateau known as Rockall Banks, 500 miles west of Scotland.

An agreement was signed, making the G.P.O., the Canadian Overseas Telecommunication Corporation (a Canadian Government corporation) and American Telephone and Telegraph partners in the project. The costs will be shared between the three combines.

One question was the route. Twenty-one telegraph cables already lay on the Atlantic's bottom, and the phone cable's builders didn't want to cross any of them; repair ships grappling for the older cables might damage their delicate repeaters. After surveying the sea

bed, the phone men settled on the great-circle route from Sydney Mines, Cape Breton, to Clarenville, Newfoundland, to Oban, Scotland, far north of existing cables. (From Sydney Mines to Portland, Maine, the transatlantic phone takes to the air via 19 microwave radio relay stations.) The east and west phone cables, each 1,950 nautical miles long, were projected 20 miles apart, to permit repairs to one cable without disturbing the other.

Route and terminals agreed upon, manufacturing the 3,500 miles of deep-sea cable and the 900 miles of extra-heavy armour shallow-sea cable became the immediate task. The cables had to be made beside the sea so that they could flow via rollers from the factory into the wells of the cable ship. For this, a British firm built a new factory on the Thames, and an American company built a factory for the production of the deep-sea repeaters.

The finished repeaters, gently packed in aluminium cases, were sent by road at ten miles per hour -- to another factory producing armoured cable, where they were equipped with 28-foot stubs of cable. From this factory they were flown to England to be spliced every 40 miles into the cable. At this point they became mere bulges in the coiled cable, brightly painted as a warning to the *Monarch's* skipper to slow down from six to three knots as each repeater rolled over the drums and into the sea.

Though the *Monarch's* crew had laid thousands of miles of cable, this lifeline across the Atlantic called for new and more precise techniques. So, early in 1955, the *Monarch* steamed to Gibraltar, where 200 practice miles of the new cable were laid, first in the shallow Bay of Cadiz, then in deep ocean off Casablanca. Not a repeater was damaged in this operation, but it was clearly demonstrated that letting up on the tension caused kinks in the cable; once the *Monarch* started across the Atlantic she would have to keep steaming steadily, come high winds or high waves, until each section of the cable was in place.

On June 28, 1955, the *Monarch* steamed out of Clarenville, Newfoundland, with 200 miles of the cable from the American factory. Making a detour round an iceberg, she paid out this section to the edge of the continental shelf, where the end was marked with a bright yellow-and-red buoy. Then she sailed for England to fill her wells with 1,250 miles of deep-sea cable. Back at the buoy, her "jointers" spliced the cables--a seven-hour task. Then she headed for Scotland, paying out cable day and night. At times her fathometer recorded submarine canyons more than two miles deep; these were avoided so that the cable would not be suspended from cliff to cliff.

At Rockall Banks off Scotland the cable's end was marked with a buoy, and Captain J. P. F. Betson headed

full steam for London, to pick up the last 500 miles of it. When the *Monarch* returned to Rockall Banks, with Bill Thompson aboard to see his dream come true, a 100-m.p.h. wind—contributed by Hurricane Ione—howled where the buoy should have been. After the seas calmed, the *Monarch* began grappling runs for the lost cable. Thirty hours later the grapples hooked on to it four and a half miles from its end. The new cable was spliced on and run in to Scotland.

On September 27, 1955, Thompson listened for the first time to voices boosted along the ocean floor

from North America. Whatever words he had coined for the historic occasion he forgot.

"It works!" he exulted.

With the completion of the west-bound link this autumn, the Atlantic cable will serve all Europe. Seven of its 36 circuits will be extended by relays to Paris, Amsterdam, Frankfurt, Brussels, Copenhagen and Berne. A call will cost the same as one by radiophone: £1 per minute between London and New York. Thompson expects the circuits to work round the clock, and hails the new cable as "another milestone in the art of telephony."



### Cartoon Quips

FRANTIC chemist to boss: "We can't conform to these specifications. We've combined trillium, chlorophyll, irium, phosphate and X29, but there's no room left for toothpaste!"

—Bernhardt in *The Christian Science Monitor*

BRIDE to groom, going down aisle after ceremony. "There, now—that didn't take long, did it?"

John Norment in *The American Magazine*

OFFICE secretary, on phone: "He's out to lunch now, but he won't be gone long—nobody took him."

—Lenny Rogers in *Pipe Dreams*

IRATE WIFE to husband: "I'm *not* trying to start another argument—this is the same one."

—Bernhardt in *The Southern Planter*

TWO MATRONLY ladies to travel agent: "We'd like to get completely away from civilization near some nice shopping district."

—Franklin Folger, Newspaper Features

PATIENT to doctor: "When do you think I'll be well enough to eat the things that disagree with me, Doctor?"

—Jam in *The American Magazine*

WOMAN to shoe salesman: "If you don't show me everything, how can I see what I don't want?"

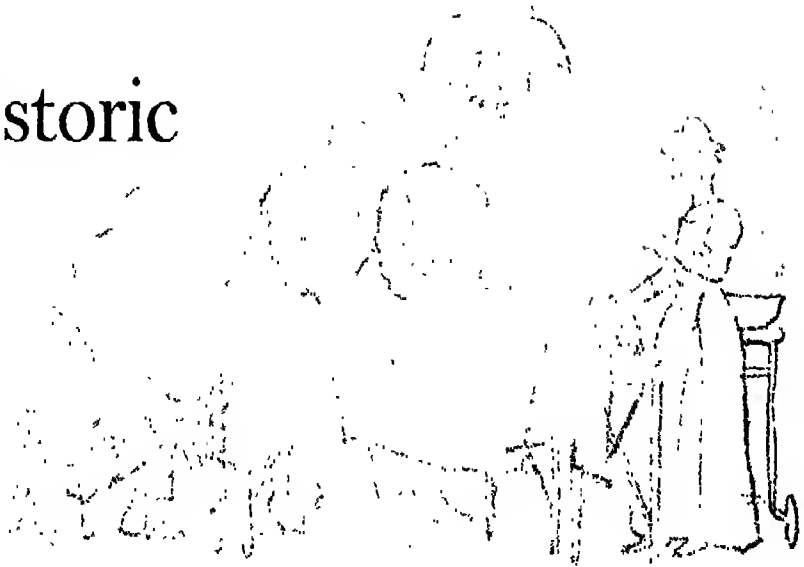
—Jo Fisher, Chicago Sun Times Syndicate

DOOR-TO-DOOR salesman to housewife: "You should have seen what I saw at your neighbour's. May I step in and tell you about it?"

—John Dempsey in *True, The Man's Magazine*

A dramatic episode in medicine's lifesaving annals  
*A Reader's Digest First Person Award*

# I Saw an Historic Blood Transfusion



*By Frank Corrigan, M.D., surgeon and diplomat; former U.S. Minister to Panama, and first U.S. Ambassador to Venezuela*

THE FAMOUS surgeon, George Washington Crile, is remembered for many outstanding medical achievements, but to me his most enduring monument will always be the extraordinary operation he performed one hot August night in 1906.

It heralded a new era in surgical history by showing that blood transfusion was feasible. And it came about almost by accident.

I was house officer on duty at St. Alexis Hospital, in Cleveland, Ohio, when the first-floor night nurse called me. The patient in 106 was sinking fast, she said. When I got to his bedside I found that the nurse had not exaggerated. The patient, Joseph Miller, who had been admitted to the hospital that morning

with a badly bleeding kidney, was a dying man. I felt his pulse--weak and thready; respiration, rapid and shallow; lips, blue. Immediately ordering some stimulation and a saline infusion, I located the St. Alexis staff surgeon, Dr. Crile, who came to the hospital at once.

When he arrived he was dressed in a dinner jacket, and I knew I had interrupted a dinner party. Dr. Crile had a personality that could light up any room and that night he was in exceptionally fine spirits. He examined the patient and found him slightly improved by the stimulation I had administered, but it was clear that Joseph Miller had only a short time to live. Dr. Crile turned to me and said, "Corrigan, I'm going to give him a transfusion."

I was astonished. Although I knew in theory what he was talking about, I had only a vague idea of what he meant to do and how he planned to do it. Doctors had dreamed for centuries of devising a dependable means of putting human blood back into circulation. In the seventeenth century Jean Denys, in France, had injected the blood of a lamb into the veins of a boy, who miraculously survived, although we know today that interspecies transfusion is ineffective and dangerous.

Other efforts included attempts in the nineteenth century to inject blood into the abdominal cavity of women suffering hæmorrhage during childbirth. But such experiments had few practical results and often ended in disaster. One prime obstacle, it was eventually recognized, was the coagulation of the donor's blood when drawn from the body into a receptacle, with the resulting danger of introducing a clot into the recipient's blood stream.

During the first years of the present century, great strides had been made by the brilliant French surgeon and physiologist, Alexis Carrel, later to be awarded a Nobel Prize for his pioneering work in surgery of the blood vessels. Combining his theoretical knowledge of the circulatory system with his remarkable skill as a surgeon, he had succeeded in joining the blood vessels of live dogs.

Dr. Crile now proposed to perform the daring operation on a

human being. He would give Joseph Miller a transfusion by uniting his blood vessels with those of his brother.

Sam Miller was at his dying brother's bedside. Dr. Crile turned to him and asked, "Would you give some of your blood to save your brother's life?"

Sam answered without hesitation, "Yes, of course."

"All right," Crile said to the nurse. "Tell them to get ready in surgery. Prepare the patient's arm from the shoulder down." Then to the healthy brother, "Come along with me, Sam."

In the operating theatre, Sam and Joseph were laid parallel, head to foot, on adjoining tables. A local anæsthetic was administered to each of them. Joseph was by then sinking fast.

It began to appear, however, that the operation might never begin; Dr. Crile announced that all our surgical needles were too large for the delicate work of sewing together the small blood vessels to join the two circulatory systems. Then one of the nuns produced a tiny needle—almost hair-thin—which she used in sewing delicate linen.

A second snag arose when it became evident that regular surgical thread was too large. In order to get a thread thin enough, we unravelled the finest silk twist available in the hospital and used one of its three strands.

We then brought together the

wrists of the two men and Dr. Crile made his incisions. He exposed the artery near the surface of Sam's wrist and a vein in the wrist of the patient. Each of these was sealed off with rubber clamps, and then severed. Next, threads were inserted at three points at the mouth of each vessel and drawn taut, changing the normal circular shape of each to a triangle. The mouths of the severed vessels were then brought together, with the interior coating—the intima—of each vessel in direct contact with that of the other. Without perfect contact the blood would clot instead of passing freely through the junction.

Now Dr. Crile could begin sewing the vessels together to form a "watertight" joint. Their triangular shapes gave him three flat surfaces to work with. But they were tiny: each one a third of the circumference of a blood vessel which was no more than an eighth of an inch in diameter. Along each of these minute surfaces he would have to take a dozen stitches.

The intense summer heat had fallen like a pall over the brightly lit operating theatre. Everyone present realized that at any moment there could be a fatal slip in this delicate operation. With his miniature needle and cobweb thread, Crile began the crucial sewing job.

God gives the gift of true surgery to few men; fewer still develop it to the utmost. Joseph Miller was fortunate in having one of those favoured

few operating on him that night. When the two vessels were completely sewn together, we released the clamps, and the blood from Sam's artery began to course into Joseph's vein. With each new spurt of blood, we knew that the union would hold.

The effect of the fresh blood flowing into the dying man's system was like a miracle. He recovered consciousness and his skin became a lovely pink; he opened his eyes and smiled and began to take notice of his surroundings. We were lost in wonder and admiration at the sight of this dying man coming back to life, until the head nurse said, "Doctor, the brother has fainted."

No one had been paying any attention to Sam and he had passed out. He looked almost as pale as his brother had a short while before!

We immediately terminated the operation. The vessels were tied off again to stop the flow of blood, the junction was cut away and the severed ends of Sam's artery and Joseph's vein were rejoined. Then the outer skin was sutured. Although the blood had flowed from Sam's body into Joseph's for only a few minutes, the entire operation had taken over three hours. We were exhausted, but exhilarated by the conviction that we had crossed a new frontier in medicine.

Thanks to later developments, blood transfusion no longer requires such surgery. Today blood is drawn from the donor into a receptacle



containing an anti-coagulant, and the transfusion is administered through direct intravenous injection so easily as to be commonplace.

In 1906, of course, we had no knowledge of blood types and the Rh factor and the many other things we have learned since then. Dr. Crile had used the blood of Joseph Miller's brother in the belief that a brother's blood would be most likely to resemble the general characteristics of the patient's. In Miller's case, two more transfusions were needed before he was firmly on the road to

recovery; for those Dr. Crile used the blood of another brother and a sister.

After Joseph's recovery, Dr. Crile published the data he had collected to demonstrate the feasibility of transfusing human blood safely. It caused a sensation in the medical world. By stimulating renewed interest in transfusion, it made possible the developments which are taken for granted today.

As this is written, Joseph Miller and his brother Sam are still very much alive.

### *Uncalculated Risk*

*"Simeon Stylites" in The Christian Century*

A CARTOON that sticks in the memory pictures the end of a bridge game. A bystander is solemnly reproving the winning couple and saying, "You wouldn't have won if you had played it right."

You can almost elevate that remark to the rank of an axiom that those who have made the greatest achievements of history would not have won if they had "played it right." That is, they would not have won if they had observed all the rules of caution and prudence and made a careful calculation of probabilities.

This is true not only of history but of your own life. Your marriage, for instance. The chances are that if you had played it right, you would not have married when you did. You couldn't afford it while you were getting only £300 a year, with a good chance of getting the sack next month. You were just a couple of babes in the woods. But what lovely woods! And in the end, you won!

The same is true of babies. If a couple waits until the absolutely right time to have a baby, they find there is no convenient time. There never was. The greatest Baby of all was born at a very inconvenient time: the parents were on a journey; there was no room for them in the inn. If parents play it absolutely right, with 100 per cent caution, they never win.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" is the motto of all the cowards in the world. If there is to be any winning there must be risk.

Informal and warmly human, King Frederik IX of Denmark and his family lead a life strikingly like that of their adoring subjects

# DENMARK'S FRIENDLY KING

By  
*Robert Littell*

**D**URING THE Danish Army's autumn manoeuvres, four recruits became bored while guarding a bridge, and started a card game. Suddenly, from the bushes, a group of officers emerged. The soldiers jumped to attention, but one unfortunate fellow, ossified with fright, still held his cards frozen in his fingers. The tallest of the officers walked slowly up to him, pried the cards loose, looked them over carefully, and said: "No harm done—you couldn't have taken many tricks with this hand."

The officer whose tactful wit so mercifully came to the aid of the recruit was none other than his Commander-in-Chief, Frederik the Ninth, by the grace of God King of Denmark, of the Wends and Goths,



Duke of Schleswig, Holstein, Stormarn, Ditsmarsken, Lauenborg and Oldenburg, forty-ninth of the kings who have ruled Denmark in a line unbroken for ten centuries.

King Frederik and Queen Ingrid, who is the daughter of King Gustaf VI Adolf of Sweden, are living proof that crowned heads can be regal without being over-formal. This happy, handsome pair, so splendidly, gaily regal on parade, lead a life unfettered by royal forms and ceremonies and more normal than that of almost any European sovereigns in recent history.

The setting, of course, favours this. Denmark, with a population of 4,500,000 is small enough (16,575 square miles) for most of its people

to have seen their King, their Queen and the three young princesses in person. The Danes themselves, while they like dignity, have a robust sense of informality. And the royal palace of Amalienborg, on a lovely rococo square tucked into the heart of Copenhagen, is a jewel of elegance so intimate that its tenants find it quite natural to live like other people.

The King, for instance, opens and reads all his own post. Every morning he keeps himself informed of world affairs by reading five or six newspapers. He prefers to do his own telephoning. Often officials lift the receiver to hear his voice say: "Good morning — I'm sorry to bother you, but may I ask a favour?"

The King is driven through Copenhagen without an escort. Sometimes passers-by at the palace see the royal garage attendant bring the car up to the gate, then the King comes down the steps two at a time, jumps into the car and drives away alone. Last autumn, when King Frederik and Queen Ingrid went to Italy on holiday, incognito, the chauffeur spent most of the trip in the back seat. Italians referred to him as "the third person singular."

It is not easy for King Frederik to go anywhere incognito. With his military bearing and great height (six feet four), he is far too impressive a figure, his friendly, sometimes mischievously boyish grin, too easily remembered.

But if Frederik the Ninth is a king in every sense of the word, he is every bit as much a musician. He has played the piano since he was 12; his passion, however, has been conducting. At 16 he led his first orchestra—an amateur group of seven stringed instruments and piano. Later, though he never had formal training, Crown Prince Frederik conducted the Royal Danish Symphony Orchestra in works by Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Tchaikovsky. Since becoming king he has managed to conduct one or two concerts a year.

Three years ago, in honour of the 70th birthday of his father-in-law, King Frederik conducted the Swedish Court Orchestra, in the great Stockholm Opera House, in an entire evening of Wagner. Usually his concerts are private, for the King considers himself an amateur and is diffident about being judged by professional standards. But on this occasion Stockholm music critics were invited, and in print next day gave him sincere applause. One critic remarked that he "made the tough-skinned orchestra play rapturously." In Copenhagen they say that a well-known music teacher, when asked how good a musician the King is, replied: "If he hadn't been of royal blood, he could easily have had a career as a conductor—and made enough money to live like a king."

King Frederik sometimes conducts rehearsals in his shirt-sleeves.

During one rehearsal it was noticed that he wore a sheath-knife hanging from his belt. He has carried it ever since his days as a naval cadet. It is a sort of mascot to him, and he says he feels undressed without it.

Through his great-grandfather, King Christian IX, who was known as "the father-in-law of all Europe," King Frederik is related to most of the crowned heads of Europe, and to the Duke of Edinburgh. King Frederik was born on March 11, 1899, and baptized Christian Frederik Franz Michael Carl Valdemar Georg in the Evangelical Lutheran faith, with water from the River Jordan. With his younger brother Knud he became as boisterous a young prince as ever used spiked ski-sticks for faster roller skating on palace floors (the marks are still visible at Amalienborg). From seven to 18, the two young princes were the only students in the so-called "Amalienborg Preparatory School"—two boys isolated from others of their age by tutors, fencing masters, language teachers, and royal etiquette.

With his parents and brother, young Frederik spent two summers in the royal yacht *Dannebrog*. To keep them out of mischief the skipper, Commodore Kiaer, gave the boys jobs, uniforms and serial numbers. The King still proudly uses his—461—on the number plate of his car.

At 18 he became a naval cadet, and at 28 had his first command—

the torpedo-boat *Sea-hound*. His seamanship, the crew remember, was first-class. Some years ago a fire broke out in the palace. When the firemen arrived, they found the King sloshing water on to the smouldering woodwork with a pail he had fetched from the kitchen. "I'm used to handling buckets," he said to them with a smile. "It's something I learnt when swabbing decks."

The King's feeling for his sea-going days, his shipmates and all Danish seamen is strong. He never talks on the radio without sending a special greeting to his country's seafarers. Numbers of his closest friendships were made in the navy. And among his friends are some of the captains of the steamers which sail from Copenhagen every night for the mainland. For some years, whenever one of these steamers passed the palace on her way out, her skipper would flash a greeting with his signal lamp, and if he was at home the King would acknowledge it by switching off and on again the lights of the room.

Throughout the Second World War the Danish royal family, though they remained in Denmark, could do little to help resistance leaders, for Crown Prince Frederik and his father, King Christian X, were virtually prisoners during the German occupation. Yet through all those dark years the "old King" remained a symbol of hope and courage to his subjects.

When King Frederik succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, King Christian X, in 1947, there was no show of pageantry, such as there is in London when a British monarch is crowned. The Danes gave up coronation ceremonies more than a century ago; the Prime Minister simply proclaimed the new reign from a balcony of the Parliament Building. The King does not even wear a crown.

Like all remaining European monarchs, King Frederik reigns in accordance with a parliamentary constitution. He is the formal head of the army, navy, and church. (The Danish Constitution says, but does not really mean, that he may pardon criminals, coin money, award decorations, dismiss ministers. No high appointment is valid, no measure can become law, without his signature, but in practice he never withholds it.) Every Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock the Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs wait upon the King in Amalienborg Palace and give him a detailed report of his country's affairs. Several times a year King Frederik and his ministers meet as a Council of State, over which he presides.

Each summer the King and his family go cruising in the royal yacht *Dannebrog*, among the innumerable little Danish islands, often going ashore unexpectedly at fishing villages, and talking to the people as one Dane to another. Sometimes

there are speeches and a reception, but the King's informality quickly melts the ice. On one of these visits the streets were so crowded that the official car could make no headway. "It isn't far," said the King, "let's walk." Led by the royal family, the entire population walked to the town hall.

On some 20 Monday mornings a year, the King holds private audience at Christiansborg Castle, to as many as 125 of his subjects at a time, most of whom arrive in morning dress. Sometimes hooded parkas, embroidered blouses, leather trousers and high soft boots of men and women from Greenland add colour to the proceedings. Most of those who are received have come to thank the King for an award, a promotion, a decoration. The King, in his admiral's uniform, greets his visitors, one by one, standing beside his desk. They address him as "Your Majesty."

The Civil List, that part of the nation's budget set aside for the upkeep of the royal household, comes to about 2,300,000 crowns (Rs. 15,20,000) a year, of which a million crowns is for wages, salaries and pensions. The state pays for the outdoor maintenance and repairs of the palaces; the King pays for everything indoors. The Civil List goes up or down 12,000 crowns (Rs. 8,270) for each three-point change in the nation's cost-of-living index. The King pays no income tax on the Civil List, nor any capital tax on his

private fortune. But while he may hunt and shoot in the state forests, he has to pay the state for the game he bags.

The Danish royal family's favourite home, where they spend Christmas and most of the school holidays, is the hunting lodge of Trënd in northern Jutland, given to the King and Queen as a wedding present by their subjects. Eighty thousand Danes contributed 430,000 crowns (about Rs. 2,80,000) to build this bungalow with its 1,100 wild acres and rush-fringed lake.

In Copenhagen, despite a ceaseless round of audiences to heads of foreign states and envoys, of fair openings, prize-givings, foundation-stone layings, official good-will tours abroad and other duties, the royal couple's life is otherwise like that of their subjects.

The King often browses among the shelves of a Copenhagen bookshop. Now and then the Queen goes shopping, carrying her own parcels. The opera is the only Copenhagen theatre with a royal box. Elsewhere the King and Queen sit on public seats.

Queen Ingrid devotes much of her time and energies to charity. She personally helps with the sorting of old clothing sent to the palace for the poor.

The three Danish princesses—Anne-Marie, 9; Benedikte, 12; and Margrethe Alexandrine Torhildur Ingrid, 16 — are beautiful and spirited. The two younger princesses

go to a large private girls' school where they are treated just like the other pupils. Last Autumn Princess Margrethe was sent to a girls' school in England. Margrethe, by a nationwide referendum which altered the constitution so as to allow the succession to pass to a female child, is now heiress apparent.

Although the two younger princesses are not allowed to be present during state receptions at the palace, they may sit behind the railings of the balcony on condition that they don't make a sound. But they have their own, jollier, parties. A father who arrived at the palace to take his daughter home after one of these, was met at the door of the ballroom by a huge broad-shouldered pirate wearing a turban, a pair of handlebar moustaches and a scimitar stuck in his cummerbund. It was, of course, King Frederik.

A few years ago the Copenhagen radio station took its listeners behind the scenes at Amalienborg for what the King himself called "a peep into our private life. My children have bad habits just like other children," he said. "They are dear children, but sometimes their father feels he wants to strangle them."

A few Danes of an older generation would perhaps prefer their King to be more remote, but for the overwhelming majority the King and Queen are symbols of national unity. "King Frederik," they say, "is a living flag, and like our flag, noble and free and brave in the wind."



*Neosho's wastepaper bins bloom with sprightly flowers in summer, evergreens in winter*

## The Whole Town's Blooming!

*By Daniel Longwell*

"I AM ASTONISHED," said Wiley Emsley ("Squeak") Sims, taking his feet off his desk to emphasize the point, "and you should be, too."

I said I was. Squeak is one of the best gardeners in Neosho and our town's gentlest cynic. When the plan for a flower-box exhibition had first been discussed the previous winter he had prophesied gloomily, "When it gets dry in midsummer, people v'll be too lazy to water 'em—they'll just go fishing." Now, on

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*This town shows what can be done with a handful of flower seeds and a hatful of enthusiasm*

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this mellow October day, the luxuriant box stretching across the front of Sims's office was one of the best of more than 3,000 that had brought the town national fame.

Neosho is a pretty town of 6,500 inhabitants in the Ozark foothills of south-western Missouri. I had known it briefly as a boy, and

during a motor trip my wife had taken a liking to it. So when I retired after 35 active years in New York we bought an old grey house and moved here.

My part in the flower box scheme had merely been to put my fellow townsmen who wanted a flower show of some sort in touch with the New York Community Trust which manages over 100 charity funds dedicated to a variety of public uses. The directors of the fund picked Neosho for a pilot scheme of civic beautification, advised flower boxes for a start and promised \$5 000 for prizes and expenses.

Enthusiasm in small towns is infectious. Businessmen, service clubs, churches, schools, Scouts and the garden club went into action. The *Neosho Daily News* announced the contest with the first seven column front page headline it had used for years. Merchants were persuaded to supplement their usual outside display of vegetables and flowers. The Chamber of Commerce offered to put out and maintain flower boxes along the main roads with signs proclaiming 'Neosho the Flower Box City'. There was a final total of 325 entries.

Local timber companies cut planks to standard flower box sizes at cost and the Junior Chamber of Commerce formed an assembly line

that built and sold boxes very cheaply. City lorries hauled in rich soil from the country and dumped it where citizens could help themselves. A chemical factory offered fertilizer. The local radio station and the town daily discussed the care and feeding of flower boxes. A firm of seed merchants sold 200 000 window box plants at wholesale rates.

When the flower boxes began to appear in late April a curious thing happened. Suddenly, the whole town started cleaning up. Lawns were re-seeded, rubbish was picked up from roads and lanes. New fronts appeared on buildings and a lot of painting was done. Sometimes the owner of a neglected vacant site found it cleaned without knowing who did it.

A plumber's shop turned out a square container with a refuse door on the side bearing the motto

'Help Keep Our City Clean' and a flower box on top. The city fathers then hit so highly of the flowering refuse bin that they bought eight and placed them round the square.

A large dairy firm had for years bought old whiskey barrels, sawn off the top third and given the lower part to their farmer producers for use as milk coolers. The top third of the barrel made fine old-fashioned flower barrels. The dairy firm offered 400 of them free. The people in one street leading into Neosho lined barrels of flowers along the sides of the street to make

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DASHIEL N. ALLEN was one of the founders of the Neosho Junior Chamber of Commerce in 1953.



a bright approach to town. This inspired the people along another approach route to line *that* road.

All small towns have skilled artisans. Ironworker John Wallace made two beautiful wrought-iron boxes for the First National Bank. Filled with geraniums, double petunias, coleus, artillery plant, fern and vinca (periwinkle), they almost caused a traffic jam the day they appeared. Merchants round the Square started to build permanent low boxes of brick, and many of the new houses going up in town were built with window boxes as part of their design.

The contest committee divided the town into sections for prize awards. Churches competed against churches (Neosho has 15); businesses on the ground floor round the Square competed against one another, lawyers in upstairs offices against other upstairs offices, schools against schools, Scout troops against Scout troops; neighbour against neighbour. There were three prize contests—in June, July and early September—with 60 prizes.

As the excitement heightened, employees in the county courthouse put boxes in 64 of the windows. The display was so striking that the townspeople raised money to flood-light the courthouse at night. A hospital put a box outside every patient's window.

Neoshoans took to driving slowly round in the long evenings looking at the bright colours and admiring

the different displays. Mrs. Robert Barnes had a Ferris-wheel arrangement of boxes six feet tall.

Round the Square it was a common sight last spring to see merchants out trimming their boxes, plucking dead blooms from their petunias, cutting back geraniums. Men who a few months earlier could identify only a rose with certainty were comparing the merits of the pink Celestial petunia with the red Fire Chief, and discussing ageratum as a border and the tuberous begonia as a filler.

As the June prize-award date neared, speculation on favourites ran high. The judges, prominent horticulturists from other towns, agreed that they faced a staggering task. Their collective comment, "I've never seen anything like it!" was repeated by many other visitors.

After the prizes were distributed, news of the contest spread throughout the United States and cars with licence plates from every state in the Union started appearing in the Square. The judges went home to urge *their* towns to take up the idea. Enquiries poured in, one all the way from Mossel Bay, South Africa.

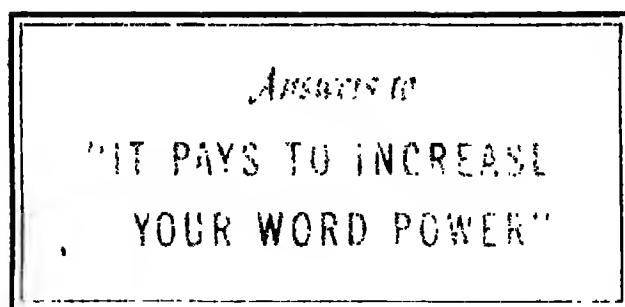
No one made any money out of Neosho's competition. The prizes were an incentive, but somewhere along the line they became secondary. Some of the larger prizes, in fact, were given back to the committee for the next contest, for it seems certain that Neosho will be in blossom again

# It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

NOT MANY words in the "English" language are truly English in origin, but the following 20 words are. First write down your own definitions of those you think you know. Then among the alternatives below tick the one you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- |                                                                                              |                                                                                                   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| (1) <b>harrowing</b> (hăŕ' ō ing)—A: unending. B: crude. C: distressing. D: rough.           | (11) <b>bestow</b> (bē stō')—A: to receive. B: scatter. C: bless. D: present.                     |
| (2) <b>lore</b> (lōre)—A: sentiment. B: suspicion. C: body of traditions. D: false stories.  | (12) <b>gruesome</b> (grōō' sum)—A: dark. B: painful. C: rude. D: ghastly.                        |
| (3) <b>baleful</b> (baic' ful)—A: harmful. B: happy. C: kind. D: dark.                       | (13) <b>betoken</b> (bē tō' ken)—A: to be a sign of. B: invite. C: enrich. D: threaten.           |
| (4) <b>hallowed</b> (hal' ōde)—A: old. B: sacred. C: decayed. D: mellowed.                   | (14) <b>stalk</b> (stawk)—A: walk swiftly. B: limp. C: walk in a stiff, haughty manner. D: block. |
| (5) <b>wean</b> (ween)—A: to detach the affections of. B: strengthen. C: deceive. D: weaken. | (15) <b>lest</b> (lest)—A: unless. B: for fear that. C: or. D: but.                               |
| (6) <b>lair</b> (lair)—A: landowner. B: den. C: evil glance. D: trap.                        | (16) <b>whet</b> (hwet)—A: to whittle. B: stimulate. C: make hungry. D: satisfy.                  |
| (7) <b>lief</b> (leef)—A: lately. B: tardily. C: willingly. D: softly.                       | (17) <b>wile</b> (wīle)—A: artlessness. B: whim. C: beguiling trick. D: charm.                    |
| (8) <b>bridle</b> (brī' il)—A: to bow. B: show anger. C: insult. D: criticize.               | (18) <b>sunder</b> (sun' dur)—A: to destroy. B: make a rumbling sound. C: mix. D: split.          |
| (9) <b>slothful</b> (slōth' ful)—A: fat. B: lazy. C: stubborn. D: ignorant.                  | (19) <b>well</b> (well)—A: to ring out. B: expand. C: rise. D: grow emotional.                    |
| (10) <b>shift</b> (shift)—A: to manage, get along. B: slide. C: shove. D: drag one's feet.   | (20) <b>dole</b> (dōle)—A: to delay. B: distribute. C: chant. D: blame.                           |



- (1) **harrowing**—C: Distressing; heart-rending; as "a *harrowing* experience."
- (2) **lore**—C: A body of tales or traditions; as "the *lore* of the Court of King Arthur."
- (3) **baleful**—A: Harmful; evil; as "a *baleful* stare."
- (4) **hallowed**—B: Sacred; made holy by association; as "the *hallowed* city of Jerusalem."
- (5) **wean**—A: To detach the affections of; to estrange; as "to *wean* nations from an alliance."
- (6) **lair**—B: Den, especially of a wild animal; as "the fox's *lair*."
- (7) **lief**—C: Willingly; freely; as, "I would as *lief* stay as go."
- (8) **bridle**—B: To raise the head and draw in the chin as an expression of anger or resentment; as "to *bridle* at an insult."
- (9) **slothful**—B: Lazy; indolent; sluggish; as "a *slothful* worker."
- (10) **shift**—A: To manage; get along (on one's own efforts); as "to *shift* for oneself."
- (11) **bestow**—D: To give or present, as "to *bestow* an award."
- (12) **gruesome**—D: From Middle English *grue*, "to shudder." Hence, causing a kind of horror that makes one shudder; ghastly; as "a *gruesome* accident."
- (13) **betoken**—A: To be a sign of; indicate; as, "The dove *betokens* peace."
- (14) **stalk**—C: To walk in a stiff, haughty manner; as "to *stalk* out of the room in anger."
- (15) **lest**—B: For fear that; as, "He worried *lest* the plane be delayed."
- (16) **whet**—B: Stimulate; excite; as "to *whet* one's curiosity."
- (17) **wile**—C: A beguiling trick; deception; as, "Men succumb to her *wiles*."
- (18) **sunder**—D: Split or sever; as "to *sunder* a friendship."
- (19) **well**—C: To rise; pour forth; as, "Tears *well* from the eyes."
- (20) **dole**—B: To distribute, especially in small portions; as "to *dole* out money grudgingly."

#### Vocabulary Ratings

|               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| 20-18 correct | .....excellent |
| 17-15 correct | .....good      |
| 14-12 correct | .....fair      |

# A Mental Hospital Unlocks Its Doors

*Revolutionary techniques are curing the mentally ill  
at Warlingham Park*

By Murray Teigh Bloom

**O**N THE morning of November 23, 1954, a key opened the thick brown door of B-2 ward in Warlingham Park Hospital, near Croydon, in England. It was an act without ceremonies, speeches or bunting, yet it symbolized an historic step: the world had its first major public mental hospital without any locked doors.

Dr. Percy Rees, medical superintendent of the 1,121-bed hospital, has introduced so many major innovations that Warlingham is the first stop for many foreign psychiatrists visiting Britain. He lets patients help to decide certain hospital policies and allows them to visit nearby towns once a week on their own. More important, he has developed a method of helping patients cure themselves, by giving them responsibilities to patients who are more seriously ill than they are.

Although it is a public hospital and receives a high ratio of difficult cases, Warlingham Park has an annual discharge rate of 80 per cent,

as against Britain's national average of 70 per cent.

When I visited Warlingham recently, Dr. Rees handed me a large, intricately shaped key.

"This was given me when I took over here in 1935," he said. "It represented the highest authority in the mental hospital. The ordinary nurse here had a key that could single-lock any of our doors. The junior doctors and senior nurses had keys that could double-lock patients and nurses in the wards, and with this magic key I could go round and lock in the whole lot of them. Did you ever hear such nonsense? Presumably what the mental hospitals needed was not good doctors and nurses but crafty locksmiths."

On his first day, Dr. Rees opened the front gate and the big front doors of the main building. They have never been locked since.

Gradually the inside doors were opened, ward by ward, until by 1943, there were only two locked wards. The slow procedure was not

just for the sake of testing the patients' reactions but also those of the doctors and nurses. "The keys gave the staff a feeling of having the patients under their control," Dr. Rees explained. "At first, many were reluctant to give up this power, reluctant to recognize that patients are human beings."

Shortly after the war Dr. Rees gave the high iron railings surrounding the grounds to Croydon to protect its bowling greens in the public parks. "Croydon's need," Dr. Rees says, "was greater than ours."

When only two of Warlingham Park's 23 wards were still locked, Dr. Rees noticed that doctors and nurses assigned to the locked wards were unhappy. When the nurses began to complain about being appointed to the closed wards, Dr. Rees knew that his staff was ready for the final step—unlocking all the doors. When the last key was removed from the last lock, staff morale shot up and the air of tension that pervades most mental hospitals was gone. Self-inflicted injuries among patients in disturbed wards dropped to zero and run-aways decreased abruptly.

Behind the opening of the doors lie some of Dr. Rees's profoundest convictions about what is wrong with most mental hospitals.

He is convinced that in some circumstances a mental hospital can be a remarkably effective device for driving people insane.

"Let us say you are badly depressed and have been sent to a mental hospital to make you feel better. First you are deprived of your belongings—even your wedding ring is taken away. You are not allowed to eat with a knife and fork. You might hurt yourself. A warder restricts your comings and goings. The only time you're allowed outside the building is to go into an airing court and walk round and round. Now, do you think this combination would cure your depression? If you had to endure it long enough you'd surely become a full-blown psychotic case. Patients aren't so wrong when they sometimes exclaim, 'I'll go mad if I stay here any longer!'"

Dr. Rees felt that patients should be treated from the start as individuals, not as shadowy numbers. He believes that, if possible, a patient should feel more cheerful than he would in his own home. Accordingly, he carefully selected the man whose conduct would influence a new patient's first impressions of the hospital: the receptionist. "A good receptionist," he says, "is worth an additional psychiatrist on the staff."

One morning I watched the receptionist, a friendly middle-aged man, receive a new woman patient who had been brought to the hospital by her mother. He took their coats, ordered tea and broke through the wall of nervous tension that surrounded the two women.

Later that day the new patient received an illustrated booklet from the hospital's patient-operated printing shop describing the hospital therapy, and a personal letter of welcome from Dr. Rees which began: "I know how confused and even apprehensive you must be at finding yourself in a hospital of this kind . . . ."

A day or two later the new patient was taken on a guided tour of the hospital and grounds—by another patient. "It's the best way," Dr. Rees explains. "We know patients believe other patients more readily than they will members of the staff."

Once a week Dr. Rees and some of his staff have tea with 30 to 40 new patients, who are encouraged to air complaints and make suggestions. "Why don't we have a phone the patients can use?" an attractive young woman patient asked petulantly.

A portly pipe-smoker answered: "Well, you know what will happen. You'll have patients phoning Scotland Yard and the Prime Minister, asking to be let out."

Believing the pipe-smoker to be a staff doctor, I asked a nurse his name. She smiled. "He's a patient."

"Thank you," said Dr. Rees to the pipe-smoker. Then he turned to the other patient. "As a matter of fact, we're having a phone booth installed this week. I think we should allow a patient at least one fanciful

phone call. Of course if there are too many, we'll have it taken out."

Too often, patients in mental hospitals become docile, vegetative creatures adapted to the secure routine, utterly unfit to resume normal life. At Warlingham Park they make up their own work roster; they divide fairly the chores in the kitchens, gardens, dormitories and halls, and their activity is a valuable part of the therapy. But the Warlingham programme goes much further.

The unhappiest creatures of every mental hospital are the abject, helpless men and women who huddle in dark corners, unable to communicate, or to control their bodily functions. The more advanced Warlingham patients are enlisted to help these sad cases, under direction. Day after day of a rigid schedule helps them to develop regular habits, and in time they too may be given the responsibility of helping a nurse.

One day while I was walking through a women's ward with Dr. M. M. Glatt, one of the senior medical officers at the hospital, he stopped to greet a sullen, attractive 19-year-old girl: "Hello, Jane. I'm glad to hear you're not running away any more."

"Run away? Since they've put me in charge of those six old ladies I've got to see they're washed and dressed and then take them for a walk. By the time we're back, it's just too much bother to run away."

Jane's progress dated largely from the second week she had helped with the women patients.

"Essentially there is only one underlying cause for all mental illness—loneliness," Dr. Rees explained. "Because they cannot live satisfactorily with their fellow men and women the mentally ill turn inward, on themselves.

"What we try to do is to restore the patient's confidence in himself and in other people. The patient wants to feel that he is being trusted or he isn't likely to trust others. You can't achieve that with locks, restraints, barred windows and an imposing list of don'ts."

At Warlingham Park the number of visitors has greatly increased since the prison-like air has vanished. This helps to prevent the patient from losing touch with the world outside. Families are encouraged to take patients out for day-long and even week-end visits to their homes. To prepare them for that step the patients are first

encouraged to make afternoon visits on their own to neighbouring towns whose residents participate through a well-organized Visitors Association.

The methods of treatment at Warlingham Park have influenced such outstanding institutions as Fulbourn Hospital, Cambridge; Hôpital Psychiatrique de Ville-Evrard, Paris; the Boston Psychopathic Hospital; and the Topeka State Hospital in Kansas. After Dr. Rees visited Topeka two years ago and described what he was doing at Warlingham Park, several wards, locked until then, were opened. And Frances McCasland, an occupational therapist at Topeka, decided to work at Warlingham Park for six months.

"Many mental hospitals would be afraid to give patients such freedom and responsibility," she said. "But it works fine. What it all comes down to is that by giving trust to patients they get it in return—many times over."



### *Measure of Affection*

A SMALL BOY invaded the lingerie section of a big department store and shyly presented his problem to a woman assistant. "I want to buy a slip for my mother as a present," he said, "but I don't know what size she wears."

"Is she tall or short, fat or skinny?" asked the saleswoman.

"She's just perfect," beamed the small boy. So the assistant wrapped up a W. size slip for him.

Two days later, mother came to the store herself—and changed it to an O.S.

—Bennett Cerf in *The Saturday Review*



## Man's Best Friend

PUG, a bull terrier, was my husband's dog exclusively. He let me feed him and treat his wounds if he got hurt in a fight, but that was about all. At night, when Pug went to sleep on his pillow in the living room, I often wished he would come upstairs to keep me company, for my husband worked on night shift in a factory.

When the Second World War came, my husband joined the Navy and Pug and I were left alone. The first day, a changed Pug came into being. As I sadly went about my household chores his sturdy little figure was continually at my side. When I went up to bed, he followed me and curled up on the rug beside my bed. That became his nightly routine.

When my husband's Naval service ended, he arrived home unexpectedly at 4 a.m. His welcome from Pug was as tumultuous as mine. But when we went upstairs, no bull terrier followed us. Pug had reinstated himself in the living room. His tour of duty was over too.

—Miriam Davis

WHEN WE brought our new son, Michael, home from the hospital, our little fox terrier, Kicapoo, adopted him immediately. There was just one thing—he couldn't stand hearing the baby cry. When the first wail sounded, the dog ran frantically to my wife, and watched while she gave him his bottle or a rusk to chew.

After the baby was old enough to be put outside in his playpen, Kicapoo constantly kept guard. We noted that the baby never cried for any length of time when the dog was with him. One morning I heard the baby start to cry and, looking out, I saw Kicapoo hurry to his food dish, pick out a dog biscuit he had nosed aside the night before, and carry it to the small boy, who took it and began munching it in contented silence.

Rex Campbell

ONE BLACK night as I was walking home from work, I heard the frantic barking of a dog in the distance. Altering my course to take me to this apparent call for help, I saw a man and the dog standing in the middle of a crossroads. I asked the man if there was anything wrong.

"Yes," he said, "I am blind and have become lost. If you will please tell me where I am and start me off in the right direction I'll be all right."

The dog meanwhile had stopped



barking and was standing patiently by. After the man had received directions and started on his way, the dog trotted off in the opposite direction, with an air of satisfaction in his stride.

—E. J. Horrell

ONE EVENING as we were watching a television production of *Macbeth*, our intelligent and obedient Dalmatian, Spot, wandered up from his accustomed bed in the cellar and curled up on the floor near the set. A few minutes later Lady Macbeth was launching into her sleep-walking soliloquy—"Out, damned spot! Out, I say!"—whereupon Spot obediently rose and slunk back to the cellar.

Joan Lebold

WE WERE in the sheep business in Idaho and we bred our own collies for the sheep camps. They were great dogs—strong, intelligent, quick to learn the shepherds' orders and the sign language a sheep dog must know. The finest of them was Bruce.

The spring he was two years old, Bruce set out with our shepherd, Ed, and a flock of young lambs en route to the summer mountain range. They were camped about 20 miles from town across a hot desert stretch when

Ed, cleaning his rifle, somehow accidentally discharged it and mangled his left hand.

Binding his wrist as tightly as he could, Ed waved to Bruce to bring in the sheep. By the time they were penned the shepherd was desperately weak. Calling Bruce to him, he fastened a strip of blood-soaked rag to his collar. He pointed. "Home, Bruce, home! Help! Home!"

Bruce had never had an order like that, but he barked once, turned and ran. When he got to our house in town he was utterly spent. He could only totter in at the door and sink down, feebly lapping the water I put before him.

By the time we reached our shepherd he was unconscious from loss of blood, but he lived and his hand was saved.

— Kathleen Schildman

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*Contributions are invited for "Man's Best Friend." Stories must be true and from the contributor's own experience. They should be typewritten and not over 300 words. Each story published will be paid for at our usual rates. Contributions cannot be returned. Address "Man's Best Friend" Editor, The Reader's Digest, 25 Berkeley Square, London, W.1.*



### *Birth of a Star*

AT GREAT expense a major Hollywood film studio imported a young European actress and groomed her for stardom. Finally she was given a leading rôle. When the picture was released, one critic wrote that she was beautiful, charming and poignant. His paper had only been out an hour when the head of the studio phoned. "We put a fortune into that girl," he raged, "and you ruin her with one column. You know she isn't married and you say she's poignant!"

— Contributed by Dan Bennett



## "A Mistake Doesn't Have to be Final"

*By Joseph Phillips*

IT ALL began on March 15, 1955, when 17-year-old Truls Halvorsen's ship, the Norwegian freighter *Fernhill*, was anchored at Hong Kong. Early that morning several Chinese tailors boarded the ship to sell suits to the seamen. Halvorsen needed a suit, but on his pay of \$50 a month he didn't have enough money. He asked a tailor to mend a pair of torn trousers.

On the way to Halvorsen's quarters, the tailor eyed the lad appraisingly. He saw a handsome, well-built six-footer, blond, blue-eyed, with pink cheeks. He also saw a boy who needed money.

Picking up the trousers, the Chinese said, "You want to make \$1,200?"

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*The sinister ways of drug smugglers, revealed in a recent dramatic case*

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"Sure," Halvorsen replied. "How?"

"Smuggling. Opium. Many seamen do it. Easy."

Taken aback, the young sailor said he'd think it over. The tailor promised to return in three hours.

To Halvorsen, \$1,200 was a lot of money. If other seamen got away with smuggling, why couldn't he?

"Opium" conjured up nothing more for him than some dimly-lit den where Orientals lay around puffing pipes.

When the tailor returned, Halvorsen said yes. The tailor wrote out a

Hong Kong address and told him to be there at 6 p.m.

That evening, in a clean, sparsely furnished room, Halvorsen was greeted by the tailor and his boss, a stout, business-like Chinese. Halvorsen's job, the boss specified, was to hide the opium aboard ship, smuggle it past Customs and deliver it in San Francisco, where he would be paid his fee. The boss opened a cardboard box. It held ten bags of "opium," each weighing about half a pound. The shipment was larger than was customary, the boss said; payment would be \$1,350 instead of \$1,200.

After having Halvorsen photographed so that the San Francisco receiver would recognize him, the boss showed him how to smuggle the narcotics off the ship. He took off his shirt, folded a white silk sash lengthwise, tied it round his waist, then concealed the bags in the fold. He wrote down the San Francisco address for delivery — Lew Gar Kung Saw, 854 Clay St.—then gave Halvorsen half of a carefully torn Chinese coupon. The receiver would have the other half. "Nobody gets caught," he said. "We've done it many times."

Halvorsen knew that smuggling was a crime. But, as he slipped the opium into his locker aboard ship, "being the key man in a real-life mystery story seemed like a big adventure."

The thrill vanished, however, when the *Fernhill* weighed anchor.

Halvorsen's conscience nagged him. This was the first time he had touched trouble. Until the age of 14, when he went to sea, he had been an excellent student. Aboard ship he had worked hard and learned fast. With his intelligence, he could look forward to steady progress in the Norwegian merchant service.

During the long voyage to Suez, Halvorsen began thinking about other people—his parents, who ran a small hotel near Oslo; his girl friend; the Rev. Leif Aagaard, of the Norwegian Seamen's Church in Brooklyn. Halvorsen had met the pastor on his first voyage, and a close friendship had developed.

He began asking shipmates about narcotics, and soon realized that he was deep in a crime far greater than smuggling. If he made delivery, he would be helping to destroy the lives of hundreds of men and women, boys and girls. The enormity of the crime he had agreed to commit overwhelmed him.

"For many days I kept thinking of Pastor Aagaard," he said later, "and finally I could not stand it any longer."

At Suez, Halvorsen sent an air-mail letter to Aagaard. Would the pastor present the entire opium matter to the authorities? Could Halvorsen help, perhaps, in getting the people in San Francisco sent to gaol?

In New York, Pastor Aagaard rushed to the U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation with Halvorsen's

letter, then to the Bureau of Customs. On May 7 Aagaard sent Halvorsen a cable: "All in order here."

The *Fernhill* was scheduled to stop at Boston and New York before going on to San Francisco. At Boston, Customs agents boarded her, picked up the narcotics and questioned Halvorsen. "We found him truthful and straightforward," the agents reported. "He took full blame for what he had done, and made no excuses. He kept worrying about the effect of the news on his father."

The heroin in Halvorsen's locker proved to be one of the most valuable illicit shipments known to have entered America in the past ten years. Government chemists determined it 97 per cent pure. Cut and re-cut, it would provide hundreds of thousands of "shots." It would retail on street corners for about three million dollars.

Agents emptied the bags, refilled them with a milk-and-sugar powder, meticulously re-sewed them along the original thread-holes. Then Halvorsen and a Customs agent flew to San Francisco to make delivery. Halvorsen was intensively rehearsed for his role. He would be accompanied by an agent posing as a shipmate. The agent would do no talking, but if any problems arose in the meeting with the criminals, Halvorsen would pick up his cues from the eyes of the agent.

"The boy showed fear," said the agent who worked most closely with

Halvorsen, "but he never hesitated. He felt he had to make amends for what he had done."

At 10 a.m. on May 27, Halvorsen and the agent walked into 854 Clay Street, in the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown. They climbed three dark flights of stairs without encountering anyone. On the fourth-floor landing they met a Chinese to whom Halvorsen showed the paper bearing the words "Lew Gar Kung Saw." The Chinese pointed to a kitchen at the end of the landing. There they were silently greeted by an elderly Chinese who glanced at the paper and made three telephone calls. "Come back 12 o'clock," he told them.

When Halvorsen and the agent returned, the same Chinese arose from a chair. "Five minutes he come," he announced, and left.

Halvorsen was tense. "The boy was in a spot," the agent said later. "If he blew his lines or made a mistake, anything could happen. The room had a big cupboard that could have concealed a member of the gang. We might have been under scrutiny through a peephole. The set-up was dangerous."

After 15 long minutes a thin, well-dressed, middle-aged Chinese, wearing thick-lens glasses and a hearing aid, entered the room. He was later identified as Lew Doo. Halvorsen extended the paper with the address and asked, "Are you this man?"

"Yes, yes," Lew answered.

"Show me the coupon and my picture."

Lew took from his pocket the boy's photograph and a torn piece of coupon. The coupon fitted the piece in Halvorsen's hand.

Nodding towards the agent, Halvorsen explained, "This is the bosun from the *Fernhill*. He helped me. We got our ship's pay in New York, and came here by bus." Halvorsen spoke in an unnaturally loud voice. The agent saw his jaw muscles pulsate. But Lew apparently accepted his nervousness as a sign of inexperience.

"You got the opium with you?"

"No, it's in a locker at the bus station. Have you got the money?"

Lew pulled out a roll of notes.

"You come to my hotel room," Halvorsen said. "We'll pick up the opium and do business there."

Lew got excited. "No, no, no. This place very safe. Do business here all the time. Hotel room no good."

From the government's point of view, the ideal plan was to persuade the receiver to come to the hotel room where a tape recorder could take down the negotiation. But a glance at the agent told Halvorsen to string along with Lew.

When Halvorsen and the agent returned with the "opium," Lew took out three bags, examined them without cutting them open, and counted the remainder. Seeing only eight bags, he exclaimed, "But I

pay in Hong Kong for ten bags."

Halvorsen explained that two bags had got wet in the hiding place in the hold of the ship and had to be thrown over the side. Lew nodded, stuffed the heroin into a brown paper shopping bag.

He refused to pay \$1,350 for only eight bags, however. Halvorsen haggled, then said he'd take \$1,200 plus his bus fare from New York. When Lew counted out the money, the agent casually picked it up, then quickly drew his gun, whirled Lew round and handcuffed his hands behind his back.

Lew Doo, alias Frank Lew, alias Lew Wah, arrested seven times since 1933 but never convicted, was turned over to Customs agents who had deployed round the building. Papers found in Lew's room revealed the names of the Hong Kong leaders and showed that Lew was the direct United States contact for one of the biggest narcotics rings in the world. On August 2 Lew was sentenced to four years in prison. In gratitude to Halvorsen for his co-operation, Customs awarded him \$1,000.

Shortly before he sailed for Norway in mid-July, the boy and his pastor had a last talk.

"You've learned something that all of us need to know," the pastor said. "A mistake doesn't have to be final. When we have conviction, we can change a mistake. It's worth the effort."

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The magnificent U.S. National Gallery of Art owes its existence  
to the initiative and generosity of one man

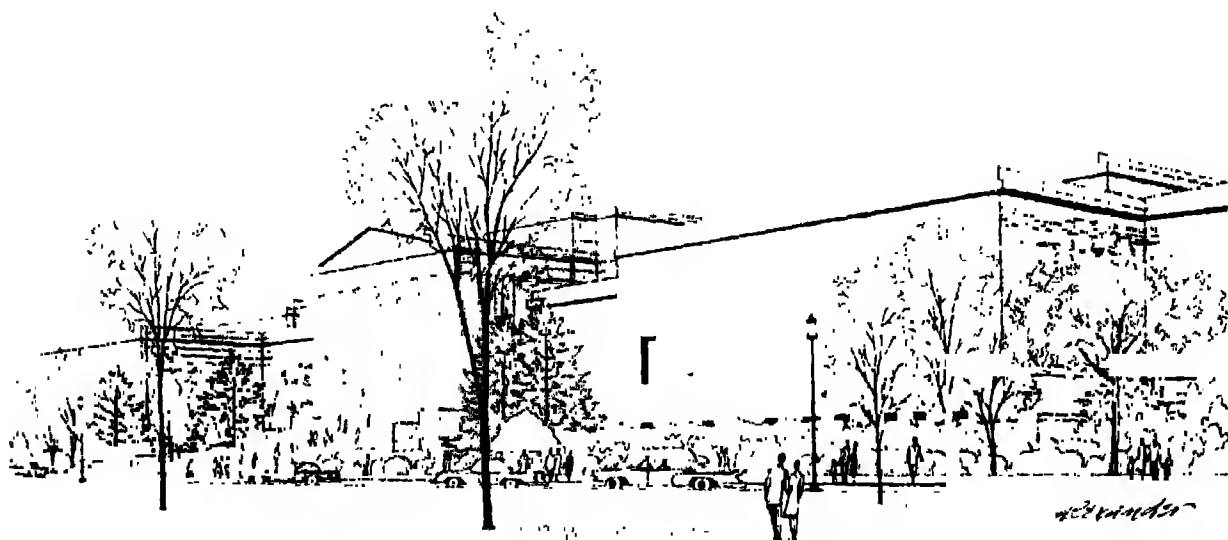
*By Andre and Assia Visson*

**T**HE U.S. National Gallery of Art, in Washington, is an impressive, dome-crowned building of pink-white marble, standing between the Capitol and the Washington Monument. Through its heavy bronze and steel doors, 40 feet high, more than 24 million visitors have passed since the gallery was opened in 1941. Now recognised as one of the world's great art galleries the U.S. National Gallery owes its existence to one man.

When Andrew William Mellon went to Washington as U.S. Secretary of the Treasury in 1921, he was

reputed to be the wealthiest man (banking and steel) ever to hold a U.S. Government job. Mellon wanted Washington to be one of the world's great cultural capitals, but no one suspected that he would use a large portion of his wealth to that end.

One day, in 1927, Mellon disclosed a scheme he had been turning over in his mind. To David Finley, his young Special Assistant at the Treasury, he said: "Washington should have a national gallery to rank with those of London, Paris, Rome and Madrid. Since a grant



from the state is unlikely, I'm willing to put up the building myself and offer it, together with a collection of paintings, to the American people. I want you to organize this gallery."

Finley accepted the appointment, and during the following years helped to plan the bold project.

The millions who visit the U.S. National Gallery today can hardly imagine the effort that went into assembling its treasures. It took most European galleries a long time to gather their priceless collections. They inherited many of their treasures from the established collections of royal and noble patrons, whereas American galleries must depend on donations from private collectors.

Andrew Mellon had started his own collection as a young man. Travelling abroad in 1882, he bought an old painting for \$1,000. His business friends were shocked. How could this astute young industrialist pay so much for a canvas?

Mellon went on buying paintings, however—but only those that appealed to him. He turned down a portrait by Raphael because the sitter had an "evil face." The French eighteenth-century masters were too lavish with their colours and their nudes for the puritanical Mellon. His preference went to pleasant Dutch and English paintings, which he found both inspiring and relaxing.

Soon, as his momentous project got under way, his approach to collecting changed. For the gallery he

wanted nothing short of the best.

He learned that the Soviets were willing to sell a few masterpieces from the Czar's famous collection at the Hermitage Palace. So in 1930 and 1931, Mellon acquired 21 of the paintings at a cost of more than seven million dollars. Among them was Titian's "Venus With a Mirror," a nude which he would not have hung in his own house, but which he knew should have a place in a great gallery, and for which he did not hesitate to pay \$544,000. He gave \$745,000 for Raphael's "St. George and the Dragon," measuring 11 inches by eight inches, and \$839,000 for Botticelli's "Adoration of the Magi." His top payment, \$1,166,000, went for Raphael's famous "Alba Madonna."

When Mellon left the U.S. Government in 1933, after 11 years as Secretary of the Treasury and one year as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, he decided the time had come to push his long-cherished project to completion. He chose architect John Russell Pope to design the gallery. "Never mind the cost," Mellon said. "It will be a building to last for centuries."

Together they selected the finest building materials: pink-white marble for the walls, because it absorbed the sun instead of reflecting it like white marble; Italian dark-green marble for the 24 columns in the central rotunda; green and grey marble, and fumed oak for the floors.

"It will be quite expensive," warned Finley.

"Just so long as it doesn't *look* expensive," answered Mellon, who hated ostentation.

As a result of the constant search for the finest materials and the latest air-conditioning and air-purifying equipment—to protect and increase the life span of the old paintings—Mellon had to raise his building budget from 9 to 15 million dollars. In addition he gave a five-million-dollar endowment for new acquisitions and other expenses. Then, one month before announcing his donation, he suddenly decided that the masterpieces he had gathered during half a century were inadequate. Certain schools were not sufficiently represented.

Laid up with a bad cold, he telephoned David Finley. "Take the first train to New York. Go to Duveen and pick up the best pictures he has been concealing. I know he has bought many masterpieces during these depression years."

Finley spent three days with Duveen and together they brought to Washington 30 paintings and 21 sculptures—masterpieces of the Italian, Flemish and English schools from the fourteenth to the early nineteenth century. Duveen rented an apartment below Mellon's and there placed all his treasures under armed guard. A month later, at the luncheon table, Mellon concluded the greatest single purchase of art treasures ever made. He bought 18

sculptures and 26 of the paintings—for 11 million dollars!

A few days later Andrew Mellon, now 81, sent a letter to President Roosevelt offering the nation his 35-million-dollar collection of 132 paintings and 26 sculptures, together with funds for building the gallery.

He set only two conditions: First, his name was not to be connected with the gallery. A genuinely modest man, he did not want America's National Gallery to be thought of as a memorial to him. Second, the trustees should see to it that all art collections donated later were of the same high quality as his.

The opening of the U.S. National Gallery of Art on March 17, 1941, was a major event. Unfortunately, Andrew Mellon was not there to witness the realization of his dreams. He had died in 1937.

But his hopes were already being fulfilled. In 1939 the gallery had received another great collection: 375 paintings and 18 sculptures of the Italian school from Samuel Kress, another multi-millionaire. It was the most complete collection of Italian art ever brought together by one person. Kress had intended to establish a gallery of Italian art in New York, but Finley persuaded him to bring his collection to Washington. Finley, Mr. Kress and John Walker, a young scholar of Italian art who had been appointed chief curator of the gallery, selected the Kress masterpieces for Washington. With recent additions, Kress paintings



and sculptures now form the largest collection in the gallery.

A third highly important donation came from Joseph Widener who presented his collection of 100 paintings to the gallery in 1942. Among them were fourteen Rembrandts, two of the rarest Vermeers, eight Van Dycks, one Raphael and two El Grecos. And with them came magnificent Italian Renaissance sculptures and an invaluable assemblage of rare furniture, small bronzes, tapestries, prints and Chinese porcelains.

Another important collection is that of Chester Dale, now president of the gallery's board of trustees. A New York investment banker, Dale began in the 1920's to "invest" several million dollars in great French Impressionists and Post-Impressionists including Renoir, Degas and Cézanne.

The U.S. National Gallery also brought together an important collection of 763 American paintings. Covering two centuries of U.S. art, it contains works by America's best painters—from Gilbert Stuart and John Copley to Winslow Homer, James Whistler, Mary Cassatt and Childe Hassam.

On its opening night the U.S. National Gallery had on view 555 paintings and 61 sculptures. Today, it offers its visitors 960 paintings, 209 sculptures, a collection of 1,306 small bronzes, as well as antique furniture, tapestries and china. Moreover, it has in storage about 800 additional valuable paintings.

And its print collection, thanks largely to a gift from Lessing Rosenwald, has jumped from 399 items in 1941 to 21,618 in 1956.

The setting in which these collections are placed is impressive. Entering the 100-foot-wide rotunda of the central hall, with its sixteenth-century Italian bronze fountain and 24 massive marble columns, visitors hush their voices as if in a cathedral. Right and left from the rotunda run two long halls with French and Italian sculptures. These open into two garden courts which feature seventeenth-century French lead fountains that once stood in the gardens of Versailles. Round the halls and garden courts are 90 exhibition rooms. On Sunday nights the gallery's orchestra gives a free concert in one of the garden courts to audiences of as many as 1,000 people.

Many art students from other countries now go to Washington to study old masters of their native lands.

A question frequently asked by visitors—"How much are the collections worth?"—is not an easy one to answer. Masterpieces are priceless, because they cannot be replaced. But the market value of the collections is estimated to be about 300 million dollars. To reproduce the building itself would cost more than 50 million dollars today.

But the educational and spiritual value of the U.S. National Gallery is infinitely greater. The permanent collection as well as the exhibitions

on loan from French, German, Austrian, Italian, Japanese and Spanish galleries have offered millions of people an opportunity to become acquainted with the world's cultural past.

### *The Touch of the Master*

JOHN GRIMSHAW WILKINSON, blind botanist, lost his sight when he was 23, but he learned to distinguish flowers by touching them with the tip of his tongue. He could name instantly each of 5,000 specimens.

ONE AFTERNOON Sir Arthur Sullivan, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame, set out with a companion for a house where he had been only once before, and on reaching the proper street, could not remember the number.

"Never mind," he said, "I'll find it." He walked up to each door in turn and gave its boot scraper a gentle kick. "Here we are," he said at length. "Listen—E flat."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

WHEN RAPHAEL called upon a friend and found him out, he left neither his name nor a card, but instead drew a circle on a piece of paper. His friends knew that only Raphael could draw a perfect circle free hand.

Robert McLaughlin, *Fishing for Fish Not in the Pond*

VISITORS to Houdini's home had glimpses of his infinite capacity for taking pains. Seated with friends, he would absently take a pack of cards from his pocket, and for an hour would exercise his fingers in manipulation, making certain cards appear at the top of the pack when they seemed hopelessly shuffled, all the time conversing on a wide range of subjects and paying not the least attention to the cards or his sensitive fingers. "I have to keep in practice to do things like this mechanically, like walking or breathing," he explained once to a friend. On other occasions he would take a length of string from his pocket, tie it in various sorts of knots, and drop it on the floor. Presently his visitors might observe that Houdini had unobtrusively slipped off his shoes and socks, and was untying and retying the knots with his toes, meanwhile never so much as glancing at his own remarkable manipulations.

Harold Kellock, *Houdini*

GEORGE GREY BARNARD had trained his hands to an eerie degree of separate activity. Holding in each hand a small lump of clay, he swiftly moulded with the left the form of a male, while simultaneously the clay in the right hand assumed the form of the female figure.

—*The North American Review*

# THE KIND OF PREACHING THAT MATTERS

*"Experience has taught me: Just tell the people that Jesus Christ  
can change their lives"*

By Norman Vincent Peale, D.D.

EVERYBODY HAS moments he would characterize as his highest and greatest. One of mine is that Sunday morning when I preached my first sermon.

It was in a little Methodist church in Massachusetts. I was a seminary student at the time, and I wanted that sermon to be a gem of scholarly eloquence. So I tried to put into writing it all that I knew of theology and literature. But it just wouldn't come, and I became confused and discouraged.

In despair I telegraphed my father, a Methodist district superintendent, asking for help. He replied: "Just tell the people that Jesus Christ can change their lives. Love, Dad." That message has been en-

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DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE is one of America's foremost Protestant preachers. He is the editor of *Guideposts*, a religious publication for laymen, and author of *A Guide to Confident Living* and *The Power of Positive Thinking*, both of which have been best-sellers.

graved in my memory every since.

I arrived early at the little church and went to a room which was bare of everything but an old red couch and a cluttered table. Here I paced up and down, trying to fix my sermon in mind. Then I looked out of the window and saw people beginning to gather. My inadequacy swept over me; my sermon left me. I fell to my knees by the couch, praying frantically for some message that would help those people.

Suddenly I had a great sense of peace, and then a very moving impression of God's presence. It was as if He said to me, "Do not be anxious. Simply tell the people that I will help them if they will give their lives to Me."

This experience was so overpowering that I feel its reality to this day. Exalted and inspired, I then and there vowed to do everything I possibly could to get everybody, everywhere, to know what Christ

could mean in their lives. I rose from my knees and almost ran to the pulpit. It was a short, immature sermon, but everything I had went into it.

When in memory I go back to this little church and its experience of profound dedication, the old excitement comes over me. I know better than anybody else how imperfectly I have kept that vow, but it still stirs my soul and calls me back to the kind of preaching that really matters.

After my first year at the seminary I returned to my home in Ohio for the summer. When my father told me that a country church was without a preacher for the following Sunday, I eagerly offered to "supply." I was imbued with everything I had heard in the classroom back at the seminary; we had been studying the atonement. Therefore I prepared a ponderous sermon on that topic which I thought I would try out on the "country folk."

Sitting on the verandah on Saturday afternoon, I read the sermon to my father. He sat with his feet perched on the balustrade, listening patiently. Then he said, "Well, Norman, there are several things I would do with that sermon if I were you. First, I would burn it." •

This rather startled me, but he went on to explain: "It's a good thing to write out a sermon, so that your thoughts are organized. But never preach from a manuscript. Get yourself so full of your message

that you can stand before your people and pour it out to them, looking them straight in the eye.

"Then," he said, "I would simplify it. Scholarship isn't the use of obscure words or high-sounding phrases. True scholarship takes the greatest principles and makes them so simple that a child can understand them. Tell your listeners in simple everyday language that Jesus Christ died for them, that He can save them from themselves and give them joy and peace. Above all, tell them what you personally know."

The sheer common sense of this advice impressed me. I went out the next day with his words ringing in my ears.

I can see that country church as though it were yesterday. It was a still, beautiful Sunday morning. Looking down at the waiting congregation, I was nervous, as usual. But I prayed silently, and an inner voice seemed to say, "Go ahead, tell them about Me." So I rose and began, without fanfare or flourish, to talk about what Jesus Christ had come to mean to me.

Afterwards I went home for lunch with a farm family. My host was a big, heavy-set man, his face weatherbeaten, tanned and strong. While the men were waiting on the verandah for lunch to be served, he put his big hand on my knee and said quietly: "You did all right this morning, son. Your sermon was simple, and everybody could understand it. Stick to that style every

place you go. Just keep telling people that all their failures, their faults, their sorrows and their weaknesses can be lost in Jesus. Just tell them that --the same old message, the old, old story."

I noticed that there were tears in his eyes. He pulled out a big handkerchief and blew his nose. Then he slapped me on the back and went into the house.

There was a silence on the verandah. Finally one of the men said, "Perhaps you ought to know that that man had a lot of struggles with himself. And he went sort of bad for a while, until one Sunday, in that little church, he was converted. Ever since then he has been quite a remarkable person, as you can see."

These experiences convinced me that the one great object in preaching should be to enable people to know Jesus Christ, so that the defeats of their lives may be turned into victories. Having done that, the next step is to tell them that they cannot keep this experience unless they give it away, share it with others. *That* is the message that should come from every pulpit in the world, Sunday after Sunday, week after week.

I decided early that I was going to preach evangelistic sermons, aim for a decision, try to get people to accept the Saviour. It was the custom in those days to invite people to come to the altar and accept Christ publicly. (It is still good, I believe, to get people to step out before

their fellows and say, courageously, "This is the way I am going to live!") So, in my first church, in a mill town, I suddenly decided during an evening service to give the invitation.

Five people came forward and knelt at the altar. Some of these people, I knew, had been struggling against all manner of defeat. I was so excited that I literally did not know what to do. I knelt with them and simply said, "I don't know much about this, but all you need to do is to say, 'I give myself to Thee, O Lord,' and mean it."

I guess that *was* all that was necessary, for their lives thereafter were changed.

I shall never forget walking home under the stars that clear, cool November night. I walked on air, for I had seen the power of God at work in people's lives. From then on, I developed an unbounded conviction that there is nobody whose life cannot be changed if he or she will let Christ change it.

A few years after I had graduated from the seminary I came to a church in a university community. The congregation was composed of university professors and their families, businessmen and professional people. Young and inexperienced, I fell into the hands of some of the most wonderful people I have ever known.

On the first Sunday I was introduced by the late Hugh Tilroe, director of the university's School

of Public Speech. He said to the congregation, "You have a very young man here as your new pastor. You can make him a good pastor, or you can make a very ordinary man of him. It depends on you."

It was a curious kind of introduction, laying the responsibility upon the congregation. They took him seriously, for they gave me wonderful support and advice. It is amazing what the members of a church can do for a minister if they have a mind to, and if he will let them.

Being in a university pulpit, I thought I had to preach a scholarly sermon every Sunday. I read heavy books and quoted learned authority. One day one of the most outstandingly intellectual members of the university staff took me out to lunch. "I would like to make a suggestion," he said. "You think that we, being university professors, want an 'intellectual' sermon. But you must remember that, while we may be experts in *our* fields, you must be an expert in the field of *spirit*. We're just poor sinful people who need and want the Gospel. Preach to us as you would to anybody else." I followed his advice.

We ministers are sometimes accused of being too concerned with full pews. I plead guilty. I freely subscribe to the notion that we must capture the world with Christianity, not just rescue a small remnant. From the pulpit of this magnificent university church I could look up into the balcony and see a huge

ladder lying across the pews. The sexton explained, "Nobody ever sits in those seats. It's the best place to store the ladder."

Every Sunday that ladder annoyed me. I didn't want to preach to a ladder. I wanted to preach to human beings. So I invited a different group from the university to come each Sunday and occupy a reserved section. Soon the groups began to vie with one another to have the largest turnout. The church began to fill up, the balcony too, and the ladder had to go elsewhere.

I had learned this: that if you stand in the pulpit and tell people in plain language that God can help them to overcome their difficulties and make something of their lives, and illustrate it out of life, you will always have listeners who will want to hear that message, no matter how poorly or haltingly it is delivered.

The winning of *men* to the church has been another of my prime concerns. From boyhood, as a preacher's son, I had asked myself why the women far outnumbered the men in the congregation. I decided that perhaps the minister was largely to blame. One could not help noting the attitude of men in the street towards the preacher, or miss the sigh of relief when the servant of God took himself from their midst.

I told the Lord that, if He would guide me, I would make the recruitment of men one of my life's aims. Before long I was offered an opportunity to appear widely, under the

auspices of a lecture agency, before business and industrial conferences. I have continued doing this for a great many years. I am convinced that if we can get men in business, in the professions and in industry to fill their daily occupations with religious zeal and spirit, we can effect a deep religious revival.

In 1932 I became the pastor of Marble Collegiate Church in New York City. At the time America was in the depths of the depression. Men were jumping out of windows, having nervous breakdowns and heart attacks. People were frightened, discouraged and in many cases utterly defeated. The very times compelled me to address myself to human needs, telling broken hearted, frustrated people that there was healing and renewal in the simple principles which Jesus taught.

Now, I have never preached that material success would come to anyone through the practice of the Gospel. But it is a fact that if one conditions his life to right thinking, right doing and right relationships with other people, the old failure tendencies fall away, and there is a new creativeness in his life. And gradually people began to listen to this message. Then they came with personal problems seeking private interviews to learn how they might overcome their difficulties.

Here I realized my own deficiency. I had never been trained in psychological or psychiatric understanding. Therefore I sought out a

man who has since become my great friend and associate, Dr. Smiley Blanton. We began to pool our therapy—the therapy of Christianity and the therapy of psychiatry. And we soon proved that when people begin to live the healthy, wholesome principles of Jesus, feelings of bitterness and frustration and fear fall away.

We worked out a series of simple techniques from the Bible itself, explaining in formula fashion how one could go about overcoming fear, or getting hate out of his system, or defeating an inferiority complex. These principles I outlined simply, in books and sermons, radio talks, TV appearances. I was interested in only one thing: changing people's lives. I merely employed new methods.

The fact that faith-finding has been reduced to a simple formula does not mean that religion has been made "easy." There is no such thing as easy religion. Always it is necessary for the person, in the application of this method, to evaluate scrupulously and honestly his own life and make a definite break with anything in his experience that is wrong and incompatible with the spirit of Christ. Let him try it who thinks it is easy!

It is within every man's nature to want to make the most of himself, to do the very best he can with his life. I have found that by constant daily surrender to God, the Divine Power is available for *my* life. God can work in *every* life.

★ LIVES ★ LIKE ★ THAT ★

SETTLED COMFORTABLY behind the evening paper, my father was interrupted by a telephone call. We gathered as the conversation went on and on that there had been an accident between the caller's car and my mother's. When my father said, "No, Mrs. Adams has not mentioned a word of this to me," we sensed real drama.

Being a patient man and not easily upset, my father listened to further details. Then he asked, "Did I understand you to just say that my wife *admitted* it was her fault?"

A short pause. "Well, then, my good man," Father stated firmly, "I'm sorry, but you have the wrong Adams!"

BEATRICE DE FENS

MY HUSBAND, a police patrolman, stopped a clergyman for speeding. The clergyman stated that he was in a hurry because he had so many things to attend to. "After all," he said, "I'm on this earth to do God's work."

"That's why I'm here, too," my husband explained. In answer to the clergyman's puzzled expression, he continued: "Remember that part of the Bible which says, 'Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in'?"

- IRINE EGAN

I HAD BROKEN my ankle badly in a college football game and was now lying nervously on the operating

table. A young man entered the room carrying the longest needle I had ever seen. He introduced himself as the anesthetist and hurriedly began to prepare an injection to knock me out. Sensing my uneasiness, he asked if this was my first operation, and when I nodded, his face broke into a friendly smile and he held out his hand.

"Shake, pal," he said, "this is my first one too!"

CARL LEAH

ONE SUNDAY, as we walked past the beautifully decorated graves in the cemetery, we came suddenly upon a bare, unmarked plot where a boy in his teens was kneeling. He struck a match and put it to a crumpled wad of paper. After it was burnt completely, he got up.

"I hope to have a proper headstone and some flowers here next year," he said to us shyly. "My father died four years ago. Mother and I have worked hard to take care of the children and pay for the house father bought. I've just burnt the mortgage papers."

My husband said, "I think your father is the most highly honoured of all those who sleep here."

-WILLY GOLDRINGER

DISCUSSING the lands we had been studying in geography, my class was listing the names of the people whose economy depended on specific animals.

"The Lapps depend on reindeer," one pupil said. And another added, "The people of the Sahara depend on camels."

The list grew, and then little Gene raised his hand and declared emphatically. "The people of America depend on cows."

"Explain your answer," I said. "If it wasn't for cows," he replied, "there wouldn't be cowboys. And if it wasn't for cowboys, most of the people in the films and TV wouldn't have no way to make a living—and the rest of us wouldn't have nothing to live for."

—DAMARIS OUZTS

Readers are invited to submit their own contributions to this feature. Stories, which should be from your own experience of everyday life, should reveal humorous or attractive facets of human nature. Only typewritten contributions can be considered. Address: "Life's Like That" Editor, The Reader's Digest, 25 Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Payment will be made at our usual rates. Rejected manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.



Magnificent Deceptions

FOR THE last five months of her life, actress Marie Dressler's illness let her be up for a few days, then down again—slipping discouragingly all the time. Every week, no matter how busy, Louis B. Mayer, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, took a brief-case full of stories and went to the northern part of California to see Miss Dressler. Illness was never mentioned, Mayer merely discussed stories and plans for her future, exactly as if she were in the studio. Right through to the last week of her life, Miss Dressler remained cheerful and happy.

A BEAUTIFUL act of consideration was told, after the war, of a boy whose throat had been practically shot away. During his convalescence he had learned to make beaded bags, and one day he sold one of these bags to a visitor. His face was radiant with happiness as he tried to tell the nurse of his good fortune. It was his first attempt at speech. Nothing but a series of the most horrible guttural sounds came from the boy: not a word could be understood. The nurse could not find it in her heart to tell him the truth. With eyes full of tears she placed her hands on the boy's shoulders and said: "I am so sorry. I cannot understand a word you say to me. You evidently do not know that I am totally deaf. Won't you write what you want to tell me?"

A look of deepest compassion swept the boy's face. "To think that one could be so afflicted, and yet always so tender and so cheerful," he wrote.

—*The Americanization of Edward Bok*

Wonderland of Ants



Soldiers, acrobats, thieves, slave-drivers, farmers—all living
in the amazing world beneath our feet

By Donald Culross Peattie

"Go to the ant," said Solomon,
and so we may—to find a
society as industrious as our own.
For under our feet, unaware of hu-
man ways, ant tribes pursue occupa-
tions startlingly like mankind's.

I found this out when I lived in
the sub-tropics in a house with a
large garden. Ants really owned the
place; I merely paid the rent. Living
among the magnolias and mimosas,
there were four of us in the human
family; of ants there were several

million. With a magnifying glass I
watched their ways of peace and
their wars, when they fell upon each
other's Ninevchs and Tyres and
smote their foes with a great
slaughter.

Some were the big, stiffly moving
carpenter ants, which get into the
woodwork of a house and, like ter-
mites, riddle it with their galleries.
Some were harvester ants which
live on the seeds they gather and
store for winter. Some species were



cow-herds, and pastured their "cattle"—aphids that suck the sap of plants—upon trees and bushes; these ants bring their kine out each morning and "milk" them for the sweet juice they secrete. There were thief ants and acrobat ants and kidnapper ants, which hide in the walls of the nests of other species and steal their babies.

In the Mexican tropics I have seen the famous army ants, fierce nomads that move about in a compact herd, carrying their babies and their queen with them; they can divide columns and flank to the right and left to encircle their prey—yet they are wholly blind and have to smell and tap their way.

All over the world there are steamship ants, which invade ships as stowaways and so travel to distant ports, where some take permanent shore leave. There are big, ferocious slave-raiding ants which tear open the nests of other tribes and seize the hapless young to carry away and raise as slaves. In certain species, they send forth these slaves to do their raiding for them. Some slave-owning ants, indeed, have become so effete that, despite their warrior look, they cannot even feed themselves but have slaves to put the food in their very mouths.

Sluggards indeed are these. But of all ants the most fascinatingly industrious are the parasol ants, so-called because they may be seen in processions, each one bearing above his head a bit of green leaf. This is

no fashion parade. The leaves will be made into compost, for these ants are farmers, perhaps the only farmers in the animal kingdom besides humans and certain termites. They deliberately sow, manure and prune; they weed, eat and again sow their crops. The crops are different kinds of fungus. Some seem to be related to the mushroom we grow; others are distant kin to bread moulds. But so secret and subterranean are the labours of these little farmers, and so fiercely do they defend their nests, that it has taken scientists nearly 100 years to piece together what is known of them.

All the leaf-cutting ants are found in the western hemisphere, chiefly in the tropics. A tribe of some of the most famous of all farmer ants, the *Atta cephalotes*, is kept at the Bronx Zoo, in New York. In a display box in the Reptile House a living colony of them is at work. It was founded in 1950 when a queen and her court were shipped to the zoo from Trinidad.

These pampered creatures live upon cut roses; about a half dozen are supplied to them every day. Through the glass wall of the exhibit, the ants may be seen emerging each morning from their nest. They set to work stripping the roses of leaves and petals. Pivoting on its legs, each ant snips out with its scissor-like jaws an irregular bit of leaf, and this it bears away over its head with a proud effect of triumph.

By five in the afternoon the rose stems are bare.

No wonder such efficient reapers are feared in the tropics! Their swift depredations on crops and trees can spell ruin. But what they did with their harvest of leaves no one knew until the British naturalist, Thomas Belt, in 1874 published the result of his first investigations in Nicaragua. He discovered that the ants do not eat the cut leaves but hash them up into a compost, on which they sow the spores of certain fungi. And the ant-farmers weed and cultivate these fungi as carefully as a gardener tends his cabbages. The little plants are not permitted to reach the fruiting or "toadstool" stage; instead, the ants constantly prune them back, with a purpose.

The repeatedly pruned fungus forms tiny knots, about the size of a pinhead, called "kohlrabi." These are eaten by the ants. The kohlrabi that we ourselves sometimes eat is really a greatly thickened stalk of cauliflower; it is not seen in the wild plant but is the fruit of human horticulture. The kohlrabi of the ants is just as clear a case of horticultural know-how, dating back millions of years before human society began.

The hard-working ants eat up their kohlrabi about as fast as these come to a head. And it is by rationing the amount of kohlrabi eaten that the ants produce their different castes, four or five in number. Those

fed on minimum amounts never grow up to be more than "minims," tiny workers who tend the fungus garden and feed the larvæ or ant babies. A medium-rich diet develops the "mediæ," workers who do most of the leaf-stripping. More food develops the big fierce soldiers who defend the nest; they can bite so savagely that they draw blood. And a still richer diet produces the idle males and the virgin "princesses," both winged in preparation for the nuptial flight.

For this, on some enchanted evening, they are led out of the nest by the workers. And each princess carries, in a special pouch behind her jaws, a little hoard of fungus spores with which she will begin the economy of a new nest.

Now the princess spreads her fairy wings and takes off into the wide air. The males follow; they have enormous eyes, their wings are built for speed, like a fighter plane's, and eventually the princess is overtaken somewhere high in the warm dusk. Once the mating is done, the life of the males is also finished. They fall to earth and die.

But the female, now sufficiently fertilized for the rest of her life, descends purposefully to earth. And of all the strange sights I have seen in the insect world the oddest is a young queen wrenching off her own iridescent wings—as if an angel had decided to become a woman. Then she runs about nervously, like a cat looking for a place to have kittens;

THE READER'S DIGEST

when she finds a cranny under a stone or log, or a crack in the earth, she scurries in and begins excavating still further. Never again will she see the light of day.

Here in the new nest the queen ejects from her mouth the pellets of fungus spores she has brought from the old. She prunes and weeds the first crop as it grows, and licks it to keep it moist. At the same time she starts to lay her first eggs. As the eggs hatch into little larvæ the queen feeds them on the kohlrabi.

As soon as the first adult ants emerge, they find jobs waiting for them. The fungus gardens must be weeded and pruned; leaves must be brought in for compost. The nest must be guarded, the babies washed and fed, and the new subterranean

quarters enlarged till the dome-like mushroom cellars, connected by a system of corridors as complex as an underground railway system, grow to the size of a man's head.

Now the workers, who are all female-neuters (maiden aunts, you might say), make all the decisions, and give out the rations which will determine the caste of each ant. A precious prisoner in the dark, perpetually pregnant, the queen is just a big egg-laying machine, zealously fed on kohlrabi by the workers who will die in her defence. Thus, forever completing their cycle, the ant society fulfils every law of the blind tyrant instinct. Not for them the light of reason by which we humans make our mistakes and find our freedom!



Era of Fabulous Figures

CONGRESSMAN Lawrence Smith, of Wisconsin, complains that the adding machines supplied to U.S. Congressmen are out of date. They only give totals in the millions and are not equipped to handle today's astronomical figures. Smith said his office staff ran out of figures when it started to add up the interest paid on America's national debt over the past 22 years.

An accountant finally got the answer—about \$79,000,000,000—by tabulating totals as far as the machine would go, then adding them together with pencil and paper.

—UP

WHEN THE Ford Foundation grants were announced recently, one chap said to another, "D'you see where Ford gave away \$500,000,000?"

"Yeah?" the other grunted. "What was the question?"

— Joe Harrington in *Boston Post*, quoted by Earl Wilson, Hall Syndicate

An eye-witness account of one of the most destructive riots of modern times

By Frederic Sondern, Jr.

ON THE evening of last September 6 one of the wildest eruptions of mob fury and hysteria in modern times broke out in Turkey's ancient city of Istanbul. In six terrible hours, the frenzied Turkish crowds wrecked 2,000 houses and 4,000 shops, burnt 29 churches to the ground and badly damaged 31 others. Before it was over, 100 million dollars' worth of damage had been done.

At six o'clock on that Tuesday, Taksim Square, the hub of Istanbul, was its normal, cheerfully noisy self. Crowds filled the coffee-houses round the plaza, tramcars clanged, careering taxicabs honked. Along the *Istiklal Caddesi* (Avenue of Independence), the city's main shopping street, strollers looked into show windows. The weather was mild, the sky cloudless.

ROVING EDITOR Frederic Sondern, Jr., was in Istanbul attending an international police conference when the riot described here occurred. He supplemented his own observations with details from others who were on the scene.

Above the square, on the terrace behind the memorial to Kemal Atatürk, Turkey's first president and national hero, stood a colonel of police. Some university students were staging an anti-Greek demonstration and special police details were on hand to prevent any major disturbance. (Resentment against Greece was running high in Turkey over the question of Cyprus.) The colonel was watchful but unworried. The students were orderly; the atmosphere in the square seemed to hold no menace.

Then the colonel noticed a new activity: newsvendors were hawking the late editions of the evening papers and knots of people were gathering round them. Patrons were spilling out of the coffee-houses into the street. In the colonel's experienced mind alarm bells began to ring.

He sent for a paper. One glance told him there was trouble ahead: GREEK TERRORISTS DEFILE ATATÜRK'S BIRTHPLACE, the headline screamed. There followed a lurid

but faked description of an attempt to bomb the house, now a Turkish shrine, where Atatürk was born in Greek Salonika. The colonel reached for a field telephone, but even as he began barking orders he knew he was too late.

Five main streets converge on Taksim Square, and mobs in solid phalanxes were already pouring down each one, jamming into the plaza. "Kill the Greeks!"—the staccato shouts filled the square.

In one corner stood a shanty used to store the tools of a tramcar repair gang. The door was torn off and about 50 angry men armed themselves with crowbars, pickaxes, sledge hammers, sections of rail. Backed by a crowd of several hundred, they made for the Avenue of Independence. When police tried to block the entrance the mob simply bowled them over.

Along the one-mile length of the *Istiklal Caddesi* are some 400 shops, most of them operated by Christian Turks of Greek extraction. As soon as the trouble began, most merchants locked their doors, pulled down their heavy iron shutters and fled. They saved their lives, but they could not save their shops.

One of the first to be assaulted was a little draper's shop. A heavy length of rail in the hands of four powerful men made short work of the iron shutter, the plate-glass window and the door. The crowd surged in. Bolts of cloth were snatched from the shelves and

thrown outside. The mob tore them to shreds. A sewing machine, precious in Turkey, was triumphantly carried into the street and demolished. In ten minutes the shop was empty. The crowd moved on.

Next was an electrical appliance shop. Behind the window, after it had been smashed in, appeared a large refrigerator. To the average Turk a refrigerator is a rare luxury. But it was heaved on to the pavement; its mechanism was ripped out and pounded with sledge hammers into a shapeless mass.

The owners of a grocer's shop, an elderly Greek-Turk and his wife, had pulled down their shutters but had stayed in the shop. The old man had courage. "You filth," he shouted as the first rioters broke in, "my family has lived in Istanbul for six generations. We are as good Turks as you." He was silenced with a blow from a wooden club. In a few minutes his shop was a shambles.

The crowd was tightly packed now, moving like a relentless stream of lava. Suddenly several hundred rioters surged into a side street leading to the beautiful Greek Orthodox Church of the Holy Trinity, the city's largest Christian place of worship. For a moment their pace slowed down; the Koran forbids any attack on churches of other faiths. Then the mob pushed forward. Within seconds the doors caved in, and the crowd streamed inside.

Again there was a pause while the

rioters gawked at the unfamiliar scene—the great, ancient ikons, the crucifix, the fine altar. Suddenly someone screamed, “Tear down the Greek blasphemies!” Two young men with axes jumped on to the altar and the rioters went berserk. Massive oak benches were ripped apart like paper; thick stone slabs were shattered. One group pushed into the vestry and smashed priceless vessels. They ripped magnificent cloths and robes and hammered candlesticks and chalices into junk. Another squad appeared with cans of paraffin.

Meanwhile, in the rest of Istanbul, a city of 1,500,000 people, the frenzy was spreading. In the coffee-houses, on street corners, the orators were at work. “A night of reckoning has come!” shouted one. “Cleanse the fatherland of the infidel!” shrieked another. The ancient cry was echoing from one end of Istanbul to the other.

By nine o'clock, just two hours after the centre of the city had erupted, at least 50,000 frenzied Turks had formed a hundred other lava streams pouring down avenues and streets, tearing and smashing as they went. At ten o'clock, eight sheets of flame shot up into the sky in different parts of the city. Torches flung into the paraffin-drenched interiors of Istanbul's largest Greek churches set them ablaze. This was the signal for gangs to go to work on other Christian places of worship. A count made subsequently

by an international committee of the World Council of Churches established that 60 of Istanbul's 80 Orthodox churches were wrecked or gutted by fire that night.

One group of several hundred men descended on the big Greek Orthodox cemetery of Shishli with torches and tools. For the next two hours they smashed gravestones, prised open crypts, removed recently interred bodies from their coffins and mutilated them.

Forty square miles of densely populated metropolitan and suburban area were out of police control. And now a new sentiment appeared in the crowds. “Down with the rich!” they chanted as they overturned parked cars and set fire to them. Demolition squads attacked factories along the Bosphorus, dumping heavy machinery into the water. A crowd formed near the Istanbul Hilton, Turkey's only big modern hotel. The quick-witted Swiss manager hoisted a Turkish flag and trained a powerful spotlight on it; then he sent men into the crowd to spread the rumour that troops were on the way. The crowd paused.

Istanbul was a city gone mad, and, as usual in such craziness, villainy and valour, tragedy and humour were side by side. One street-corner agitator was talking a crowd into attacking the home of a Greek Orthodox priest. An old Moslem drover who had been listening to the harangue fortunately got

to the priest before the crowd did, stuffed him into a sack which he loaded on his donkey. Drover, donkey and sack made their way through the mob to safety.

One of the most magnificent performances was that of an ex-sergeant of cavalry, the porter of a block of flats occupied largely by non-Moslems. Huge and bearded, this stout son of the Prophet stood in the doorway with a great sabre cradled in his arms. As the crowd built up in front of him, he raised his sword. "Listen to me, you pigs!" the tremendous bass voice boomed. "You are a disgrace to the memory of Atatürk, who wished us all, Moslem, Christian, Jew, to live together in peace. Go home, you vermin, and hide your faces in shame!" The crowd melted.

By 11 o'clock, Adnan Menderes, premier and strong man of Turkey, had arrived in the city. (He had been on a train en route to Ankara, the nation's capital, when he heard of the riot.) He took stock of the catastrophe. Before midnight the tanks and trucks of one armoured brigade and a division of infantry were rumbling into Istanbul. The crowds showed no resistance. As quickly as they had formed, they melted away.

By one o'clock Istanbul was silent, except for the ring of soldiers' boots on the pavement. A curfew and martial law were decreed. Istanbul's night of terror was over.

The responsibility for this mass

madness will probably never be fixed. Premier Menderes announced that it was the work of Communist agitators. To the majority of diplomats and other experienced observers in Istanbul this seems unlikely. Of the more than 5,000 rioters arrested and questioned, only 33 had Communist records. The Greek Orthodox Church accuses the Turkish Government itself of having fomented the outbreak. This seems equally far from the truth. The government may have wanted a demonstration; but it did not want a riot—particularly since the International Bank and Monetary Fund was about to hold a conference in Istanbul. The government's highly efficient secret police organization was taken completely by surprise.

That there was organization in the latter hours of the riot is certain. Lorry loads of crowbars, pickaxes, sledge hammers and lengths of iron pipe filled with cement appeared at strategic points in the city. Agitators armed with lists of non-Moslem houses and shops materialized and led some of the gangs. Some were undoubtedly Communists, most of them were members of the Cyprus-Is-Turkish League. But their activity is not sufficient explanation for the vast surge of human destructiveness, either. The real explanation lies deeper.

Underlying everything is the smouldering hatred between Turk and Greek, one of those international feuds which goes back over

centuries of wars, massacres and mutual abuse. In Istanbul, the problem is in particularly sharp focus. The Christian Greeks, although they have been Turkish citizens and residents for generations, annoy the Moslem Turks by clinging to their church and their language; meanwhile, their business acumen and industriousness inspire resentment and envy. (The Greek community of 100,000 is the backbone of the city's economy and a vital part of the country's economic structure.) All this hatred boiled to the surface on the evening of September 6.

Then there was an unfortunate coincidence. The governor of Istanbul and his chief of police could have suppressed an anti-Greek demonstration in its early stages if it had seemed important to do so. But when the demonstration became a riot, they didn't know what to do. In such a crisis they dared move only on instructions from the premier himself. But, as we have seen, the premier happened to be on a train between Ankara and Istanbul. Thus for two crucial hours the governor wavered. District police headquarters kept pressing for orders. Should they use firearms? No orders were forthcoming. By the time the government finally took control, it was too late.

With this went the phenomenon

of mob psychology which appears in every riot. "I didn't know what I was doing," said one ashamed young Turk the next morning. "I don't hate the Greeks. I don't hate anybody. But in all the excitement and shouting I suppose I must just have gone crazy."

Most responsible Turks, of all classes and ages, are ashamed. A proud and sensitive people, they bitterly resent the censure they have received from abroad, knowing at the same time that they deserved it. Premier Menderes and his government are doing everything in their power to make restitution to those who suffered. Shattered houses, shops and churches are being repaired or rebuilt with the help of voluntary and government contributions; looted merchants are being indemnified. And Turkish diplomats are doing their utmost to restore friendly relations with Greece.

For the Western World, the Turkish riot was a serious blow. The solidarity of the Greeks and the Turks is an important part of any programme for defence against Communism in the Near East. Both countries are needed, working with the Western alliance, and working together, disciplining their ancient hatreds in the realization that only thus can the freedom of either nation be preserved.

*Holiday-maker after his first experience of underwater exploration:
"You ought to have seen the one I got away from."*

Erskine Johnson



From Whistler's famous portrait of his mother, courtesy of the Louvre

Whistler: the Immortal Coxcomb

By Malcolm Vaughan

INCRECIBLE as it seems, the now-famous portrait of Whistler's mother was rejected by the Royal Academy when it was first offered for exhibition in London, in 1872, under the title, *Arrangement in Grey and Black*. The Selection Committee called it rude bungling.

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Scornful laughter was the first reward for his genius, but in the end he received world-wide acclaim

Happily, one member of the Academy Council, Sir William Boxall, thought the picture good enough,

and threatened to resign unless it was accepted. So it was included in the exhibition. Yet almost all who saw the portrait found it so unconventional as to be inartistic, even funny. People stood before it laughing.

But that misfortune was nothing compared with the ordeal this American artist in London, James McNeill Whistler, suffered a few years later. His pictures were so new-fangled that they wouldn't sell, and he was desperately in need of money. His mother was gravely ill; he was losing his house because he couldn't meet the payments; his furniture was about to be seized for debt.

To raise money, he bartered one of his masterpieces for 10 guineas and an overcoat. He pawned his marvellous painting of Thomas Carlyle for 150 guineas and tried in vain to sell, for 100 guineas, the picture that was to become the most popular painting of the early twentieth century—the portrait of his beloved mother. And then he got embroiled in a lawsuit.

John Ruskin, in a vicious review of Whistler's latest exhibition, ridiculed the price of 200 guineas that Whistler wanted for one of his pictures of fireworks. It was a "Nocturne," with flashes of colour as rich as crushed jewels.

"I have heard of cockney impudence before now," wrote Ruskin, "but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a

pot of paint in the public's face."

This wasn't legitimate criticism. This was libel, and Whistler proceeded to sue.

The trial, one of the most notorious in the annals of art, was conducted as if in jest. Whistler was treated as a mountebank, and the courtroom rang with laughter. But the embattled artist handled his case skilfully, often turning the tables on his detractors. When Ruskin's counsel demanded how long it took to paint the "Nocturne," Whistler described it as an inspiration, finished in less than two days.

"You ask 200 guineas for the labour of two days?" counsel sneered.

"No," said Whistler. "I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime."

At the end, the trial did render justice. The jury found that Ruskin had libelled Whistler. However, so little was thought of Whistler as an artist that he was awarded damages of one farthing.

Now his creditors, learning that his art was so lightly regarded, decided that he'd never succeed and pressed him for immediate payment. Whistler was pushed into bankruptcy; even some of his paintings were seized. He had to borrow the money to visit his mother who was lying ill in the country and pretend to her that all was going well.

A lesser man would have bowed his head in despair. Not Whistler. Slowly, from this dark pit of troubles, he climbed up to brighter

fortune. He worked at smaller pictures—etchings, pastels, drawings—and gradually began to make a living. He gave an impressive public lecture, pointing out that his pictures of night revealed a beauty seldom discerned by dwellers along the Thames. He summed it up in a few glowing words:

“The evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil; the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us. . . .”

Whistler's life was filled with uncommon incidents and events. Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, he spent his boyhood in Russia, where his father built the first Russian railway. In his teens he entered the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, but was “bounced” three years later because he was too busy “dawdling” at art to work.

His mother, a strict Presbyterian, hoped he would be a parson, but finally consented to his studying painting. After a period as a denizen of art-student Bohemia in Paris, he settled down in London. Here, despite financial difficulties, he was surrounded by beautiful women and

a circle of celebrities such as Swinburne and Rossetti. People manoeuvred for invitations to his Sunday breakfasts. The whole town talked about Whistler—his conspicuous dress and his quick wit.

It was Clemenceau, then only a young political genius, who gave him his first big boost. Perceiving that Whistler was an extraordinary artist, Clemenceau advised the French Director of Fine Arts to buy the “Portrait of the Artist's Mother” for France's national museum, the Luxembourg.

The Director wrote, delicately enquiring if Whistler would part with the portrait for the small sum France could pay—4,000 francs. Whistler didn't answer that this was the largest sum he'd ever been offered; he gratefully accepted the money and the honour. France shortly added a further award by promoting Whistler to the rank of Officer of the Legion of Honour.

That same year Glasgow purchased Whistler's portrait of Carlyle for 1,000 guineas. Then galleries and art collectors, one after another, began to buy his paintings. The result was that the last dozen years of his life were spent in financial ease and ever-growing fame.



*W*OMEN have a passion for mathematics. They divide their ages by two, double the price of their dresses, treble their husbands' salaries and add five years to the ages of their best friends.

—Marcel Achard, quoted in the *Daily Express*



Shopping for Courtesy

By Will Oursler

IN A department store an assistant made a caustic comment to a customer who couldn't make up her mind which hat she wanted. The customer turned to a woman standing near her and said, "Nobody cares about the public—the customer is always wrong."

That might have ended the episode, but in this case the customer was talking to an incognito "shopper" for the Merit Protective Service, which checks on the honesty, efficiency and courtesy of employees in shops and restaurants in the United States.

Within 24 hours the managing director of the store had a report on the hat episode. The assistant, who had been reported by Merit's agents for several similar incidents, was called in and she admitted that she had been rude. The interview had a salutary effect, and the young lady

The job of these unusual detectives is to see that customers are politely served in shops and restaurants

gained a better understanding of courtesy. Result: better business in the hat department.

Merit's network of investigating agencies has 500 agents at work in some 15,000 stores, restaurants, hotels and similar businesses in the United States. Its courtesy survey covers everything about a business—from the condition of the pavement in front, to the manner, appearance and language of personnel. Merit agents note whether assistants converse or straighten stock while customers wait. Are there arguments among assistants or between assistants and customers? Are male assistants clean-shaven? Are assistants

using objectionable language? Are they neatly and cleanly dressed?

Several years ago sales dipped sharply in the Chicago branch of a men's-clothing chain store. Merit sent in an agent in a frayed suit and a battered hat. The ragged intruder was given a "sleeve survey": an assistant pulled out a few sleeves to show him without taking the coats off the rack. "Then," reported the agent, "I drew out a large roll of currency notes, and suits began coming at me from all sides. I was overwhelmed with attention." A new manager was sent to this branch and a new attitude introduced: all customers were to receive courteous service whether they wore dungarees or grey flannels. Sales began to go up.

Merit agents represent a cross-section of the American public—grandmothers, businessmen, housewives, young men and girls of university age. They work in teams of four, usually two men and two women, plus a crew chief who keeps a record of firms surveyed and purchases made by the shoppers. Although they are frequently shifted from one area to another, veteran shoppers are so skilled in playing their parts that they can usually go into the same shop many times without being remembered.

Actually, 75 per cent of workers give honest, efficient, courteous service. Typical Merit reports praise

assistants for going out of their way to help customers, and for their cheerful politeness under difficult conditions. Most outright discourtesy comes from young untrained employees. M. H. Hament, president and founder of Merit, says, "The public can be extremely difficult and exasperating, particularly for the inexperienced employee. And all of us, including salespeople, have off days. We need four or five reports at least before we can see a clear pattern. And we never try to taunt or trap an employee into a blunder or an argument. We're conscious that we're dealing with human beings, not machines."

The factors behind poor service and lack of courtesy are often found to be complex. The morale of employees may be low because of a poor manager, department head or maître d'hôtel. The staff may be undermanned. There may be no incentive programme, so that employees feel they have no chance for progress. The most glaring examples of discourtesy, however, are usually found where there are large crowds and a fast turnover of customers. Because of the rush and lack of supervision, courtesy is forgotten.

Basic in Merit's concept is that a customer in a shop, department store, restaurant or hotel, expects and deserves the same politeness that he would receive as a guest in the owner's home.



The Best Advice I Ever Had



By Roy Chapman Andrews

Noted explorer, author and lecturer

I WAS 24 years old when I gave my first public lecture at the American Museum of Natural History. The subject was "Whale Hunting With Gun and Camera."

William Glass, manager of a lecture bureau, was present. I had a "good audience"—one that reacted spontaneously and gave me inspiration—and Glass signed me up as a regular staff lecturer.

Two months later he listened to me again. This time the audience was "dead." I felt it the moment I started to speak. They just sat there. After a few minutes I lost my grip completely and my lecture was as lifeless as the audience.

"You certainly gave a rotten lecture tonight," Mr. Glass said later.

"What could you do with an audience like that?" I replied. "They were hopeless."

"That's no excuse. It was a compliment to you that they came. They gave their time, money and interest, and they were entitled to the best you are capable of giving. They didn't get it. When a difficult audience confronts you, you've got to work that much harder. *You can't quit just because the going is tough.* If at the end of every lecture you know you gave your best all of the time, your conscience is clear. You're the one who knows whether

you've done all that you could."

All through my life since then I have examined every job I did by that criterion which Will Glass gave me. If I failed, excuses were easy to find; but I could never fool myself. I knew the reason was that I hadn't gone all out all the time.

Twelve years and six expeditions after that first lecture, I was confronted with the most important job of my life—to organize and finance a great scientific expedition to explore the Gobi Desert of Mongolia. I had to raise a quarter of a million dollars. It was a dream on which I felt rested the success or failure of my entire life as an explorer.

When I visualized \$250,000 it seemed like an unclimbable mountain. But I decided not to think of the task as a whole; giving the best I had of enthusiasm and thought each day, I would just nibble away at the colossus bit by bit.

The problem was with me day and night. At times I was so exhausted that it seemed I couldn't possibly face another lecture audience, or maintain high-pitch enthusiasm at another dinner, or try to inspire another possible contributor. So I would ease off a little, and always the cheques stopped coming in!

Then I'd think of what Will Glass said. "You've got to give your best *all the time*. You can't quit just because it's tough going." So I'd start again.

By the end of the year the money

was raised. It put the Central Asiatic Expeditions in the field for a decade of important exploration.

On the first expedition, in 1922, we found in a fantastic red-sandstone basin a single small skull that solved the age-old mystery of where a great group of American horned dinosaurs had originated. It was a discovery of profound scientific importance.

We had named the place "the Flaming Cliffs." It lay 400 miles to the west of the Valley of the Jewels, where the expedition was encamped in 1923. Our instructions now from the president of the American Museum of Natural History were to return and make a thorough survey of the area. But since we had left the place a year before there had not been a drop of rain, and the 400 miles that lay between us and the Flaming Cliffs was a land of desolation.

We held a conference. Every man of the Central Asiatic Expedition staff advised against the venture. Our camels would die, we would be left without petrol or food. It would mean the failure of the expedition. Other unexplored regions to the east might yield good results. The Museum and our contributors would understand if we all agreed that it was impossible to reach the Flaming Cliffs that year.

I thought about it most of the night. Will Glass's words were continually in my mind. If we didn't accept the desert's challenge, I

would know in my own mind that I hadn't done all I could.

Next morning the staff agreed to my decision and we entered a dead world. The scanty vegetation lay brown and shrivelled; white rims of alkali showed the margins of former ponds; the desert swam in a maddening, dancing mirage that mirrored reedy lakes and cool forested islets where we knew there was only sand. Not a living thing did we see save scurrying spotted lizards and wraith-like gazelles. The way was marked by the bleaching bones of camels, sheep and horses. Sometimes a human skeleton lay beside

the circular sign of a Mongol *yurt*.

But 16 of our 75 camels survived, and at last we reached the Flaming Cliffs. There we discovered: the first dinosaur eggs ever found; 14 skeletons and 75 skulls of ancestral dinosaurs; traces of the oldest known mammals that lived at the end of the Age of Reptiles; and evidence of a human culture we named "the Dune Dwellers." No other spot has given more to our knowledge of the very ancient life upon this earth.

For that discovery I can thank the advice that Will Glass gave me many years ago—*You can't quit just because the going is tough.*



Leave It to the Girls

DRIVING across country to meet her husband, a housewife found she would have to negotiate a hazardous mountain road with hairpin curves. She decided to spend the night at an hotel before attempting the perilous last lap of her journey. But she couldn't sleep for worrying about it.

Finally, she got up, dressed, and drove serenely towards her goal. It was so dark, she says, that she couldn't see enough to be afraid.

—Lydel Sims in *Memphis Commercial Appeal*

A YOUNG wife had a set of loose covers made to order and paid a good price for them because they were guaranteed not to shrink. But they did shrink the first time she had them cleaned, and even though this was several years later, back she went to demand a refund, which she got.

Passing through the soft furnishing department a few days later, she discovered her former property offered on the bargain counter for £5. She bought the set, of course, later explaining to her mystified husband, "Well, they weren't *that* shrunk."

—*Maclean's Magazine*

ATTENDING her first Women's Institute gathering, a young mother sat silently through a two-hour discussion on international trade. Afterwards, she thanked the women to whose spirited pros and cons she had listened. "I'm awfully glad I came," she said, "because I was so terribly confused about international trade. Of course," she confessed, "I'm still confused, but on a much higher plane."

—Warner Olivier in *The Saturday Evening Post*

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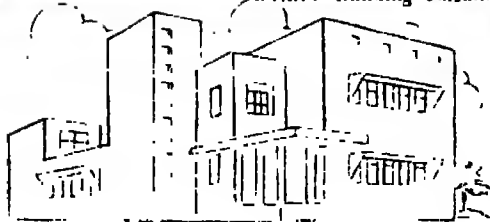
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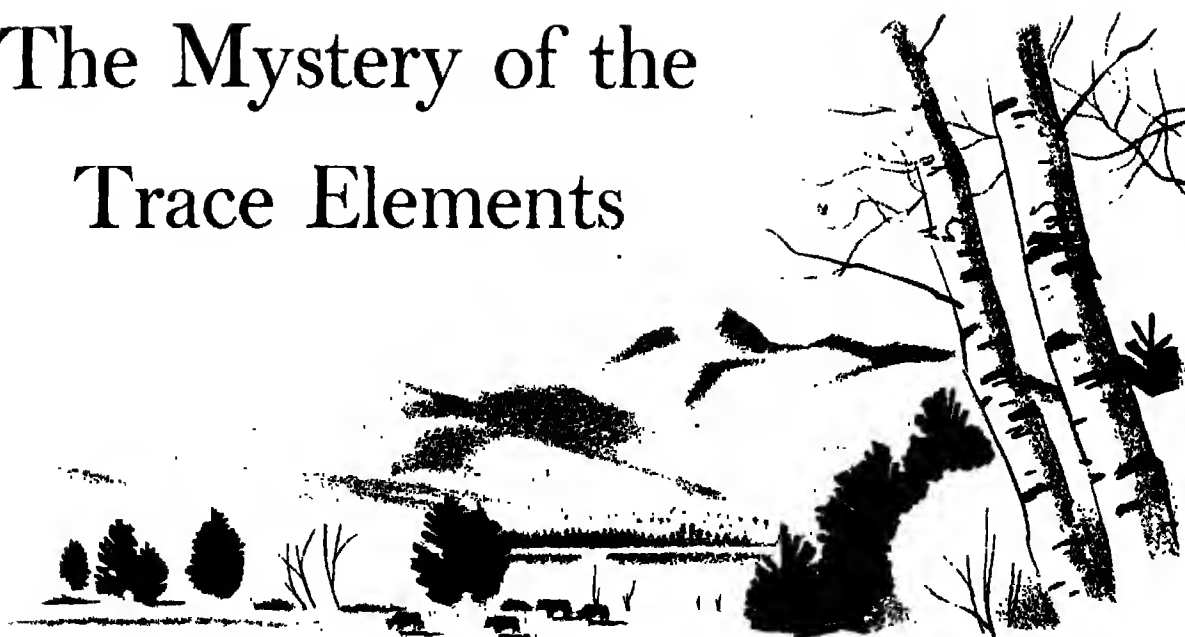
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The Mystery of the Trace Elements



By Harland Manchester

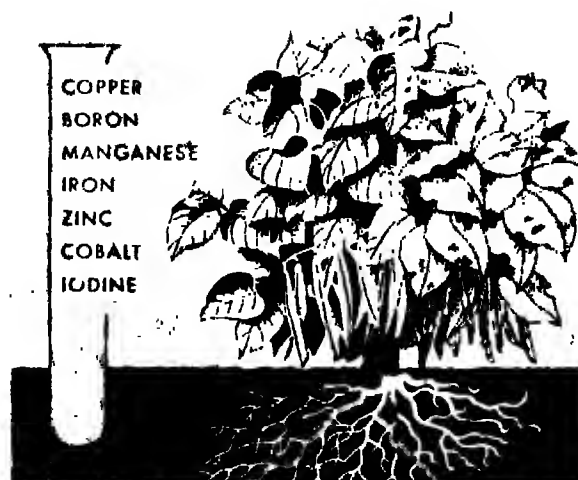
IN SEVERAL farming areas of the world cattle breeders have encountered a peculiar disease among their stock. It is characterized by stunted growth, poor appetite, rough coats and sunken eyes.

In Scotland it was called "daising"; in Australia, the "Denmark wasting disease"; in northern Michigan, "grand traverse"; in New Zealand, "bush sickness" or "Morton Mains disease."

In New Hampshire, U.S.A., there was a local legend to explain the disease. It suggests that old Chief Chocorua of the Pequawkets had a son who visited a white family, ate something poisonous and died. The chief, believing his son had been murdered, tomahawked the settler's family and pronounced a curse on all settlers and their cattle for ever.

How soil scientists solved an ancient "curse" and discovered hidden sources of vitality.

Wherever the disease occurred, it seemed to be connected with some mineral deficiency in the soil. In Australia they tried a little iron salts on the sick sheep and the sheep improved rapidly. The scientists



thought they had found the answer; then discovered that *pure* iron salts wouldn't work. Obviously the curative agent was some impurity in the salts. About 20 years ago they traced the cure to a dash of cobalt, which, in minute quantities, was apparently essential to ruminants.

News of this discovery spread. Forage samples from the New Hampshire valley were analyzed and found to be deficient in cobalt. When sick cattle in the Chocorua region were fed small amounts of the mineral, they recovered almost immediately.

So the ghost of old Chocorua was laid at last. Now cobalt—given in one-half part per million in the feed—is curing pining cattle in deficient soil areas throughout the world. Its precise function is not yet known, but new light was thrown on the matter last year, when the structure of the new “growth vitamin,” B_{12} , was finally determined. At the heart of the giant B_{12} molecule scientists found a single atom of cobalt.

Cobalt is one of several “trace elements”—zinc, copper, manganese, boron, iron and iodine—tiny amounts of which are essential to the health of plants or animals. Their value has long been suspected, but many of the key mysteries concerning them have been solved only recently.

Peach growers in California and citrus growers in Florida were once puzzled by a “little leaf” disease which stunted foliage and fruit.

Some experimenters thought the anæmic growth might be caused by a lack of iron, so they treated some test trees with iron sulphate and they recovered. Iron-hunger seemed to be the cause. Other experimenters tried the same medicine and had no luck. In Texas the buckets used in the feeding of the trees were of galvanized iron and it was found that minute traces of zinc from these buckets had cured the trees. Experiments by Dr. W. H. Chandler, of the University of California, confirmed that zinc actually caused the recovery.

About that time a fruit grower alleged that his trees were being blighted by radio waves from a local station. He put fence wire round the trees “to jam the waves,” and they recovered miraculously. Scientists suggested that radio waves had nothing to do with it. The soil was deficient in zinc, and the rain had washed enough zinc from the wire to satisfy the trees' hidden hunger.

Experiments soon showed that a variety of trees and plants developed deficiency diseases in soil short of zinc. Now the missing zinc is sprayed on the trees. Or a zinc-covered tack driven into the trunk may do the trick.

Soon after the Second World War, mining companies, anticipating a glut of copper, stimulated research to find new uses for the metal. The surplus never developed, but scientists remembered that when Bordeaux mixture, which

contains copper sulphate, was used to control blight in tomato plants on certain farms, it seemed to prod the plants to bigger yields. Following this clue, Dr. Frank Gilbert added copper sulphate to the fertilizer on 100 farm test plots. His results were dramatic. Plants which got the copper produced as much as 30 per cent more crop than untreated plants. Dr. Gilbert does not suggest the indiscriminate use of copper on all farmlands, but in areas where it is needed a small investment per acre is yielding big dividends. A trace of copper in the feed is also essential to animals, since it aids iron in the production of red blood corpuscles.

Some years ago scientists discovered that absence of boron in the soil could cause spongy brown spots inside apples and "heart rot" in beet. Then it was discovered that if household borax was sprinkled on a sickly alfalfa field there was an amazing increase in yield. One farmer took some horse-radish roots to an agricultural experiment station to find out what caused the black specks in them, and it was suggested that he put a little borax in the soil the coming year. There were no more specks. It has now been established that diseases of celery, tobacco, turnips, cauliflower and other plants are caused by boron deficiency. The mineral is widely used, but with caution; more than one part per million in the soil may be poisonous to the plants.

So far as anyone knows, boron is

of no use to animals, but both plants and animals may have serious trouble without a dash of manganese. Dr. F. V. McCollum, after his famous discoveries of vitamins A, B and D, gave rats a manganese-deficient diet and found that lack of the mineral had a profound effect. The male rats became sterile. The females bore litters, but made no nests and neglected their young until they died. The rats became nervy and frightened; a sudden noise would cause some of them to have fits and die.

Since then it has been found that manganese-hungry chickens develop a crippling deformity called "slipped tendon." After years of investigation it has been found that a number of plant ailments, including "grey speck" in oats, "marsh spot" in peas and reduced vitamin-C content in tomatoes, are caused by manganese deficiency in the soil.

The mineral content of soil varies widely, even in small areas. Some farm land which was originally under the ocean is richly endowed with minerals left by the retreating seas, while other areas were leached of their minerals by melting glaciers. Sandy soils subject to heavy rainfall lose their minerals faster than heavier soils in drier areas. Once, impurities in fertilizers supplied trace elements; now concentrated fertilizers of high purity no longer contribute the necessary elements to the soil in some regions.

In spite of these complexities, the last decade has seen tremendous progress in supplying the infinitesimal bits of missing metal needed for good crops and healthy stock. A "shotgun" dose of trace elements is added to some fertilizers; more often the minerals are sprinkled on the soil or sprayed on the plants.

Many animals now get their minerals by licking coloured salt containing all the necessary trace elements. Thousands of tons of this salt are consumed annually, and trace minerals are also added to formula feeds.

New chemical tricks are being used to make trace elements more effective. A few years ago, about half the citrus trees in Florida suffered from iron-hunger, which caused yellowing leaves and sub-standard crops. When scientists tried putting iron sulphate into the soil, they ran into difficulty. They knew that the trees should need only a dash of iron, but they found they had to put in 72 pounds of it to make a single tree green again. (The trees weren't getting the iron, because the roots couldn't absorb it in the sulphate form.)

So the scientists used an iron "chelate"—a sort of chemical zipper which the other soil ingredients could not open, but to which plants have the key. As little as a third of an ounce of chelated iron in the soil will keep a tree green for a year. The chelated iron has revived ailing trees in a few weeks, bringing bumper yields of oranges in previously barren trees.

Much of the mystery of trace elements has yet to be unravelled. They appear to be vital parts of enzymes—the tiny catalysts which promote essential changes in all living things. In the past, scientists have been hampered by the difficulty of detecting and following such minuscule traces of metal. But atomic science has now made it possible to use "tagged" atoms of the metals which broadcast their presence and enable the scientist to trace them through the organism. Using this method, Dr. C. L. Comar found that cows can't store up cobalt, and need more within a week. Other minerals are being thus traced in plants and animals, with a view to lifting more "ancient curses" off the soil.

Spelled Out

THERE'S AN income-tax payer whose bitterest suspicions about the government's attitude towards its victims have been confirmed. Shortly after his tax had been remitted this citizen received the usual printed acknowledgment, including the request that in case of further correspondence reference should be made to the taxpayer's serial number—SAP 7088.

—*Maclean's Magazine*

BOOK SECTION—I

I WAS MONTY'S DOUBLE



From a photograph of Montgomery himself

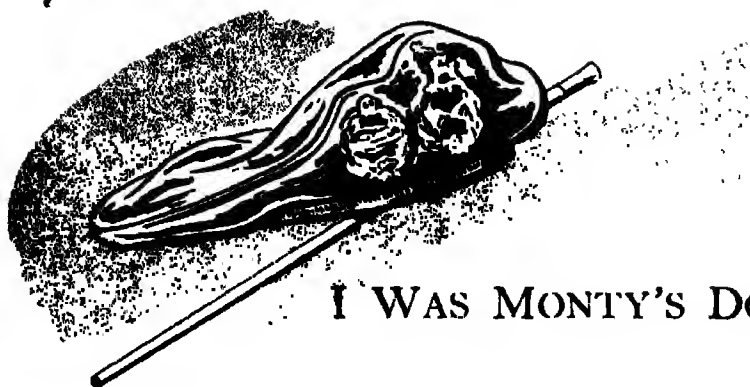
*From a photograph
of the author
as Montgomery*



Condensed from the book by

M. E. CLIFTON JAMES

HERE is the graphic first-person account of one of the most successful hoaxes of the Second World War, a story that reads like a far-fetched and luridly fictional spy-thriller—yet every word of it is true.



I WAS MONTY'S DOUBLE

ONE LATE spring morning in 1944 the phone rang at my desk in the Royal Army Pay Corps office in Leicester. "Lieutenant James?" a pleasant voice said. "This is Colonel Niven of the Army Kinematograph section." I recognized the voice of David Niven, the film star. "Would you be interested in making some Army films?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, "I most certainly should."

"Good," Niven said briskly. "See if you can come up to London for a film test."

Slowly I replaced the receiver. Had the Army had a lapse into sanity? I had been an actor for 25 years, so when the war broke out in 1939 I volunteered my services as an entertainer. Instead I was given a commission in the Pay Corps where I was a complete misfit. Now perhaps the mistake was to be corrected.

I went up to London in high spirits. At the Curzon Street address he had given me, David Niven greeted me cordially, then left me

with a man in civilian clothes who introduced himself as Colonel Lester.

"James," he said, "I am a member of MI5,* and I'm afraid I've got rather a shock for you. You are not going to make any films. You have been chosen to act as a double for General Montgomery."

I knew I looked like "Monty." My friends had often commented on the striking resemblance. And my picture had once appeared in the *News Chronicle*, posed in a beret and captioned: "YOU'RE WRONG—HIS NAME IS LT. CLIFTON JAMES." But this assignment was a poser.

Colonel Lester studied me silently for some moments. Then he explained the plan.

D-Day was now imminent, he said. We had built up a mighty invasion force which would soon land in France and battle its way to Berlin. It was impossible to conceal this build-up from the Germans, and they could probably guess where we intended to strike. But they did not

* A branch of the British Military Intelligence service.

know the date of the expected attack, nor could they rule out the possibility of a surprise blow on some other front. Hence a plan of deception had been formulated and approved by General Eisenhower. The idea was to pile up evidence that Monty—probable commander of the British invasion force—had left his post in England for a different part of the world. To do this I, after some hasty training for the part, was to *become General Montgomery*.

"You must not breathe a word of this to anyone," Colonel Lester warned me. "Any questions?"

I shook my head. Either I would have to ask several dozen or none at all.

After the interview I had a nightmarish feeling of stage fright. I had been a private in the last war and still had a schoolboy fear of senior officers—the idea of my impersonating the greatest of them all was grimly comic! From then on, however, I was allowed no time in which to brood.

DURING the next few days I studied newspaper photographs and watched newsreels of Monty. Colonel Lester and two of his junior officers drilled me in hundreds of details of the impersonation. And the need for secrecy was drummed into me so persistently that at first I was afraid of talking to anyone at all. "I want you to look on this as a play we are producing for the benefit of the

enemy," Colonel Lester said. "Our audience is not simple. We have to hoodwink the German High Command."

As further preparation for my rôle it was arranged for me to spend several days on Monty's immediate staff where I could study him at close quarters. To avoid inviting suspicion or awkward questions, I was assigned there in the guise of an Intelligence Corps sergeant. Only two members of the staff were in on the plot.

The first morning after I reported in with my strange IC sergeant's uniform and credentials, I found myself in a jeep directly behind the General's Rolls-Royce. At dawn our line of vehicles, each exactly five yards apart, drew up before a country mansion near Portsmouth. There followed a five-minute wait of unmistakable tension, whereupon, at exactly timed intervals, Monty's immediate subordinates began to appear; and after they had each inspected us with ritualistic precision, Monty himself came out.

The General looked exactly as I had imagined him. He was wearing his famous black beret and a leather flying jacket, and I noted that he had his own special salute—a slight double movement of the hand that made it more of a greeting than anything else.

When the line of cars took off, my driver kept the regulation five yards behind the Rolls. I kept my eyes glued to Monty. As we sped along

the country roads, the few people who were about at this early hour stopped and stared. Then suddenly recognizing the General, they would grin and wave wildly, receiving in return that friendly salute.

Monty missed no one. Once when we passed a farm labourer, the old chap looked a bit taken aback by Monty's smile and salute. Here was the man who would lead us to victory: Monty, the man in whom every man, woman and child was placing his trust for the coming invasion. Taking off his battered hat the old man slowly waved it and his eyes filled with tears.

When we came within sight of the sea a marvellous spectacle met my eyes. I was attending a full-dress rehearsal of D-Day. Off shore as far as the eye could reach were battle-ships, cruisers, destroyers and other ships. Huge landing craft were disgorging tanks, armoured cars and guns by the hundred. Overhead the air was thick with planes, while infantry poured ashore from invasion barges.

After conferring briefly with the other Chiefs of Allied Command who were watching the operation from a hotel roof, Monty reappeared, and at once a small procession formed behind him. I slipped into place behind them, and as I watched him I forgot everything else. He strode along dominating the scene, but never interfering unnecessarily. Every now and then he stopped and fired questions at the

officers, NCO's and privates—checking up, offering advice, crisply issuing orders.

What personality he had! The moment he appeared, before he even spoke, it hit people bang between the eyes. He would have made a fortune on the stage, I thought.

Some of the infantrymen plodding up the beaches from the landing craft were still seasick, although they tried valiantly not to show it. Monty's dislike of illness either in himself or in others was well known. One very young soldier, whose rifle and equipment must have been like ton weights, came struggling along gamely trying to keep up with his comrades. Just when he got level with us he tripped and fell flat on his face. Half sobbing he heaved himself up and began to march off dazedly in the wrong direction.

Monty went straight up to him and with a quick friendly smile turned him round. "This way, sonny, You're doing well—very well. But don't lose touch with the chap in front of you."

He put his hand on the boy's shoulder and carefully adjusted his pack, which had slipped.

When the youngster realized who it was that had given him this friendly help, his expression of dumb adoration was a study in the magical degree of confidence Monty inspired in his troops.

DURING the next few days I learned



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a great deal about the General. He was strictly a non-smoker, a teetotaler, and a fanatic on physical fitness. When Colonel Lester once telephoned him to ask if there were any peculiarities about his diet that I should know, he snapped, "Certainly not. I take no milk or sugar with my porridge. That's all." At meals he chatted gaily about birds, beasts and flowers and quietly pulled his officers' legs if he found them ignorant of natural history. I never once heard him refer to war.

As I followed Monty round from day to day, I watched him like a hawk, trying to catch his fleeting expressions. I observed his characteristic walk with hands clasped behind his back, the way he pinched his cheek when thinking, his sudden movements, his manner of eating, his habit of throwing out one hand as he hammered home a point. Finally I was confident I could take him off, as far as voice, gestures and mannerisms go. But, with my natural timidity, would I ever be able to imitate his unique personality, to radiate the feeling he gave of strength and quiet confidence? I doubted it.

As a final step in my study of him, I was given a private interview with the General. He was sitting at his desk, writing, but he stood up with a smile when I came in. He was an older man than I, but the likeness was uncanny: it was like looking at myself in a mirror. There was no need to use false

eyebrows, padded cheeks or any other kind of artifice.

He quickly found common ground between us to put me at ease—I had been brought up in Australia, he in nearby Tasmania. As he talked, I listened carefully, trying to record the incisive, rather high-pitched voice and the way he chose his words. He never used high-flown phrases; some people have even described his speech as dry and arid.

"You have a great responsibility, you know," he said before I left. "Do you feel confident?"

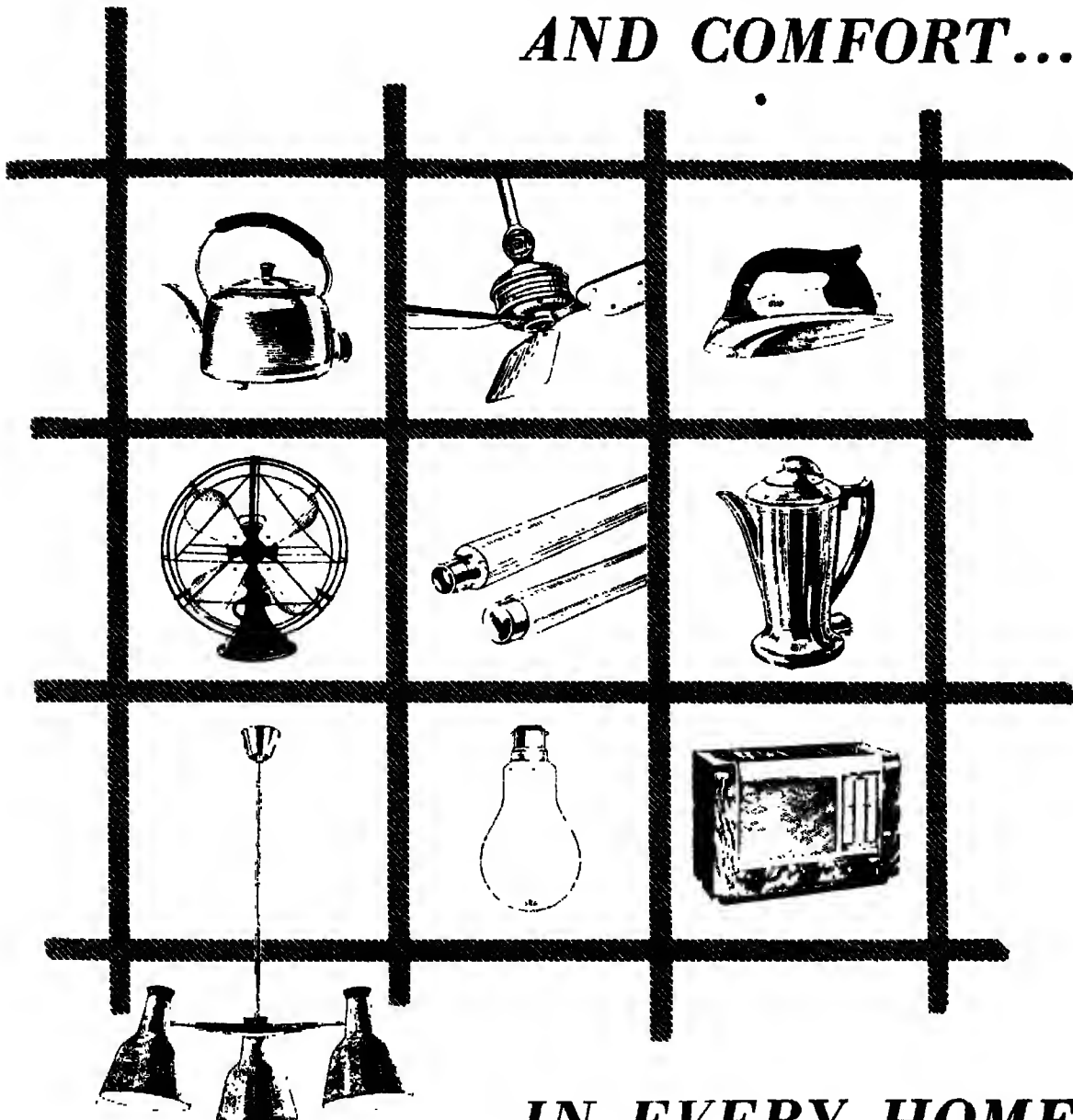
When I hesitated, he added quickly, "Everything will be all right; don't worry about it." And in that moment, such was his ability to inspire confidence, my qualms vanished.

AT THE War Office a few days later, I felt an air of tension.

"Now, James," said Colonel Lester, "it's time for the curtain to go up. Tomorrow evening at 6.30 you become General Montgomery. You will be driven to the airport and, in full view of scores of people, will take off in the Prime Minister's plane. At 7.45 next morning you land at Gibraltar.

"We have spread rumours all along the African coast that Monty may be coming to form an Anglo-American army for an invasion of southern France. You are going to travel all through the Middle East to give weight to these rumours.

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Next day the heavy feeling of Zero Hour hung over me as I donned my full general's battle-dress, and the famous black beret with its Armoured Corps badge. But Colonel Lester seemed satisfied with the effect when I reported to him for inspection.

"There's just one last thing," he said, and handed me some khaki handkerchiefs marked with the General's initials, B.L.M. "Drop these about as if by accident wherever you think fit. In this game it's the little details that count."

He gripped my hand hard, wished me luck, and went away. Quickly I set my beret at the correct angle and, followed by Brigadier Heywood and Captain Moore, my two personal ADCs, I led the way downstairs.

Outside were three Army cars. A crowd had gathered round the one which flew Monty's pennant. A cheer went up when I got in, and as the car moved off and I gave them a brilliant Monty smile and the famous Monty salute, I heard shouts of "Good old Monty!" I smiled and saluted until the muscles of my face

were stiff and my arm began to ache.

At Northolt airport there were more crowds, and near my plane stood a formidable array of high-ranking officers, some of whom knew Monty intimately. My heart was pounding like a piston, but with a violent effort, I stepped briskly out of the car, smiling a little. Followed by Brigadier Heywood, I slowly walked along the ranks of the senior officers, inspecting them, while they stood stiffly to attention. Then I went over to the crew of the aircraft.

"How are you, Snee?" I asked the pilot. "D'you think we shall have a good trip?"

We exchanged a few words about the weather reports. Then, after inspecting the air crew, I went up the gangway, turned to give everyone a final salute, and at last entered the plane, greatly relieved to have got through the first scene successfully. (I later heard that none of the brass hats who saw me off had any suspicions about my identity; one of them who knew Monty well remarked that the old man looked very fit but a bit tired.)

NEXT MORNING the plane landed at Gibraltar and the curtain went up on another scene. In the background rose the famous Rock. Before me stood two groups of officers and a line of cars. Among the usual airport crowd were some Spanish workmen—several of them known

enemy agents. I heard Brigadier Heywood saying, "Let as many people see you as possible," and then the doors of the plane slid open. I stood there a moment; in the dead silence I gave the Monty salute, then walked briskly down the gangway.

After the welcoming ceremonies I was driven through the streets of Gibraltar while crowds of Spanish civilians watched. There were more crowds at Government House when we drew up there. A Guard of Honour came to the Present, and General Sir Ralph Eastwood—Governor of Gibraltar, and an old friend of Montgomery's—smiled and held out his hand. "Hullo, Monty, it's good to see you again."

I had been thoroughly briefed for this meeting, and knew that Monty always called Sir Ralph by his nickname.

"How are you, Rusty?" I said in Monty's breezy tones. "You're looking very fit." I took him familiarly by the arm as we walked in.

Sir Ralph led me into his study, looked down the corridor, then shut the door carefully and in dead silence just stared at me. Then a smile spread over his face and he shook me warmly by the hand.

"I can't get over it," he exclaimed. "Why, you *are* Monty! For a few moments I thought he had changed the plan and decided to come himself."

I was ushered to my room and ate breakfast there alone. Afterwards I walked idly over to the window.

Happening to glance upwards, a slight movement on the roof of the adjoining building caught my attention. A workman was perched there and was pointing something which looked very much like a rifle straight at me.

I had a very bad moment, but when I looked more closely I realized that my fears were exaggerated. The man was not aiming a rifle; he was trying to examine me through a thin telescope!

An officer now conducted me again to the study where Sir Ralph explained the next moves. "Twelve minutes from now, you and I will take a walk in the gardens behind the house. Two prominent Spanish financiers, acquaintances of ours"—his eyes twinkled, "I would hardly describe them as friends—are calling to look at some ancient Moroccan carpets we have here. By pure chance, they will meet you as they pass through the gardens on their way in."

Presently he glanced at his watch and led me towards the gardens, remarking, "I haven't enjoyed myself so much since I was a boy."

THE SUN blazed down from a clear sky as we strolled slowly between the flower beds, stopping at intervals to discuss some point of horticulture. Turning down a side path we faced the left wing of the house and I saw that a party of workmen, on scaffolding, was repairing the walls. One of them was staring at

me intently, but when I caught his eye he at once looked away and went on with his job. I recognized him, as the man who earlier had peered at me through the telescope.

We continued our stroll until suddenly the iron gates of the garden clanged. Two men were coming towards us down the centre path — clean-shaven Spaniards in their late 30's, dressed in dark suits.

"Don't be nervous, James," Sir Ralph whispered hoarsely as they drew near. "Just keep your head."

Pretending not to notice the two strangers, I began to talk about the War Cabinet and "Plan 303." The Governor touched me on the arm as if to caution me and I broke off abruptly, registering surprise at their approach.

Sir Ralph greeted them cordially and they bowed in the Spanish manner. I was introduced, and both of them stood looking at me with evident awe and respect. I was polite but aloof, and as I spoke I kept my hands clasped behind me in Monty's characteristic manner.

One of the Spaniards, who looked as sinister as any spy in thriller fiction, kept his snake's eyes fastened on me, while the other pretended to be interested in what Sir Ralph was

It Worked

As a stratagem designed to deceive the Germans, the impersonation of General Montgomery succeeded extremely well. Had I not known Monty, I would have been fooled; in fact, everybody about me, including the Spanish authorities, believed implicitly that this was the General himself. It was a job superbly done. Its object was to make the Germans believe invasion was coming from another quarter. The fact that the Germans withdrew forces from the Channel, stationing them further south, is proof that the masquerade fulfilled its mission.

—Lieutenant-General Sir Ralph Eastwood,
wartime Governor of Gibraltar

saying; but I noticed that at odd moments his eyes travelled over every inch of my figure. Both listened with ludicrous intentness to my babble of talk about the weather, the flowers and the history of Government House.

When I judged they had seen enough of me I said briskly: "Well, I only hope the weather holds. I have a lot more flying in front of me." And I half turned away.

At once they took their leave of me, and Sir Ralph ushered them into the house. It was all over very quickly, and yet in that brief space of time the fate of those two spies and perhaps of many thousands of our soldiers was profoundly changed.

As I heard later, these Spaniards were two of Hitler's cleverest agents, Gestapo-trained. As a result of MI5's carefully circulated rumours, they had been given faked



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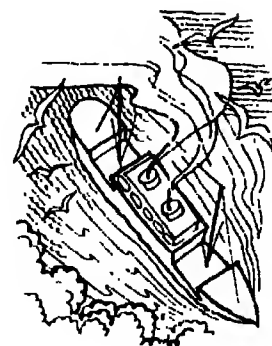
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OF SWITZERLAND

papers and false names in Berlin, and had then hastily entered Spanish society as bankers, and had taken up residence in Gibraltar—all for the express purpose of spying on me. They had also planted two underlings; one, posing as a workman, had been employed on the buildings of Government House; the other, a Norwegian, got a job at the airport. All four spies were to file separate reports giving every detail that they had observed. I was to meet the Norwegian again later.

The Spaniards must have worked pretty fast. Two hours after they left Government House, Hitler's representatives in Madrid had the news that General Montgomery had arrived in Gibraltar and was proceeding to Africa by air. Soon Berlin received the frantic appeal: "At all costs discover nature of Plan 303. Have you any information? Very urgent." And at once the German counter-espionage department ordered its men to concentrate on this problem.

MY DEPARTURE from Gibraltar was very much like my arrival. Bayonets flashed in the sun and a flight of Spitfires came over the airport, dipping their wings in salute. When the usual formalities were over I took Sir Ralph by the arm and we strolled up and down by the airport canteen; for it was here that the Norwegian Gestapo agent was employed. Near the open canteen window I began faking an intensely

preoccupied and urgent military discussion.

"Now about these harbour defences, Rusty," I said. "I've told the P.M. that C4 is perfectly safe. But I want the naval end tied up so that the armour can be shipped without any time lag." Then, pointing across the bay, "If we take about three o'clock right of the cape, the engineers can alter it to fit Plan 303."

I continued in this vein, all of it arrant twaddle, and at one point I could almost swear the Governor gave me a suspicion of a wink.

My next stop was Algiers, where carefully planted rumours were circulating that Monty was arriving on an important mission—perhaps to form an Anglo-American army for invading the south of France. At the airport I was greeted by members of General Wilson's staff, after which I made the usual inspections. Nearby, a big polyglot crowd of civilians, lured by the calculated leaks about my "top-secret visit," were waiting to catch a glimpse of General Montgomery.

Among them were two Italians, ostensibly pro-Ally, but known to be employed by the Gestapo, and a mysterious French major who was their immediate boss. The major had turned up in Algiers the week before, posing as a member of the French Intelligence; but, as our people knew, he was really an ace enemy agent. Almost immediately he had expressed a strong desire to

meet Monty if he should happen to come to Algiers, and it was now arranged to gratify this wish.

Before we left the airfield the French major was introduced to me by a colonel on General Wilson's staff. I have seldom met a more sinister-looking man. With his glittering dark eyes, his pale face across which ran a livid scar, and his cruel mouth, he looked capable of anything. I couldn't help watching his movements suspiciously, lest he be planning to shoot me. But we merely shook hands and exchanged polite greetings without incident.

An American colonel accompanied me into Algiers from the airport. When we entered our car, the beautiful blonde driver, who wore a marvellously cut U.S. Women's Army Corps uniform, saluted and at once asked for my autograph.

Having foreseen just such an emergency in my contact with the autograph-conscious Americans, Colonel Lester had provided me with photographs of the General signed in Monty's own hand. Without a smile—for Monty's aversion to women in the theatre of war was well known—I handed one of the photos to the WAC, remarking coldly, "I hope this one will do."

As long as I live I shall never forget that drive from the airport to Algiers. My American escort had been warned that an attempt might be made on Monty's life, and as no troops could be spared to guard the

12-mile route, it was decided to drive hell-for-leather and hope for the best. So we shot out of the airport like a stick of rockets and, with sirens screaming, maintained a headlong pace all the way to Algiers.

All through this hectic drive I kept up a Monty conversation with the colonel—who, of course, was in the know—for the benefit of our lovely driver. I was relieved when we finally turned through large gates and pulled up before a white stone mansion, General Wilson's GHQ. As its welcome doors locked behind me, the curtain came down on another completed scene.

THE NEXT few days passed in a sort of recurring dream—landings, official receptions, guards of honour, bogus talks on high strategy; crowds of civilian spectators, no doubt with enemy agents among them; the streets lined with cheering troops.

I had dreaded most of all the prospect of meeting high-ranking officers at close quarters, since I could not hope to keep up a conversation on highly technical military affairs. But MI5 had planned my tour so cleverly that I always took my meals in private and was carefully prevented from meeting officers (except the few who were in on the plot) who were likely to know the General personally. I was, however, continually thrown in the path of enemy agents.

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I remember Brigadier Heywood bringing up one of them, an elderly civilian whose goatee, shabby black suit and big sombrero made him look like a broken down tragedian.

"Excuse me, sir," Heywood said, "Professor Salvadore X—— would take it as a great favour if you would allow him to pay his respects. As an archæologist he is, of course famous. And he's a loyal Italian," he added, seeing my dubious expression.

For a moment I wondered why I should waste my time talking to an archæologist. But I knew that Heywood had been with MI5 for many years, that he had been specially chosen for this ticklish job, and that he never did anything without good reason. So I exchanged a few words with the Professor, and when he had bowed himself out of my presence and withdrawn a few yards I turned to Heywood and began a rather loud discussion of cryptic military plans.

But neither I nor the MI5-trained Heywood could meet every exigency with aplomb—as I discovered in another North African town where my main task was to talk with a certain Frenchwoman. Her husband, Heywood told me, had worked with the Resistance Movement in Paris, but had fallen into the hands of the Gestapo. They had then arrested his wife and given her the choice of working for them or of knowing that her husband would die slowly in prison. The unhappy woman had

with extreme reluctance accepted the first alternative and was now operating from Algiers.

When she was introduced to me I saw a tall, dark, well-dressed woman of about 50 with a face the colour of wood-ash. In keeping with Monty's attitude towards women, I greeted her politely but curtly.

We exchanged a few formal words and I could see that her nerves seemed strained to the breaking point. Suddenly her self-control snapped. Hysterical sobs shook her whole body and she began to denounce the war as the work of the Devil and me as one of war's high priests. It was most embarrassing, and not knowing how to answer her I turned abruptly aside while Heywood gently led her away. Apparently the terrible conflict between her patriotism and her desire to save her husband had unhinged the poor woman's mind.

This was the only time that I saw Heywood disconcerted. Neither of us ever spoke of the incident again.

As the days went by I slipped into my rôle so completely that to all intents and purposes I *was* General Montgomery. Even when alone I found myself playing the part.

Once just as we were about to land at an airport, Heywood asked, "How are the nerves?" In the precise Monty tone I snapped: "Nerves, Heywood? Don't talk rot!"

"Sorry, sir," he replied with a perfectly straight face.

At the end of a week, I returned

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to Algiers knowing that I had carried out my task without any serious mishap. So far as we knew, nobody had doubted that I was General Montgomery.

D-Day was now only a few days away and my job was done. I drove up to General Wilson's headquarters in a final blaze of glory, changed back into my lieutenant's uniform and was quietly smuggled out of the back door. My likeness to the General had now become an embarrassment, for until the invasion was actually launched there was always the danger that my secret might leak out. So the following afternoon I was stealthily put on a plane to Cairo—the only city nearby which was big enough to swallow me without a trace—and kept there under cover until after D-Day.

For a long time I wondered how useful my efforts had been. Not until after the war was I told how the deception had helped to mislead the enemy, drawing away Rommel's armoured divisions, and so contributing to the success of the invasion. I also learned later how potentially dangerous the mission had been. When the news of Monty's intended journey to the Middle East first reached Berlin, the German High Command had ordered my plane to be shot down en route; or, failing this, for Monty to be assassinated somewhere in Spain or Africa.

But at the last moment the Germans decided to make sure that I really *was* Monty; and when they had satisfied themselves on this point, the Führer intervened to save my life. Hitler ordered that Monty was on no account to be killed until they discovered just where he was intending to launch his invasion. And this (apart from the cross-Channel invasion) the Germans never did discover.

On my own drab and inconspicuous return to England after D-Day, the plane I travelled in stopped at Gibraltar. While we were waiting for transport to our overnight billets there, our motley collection of Service passengers converged on the airport canteen.

As I leaned against the counter I heard a voice with a foreign accent: "Please? What can I get you, sir?" I looked up and saw a middle-aged man with white hair, very bushy eyebrows and piercing grey eyes.

Noticing the foreign accent, a Naval rating remarked, "You're a long way from 'ome."

"Many miles," was the reply. "I am from Norway."

Something connected up in my tired mind and I turned quickly away. I had recognized the Norwegian enemy agent I had been at such pains to delude. I wondered what he would have said if I had asked him how Plan 303 was going.



The Little Professor of Piney Woods

Condensed from the book

BY BETH DAY

In January, 1955, a group of people in the state of Mississippi met to honour Laurence Clifton Jones, founder of the Piney Woods Country Life School. The speakers' platform was proudly shared by both white and coloured Americans. No more fitting tribute could have been paid to a man who has done so much towards easing the tensions and lessening the distance between the two races. Laurence Jones has devoted his life to providing Christian education for thousands of backwoods Negro children; and none in that extraordinary gathering demurred when Governor Hugh White called him "Mississippi's First Citizen."

"The Little Professor of Piney Woods," copyright 1955 by Beth Day, and published by Julian Messner, New York



THE LITTLE PROFESSOR OF PINEY WOODS



IT WAS the third night of a coloured revival meeting, and the little backwoods church was crowded. The initial speaker, a layman, was Laurence Jones, founder of the extraordinary Piney Woods Negro school at Braxton, Mississippi, some hundreds of miles to the east. The congregation listened intently; for, despite his youth, Jones was already widely revered for dedicated service to his race.

"Life is a battleground," he told them. It was 1917, and the war in Europe made such analogies natural. Unfortunately, his audience included two idle white boys who had been riding past the church. Out of curiosity they had drawn up their horses and were listening through the open door.

"We must stay on the firing line," the young educator continued, "and wage constant battle against ignorance, against superstition, against poverty. We must marshal our faith."

As his militant words lashed out, the two white boys looked at each other significantly. To their war-excited, ignorant young minds such phrases as "firing line," "wage battle" and "keep fighting" spelt only one thing—an armed Negro uprising. The boys spurred their horses and tore along to spread the word: "Speaker up t'church is urgin' all the niggers to rise up and fight the white people!"

Next morning, when the revival meeting again got under way, a group of stormy-faced white men appeared. "Come outside," barked the leader, pointing to Laurence Jones. And as the young professor came down the aisle, the black worshippers watched impotently, a piteous, knowing fear in their eyes.

Outside, an armed guard surrounded him, threw a noosed rope over his head, and led him to a clearing where, beneath a giant tree, a mound of brush was piled ready for the match. Here a vast hate-drugged throng waited expectantly.

Relentless hands tossed the victim up on the brush pile, and with wild, animal cries two teen-age boys shinned up the tree to toss the rope over a limb. A roar broke from the throats of the mob. A scattering of shots rent the air as guns were tested for readiness in case the prisoner tried to run.

But as Laurence gained a footing on the pyre and stood facing the mob, a strange thing happened. One man, perhaps desiring to prolong the excitement, jumped up beside him and waved his hat for silence.

"I want to hear him make a speech 'fore we string him up," he said.

"Yeah, let him talk." "Let's have a speech." "Tell us what you told them niggers yesterday!"

Responding quickly before the mass mind could shift, Laurence began to speak. As he stood balanced on his pile of brush, with the rope slack around his neck, his words cut sharply across the curious silence.

He spoke of the South of both the Negro and the white, the land where they all lived and must keep on living together. He told them about his school, about what he was trying to do to make that living together easier for both white and black. He told them of the many Southern white men who trusted him and who had helped him. He mentioned names that some of them there knew. He even wooed them to laughter, giving them a moment's

respite in which to relax. Then he repeated what he had said the day before, emphasizing that they were all caught in "the battle of life," and that his own fight was against superstition, against poverty, and particularly against ignorance.

There were interruptions as he spoke—laughter, heckling and an occasional clap of hands. But when he finished a great shout of approbation went up; and, as though released from a spell, men looked guiltily at each other.

Suddenly an old man wearing a Confederate badge pushed his way through the crowd. Scrambling up beside Laurence on the brush pyre, he gently lifted the noose from his neck.

"Come on down, boy," he said. "We jes' made a slight mistake."

Others now strode up to clap Laurence on the shoulder, to offer outstretched hands. "Let's help the professor with his school," someone shouted.

Hats were passed through the crowd while other men threw money at Laurence's feet. When it was all gathered together there was more than \$50.

(T)HE COURAGE, the persuasive sincerity and the infallible tact which enabled him to emerge from this ultimate test, not only with his life but also with willing contributions for his school, are characteristic of Laurence Jones. Ever since he came to the backward piney-woods

section of Mississippi as a youthful idealist, more than 45 years ago, his whole career has been a triumph over what were apparently insuperable odds.

Laurence was brought up in the North. As a boy he experienced few of the miseries that traditionally haunt the Negro child. His father owned a hotel barber's shop in St. Joseph, Missouri, and could provide such luxuries as a summer cottage. Laurence enjoyed not only security but great personal popularity. When he graduated from the University of Iowa (where he waited at table in a students' hostel to help pay his way) he received a dozen offers of jobs, but he had already decided to devote his life to the "forgotten children" of his race.

He headed for the Black Belt of Mississippi and took a teaching job there. Gradually he found that he had much to learn about living in the South. An old coloured woman he met phrased his worries succinctly.

"Chile," she said, wagging a warning finger, "you is from up Norf. But now you is in de land of de secession. You is got yo' paw in de lion's mout. Now don't you be rarin' and pitchin' to git it out. You jes' *ease* it out de bes' way you kin!"

"Easing it out," the young man soon discovered, required almost superhuman forbearance and control; for the many taboos which applied to all coloured people were both amazing and galling. The most difficult of all for Laurence was that

of not speaking to a white man unless first spoken to. This was one rule he knew he would break, when the time came.

At Christmas, when he went home with one of his students to spend the holidays in Rankin County—the piney-woods country—Laurence knew that he had found the challenge he was seeking. Here was a land steeped in ignorance and superstition, a land of voodooism and "conjuh" men; where small farmers, both white and coloured, were caught in a subsistence-level economy. Most of the Negroes lived in one-roomed, windowless log cabins and share-cropped poor land for barely enough to feed their families through the winter. Some schools existed for the whites but there were practically none for the coloured, of whom few could read or write.

Laurence resolved on that Christmas Day that he would return to the piney woods and try to help its people. For the rest of the winter he spent his spare time preparing himself for the job. He realized that education for these unpoverished people must begin with the simple problem of survival—how to raise sufficient food for their families, how to do a more skilled job than chopping cotton. His own university training had been in the arts, but he now sought to learn the basic facts about good farming. After his classroom work was done he read books on agriculture, studied pamphlets on maize

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growing and pored over brochures on rural sanitation.

AT THE close of the school term that spring—the year was 1909—Laurence Jones went to the little wayside halt of Braxton, Mississippi. Here, in the heart of the piney-woods country, he would begin his self-imposed task. He was 24 years old. He had less than two dollars in cash, a few clean shirts, a Bible, copies of *Wallace's Farmer* and *Successful Farming*; and he planned to build a school where none existed, in a desperately poor region where, as an educated, Northern-bred Negro, he was sure to be an object of distrust among coloured and whites alike.

Seeking a place to stay, Laurence went to Amon Gibson, the second most prosperous coloured farmer in the community (the most prosperous, Uncle Ed Taylor, being reputedly too sour and mean to be approachable). Amon not only owned his own land but also had a team of strapping grey ploughing mules which doubled as “riding horses” on Sunday.

He had met Laurence at Christmas, and his genial brown face now shone with pleasure. He was glad to offer the hospitality of his cabin. But when Laurence broached his plan for building a school, he was dubious.

“Few years ago you might-a been able to stir up a little cash 'mongst us folks, 'Fesser,” Amon said. “But

Mr. Boll Weevil, he's got us all licked now. Ain't nobody got any money a-tall round hyear.”

On his first ride round on one of Amon's mules the following Sunday, Laurence could see that this was true. The boll-weevil blight had brought near-starvation to farmers who bought all their “meat and meal” on credit against their cotton crops. But this made Laurence all the more determined; for one-crop farming was one of the things he hoped to combat.

The first step towards building a coloured school was to secure the approval of the local white community. Without that, nothing could be accomplished. On Monday, then, Laurence went to see one of the leading citizens, John Webster, owner of an outlying sawmill.

“Mr. Webster,” he said, as he entered the mill office, “I'm Laurence Jones.” John Webster merely grunted “Well?” and went on with his work. But the mill owner's secretary and his book-keeper looked up in outraged surprise. It was the first time they had ever heard a Negro introduce himself.

“I've come here to start a school for coloured children,” Laurence said crisply, “a school to teach better farming practices and trades.”

Webster eased back in his chair and grunted a second “Well?”

Laurence could feel the tension in the room as the three Southerners found themselves in the unfamiliar position of “listening to a nigger

talk." Laurence rapidly outlined his plan for the school, and noted John Webster's flicker of interest. But when he had finished Webster commented flatly: "No use trying to start a coloured school here, Jones. We white folks have enough trouble supportin' our own schools."

"I'm not asking you for money," Laurence said quietly. "I only want your permission."

Webster shrugged. "I won't ever lift a hand to stop you," he said, "but you won't get any help out of the whites."

"Thank you, Mr. Webster," Laurence said courteously. "May I call on you again?"

"Reckon so," Webster mumbled uneasily, "but I'm a-tellin' you, Jones, I'm a heap more interested in sawmillin' than I am in nigger education."

A crescendo of nervous laughter, breaking the strain under which the three Southerners had laboured, followed Laurence's exit. It did not disturb him. He felt, instead, a glow of satisfaction. For the sawmill owner had listened to his story, and Laurence knew that he was going to bank a good deal on Webster's help.

In similar fashion, he spoke to other substantial members of the community. None would promise to support the project but all agreed not to stand in its way.

THE SCHOOL he visualized would serve a wide piney-woods area, and

if each of its thousands of coloured families could give a little he hoped to begin the building by the autumn. Once he had started, he felt that he could raise enough money in the North to keep the school in full operation.

So the young teacher set out from cabin to cabin over the back-country trails, sometimes on muleback, more often on foot, walking 18 and 20 miles a day to carry his message of better living, better maize, better stock, better poultry, and the need for a school that would teach these things. He spoke at churches, at meetings, and even to small groups resting from their work at noon-time. The piney-woods folk listened with a mingling of pathetic eagerness, admiration, good humour—and suspicion. They had never before in their lives known a "foreigner," white or black, to come into their midst for any good purpose whatsoever.

At the end of the summer, Laurence was no nearer to a school than when he started. And late in August, when he attended the annual meeting of a church association, he met with active enmity. Representatives from many congregations were present, and Laurence hoped to receive tangible help from them. Instead he was coldly refused permission to speak to the assembly at all.

At first perplexed by their hostility, Laurence soon learned the cause of it. He had ridden to the

meeting with a young acquaintance who had borrowed a creaking wagon and a tired, raw-toned old horse. The horse was tired out from the hot, 20-mile trip and, as he now discovered, it had died shortly after their arrival at the association grounds. Since his companion was just a boy, Laurence was held responsible.

When he trudged wearily back to Braxton, he found that news of the horse's death had preceded his arrival. Most of his friends greeted him with the barest civility. Even kindly Amon Gibson seemed deeply concerned.

Amon advised him to go see the owner of the horse. That man left no doubt about his stand. "You owes me \$175," he told Laurence.

"That's ridiculous!" Laurence exploded. "That old plug wasn't worth ten."

"You owes me \$175," repeated the farmer stubbornly, "and I wants it soon!"

Stifling his rage, Laurence stormed off into the woods to think about what he should do. Bitterness welled up in him at the injustice of the farmer's demand, at the coldness of his friends. Was this their way of telling him to "go back where you came from"? Certainly he had nothing to show yet for all his efforts here.

But as his temper cooled, he realized that he could not go back North with a bad debt, however unjust, hanging over him. Not only his own

pride, but the faith of these woods people was involved. His mind at peace, he sought out Amon Gibson and told him that he would pay whatever the community decided was a fair price for the horse. A meeting was called at which Amon spoke for Laurence and another man for the owner of the horse. After hearing both sides, the group decided that \$125 would be a fair price. Privately, Laurence felt this sum was outrageous, but he did not quibble. His problem now was how to pay it.

"Do you want to borrow the money?" someone asked.

Laurence saw a cold-eyed man with high cheekbones standing on the outside of the little knot of men. This, he realized, must be Uncle Ed Taylor, the only coloured man in the community who had any cash. A taciturn ex-slave, Ed Taylor, according to local legend, had lived up North long enough to "git eddicated and git mean." He had come back to Mississippi, bought up farmland, and made enough out of it to set up in business as a successful money-lender.

Laurence met Taylor's shrewd glance. "Yes," he said, "I'd like to borrow the money—if you can give me a reasonable rate of interest and enough time."

"A year," said Taylor, "at ten per cent."

Laurence reached out his hand. "Fair enough," he said.

Now, to his amazement, Laurence

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found he was suddenly the centre of eager attention. Men clasped his arm with warm, friendly hands. "Yo's a good man, 'Fesser, to take it like that," one of them said.

"That was mighty fine—agreein' to pay for that horse," another whispered. "And pus'nly, I thought you was cha'ged too much."

At supper that night Amon said earnestly, "It was jus' right for you to take low, 'Fesser. They'll all be for you from now on."

Now Laurence understood. He had "taken low" to the horse owner—assumed more than he was actually responsible for. Southern coloured people, who took this position daily in reference to the whites, reacted with sympathy and personal identification to the man who bore the burden of guilt, of false accusation, with dignity, without fighting back. He had proved himself on the side of the meek.

ONE MORNING a few days later Laurence left the Gibson farmhouse with his day's mail—some farm pamphlets, newspapers, letters from home. Almost unconsciously he found himself heading for an isolated clearing where he had often gone during that fruitless season to be alone. Once it had been a farm. Now the long-deserted cabin, half-hidden by tall weeds, furnished shelter for a few sheep. But there was a spring of cold water and a giant, spreading cedar for shade.

He sat down on a log under the

great tree, welcoming the peaceful silence. For he was discouraged. It was refreshing, he mused, to find himself a respected member of the community, but it still had not built a school. And now it was September. Surely somewhere there must be an answer.

Suddenly Laurence realized that he was not alone. He looked up to see a half-grown, barefoot boy in tattered overalls poised as if for flight at the edge of the clearing. He recognized the youngster as coming from a nearby farm. "Come sit down," he said. A quick, shy grin relaxed the boy's features and he took a seat on the log. Absently Laurence handed him a newspaper, returned to his mail, then stared at his visitor. The boy was examining the newspaper with animal curiosity. The paper was upside down.

Impulsively, Laurence asked, "Would you like to know how to read?"

The boy's eyes flashed. "Oh, yes-suh, 'Fesser, I sho'ly would!"

"Well, come back tomorrow—this same time," Laurence said, "and I'll start teaching you."

He felt an odd relief as he watched the youth disappear down the dusty trail. He was broke, he was in debt and he hadn't been able to raise funds for a school building. But he had a school! One student anyhow.

The next morning, however, the young teacher found not one but three students waiting for him. The boy had brought two friends.

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Laurence greeted his class, then stood before them. "We shall begin by singing 'Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow.' "

As the three young voices rose on the still forest air, blending with their teacher's in the joyous hymn, Laurence sensed that a pair of eyes was watching from a thicket. And by the time he had finished the opening Bible lesson (for he next took a Testament from his pocket and began to read from it) the woods had come alive with others.

He called out an invitation, and before he began the reading lesson he had a class of 12—five boys and seven grown men. Word had passed swiftly that the "'Fesser was going to teach readin' and writin'." It was something they all had "a min' to learn if it wasn't too late."

Each morning Laurence's school opened with a hymn, progressed to Scripture lessons, and only then to "readin' and writin'." The religious note was particularly attractive to the elders, for these hard-pressed people had always found solace in their Bibles. Farmers who could not read a word could quote Scripture on endless Scripture which they had learned by ear in church. They sang out their spirituals, the old slave songs of faith, endurance and hope, with moving sincerity. Religion was an everyday part of their lives. And from the first, Laurence determined that it would always be a part of his school. Not a sectarian religion, but a simple, no-creed devotion to the

teachings of Jesus Christ.

As ONE day followed another, still more pupils drifted in. By the time the biting November winds blew across the clearing, Laurence had 50 students, ranging in age from 7 to 60. To keep warm they chopped wood and kept a brisk fire going. But winter was coming, and they needed a shelter.

One evening Laurence asked Amon who owned the clearing.

"Uncle Ed Taylor got it on a bad debt," Amon said.

Uncle Ed! Laurence swallowed. "I was figuring on fixing up that old sheep shed to hold school in if he would let us have it."

"He won't if he knows you want it," snorted Amon. "I tell you, 'Fesser, old Uncle Ed's mean!"

But there was no harm in trying, and that night Laurence went to Ed Taylor's cabin. "Got something to talk to you about," he said. "I've started a school on your land."

"So I heard," said Uncle Ed shortly.

"I've got a favour to ask."

"So's eve-body else."

Laurence studied the man before him. Looking at the sharp intelligent eyes, the spare, tight-skinned face, he realized this was a different type of coloured man from the illiterate, easygoing farmers he had met hitherto in the piney woods. Now, speaking quickly, he talked of his plans, his summer's disappointments and the accidental

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way in which the school had finally started. Then he asked permission to fix up the sheep shed. "

"What are you teachin' 'em?" Taylor asked.

"How to read and write at the moment, but after that I want to get into trades—how to make brooms, shoe horses, raise stock, can fruit. What I want to overcome is ignorance and superstition. Give them a chance to take pride in their work, keep up their houses better, eat better, save a little money—"

"—and give their children a fighting chance," finished Taylor, his eyes mellowing. "They think I'm hard and mean," he went on slowly, "because I work my land and make money and 'tend to my own business. The difference between me and the rest of them is I've seen what the world can be like beyond these poor hills."

Suddenly Taylor stood up. "Tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll give you that old sheep shed if you think you can do anything with it and the 40 acres around it."

"Thank you, Mr. Taylor," Laurence cried, his hand outstretched in gratitude. Taylor ignored it.

"—and \$50," he continued. "By the looks of you, you could use it for food if not for the school."

Laurence lowered his eyes in embarrassment. It was true. Whether he had eaten or not in the past months depended upon the invitations he had received towards mealtimes. But of all people it surprised

him that it was Uncle Ed Taylor who noticed how thin he was.

The former slave went to a dresser drawer, unlocked an iron box, took out 50 one-dollar bills. "Here's the \$50. This has nothing to do with the \$125 you owe me. We'll get to that next year. I'll fix up a deed for the 40 acres. How do you want it made out?"

"To the Piney Woods Country Life School," Laurence said. This was the happiest moment he had had since he left the university.

THE COMMUNITY was amazed and incredulous at Taylor's gift; but Laurence's students were soon busy preparing the sheep shed as a temporary classroom. Under the direction of William Yancy, a student who knew the carpenter's trade, they set out to brace the roof, put in a new floor, build a dirt-and-stick chimney, re-chink the logs and whitewash the building.

But Laurence had more in mind than a sheep shed. And while this activity was under way he once more visited John Webster and told the sawmill owner about his school and his plans, and that he needed timber for a new building. Webster's reaction showed that Laurence's first estimate of him as a potential friend had been correct. For Webster pulled out an order form and started writing. "I'll give you 10,000 feet of timber to start with," he said, "and all the rest you want on credit."

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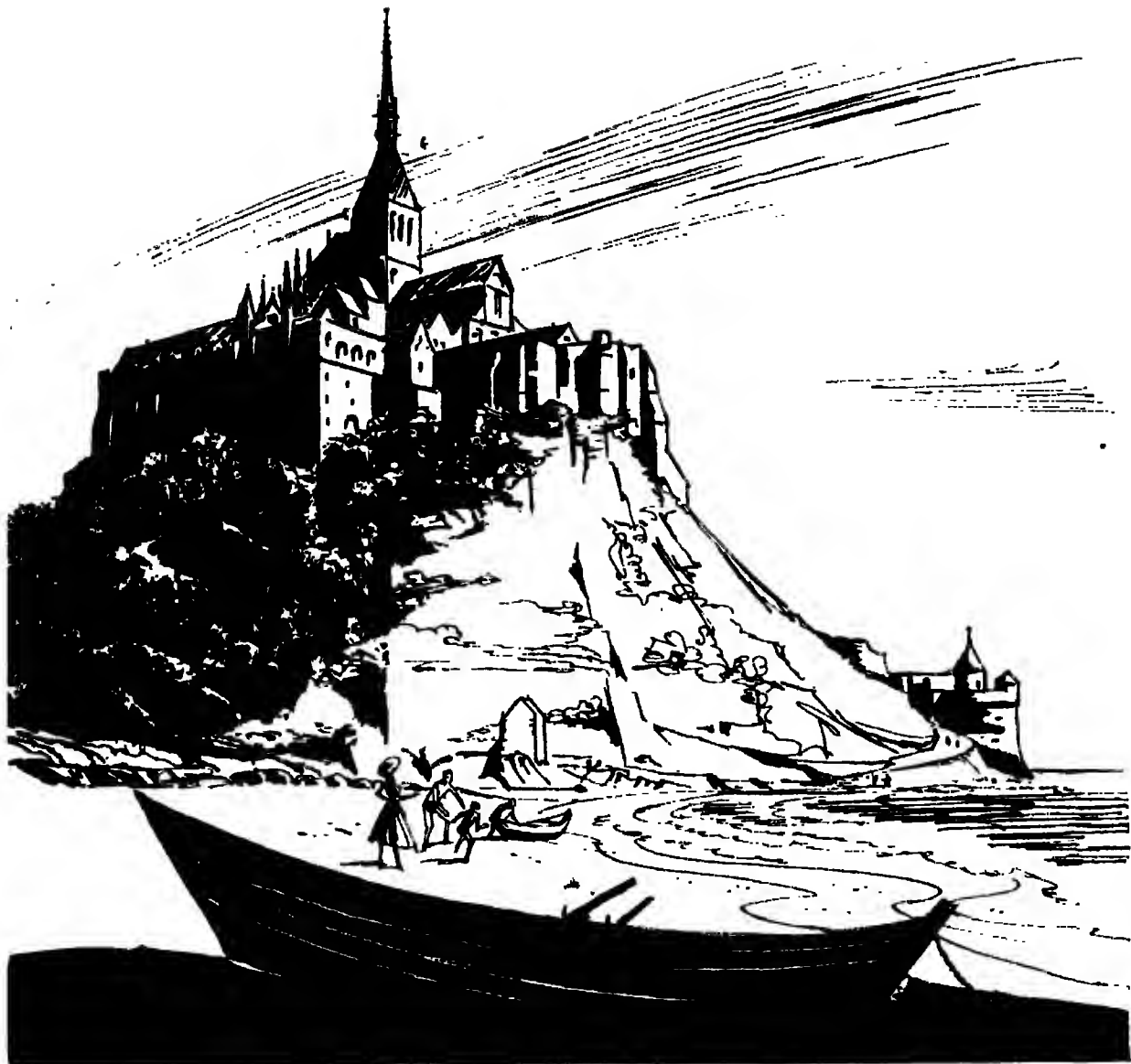
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DC *means* **DOUGLAS**

Laurence now appealed to the piney-woods people, spreading the word among both coloured and whites that on Saturday morning he would hold a meeting to discuss plans for the new building. Familiar though he now was with the curiosity and love of excitement that drew backwoods communities into ready cluster, he was not prepared for the response he got. On foot, clogging the rutted trails and foot-paths through the woods, by mule-back, farm wagons and oxcarts, the country folk poured into the little clearing. Sprinkled among them were quite a few whites, including John Webster.

When he finally managed to get the crowd quiet, Laurence began to speak of the project he had not dared to mention before. It had been obvious from the beginning that only a boarding school could offer any continuity of education in such a scattered community. Now he spoke of the need for such a school, which students from a distance could attend by working for their tuition and board, or paying part and working for the rest. He pointed out how the knowledge and skill these students carried back home would eventually mean better living and more prosperity for all. Then he told of the donations already made by Uncle Ed Taylor and Mr. Webster.

"Now I ask all of you," he concluded, "if you believe in this school, and want it to materialize,

to give whatever you can."

Many were eager to help in any way they could. They came forward, the white men with their dollars, the coloured with their quarters, dimes, nickels and even pennies. They pledged their scant produce—half a pig, a third of a bale of cotton, a brace of geese, a jug of syrup—offered the loan of mules and farm wagons and, most of all, volunteered their own labour.

This same spirit prevailed the following Monday when, under Yancy's direction, groups of untrained but willing workers began getting the ground ready, preparing the foundation, swinging axes, hauling timber. Each day at noon farmers' wives brought baskets of food for the volunteer builders. Within a few weeks a rough but serviceable two-storey building was erected. At John Webster's suggestion it was christened Taylor Hall, in honour of Uncle Ed.

BY NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1910, the Piney Woods Country Life School was in full operation with 18 resident students. There were classes in reading, writing, sewing, cooking and carpentering. The first girl student to enrol, Georgia Lee Myers, was typical in that she had no money, only a burning desire for education.

An orphan, Georgia Lee had collected from relatives and neighbours these contributions to offer the school. From:

Aunt Hester Robinson — one

pound of butter and ten cents.

Grandma Wills—a chicken.

Aunt Lucy McCornell—50 cents.

Effie McCoy—a cake and five cents.

Mrs. Church—seven cents.

Bessie Harvey—one of her dresses.

Washington Lincoln Johnson—two pecks of meal.

Mandy Willis—a dozen eggs.

Not a student that came had money enough to pay for tuition or board, but all brought whatever they could—a sack of ground meal, a pig or a calf. In return for class instruction they worked, and to visitors it must have seemed more like a frontier settlement than a school. While the girls prepared the meals, the boys were out clearing brush, chopping wood, building pens and sheds for poultry and stock, and at planting time tilling the soil by hand for lack of draught animals. But it *was* a school in which, besides reading and writing, the students learned the advantages of contour ploughing, the wisdom of saving the very best ears of corn for seed, and much else.

This was demonstrated in May at the second year's "commencement" (the day on which school-leaving certificates would normally be given, although there were not yet any school-leavers). To allay any suspicions as to what "that nigger school" was doing, Laurence invited the whites for miles round. That night the big main room of

Taylor Hall, which doubled as a chapel, was packed to overflowing, and the white section was surprisingly crowded.

When the curtain lifted on the makeshift stage, it disclosed an ironing board, a sewing table, a laundry tub, a workbench and a stove. While the audience murmured in surprise, boys and girls in neat aprons and overalls appeared. One girl began mixing batter, another unrolled a bolt of cloth and started to cut out a dress, a boy repaired harness at the workbench, another worked on a wagon wheel, and two youngsters began weaving straw mats.

One by one the students came forward, explained briefly what they were doing and what the school had taught them. Then a sudden squeal announced the arrival of a small, earnest black boy making his way up the aisle with a protesting pig in his arms. The audience howled, but the boy was dead serious as he announced soberly from the stage, "This hyear's a good pig. An' I gonna tell y'all the diff'ence 'tween him and a ole razorback like we mos'ly got—the diff'ence in health, in cost of raisin', an' in the meat we gets from him."

Presently, in an atmosphere of jocular but friendly interest, the audience passed the now-completed straw mats from hand to hand, and sampled the ginger biscuits which the cook served hot from the oven. Thus the second year of the Piney

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Woods Country Life School came to a triumphal close. As the man next to John Webster said, slapping him on the arm, "Jones said he was goin' to learn 'em how to work, and durned if he hasn't done it."

BY A MIRACLE of faith and acute practicality, Jones has continued to "learn 'em how to work" ever since—each year on an expanding scale. Today the Piney Woods Country Life School has 500 students, a large factory, 1,600 acres of school grounds, handsome brick buildings, modern dairies, orchards, market gardens and farms, well-equipped workshops for teaching many trades, and a staff of 40 capable and devoted teachers.

As he planned from the beginning, he has financed much of it by securing outside help. From the close of that first school term, when Uncle Ed Taylor lent him his train fare to get to Iowa, Laurence has spent every summer in the North raising funds: approaching individual businessmen, speaking to civic clubs and church groups, telling the Piney Woods story.

But maintaining the school has been an infinitely precarious, infinitely demanding task. "Pray as if it all depended on God," Laurence advised his teachers (there were five in the school's second year), "*but work as if it all depended on you!*" And the spirit of the place was typified by one of the songs frequently sung there:

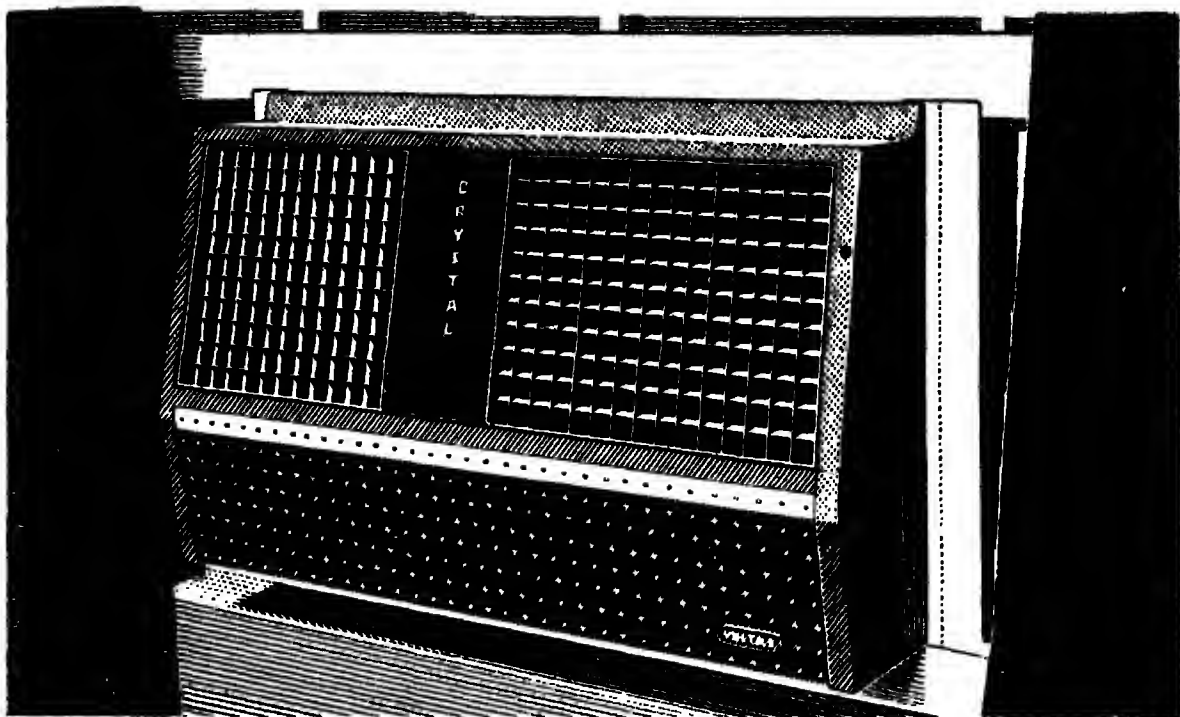
*"Keep a-inchin' along,
Jesus will come by and by."*

How slow the inching process was in the first years was dramatized in the autumn of 1912, when Professor Jones returned from his annual fund-raising tour with a new bride. He had met Grace Allen at an Iowa City church back in his undergraduate days. She was then soliciting funds for a Kentucky university, but Laurence had corresponded with this vigorous, bright-eyed young woman ever since. Securing such a helpmate now was an unbelievable stroke of luck. For she had indomitable energy, was equipped to teach English, sewing, handicrafts, and was a competent office worker and an expert in her own right at raising money. Above all she was fascinated by Laurence's stories of his work.

Even so, she was not quite prepared for what she found at Piney Woods. On the evening of her arrival, as the bride and groom sat before a pine-knot fire in the little cabin which was their first home, Grace said slowly, "I suppose I knew that it would be heartbreaking. But somehow I didn't quite realize there would be so many, and so pitifully poor. How many children are there in this area for whom Piney Woods is the only real school?"

Laurence looked at his wife with a half-sad smile. "Eleven thousand, two hundred and fifty," he said.

"And," said Grace, "we have



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"When we started three years ago we didn't have room for ten," Laurence reminded her.

"I know," murmured his wife. Then she smiled, her face alight. "What a place to dedicate your life!"

*F*ROM THE FIRST, she dedicated her own life there, shouldering a heavy teaching schedule, carrying extension work among farmers' wives deep into the woods, making her presence felt everywhere. Like her husband, she seemed unaware of the privations they endured.

Piney Woods now consisted of three crude two-storey pine buildings and a cluster of six smaller ones. They used oil lamps for light, wood stoves for cooking, front-scorching, back-freezing fireplaces for heat, and wore galoshes indoors to combat the miserable winter chill. They carried water from the spring-house by hand and lived on a diet of rice and meatless gravy, greens and corn-bread. The students sat on rough, half-finished benches and had to squat on the floor to write on them. The entire staff—eight of them now, including Principal Jones—laboured from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. in the classrooms, gave music lessons "after hours," and frequently fell asleep from exhaustion at their desks.

Looking at it in one way, as Professor Laenas Weld, of the University of Iowa, remarked after a

visit, it was "pitifully inadequate." But looking at it in another way, as he also said, "There was a strength of purpose, an enthusiasm on the part of pupils and teachers which even the most favoured of our universities could afford to sacrifice much to secure."

Grace Jones shared her husband's faith that the way to combat white prejudice against the school—an ever-present problem in the Black Belt—was by "the subtle method of human hearts crying out to human hearts." From the start he had welcomed white visitors at any day and any hour. He put his most capable students at the "use of the community," to be called on by any farmer who needed help with carpentry or veterinary work. When he heard of an illness or a death in a neighbouring house he dispatched students to chop firewood and do other chores till the crisis was past.

Grace too found such gestures instinctive. One winter, for example, when an influenza epidemic swept through the community, she had food prepared and distributed to all the homes where no one was well enough to cook, and she and the other teachers went from house to house, nursing the sick.

This kind of human warmth inevitably paid dividends in good will. One evening when a concert was scheduled at Piney Woods, Laurence was startled to see a white man appear at the school carrying a shotgun.

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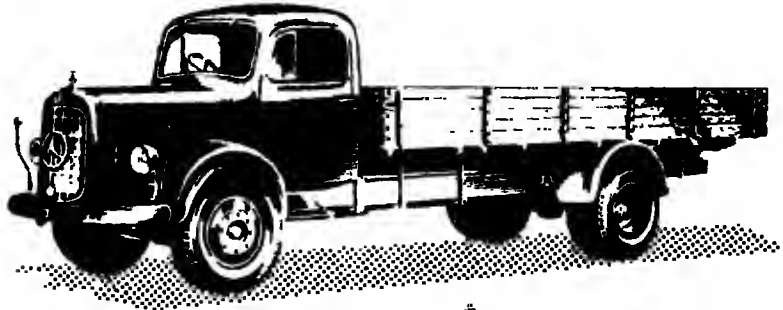
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"What's wrong? What has happened?" Laurence asked.

"Nothing yet," said the visitor, grimly planting himself near the chapel door. "I heard some rowdy old white boys was a-goin' to get likkered up and come and break up you-all's concert. I just want to *discourage* 'em a little."

Laurence remembered then that Grace had helped to nurse the visitor's wife a few weeks before. The concert went off without a hitch.

SHORTLY AFTER Grace Jones's arrival the school passed two important milestones. In 1913 Piney Woods was granted a charter by the State of Mississippi and acquired a board of trustees; and the following year its material holdings were vastly increased. That summer of 1914 Laurence was in Iowa raising money when he met the father of a former fellow-student from Iowa University, W. O. Finkbine.

"Laurence," Finkbine said, "my brother and I own 800 acres of land down your way and we find that it's right next to your school. It's cut-over timberland, but I imagine you could use it."

Use it! Room to spread out on, room to farm, an adequate supply of firewood for years to come! It was the most substantial gift the school had yet received.

Meanwhile, with Grace to help in fund-raising, there was more money too. But there was never enough, for Laurence was always

bringing home additional students to be squeezed into the already crowded dormitories.

There was, for instance, Willie Buck, a frightened, gangling, bare-foot 14-year-old boy. Jones found him hiding in the woods and brought him to the school. Eight years later Willie Buck graduated from Piney Woods, delivering, for his part of the commencement exercises, a lecture and demonstration on electricity and the operation of petrol engines.

In Miami, Florida, Laurence saw a little girl, almost white, being tormented by a ring of chanting dark-brown children. "Got a white daddy!" they shouted. "Don't know your daddy's name!" Jones elbowed his way through the circle, took the sobbing child in his arms and comforted her. He looked up the child's mother, found her in desperate circumstances, and persuaded her to let him take the little girl home with him. Years later, after finishing school, the girl took a business course and then served as Jones's secretary until she eventually married a minister.

And there was the small boy found wandering alone in the school grounds one day with no belongings save a new pencil clutched in his tiny fist. He refused to talk to anyone except "Fesser Jones." When he was taken to the principal he explained that he was an orphan and had no place to live. But he had heard that "Fesser Jones" took in

little boys who wanted to learn, and he had a pencil, which he considered the key to this process. Nobody knew what his name was, so he was given a name and put in the school.

Then there was "Pa" Collins—a man so imbued with the desire for education that he attacked the problem by simply moving into the school grounds. All the Collinses worked for the school in exchange for the privilege of living in a cabin on the grounds, and "Pa" and all the schoolage children attended classes. By the time "Pa" had worked his way up to the eighth grade he had eight children. When he was in the tenth grade his children had increased to ten. When he finally graduated from the twelfth grade, standing proudly in the line of graduates between two of his 12 children, someone in the audience shouted, "For the Lord's sake, 'Fesser Jones, don't you promote that man no more."

By 1920 Piney Woods had 200 students and needed a minimum of \$10,000 a year to operate. Moreover, an accident which now occurred changed Laurence's plans for the school and made them even more ambitious.

One raw December night Laurence and Grace were aroused by wild shouts and looked out to see the boys' dormitory going up in flames. The combination of pine timber, student-labour construction and an inadequate water supply made it

impossible to save the building. That night the boys were stoically trying to withstand the winter cold in tents borrowed from a nearby lumber camp. But Laurence's mind was made up; he had built his last pine firetrap. Fire had been a constant hazard at Piney Woods, and there was no answer to it except to erect permanent brick buildings and a proper water system.

But this called for yet more money, and the Joneses knew they must devise some new and self-perpetuating method of raising it. Grace suggested the answer: they would recruit groups of young singers and send them on tour.

Song was a natural part of Piney Woods and nearly every student who went there could sing—simply, effortlessly and with remarkable beauty. Indeed, when he was discussing this phenomenon with a Northern visitor Laurence once boasted that any four boys in the school were a quartet.

"Any four?" the visitor asked, raising his eyebrows at this seemingly absurd statement.

"Yes," said Laurence. "Pick any of the boys at random and you will see."

His guest pointed out four boys then walking across the grounds, each from a different group. Jones called them over and explained that they were to sing as a quartet.

"But we fo' ain't nevah sung together, 'Fesser," one of them said.

"That is good," said Laurence.



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The boys put their heads together as if doing a bit of preliminary harmonizing, then suddenly broke into "Joshua Fit de Battle of Jericho"—one boy sailing into the tenor part, another sliding down into the bass, while the other two took the between parts. Then, while the visitor listened in amazement, all four closed in a tight, skin-tingling harmonious finale.

"You win," Jones's guest said, shaking his head, "but I never would have believed it."

When Grace first suggested using this innate musical ability by taking student singers on tour, Laurence hesitated. "You know what travelling is like—even for us," he said. He was thinking of the refusal of restaurant and hotel service, the denial of rest rooms to coloured travellers. "It will be much more difficult with a group of students."

"Let's try it out," Grace said.

That summer she did try it, heading North with "The Cotton Blossoms," a quartet of back-country boys, in a seven-passenger open touring car. She had to take along her two small sons and 12-year-old Eula Kelly to look after them; also tents to sleep in, and baggage for the whole crew.

Leaving her little band to rest in a park with Eula in charge of the little boys, she would drive ahead to the next town and arrange bookings for the day—chances to sing in

churches, before civic clubs, for private parties or in hotels. Occasionally some group offered them hot meals after a performance, but mainly they ate picnic style by the roadside or in public parks.

The summer was a resounding success financially. And from then on "The Cotton Blossoms," groups of both boy and girl singers, provided a steady source of income for Piney Woods. Year after year they toured the country, and year by year new brick buildings sprang up at Piney Woods.

As THE SCHOOL has expanded, Professor Jones has made no effort to form a big, smooth-running machine of it; instead it has remained a "home." He has taken on "anyone who wants to help," and has never been known to fire a single person. But he has always shown an uncanny ability to attract good people.

Since 1913, when Mrs. Nellie Brooks taught for two years without pay, there have nearly always been some white teachers at Piney Woods. In 1943 Dr. Zilpha Chandler resigned as professor of English at Upper Iowa University to work for mere living expenses as director of the Piney Woods high-school and junior-college academic training; and she has herself helped to raise \$100,000 to build the school's modern, well-stocked library. "It's a way of life instead of a job," Dr. Chandler says. "Everyone works




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harder here than anywhere else I've been. Why, I do as much in two days as I used to do in a week."

Another exceptional addition is John Haien, a former Chrysler Corporation official. Long active in youth work, Haien was drawn by the sane practicality of Jones's handling of under-privileged children. After his retirement in 1953 he built a cottage at Piney Woods for himself and his wife and moved in at "a dollar a year" to supervise the school's dairy and farmlands.

And former Piney Woods students come back to help. Of the six members of the first batch of students to leave, in 1918, four later joined the Piney Woods staff. Georgia Lee Myers, the first girl student to enrol, has since returned to take over the Piney Woods elementary department (after first scraping up the money to build three rural schools in impoverished communities).

Eula Kelly, the young baby-sitter who accompanied Mrs. Jones on the first "Cotton Blossoms" tour, had her loyalty and capacity tested early. She was only 16 and on tour in New England when Mrs. Jones was called away to Boston by an emergency. "Here, Eula," Mrs. Jones said, "you manage the singers for the rest of the season. You've watched me long enough to know what to do."

Mr. Jones went on to Boston leaving behind a half-green, frightened child faced with a terrifying

responsibility far beyond her age and experience. But Eula Kelly, off in a strange part of the country with four young singers, no money and no bookings ahead, finished the tour successfully, just as Mrs. Jones had known she would.

It was fortunate that she had this training. Mrs. Jones fell ill with pneumonia and died in 1928. This was a shattering blow to Laurence Jones and to the school. The entire responsibility for managing the "Cotton Blossoms" tours fell on Eula Kelly's young shoulders. Today she is still at Piney Woods in the multiple capacity of school treasurer, dean of women students and supervisor of girls' industries.

JONES has won singular loyalty, too, from his white backers. In 1950, for the first time for many years, Jones heard from the school's first white friend. John Webster had sold his sawmill years before and left Mississippi. Now, having read of the success of Piney Woods, he wondered if it might be of interest if he wrote up his remembrances of the school's beginnings.

The letter came from a town in Arkansas. A week later Jones went to see Webster, and found the old man, now nearly 80, friendless, ill, and "hankering" for one more look at Mississippi. When Jones returned to Piney Woods he brought Mr. and Mrs. Webster with him and established them in a comfortable cottage in the school grounds.



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Webster had been bedridden with arthritis for years. Jones placed his bed so that he could look out at the school activities that his generosity had helped to make possible. Each day the "little 'Fesser" dropped in to talk over old times with his friend.

Shortly before he died the following year John Webster confided to one of the teachers: "I wish I had had a son like Laurence Jones."

WHAT HAS Piney Woods meant to its students? For most of them it has bridged the gap from pine torches to electricity. Many at first had to be taught how to turn a water tap on and off, and considered the telephone an instrument of the devil. For such "bottom rail" youth, school meant opening a door to life: arithmetic, a means of working out the cost of seed; chemistry, a technique for making molasses or curing ham; trade instruction in shoe-mending or motor mechanics, a way to get a salaried job or perhaps to own a small shop.

• And they have responded to their training. An Alabama newspaper, in a recent survey of agriculture in the South, reported that almost without exception where a farmer had attended Piney Woods School the house was painted, the stock improved and the crops diversified. Moreover, no one who has attended Piney Woods has ever had a police record—despite the fact that Jones, who considers no child hopeless, has consistently taken students "just

short of the reform school," and has expelled less than a dozen during the school's existence.

By 1953 Piney Woods had turned out more than 1,700 high-school and 325 junior-college graduates. They have become farmers, artisans, businessmen, chemists, teachers, ministers, social workers, nurses and musicians. More than 20 graduates are professional singers. Most of them, but for Piney Woods, would have been doomed to a life of hopeless field drudgery.

Consider the six Jack children. When Jones found them, the Jack family was nearly destitute. But he was so impressed by the character of the parents, who were "old-time teachers," and by the potential of the children that he moved the entire family into an old vacant house in the school grounds. With all of them "working their passage," the four boys and two girls graduated from Piney Woods. One of them became a postal employee, another a chef on the New York Central Railroad, another finished his doctorate at the University of Chicago and became a teacher, two became businessmen, and one girl for the last 18 years has been supervisor of four Negro high schools and 13 primary schools in Scott County, Mississippi.

ALTHOUGH more than 45 years have passed since he taught his first "log class," and Laurence Jones is now past 70, he still works at a pace

that would exhaust many a younger man; for the original need that led to founding the school has not basically changed. The Mississippi Black Belt is still desperately poor. On opening day the students pour into Piney Woods, much as they have always done—on muleback, in farm wagons, old vans, and on foot, frequently wearing all the clothes they own. Few of them have any money. And practically none would have any other chance of an education. Of the present enrolment of 500 students, less than ten per cent are able to pay for any tuition at all.

Always suspicious of idleness, Jones sets a rigorous programme for the students. They still rise at 5 a.m. and go to their classes and jobs by bells. If they are late for meals, they get nothing to eat. Every student must do some work, and the majority do a full work schedule. Students maintain the buildings, grow 60 per cent of the food the school consumes, do all the pressure canning, sewing, laundry and dry cleaning (as part of a trade course for boys). Yet despite this stern régime, 75 per cent of those who enrol leave the school with an accredited high-school or junior college diploma.

It now takes \$100,000 a year to run the school.

In December, 1954, Laurence Jones's work was brought to the attention of a television audience throughout the United States on the secretly planned "This Is Your

Life" programme. Ralph Edwards, the master of ceremonies, was himself so captured by the story that he gave an unprecedented and unrehearsed "pitch," asking listeners to send dollars to help in raising a permanent fund for Piney Woods. As Jones walked out of the studio that night postboxes all over the United States were being stuffed with contributions, and bank-notes and cheques were pressed into his hand by the studio audience. "Here's \$25 I can't afford," said one TV writer who had worked on the show. "That's what I get for *watching* the darn thing!"

Within two weeks more than \$600,000 had poured into Piney Woods, and this, added to a smaller endowment on hand, went to set up a \$750,000 "Laurence C. Jones Foundation" for the perpetuation of the Piney Woods school.

A few months later, on a Sunday afternoon in January, 1955, a group of Mississippians gathered in Jackson to honour the president and founder of the Piney Woods Country Life School. To outsiders this meeting may have seemed like any other memorial tribute to a job well done. But for the people of Mississippi it was a revolution of love. For on that day, for the first time in the history of the state, white and coloured proudly shared a speakers' platform, and Governor Hugh White acclaimed Dr. Laurence Jones as "Mississippi's First Citizen."

